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MAY BRING DESIRED RESULTS

Within the past few weeks the Mexican situation has assumed an entirely new phase, and one that gives promise of furnishing a solution of the problem. Whether it will or not, depends on the poise and good sense of both the Americans and Mexicans.

This change has been caused by the gathering of American troops on the border and the threat of intervention. For some five years there has been practically no government in Mexico. One after another the so-called chiefs, have gained the ascendancy, but at no time has any one of them with any considerable following acknowledged the leadership of the other. In its last phase it was Villa against Carranza. With Villa eliminated, Carranza's rule has been contested by innumerable small chiefs who have led their bands against him, each other, and the populace generally in a guerilla warfare that has left the country on the verge of starvation.

The action of the United States has changed this. If the reports are to be believed from all parts of Mexico, and from all classes bandits as well, has come pledges of support to the Carranza government.

Our action has done what no other thing has so far been able to accomplish, and that is has caused the unification of our bandit-ridden neighbor.

We seem to have awakened some of the national spirit and it has displaced the petty jealousies, the rivalries, the anarchistic spirit. The bandit leaders heretofore existing with their ragged followers by plundering their own people, have come together for a common purpose, the defense of their common country.

It would seem that in time some sort of government worthy of the name might be organized in Mexico, especially if a strong American force is held along the border to give emphasis to our stand against the long-prevailing order of lawlessness.

Mr. Hughes does not discuss the pending railroad strike or say what he would do in the matter if he were president now. It may be safely predicted, however, that as soon as the controversy is settled, no matter what the outcome, he will proceed to criticize the president's method of handling it. That is the position he takes regarding the late tilt with Germany, which the president finally settled amicably without loss of life and property by war, and as to Mexico Hughes roasts the president to a turn for his policy without once saying what he would have done in the same circumstances. Neither does he say what he will do with Mexico in the future, which is more important than discussion of what has been done in the past. Hughes is certainly the prize scold of the age.

Evidently the railroad corporations did not appeal to Governor Withycombe in vain. His telegram to President Wilson on the strike situation read like it was written by one of the railroad presidents. As the railroad employes of the state supported Mr. Withycombe in the last election very enthusiastically they will no doubt be highly pleased with his stand against their contention in a crisis so vital to their welfare.

The general government could do much toward overcoming the paper shortage by stopping the departments flooding the country with all kinds of absolutely useless information. The agricultural department is the worst offender in this line. Some of its stuff is valuable, and is welcomed, but nine-tenths of it is an insult to white paper.

Forest Grove reports the hop crop in fine condition in that neighborhood, and this is the tenor of the reports from all parts of the valley. If prices are fairly good, this old stand-by crop will as usual, bring a million or so dollars into the state.

Governor Withycombe assumes much when he informs President Wilson, the country demands the dispute between the railroads and employes be submitted to arbitration. The governor should get his ear closer to the ground.

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SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

The state militia will be kept on the border for some time, that time depending on the action of the commission appointed to arrange matters between this country and Mexico. To withdraw the militia before that time would be to make the reaching of any agreement just that much more difficult. Another reason for keeping the boys there, though that stated is the principal one, is that they may be thoroughly trained so that upon their return each and every one of them will be capable of taking charge of recruits and drilling them. It is the forming of a nucleus of that national army which preparedness will cause the country to perfect. It is a training that will result in many who are now privates being our future officers. The worst feature of the matter is that there are many high school boys taken away from their studies, who should be bucking into them. However the loss of time, if not too long, will be largely compensated by the experience and the knowledge of the world and its affairs gained.

With the eight hour day here to stay it looks as though the railroad service as well as others will have to conform to it. The passenger service is based on the eight hour system and works all right. The railroad managers say it will not work in the freight department, but they have not tried it and are backing a theory. A system of employment that requires a man to work sixteen or more hours at a stretch has something radically wrong with it and the maintaining of it shows lack of initiative and management on the part of employers. If the railroads cannot and will not consent to an eight hour day, the law that now fixes the length of the day, and the minimum wage in many other pursuits, can certainly force the railroads' hands and compel the eight hour day, and this is what will be done if they allow the present strike to materialize and be fought out over it.

It was hoped that some agreement might have been reached yesterday between the employers and employes of the railroads, by which all danger of a strike would have been eliminated, but it was not accomplished. The railroad barons hate to yield their demand for arbitration of all questions between themselves and their men, but it looks as though this will finally be done. According to the dispatches yesterday only a bare majority was hanging out for staying to the last, and of this majority several not only felt, but said there would probably be no strike, or words to that effect. Today may see the end but if not, it seems certain the matter will be finally adjusted during the week.

Among the humorous features of the present campaign are the letters of Former Governor Geer in the Oregonian advising the Progressives how to vote.

Two more days and then the Coos Bay wedding trip. Are you going?

Rippling Rhymes

By Walt Mason


RETIREMENT FARMERS

The husbandman, when waxing old, and well supplied with yellow gold, remarks, "I'll quit the farm; I've had my fill of honest toil; this thing of wrestling with the soil has sort o' lost its charm." And so he buys a house in town, and thinks that he will settle down to soft and downy ease; but ere a year has gone its way, he's yearning for the bales of hay, the piglets and the bees. He finds the urban life a bore; his feet are cold, his soul is sore, time drags on leaden feet; so he resolves to travel back and build the tall alfalfa stack, and shock the bearded wheat. The farmer seldom learns to read; he is so busy sowing seed, and wielding shepherds' crooks, and making hay in verdant vales, and combing burs from horses' tails, he has no time for books. Sp when he moves himself to town, he cannot with a tome sit down, and read the stuff that's hot; he cannot lose himself in Pope, or wallow deep in Shakespeare's dope, or soak up Walter Scott. Unhappy is that man, indeed, who thinks it waste of time to read, whose thoughts are all of hay, who'd rather mess around a churn than read a book by Laurence Sterne, or ode by Thomas Gray.

THE TATTLER


Labor Commissioner Hoff has a fine sense of the fitness of things. He issues no ice report on the hottest day of the season.
The open season for hunting seems to have resulted in the opening of a season for hunting dog stealing.
Another band concert in Willson park last night. The Oakland boys are well worth hearing.
Folks who are having their vacations this week are smiling. The chap whose summer vacation is rained upon and chilled through usually feels as if his time had been wasted.
Salemites who delight in lawn sprinkling are busy these days. It has not been the best of seasons for this excit-

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GO OER EMBANKMENT

While autoing from Salem to their home in Independence last evening about 8 o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. K. C. Eldridge, had a narrow escape from serious injury, if not from death, when near the farm of R. W. Hogg, some four miles from the capital, Mr. Eldridge got off the road and the seven passenger Buick went down a forty foot embankment, falling an eight inch fir tree in making descent. The automobile remained upright, however, and the occupants escaped with few scratches and bruises. Mrs. Eldridge being the most seriously hurt. At the time of the accident the car was being driven at about ten miles an hour. The car was slightly damaged.—Dallas Observer.

MY HUSBAND AND I

By Jane Phelps

CLIFFORD BECOMES IMPATIENT

CHAPTER II

They had been married about six months. This big, strong, handsome, but egotistical man, and this frail looking girl. At first it had been all sunshine. He had had his way, and she was passionately in love with him. But lately Clifford had remained out occasionally, and to her persistent questioning, he replied impatiently, resenting her interference.

Then, too, they had disagreed on several trifling matters connected with the home. Mildred, in spite of, or perhaps because of, her love, was a little inclined to be unreasonable. She had no desire that did not center around Clifford. That he did not feel the same, or that he could enjoy himself away from her, seemed impossible if he still loved her.

Then all women are creatures of one idea when their love is in question never occurred to her.

A Glimp of Past Joy

"Come on, Mildred, I'm ready!" her husband called, just as she finished cooling her face.

"Yes, dear! Oh, it's so good to be happy again!" and she nestled closer to Clifford as they went toward the dining room.

"Oh, forget it!" impatiently, then "Kate," to the maid, "serve dinner as quickly as you can. I have to go out."

"Why, Clifford! You aren't going to leave me tonight, are you?" tears dimming her eyes as she asked the question.

"Mildred, will you stop crying at every little thing? Yes! I am going out, and if you don't stop acting this way every time I speak of leaving you, I shall want to stay out!"

"You don't mean that, Clifford! surely you don't! That would mean that you didn't love me any more."

She swallowed hard to keep back the tears and sobs that so annoyed her husband; but the thought of his going out again and leaving her to sit alone was almost more than she could face. She knew scarcely anyone, had not cared to get acquainted. Clifford's presence satisfied her completely. She wanted no one else. But when he left her she was so lonely—so alone.

"Where are you going tonight, dear?" her voice trembled as she asked the question, although she was making a desperate effort to keep calm and not annoy him.

"Just down to the club. The boys are playing a matched game of billiards that I am anxious to see."

So he was leaving her in this care-less fashion just to watch a game of billiards; while she sat home alone all the long evening. Had he told her it was business, she would have been more reconciled, but, billiards!

She watched him get ready in silence. She dared not try to talk for fear she would cry, and so anger him.

A Rebuff

"Sulking again, are you, Mildred? By Jove! You make things damned pleasant lately with your crying and sulking! For heaven's sake take a magazine or book and read. You're not a child! Don't act like one!"

The door closed upon Clifford, and Mildred resolutely took herself to task for crying. But all the time she felt, she knew, she was going to cry again. And that he would be annoyed on his return. She always showed so plainly when she had been crying. Some people could cry and not have it make them look frights, she thought bitterly.

Then she kept saying over and over: "Why does he leave me if he loves me? I never want to be away from him. Why does he act so annoyed when I tell him how much I love him?"

Such thoughts are not conducive to calm, and Mildred wrought herself up into a very fever of unhappiness. Then, unable to restrain herself longer, she threw herself on the couch and sobbed the evening away.

She only stopped her convulsive crying as she heard his key in the door. Tomorrow—Mildred Arraigns Her Emotions.