

EDITORIAL PAGE

When Will the Fever Subside?

We hear every eminent and experienced man in Oregon and all over the nation stoutly claiming we are entering a period of greater prosperity and business activity than has ever before been known to America.

Yet in the face of these very statements any man with ordinary perception realizes business is remarkably feverish and the fever shows no signs of abating.

High prices prevail, but not uniformly high prices. The whole scheme of business is out of adjustment and there does not seem to be a wrench that will fit the nut.

Wheat is high and horses are not worth raising. Great industrial plants that were used to build ships are idle. Sawmills are running on a hit-and-miss cylinder. And now comes the order from Washington that no more railroad improvement, such as extensions and betterments, will be permitted.

Just what it all means no one can determine, but there are some who urge carefulness in business now above all other times.

If the order from Washington is the beginning of a crash, where will it end? For all must admit the railroads of the country are its arteries. Without extensions and betterments stagnation will follow, and when our railroads are stagnant all other business reaches a standstill.

GOVERNOR OLCOTT'S COURSE

General comment on Governor Olcott's course as outlined in last Sunday's Observer, is good.

That he should follow Governor Withycombe's policy in most state matters is assurance that the new governor not only wishes to serve the people, but also that he holds a high regard for his predecessor's ideas of government.

As for reappointing state employes and heads of departments, that is not so vital to Oregon as a state, but it does go to show that Governor Olcott apparently is not to be dominated by the Oswald West influence, which Olcott seems to have very successfully shaken off.

Following his outlined course the new governor will find he has good support among all parties and factions of parties.

"VAMPING" MARRIED MEN.

Another kind of crime has broken out from small wavelets on the sea of life, which wavelets have always existed, to turbulent billows. This particular kind of crime is "vamping" married men.

In Seattle a few days ago a little slip of a girl boldly and deliberately poisoned a man's wife in order to "vamp" the husband. Of course, the husband is a weakling without backbone, conscience, pride or manhood. But even so, the girl committed murder to rid herself of the man's lawful wife. And this is but one case. It is spreading. "Vamping" is a new disease some women have acquired and they are playing it with a terrific boldness.

Men ordinarily should not be protected against a fool woman, and yet a conniving, foxy, designing woman has the world beat when it comes to criminality.

The day of the "chicken," as slang has been fit to dub the young woman who realizes her gifts bestowed by nature, has set up a new order of things, and the "chicken" is developing into a ferocious beast, rather than an inoffensive fowl. One has but to read the Seattle story to realize how far one of these "chickens" will go in order to "vamp" the man with whom she has cast her lustful love.

Men should be protected against a fool woman, and yet a conniving, foxy, designing woman has the world beat when it comes to criminality. What should be done with the Garrison girl who poisoned Storr's wife in a Seattle restaurant?

Hang her, regardless of tender years. It is the only way to stop such people, and along with her from the gallows should swing that weak simpleton of a man who Mrs. Storr once called her husband.

If protection of the home is to be guaranteed by law that protection must not only punish the deep villain with his waxy black mustache made famous in story and drama but it must also punish the designing "chicken" of the present day, as well.

If Secretary Baker thinks he can nullify Senator Chamberlain's support in Oregon, he is fully as wrong in this conclusion as he has been in much of the war program. Baker and President Wilson do not realize just how strong "Our George" is out here in Oregon.

Our boys are happy on their way home. Now count the days and the hours until they will set foot on Grand Ronde valley soil.

Let congress meet in May. We need a May day party of some kind to start unraveling the present complex situation.

Canada laborers acted hastily when they pulled away from the Federation and they will see it later.

Strange as it may seem Oregon's Democratic party now has two wings and yet it doubts if it can fly.

Have you noticed the extra cent a gallon on your gasoline bill? Now you will demand good roads.

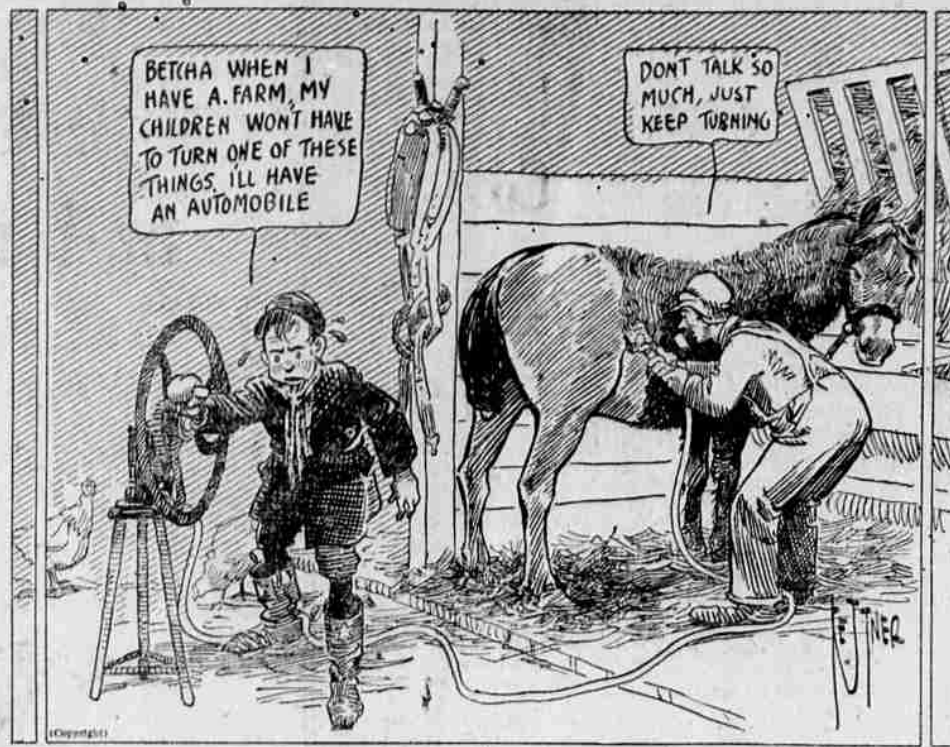
Colonel May's appointment is a good one. No one can criticize the new governor for this official act.

The five young virile county of Wallowa may yet point out the way to good roads for Union county.

Better begin the long of spring house cleaning, for that precedes the Union Stock show.

Now, you can soon forget the snow.

Spring Activities Begin



Rhode Island Worried Over Prohibition.

Rhode Island, which was the last of thirteen original states to ratify the constitution of the United States shows a characteristic lack of taste and enthusiasm about the latest amendment to the constitution. She is disposed to question its validity. A resolution is pending in the state legislature which, if approved, will call upon the attorney general to bring suit on behalf of Rhode Island before the supreme court of the United States, asking to have the prohibition amendment declared unconstitutional.

That amendment has already been ratified by more than the requisite number of states, and has been formally declared a part of the organic law of the nation. This seems to create the odd situation of questioning the constitutionality of the constitution itself. This view, however, really asks the question, which is whether the amendment has any right to be in the constitution.

The Rhode Island legislators object that congress had no right to submit such an amendment to the states, because it is of a nature tending to alter the established system of government—that the act in question is an unwarranted invasion by the federal government of the police powers of the United States.

The supreme court presumably has power to cast out the amendment if these grounds of criticism are proved. If Rhode Island decides to press the matter it will make a law case of rare interest. Few citizens, however, will be awake nights worrying over the veto. So far as a layman can see, it is a foregone conclusion that the amendment will stand.

It is all very well to continue quoting George Washington: "Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have no, or a very remote, relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns." But here we are with an army in France! Times have changed.

The foreign foe is quelled, but there is a domestic foe still with us, menacing our safety at our own firesides. Needless to say, we refer to "Mason Domestica," more colloquially known as the common—only too common—house fly. Swat him, or her, especially her—early and often.

The Portland Journal's vote on a League of Nations as outlined by President Wilson, reminds one of the old style used by candidates who published a "straw" vote to boost their popularity.

England and France are going to furnish work for returning soldiers by digging a tunnel under the English Channel. We don't need any such tunnels; but why not dig a few canals?

That dove of peace begins to look like an eagle-bird. Which some fowls, especially of the bald-headed breed, would make a good symbol for the L. of N.

While President Wilson secured a pledge from Japan to temperate its support the immigration question, Japan observed the right to open it at any time.

The girl who poisoned a wife in Seattle in order to get the woman's husband surely had the courage, and conviction will come later.

The Films Are Improving.

"Movie art is improving," says Charlie Chaplin, confidentially. "I haven't thrown a pie for a year."

If the lugubrious and acrobatic Charlie means to intimate that he has turned over a new leaf, that last pie may become historic. It seems to deserve a certain fame, anyhow, from the fact that it hit a king in the face, and that the film had a big success in—where do you suppose? In Japan! Throwing custard pies never was considered very high art. The operation is unquestionably funny, but it falls at last on grown-ups. It is better to eat pies and throw something else. Or maybe it is better to throw nothing at all, but to depend on his tritonic methods of a more subtle sort. The movies are plainly moving in that direction, to the relief of discriminating patrons.

Police who act hastily and without judgment become pests to any community. Baker is having trouble with such a police force.

An anti-saloon official maintains that a man may become intoxicated by drinking 3 per cent beer. At present prices?

Portland proudly announces two days of sunshine. Good for Portland.

How that peace conference is haunted by the ghosts of secret treaties!

"Pay as you go" would not have fought a very big war, would it?

Not long until the Fifth Liberty loan. Are you ready for it?

PRESS COMMENT

In the senate it's the league of fulminations.—Newark News.

Berlin press looks upon the league with disfavor, which is some recommendation.—Wall Street Journal.

Mr. James Beck of New York says that 100,000,000 stand against at the thought of a League of Nations. Evidently Mr. Beck counted 'em while he was standing before a multiplying mirror.—Chicago Daily News.

The world is in a fair way to get together and abolish war, if the United States senate does not stop it.—Chicago Daily News.

Let the League of Nations start out, somehow; it can also accumulate 18 amendments if needed.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Some of the speeches against the League of Nations indicate high-muzzle velocity, but they turn out to be duds.—Manchester Union.

When Borah refused to attend the dinner party he showed that he wished to avoid entangling alliances.—Knoxville Journal and Tribune.

If the League of Nations cannot prevent war, it can at least guarantee that those insisting on war will get all they want.—Des Moines Register.

Senator Borah seemingly would copy everything from the farewell address except the farewell.—Newark News.

The League of Nations may be all right, but how are you going to keep Baker and Daniels from coming out for it, to say nothing of Burleson!—Indianapolis Star.

It looks to us as though some of the intrepid senators who are fighting against the L. of N. will be entitled to wound-chivons before they get through.—New York Tribune.

The League of Nations will probably run along with a fair degree of smoothness at least until the project of international prohibition comes before it.—Syracuse Herald.

Mr. Taft wants a League of Nations with "teeth" in it. Well, it seems to us that the American and British fleets constitute a pretty good set of teeth.—Charleston News and Courier.

Unless objection be made, the nomination of Woodrow Wilson to be Grand-Idealist of the League of Nations will be considered equivalent to election. As the league will require a national anthem, we will award a prize for the best one submitted—a prize of a long-stemmed clay pipe and a bowl of soap-suds.—Chicago Tribune.

PROLETARIATS AND POETS

THREATENED REVOLUTION THAT IS A GREATER MENACE TO THE MIDDLE CLASSES THAN THE REDS. (From Ed Howe's Monthly.)

The proletarians are doing the rioting, and the intellectuals (as poets proudly call themselves) are furnishing the propaganda. The intellectuals include almost every writer of importance in this and other countries; ninety-seven of every hundred of them are with the proletarians in the present movement, and have long been; before the time of Jean Jacques Rousseau the popular leaders advocated the cause of the proletarians, right or wrong;

Christ was an extreme Socialist; and, before His time, the proletarians and poets were united. I do not recall a prominent intellectual in ancient or modern history who did not lean too much toward the proletarian cause, and who was not unfair with the plain men who perform the world's important tasks.

It has always been history that the plain, practical, necessary affairs of life have been ridiculed and misrepresented by the intellectuals; they have always had impossible and foolish ideals; they have despised real intelligence and human experience. Tolstoy, the greatest intellectual of his time, was an aristocrat and rich, but always preached rank Socialism; he is probably more responsible for the present reign of terror than any of the old line of Reds who have disgraced human intelligence from the beginning. It seems impossible for anyone to write for a large audience, or talk to a large assembly of people, without driveling about the wrongs of the proletarians, which have always been as greatly exaggerated as have the crimes of the industrialists.

And I respectfully ask the bourgeoisie (which means seven-tenths of the American people of consequence or value to their several communities) to remember that the revolution of the proletarians and poets is spreading westward to an extent so alarming that President Wilson recommends that our government appropriate a hundred million dollars to overcome it; as late as January 18, the Associated Press represents the president as saying:

"Bolshevism is steadily spreading westward. It cannot be stopped by force; and unless the tide of anarchism is stopped, it may not be possible to find definite governments with which to conclude peace."

President Wilson is a poor philosopher; force is the only thing that will effectually stem the steady march of anarchy westward. The president's remedy of appropriating money for the purpose is wrong; Mr. Wilson has always had too much confidence in the power of money collected from the people. Force must be exercised; money will only palliate and apologize—it admits a state of things that does not exist. And the only force necessary is that honest and intelligent men assert themselves. They have the power and may easily exercise it. They must exercise it, or be confronted with the necessity of engaging in civil war.

Bolshevism means war on the rich man; that is the reason it is popular. But it also means war on the farmer who owns a quarter section of land, which he has earned after many years of hard toil and saving; it means war on every home owner; war on every owner of a shop or store.

Maxim Gorky admits it; our intellectuals admit it, and approve; an English labor leader admits it. A cablegram from London printed in all the papers early in February, says:

"The present strikes in Great Britain are the first step toward socialization of all industries, and establishment of revolutionary committees like those in Russia. William Z. Watson, member of the shop stewards' national administrative council, declared today. Watson frankly admitted the shop stewards' sympathies with Bolshevik philosophy, and declared they hope to participate in the international revolutionary congress to be called by Prender Lenine. The shop stewards hope to establish revolutionary committees like those in Russia," said Watson.

The present strikes are the first step toward socialization of British industries and their control by the workers. "We sympathize with Bolshevik philosophy, and hope to enter the international revolutionary congress to be called by Lenine. We already represent 50 per cent of the English laborers. The shop stewards are behind practically all the present strikes. We are direct actionists as opposed to the regular unionists, who are constitutionalists. We are against the bourgeoisie. We hope they will submit to the

Watch Our Neighbor! Australia has made us bond buying compulsory. Every one of the British countries is still buying and France—France with her insatiable land waste, her farms devastated, her land shell blown, and her homes devastated—France is buying short term bonds at decreased rate of interest in small amounts but great numbers.

regime, but if they are, obstreperous, we intend to be firm. Personally, I would not be surprised to see violence in England, but I hope it won't come. I presume it may be necessary to control the London newspapers. We do not intend to touch the telegraph lines. We intend to use the present controllers of industry as managers under it—when they are good fellows."

As further evidence that the revolution of the proletarians and poets in Russia is opposed to the bourgeoisie or middle class, and that the middle class people are being murdered quite as freely as the rich, I quote a cablegram from Reval appearing in the papers of January 25, which says:

"The Reds (jointly, the proletarians and poets are known as the Reds) killed the bourgeoisie, who remained in Narva, and also the entire population of surrounding villages, owing to the inability of the people to pay the heavy taxes imposed on them."

There is no doubt that the middle class is threatened by the revolution of the proletarians and poets. Another cablegram from Omsk, Central Siberia, reads:

"Death stalked the streets of Perm until the city was captured by General Gaidin, according to the official report of an investigator who has just returned from the Ural front. So terrible were conditions under the Bolshevik regime that the few pedestrians encountered there were emaciated, with livid lips and a constant nervous trembling. There were no children less than a year old in Perm, all having died, says the report, which adds that in three months the whole population would have perished. The report states that the Bolsheviks regarded all bourgeoisie of the city, even the ruined and dying, outside the law. When the jail was overcrowded, the inmates who had been imprisoned longest were shot to make room for the newcomers. There were well authenticated cases of torture; some of the condemned were compelled to dig their own graves, and rehearsals of executions were staged during the hours the doomed people were put to death. Men were plunged into water until nearly drowned, and were then revived, so that their torture could continue, while some prisoners were burned alive, and others were mutilated. Women were forced to dig trenches, often flogged and sometimes killed."

I only ask that the plain, ordinary, average man realize what the revolution of the proletarians and poets means.

Many will say Bolshevism can never affect this country; that our plain common sense will save us, etc. Bolshevism has reached this country and is gaining rapidly; it is operating today in thousands of our communities.

And you know it and are uncomfortable because of the knowledge, if you have ordinary intelligence and decency. For centuries the fools, the lazy, the intemperate, the vicious have been exaggerating their wrongs, and accusing the reasonably industrious and decent of robbing them. All of us have encouraged them a little, and now we have a revolution on our hands; we must finally decide what common sense is.

SIDE BY SIDE.

Jack Smith belonged to the Y. M. C. A., Pat Melhan to the K. of C.; Both marched away 'neath the Flag one day To fight for the Land of the Free. Jack bowed his head as he said a prayer; Pat knelt with his parish priest; Then they stood up square to go 'over there.' To grapple the Hunnish beast.

Now, their altar rails were not the same. Though they messed in the same old shack, But just the same, 'twas the same Great Name They worshipped, both Pat and Jack. While Jack stood straight as he humbly prayed, Pat knelt at a candle shrine; But the same God heard each whispered word That hearkens to yours and mine.

They didn't agree, did Pat and Jack. On methods of worship true. But what of that? They went to the mat For the old Red, White and Blue. They knelt apart, but 'twas side by side They fought for their homes and right; And the blood-red tide of the same's pride They battled day and night.

So, 'over the top' to the Glory side, Where never is war nor tears, Where the cross and the cross in God's love abide, With nothing of doubts nor fears, And the God they met as they entered Where the 100% of all men are free, We the God of Jack's Y. M. C. A. And the God of Pat's K. of C. —Wm. Maupin, York Democrat.