

EDITORIAL PAGE

We Are In the Hands of Theorists.

Try as hard as we may to join the President in his League of Nations program, we find that our judgment is against hoisting the specially proposed League of Nations to the foreground before peace is established.

The row between the senate and the President counts for little from a row standpoint, but the results of the present work in Europe affects every home and every fireside in the nation.

It is plainly wrong for accusation to be heaped upon those who disagree with the President in part, and claim that such persons who disagree are for war.

This nation has been in the hands of theorists for some time. College professors have great ideas but when you want practical advice you go to the merchant or the banker or the farmer.

During the past few years there has been a mania in this country for organization. Everyone who had an idea wanted to organize something to put it over, and they have met with such success that today there are organizations from the national capital to the remote country districts overlapping each other like shingles on a roof.

To our mind when the whole situation is analyzed the United States must decide between the theoretical statesmen and the practical statesmen, and when this time comes it is hard for the man who has met pay rolls, bought and sold merchandise, directed banking institutions and in a general way kept the business of the country running, to follow theorists.

It may be fine to live in the clouds as theorists do; it may be mentally delightful to force a belief in one's own mind that the millenium has arrived, but when one awakes from this state of coma he finds the Grande Ronde acres are to be plowed if a crop is to be raised, he finds the cows must be milked if a creamery check is forthcoming, and he finds that the whistle in the morning calls him to labor if he would have a full month's pay check.

We have always thought the colleges were infested heavily with theorists, but they had better be in colleges than at the head of a government of people who work and strive in an honorable way to live.

THE NEW AD CLUB

Oregon is now in the midst of what is termed a Commercial club revival. A movement is on to take in a big membership. For what? Where are the dividends? What is the benefit? People ceased going to church for several years, and why? Because they got so little for the time they were expending.

But that time is past when people will fill a building because someone asks them to do so. The day has passed when people will spend their time unless they think they are getting something. And so it is with the new Commercial club idea.

The title of "Commercial club" has grown hackneyed because nine out of ten of them mean nothing. Pass down the street of any town and tell the business men there will be a meeting of the Commercial club and see how many you get out.

La Grande is to have a business organization in fact and it will do away with surplus effort and waste of time. For the Tuesday luncheon crowd have formed the Union County Ad club, thus joining a nation-wide institution that does things.

By joining the national Ad club organization we will get speakers occasionally and be in touch with the live bunch of business men in the country.

Conflicting Thoughts



Uncle Sam Needs Them.

The "Lady of the Snows" is beckoning. She hopes to lure settlers from the United States by fair promises of cheap farming lands, and she does so lure them by the thousands and hundreds of thousands.

And the United States lost just so many useful citizens, just so many producers of food. What was Canada's gain was Uncle Sam's loss.

In the fiscal year ending March 31, 1916, 36,937 farmers from the United States declared their intention to settle in Canada, as against 11,000 from all other countries.

Gradually American migration into western Canada had increased and had but the war come on it is probable that the two million mark would have been reached by today.

Today Canada is renewing her campaign to encourage immigration, but Canada is not going into the overcrowded borders of the world for her new settlers.

Clearly, Uncle Sam should bestir himself while yet there is time. It is now possible to learn from books just how to be a plumber. This might be offered as an inducement to covetous foreigners to learn to read English.

The Wall Street Journal suggests a good way to be necessary appropriate often fills the mind of the senatorial filibuster—namely, include some of the salaries. Maybe mileage, though, would be just as well.

Max Harden says Germany is a class, however descending, is to break faith with democracy itself.

Actual Conditions in Russia.

Walter Lippmann, in a most keen and interesting exposition of "The Political Scene" in the current New Republic, says of Russia: "It is possible to make war upon a nation organized under a government."

There is no way of winning a war against several hundred thousand more or less independent villages. Yet that is the fundamental condition in Russia today. All the ordinary rules of warfare are inapplicable.

He follows this with a somewhat complex scheme for an international trading corporation somehow under the wing of the League of Nations. "Now the raising of the standards of life resulting from this trading, and from relief, might gradually restore the contact of the Russian people with the outer world."

Gaping at unrealities, Russia is starving and dying of cold and misery and disease. Her sense of real values must in some way be brought back to her.

Most governments have been badly administered in the past. So has most business. But to throw them away means to throw order overboard, retaining chaos. And in chaos people perish.

Through the desire to assist our returning heroes in every way in obtaining employment is natural and right, the suggestion that civil service examinations should be waived for them or that they should be given the preference in examinations or promotions is open to question.

The positions for which civil service examinations are required have to do with the business of the state, and it is manifestly for the public good that the persons, soldier or civilian, best fitted to fill those positions, should have them.

The system was inaugurated to do away with favoritism, with political and party handling of state offices to the jeopardy of state business and equal rights for the individual.

Give Every Boy a Chance.

A beautiful summer camp near Hartford, Conn., was burned recently. The guilty parties proved to be two young boys, "not old enough to hang," as the irate owner lamented. They said they did it "just to see it burn."

In direct contrast to this is the report in a Pennsylvania paper of the prompt action of some Boy Scouts in extinguishing a fire which started on the mountainside near a town and threatened dire consequences. The boys not only wanted to help, but they knew what to do.

There could be no better illustration of the value of that great movement which takes heed of the boy's love of action and directs it into proper channels without attempting to curb it otherwise.

The thing is to make the movement far-reaching enough to include all sorts and conditions of boys. The sorry urchin whose home influences are all bad needs kind and understanding leadership far more than the bright, dependable boy from the good family.

Every boy should have his chance at finding happiness in properly directed activity, for his own sake and for the public safety.

They say Foch wept when he signed the armistice. He was all broken up over the mildness and liberality of those terms. And the Germans wept too—but not for the same reason.

Well is the apple called the king of fruits. The apple crop of 1918 is estimated at a value of \$230,000,000 or nearly three-eighths of the combined value of all the other fruits.

"Wives pick flaws when others quit" says an article on electrical appliances. Any husband knows this. Why print it as news?

line the other night, we concluded the telephone merger had already been effected.

Some men hate to pay income tax because they don't like to pay money for something they can't take home with them. Of course, the income tax is what one pays for his freedom, and dures not take it home.

As a matter of fact, it doesn't save a right-handed man any money to carry his change in his left-hand pocket. When a man is inclined to spend his money, ambidexterity comes readily.

We don't like to appear hypercritical, but if the railroad administration had run that Colorado train on time it probably wouldn't have been knocked off the track by a snowslide. We are convinced that it couldn't have happened if Mr. McAdoo had stayed in the railroad administration.

The Dodge Brothers seem to fear that if Mr. Ford is allowed to proceed with the manufacture of a \$250 car they may be reduced to riding in one of them.

There are times when we feel very much like getting out and boosting Mayor Ole Hanson out of Seattle for President, but it is not on account of having seen the picture of him and his wife and his nine children. If anybody should be rewarded with the presidency on account of all those children, it is Mrs. Hanson.

If your daughter in the Red Cross is still alive and well, and your son is on his way home, and you are able to pay income tax and a few remnants of your business remain in spite of governmental regulation, you may figure that you got off pretty lucky, considering that you chose to be loyal instead of conscientiously objecting all the way through.

Our idea of the best repertorial assignment of the week just closed was to have met Secretary Baker and General March as they went through the Union Station the other day, and drawing the general off to one side, ask him to give his opinion, not for publication, of the secretary's method of handling the conscientious objectors.

Still, a fool isn't such a bad companion as long as he and his money are parting.

PRESS COMMENT

Will the League of Nations stage double-headers on holidays?—Detroit Free Press.

There are here and there sounds, of course, which remind us that there are no war profits in arbitration.—Detroit News.

After the Society of Nations is formed Germany is going to have a hard time breaking into society.—San Francisco Bulletin.

We are determined that there shall be no more war and equally determined to be ready for the next one.—Utica Herald-Dispatch.

Congress might be reconciled to the League of Nations if the league would take over the railroad problem.—Chicago Daily News.

Awful thought! Supposing the League of Nations should make the United States a mandatory to take care of Mexico!—Boston Globe.

Anyhow, if the debate between the president and the senators gets too hot, we can refer the matter to the peace conference.—Manchester Union.

As we understand one article in the so-called constitution, the League of Nations will not stand for any base stealing.—Des Moines Register.

Mr. Taft probably thinks the League of Nations can be provided later with a set of false teeth that will serve for biting purposes.—Minneapolis Tribune.

A boycott as a means of enforcing the league's decrees may not sound very formidable, but the Germans can testify as to what it means.—Charleston News and Courier.

The London Spectator cites as a characteristic note by a French wit, summing up the French feeling about the League of Nations, the phrase, "The league is impossible and indispensable."

It is obvious that the president approaches the League of Nations discussion with an open mind. So open that any adverse criticism that may steal in is allowed to find its way out without delay.—Boston Transcript.

Switzerland's decision to enter the world league on the condition that she is never called on to go to war, and is never to be coerced in any way, seems to contain the germ of a bright idea.—Philadelphia North American.

Political experts believe that on the success of the League of Nations scheme will depend Mr. Wilson's chances for re-election. Could he chance to run again. Oh, well, if that's all there is to it we know just what to do.—New York Telegram.

A SONG FOR HEROES

From "The Pathfinder."

Note: "If you have any appreciation for real poetry—not mere rhyme—you will be thrilled by the following splendid verses by Edwin Markham, appearing in the New Church Messenger. Markham has written many fine poems, indeed he never writes anything unless he can make it fine—but neither he nor anyone else has written anything nobler in the way of poetry than this. This war has inspired many great poems; we have published a number of them in the Pathfinder. This new elegy of Markham's is a poem in the highest sense, for besides being musical and resonant to the ear it embodies lofty thoughts which appeal to the mind and it has a moral quality which stirs the soul. To a poet like Markham, of course, the thought is everything; the words and the rhythm and rhyme are secondary and incidental. This poem merits careful preservation as one of the great poems of the war.—Editors.

A song for the heroes who saw the sign, And took their place in the battle line;

They were balls of granite and gates of brass; And they cried out to God, "They shall not pass."

And they hurried them back in a storm of cheers, And the sound will echo on over the years.

And a song for the end, for the glorious end, And the soldiers marching up over the dead

Of the broken roads in gallant France, The haunting heroes who took the chance.

Who looked on life, and with even breath Faced the winds from the gulfs of death.

Their hearts are running on over the graves— Over the battle-wrecks—over the waves—

Over the scarred fields—over the foam— Over the sacred fields—over the foam—

On to America—on to home! And a song for the others, the heroes slain

In argonne forest—in St. Gohain—in the flowery meadows of Picardy—in Belgium—in Italy, From brave Montello to the sea.

A song for heroes gone on ahead To join the hosts of the marching dead—

A song for the souls that could light life away as a little thing For the sake of the mighty need of earth.

The need of the ages coming to birth. All praise for the daring God who gave Heroic souls that could dare the grave.

Praise for the power He laid on youth To challenge disaster and die for truth.

What greater gift can the High God give Than the power to die that the truth may live!

Glory to the Lord, the hero of heaven, He whose wounds in his side are seven—

Glory that He gathers the heroes home, Out of the red fields, out of the foam—

Gathers them out of the Every-where, Into the Camp is Over there!

—Edwin Markham, author of "The Man with the Hoe," and a New Church lecturer in The Pathfinder, by permission of the New Church Messenger.

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Chester Conklin MISTAKE Bennett Scream.