

A few days after the first of the year, Ben Olcott will move up stairs.

There is plenty of room on the Republican ticket for a good congressional candidate.

The dence is to pay. Some fellow at Roseburg pre-sists in calling Ben Olcott a Democrat.

While all Huns are Germans, occasionally there comes a rumor that all Germans are not Huns.

It is going to cost a lot of money to win this war. It would cost considerable more to lose it.

It is reported that Italy is short on noodles. If Italian noodles are the same as our wife makes, Rome will sure howl.

Occasionally you find a man who should be kept on the job despite political limitations. Asa B. Robinson is an excellent sample.

Our Governor is fearful of an "invasion". He forgets that before there can be an invasion there must be an army to do the invading.

There is not much encouragement to the suggestion that women be used as four minute speakers. Yes, most men can stop in four minutes.

Senator McNary presists on staying in Washington and doing something for Oregon rather than come home and whoop it up for re-election.

Funds are being raised to cure young girls of soldier-mania. What's the mater with going back to the old method of persuading with a club?

Paris hotels are not particularly catering to prospective guests. No reservations have been made for Vonnies Hindenburg scheduled to arrive April 1.

We are in favor of removing Secretary Baker and putting in his place one of the fellows who write to the Oregonian telling how to run the war department.

A member of the Kentucky legislature has introduced a bill to prohibit racing, circuses and moving pictures until the end of the war. It is a good thing for this legislator that Kentucky has gone dry.

The Portland's Bootblack's Union contributed \$27.76 to the Salvation Army war fund Thursday and then raised the price of shines to fifteen cents.—Portland News.

So the bootblacks are doing it, too.

It is a habit particular to John D. Rockefeller to occasionally give a nickel to a child that he chances to meet at Sunday School or on the streets. Lest it be the means of reducing this appropriation to three cents, we hope that he will never learn that one day last week both gasoline cars on the Salem and Falls City railroad were propelled by steam engines.

TALES FROM BIG CITIES

Pantagall and His Princess Live in San Francisco

SAN FRANCISCO.—They eat raw meat and live in the heart of San Francisco. Pantagall, a South Sea Islander, and his wife, a Plute Indian princess, are having their first experience with civilization in a tiny shack crowded among apartments and factories.

Their romance is one of the strangest that ever strayed out of the jungles. Ten years ago a circus brought a bronze giant from the Antipodes to America as "Pantagall, the wild cannibal." He devoured great quantities of raw meat before curious crowds, and life was one long, sweet song.

But the circus went broke and Pantagall, stranded on the Oregon plains, had to turn to roots and raw potatoes in place of four-inch tenderloin. He turned also to the luring eyes of Highana, a dusky Plute princess, camped with her tribe nearby.

At once the course of true love began to loop the loop, for Papa Plute wasn't going to have any raw meat eating son-in-law in his family if he could help it. The chief tried the old, shop-worn stunt of imprisoning his headstrong and romantic daughter, but even the Plute love god laughs at lock-smiths, and one fine night Princess Highana up and out and rode away on a fleet cayuse.

Pantagall, who had meantime learned the language and customs of the Plutes and had become a regular Vernon Castle among the dancing women of the tribe, set out in pursuit. He found his princess, after many days, starving off starvation by eating the cayuse she had fled on.

There on the prairie they were married, according to the rites of the South Sea Islanders. Pantagall swore by his own gods and his bride that no cannibal should ever turn him aside. Then they finished the poor cayuse—raw—and proceeded to be happy.

Vicissitudes and a papoose came to make life complex. They drifted to San Francisco, prandless, hungry, out of kilter with a world that likes its bacon crisp and its steaks well done. Charity found for them a tiny shack in the heart of the city.



AFFIRMING ITS INDEPENDENCE

When The Post proclaims that it is independent it means that it is free from undesirable entanglements and is not a subservient creature of political parties or any of their cliques or factions. Thus being favored, The Post starts with a clean slate and will strive to keep it clean, and if at any time in the future it is deceived by false prophets or political mountebanks, it will graciously crave forgiveness, back up and seek the right path again. It will be The Post's policy to succor and give support to the contention that the people should rule and what is good for the majority is good for all. In so doing, it invites criticism as well as praise and will gladly give space in its columns to any person or persons who desire either to condemn or commend.

YES, "WE'LL SEE IT THRU"

The Post believes that the war should go on until it can be terminated with a much better result than a Hun peace. If there remains any remnant of Prussian autocracy like a cancer it will begin to grow and spread and in a score of years again menace the world. While we are at it, we ought to continue until the "devine right" and military ulcers are removed, roots and all. At the conclusion of this conflict the nations of the world will be exhausted and burdened with debt. That will be the opportune time for an international agreement to forever banish the "devil's game" and to insure for mankind an everlasting peace. To obtain this ideal, all nations must throw down their arms and grant to the people the right to judge the merits of grievances between them.

While the young manhood of this nation is fighting for us on land and sea, we must wage battle at home against the careless "I should worry" spirit, aggravated by inconvenience and hardship, which seeks to envelop us. But we have enough confidence in the masses of the American people to believe that it is as the poet, Montague, says:

"We'll kick and complain and we'll murmur and moan;
At every new shortage we'll greivously groan
But even though everything looks mighty blue,
We know all the while that we'll see the thing thru."

MR. STANFIELD HAS A WEAK CASE

Hon. Mr. Stanfield is now very busy circulating among the dear people of Oregon and leaving the impression everywhere that in his opinion Senator McNary should be left at home and Mr. Stanfield given his place. If there is any reason why Senator McNary should be defeated and Mr. Stanfield elected, the latter has never given it to the people. In all his public utterances, as far as we know he has never promised to do a thing but what Senator McNary has done or will do. But on the other hand, Senator McNary will do many things that Mr. Stanfield has never even promised to do and judging from his past record and the element that is giving him support we would not expect him to do. In case Mr. Stanfield was elected to the U. S. Senate what faction of the Republican party would he affiliate with? Would he vote with Penrose, Gallinger and Wadsworth or Borah, Johnson and Kenyon? In case he connived with the first named group the people of Oregon would not want to be thus misrepresented. If he intends to join the Progressive band, what would be the advantage of sending a convert to Washington when we are already ably represented by one of that faith, whose convictions have been put to the test? Mr. Stanfield is submitting a very weak case to the Oregon jury.

Nick Longworth delivered a speech the other day that the Democrats didn't like. The best speech that Nick ever delivered was the one he made to Alice Roosevelt several years ago. It has kept him in "Who's Who" ever since.

The women and girls must tend to the gardens. The men are too busy discussing the war down at the store.

Say, wouldn't it be strategetic to scatter dandelion seeds in the land of the enemy?

It is not very patriotic to keep money in an old sock when you can buy Liberty Bonds.

Somewhere in the U. S. A.



FORCED FLAG OSCULATION IS A JUDAS KISS

Here and there the public hears through the papers that a pro-German has been violently seized by his neighbors, because of seditious words or disloyal acts, and made to kiss the flag. Back in Illinois, the other night, a farmer who defied a patriotic community by contemptuous speech toward America was given the "third degree" by his neighbors. He was made to touch his lips to every one of the forty-eight stars in the flag, and then was released. Recovering his courage, the victim of an enforced duty flung a word of defiance at his tormentors, and then was made to go through the ordeal again.

The patriotism of the Illinois vigilantes is not questionable; but their zeal in good works ought to find some other form of expression, upon the sacred emblem of the republic is comparable to a Judas kiss. It means nothing to the victim but exasperation, humiliation, outrage for the spectators it may be a just chastisement of an ungrateful and rebellious citizen; and they may enjoy their triumph over him. But it has too much the aspect of lynch law on the one hand, and defilement of the flag on the other hand, to commend it to more popular approval.—Portland Oregonian.

ADVOCATES POLYGAMY IN GERMANY TO INCREASE RACE

Of the school of German philosophers who are now writing books about the next great war in which Germany will engage is Carl Hermann Torges, who advocates a peculiarly unattractive form of polygamy as a means of increasing the numerical strength of a race of mighty butchers which is to overcome the world.

From a review quoting Herr Torges' book upon the necessity for race increase to meet the demands of the next war the following paragraphs are clipped:

"Women in all classes of society who have reached a certain age, in the interests of the Fatherland, not only authorized but called upon to enter into a secondary marriage, which is supported by personal inclination. Only a married man may be the object of this inclination and he must have the consent of his married wife. This condition is necessary in order to prevent the mischief which otherwise might surely be expected.

"The offspring of these lawful secondary marriages bear the name of their mother and are handed over to the care of state unless the mother assumes responsibility for them. They are to be regarded in every respect as fully equal members of society. The mothers wear a narrow wedding ring as a sign of their patriotism. The secondary marriages can be dissolved as soon as its object has been attained.

"The difficulties consist solely in ethical scruples, which, notwithstanding the issue of the proper regulations by the state, will continue to operate until conscience has disposed of them. Thus this question becomes a religious question which can be solved only with the help of the clergy. It rests therefore, with the women and clergy, assisted by the state, to determine whether Germany shall be able not only to maintain herself on her present pinnacle of morality but her own strength to stand up in the future as in the present to the pressure of the enemies who are increasing numerically."

According to the writers who have been in Germany recently a certain amount of headway in the direction of removing the ethical scruples which Herr Torges deposes already is being made in Germany through propaganda which encourages girls to become mothers, assuring them that the circumstance of their not being married is not to be set against the patriotism of motherhood.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"PATRIOTIC" RENTERS IN CITY OF WASHINGTON

(From the Congressional Record)
Mr. Barkley. I want to call the gentleman's attention to one instance where an employee of the War Department a few days ago was brought to Washington, and he heard of two rooms and a bath that were for rent. He went out to the private home and asked what they wanted for them, and the lady told him she did not have to rent them, that she did not need the money, but she wanted to help the Government out; that she understood that the Government was in a tight place for rooms, and she was willing to take \$275 a month for these two rooms and bath.

Mr. Gordon. A month?
Mr. Barkley. Yes; a month.
Mr. Gordon. She was "doing her bit." [Laughter.]

Just Shaking Hands With You

Of all the stars of heaven, I am partial to the one
Which we call the Solar System and whose center is our Sun.

Of all the sun's own planets, which like chickens from the nest,
Are a-wandering 'round their mother, why I like the Earth the best.

Of all the portions of the earth, I sing it loud and clear,
I prefer the northern portion of the Western Hemisphere.

Of all the Western Hemisphere, believe me, when I say
I am partial to its middle strip—the good, old U. S. A.

I think I know this U. S. A., I've seen its every state;
I've set my foot upon the soil of all the forty-eight;

I've seen its hundred cities, flaring "Welcome" at the gate.
I have seen the ships flock inward, where Atlantis rears his crest,

I have seen the ships slip outward from the Golden-Gated west.
I've seen ten thousand towns between and can't tell which is best.

I know the desert dweller and the keen eyed mountaineer,
I know all sorts of people, here and yonder, far and near;

I know their class distinctions and how soon they disappear,
I know the city toiler, as he treads his well-worn track,

I know the farmer in the field, the miner in his shack.

I've met them red and yellow, smart and sallow, white and black.

I've met some common cusses (as you'll meet them everywhere),
But on the whole, upon my soul,

I've found our people square,
Inclined to look and listen and to try to do what's fair.

Yes, I've gripped hands with Uncle Sam. I've found him tried and true,

And now, if it so please you, I'll be shaking hands with you,
With a health to all the family and a hearty "How d'ye do!"

We're going thru some troublous times, we'll see some doleful dates,
But let's all keep "United" in our loves as well as hates,

Let's stick and work together and defy the furious fates,
And when we're thru, we'll have a new Amalgamated States.

—EDMUND VANCE COOKE

THE GERMAN "INVASION" OF THE PACIFIC STATES

Colonel John Leader predicts that the people of the Northwest will hear the "boom" of German guns, and the cries of ravaged women" before the year is out.—News note.

Of absurd prognostications we have had a sufficiency in the past. The ridiculousness of the prediction would naturally preclude any credence being placed therein were the source from whence it emanates other than the head office department of military science of the University of Oregon. But two hypotheses are presented as explanations for the dissemination of the foolish prophecy—either the promulgator is employing the alarmist forecast as a bogey to further the formation of additional home defense units or has descended to the use of cheap claptrap as a means to bask in the limelight.

Colonel Leader is an efficient and heroic officer of the army of one of our allies, engaged in the laudable undertaking of inculcating the fundamentals of modern warfare at the state institution of learning. He is said to be eminently fitted for the position of instructor of military science and in this field is achieving gratifying results.

No need exists for the colonel to utilize the tawdry artifices of jingoism to secure publicity. Full credit at all times will be given him for his successes and public commendation is assured if merited, without recourse to unwarranted sensational utterances.

It is to be hoped that we have heard the last of this type of alarmist reports, inherently fictional and serving no useful purpose.—Portland Telegram.

"WHEN IT WILL END" ANSWERED BY SOLDIER

"I'll tell them when it will end—it will! end when the men who France, who murdered people like cattle, who ruined the fruit trees and burned the homes—it will end when those men feel the grip of the world at their throats. It will end when the crowd who started this war of lust and loot are in full retreat, when Willie down at Verdun is shouting to papa at Berlin: 'Come, for God's sake! and papa up at Berlin is screaming to Willie at Verdun, 'Run, for God's sake!' It will end with the siege of the Rhine!"—Earl Derr Biggers in Collier's Weekly.

Take the Post.