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PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, JULY 21, 1915.

TOO MUCH EFFICIENCY.

The City of Portland has been under the government of a commission a few days longer than two years. The commission form was advanced as productive of economy, efficiency, freedom from politics and as a means of centralizing authority and fixing responsibility. It appears that the new charter has so far fallen short of making good all the fair promises and hopeful expectations offered in its behalf.

Efficiency, it is true, may have more than one meaning. The city has enlarged the scope of its official activities, and by some that may be looked upon as a measure of efficiency. For example, we have jitney inspection, which we never had before. There is the new office of fire marshal. Health and hygiene inspection has been enlarged. We have a market master, a public defender, a traffic engineer, traffic checkers, a purchasing department and a park architect. These are all new positions, and there are many others. Each department head has a private secretary and some a stenographer, or two or three, that he may give his undivided personal attention to the arduous duties of his office. And by no means should be overlooked the efficiency clerk, appointed to keep track of employes' efficiency.

It is pleasant to think of the City Hall as a beehive of industry working for the physical welfare and moral uplift of the people as well as transacting the commonplace duties of municipal administration. But it seems that efficiency does not go hand in hand with economy. Inspectors, secretaries, stenographers, clerks, public defenders, market masters and the like cost money. A purchasing department cannot be run for nothing. Portland's costs about $10,000 a year for clerical help, and it has even been disclosed that expert supervision over city purchases of supplies has occasionally resulted in the city's paying more than it ever did before for things it had to have.

In 1912 and 1913 the City of Portland expended from its general fund more than $900,000 less than it will have expended from the general fund in 1914 and 1915, unless the prevailing cost of government for 1915 be reduced during the ensuing six months. In the matter of personal service (salaries), the increase in the last two years over the preceding two years is nearly $347,000.

The people in adopting the new charter knowingly accepted a bigger salary roll by discarding poorly-paid Councilmen for highly-paid Commissioners, but it was assumed that this higher cost of government would be offset by savings due to better business judgment. But we have increased the overhead cost of government and got nothing for it except a little closer supervision of private affairs. During the administration that preceded adoption of the commission charter, large sums were expended for visible, permanent, needed improvements. The commission has spent but an inconsequential amount in comparison for such purposes.

As heretofore indicated, the expenditures mentioned are from a general fund. The water department is maintained by water rentals. There, a superficial showing of economy has been made, but, in part at least, by neglecting installation of equipment, such as fire hydrants. An inexcusable extravagance by this department in the purchase of water meters was checked only by action of the people through the referendum. Openly apparent ways to reduce the administrative cost of the water bureau have been neglected or ignored.

Centralization of authority and responsibility has been a partial success. We know who is responsible for mistakes in a general way, but the spirit of the charter is not wholly carried out. The cure for continued errors in judgment is left wholly to the people to be imposed at election time, whereas the charter contemplates that the Mayor shall, if conditions demand, shift heads of departments or transfer assignments of duty. Instead of one Mayor we have five.

The promise of elimination of party politics has been fulfilled, but politics of another form has shown its head. Faced by the coincidence of an election year and the wiping out of $300,000 in liquor license revenues, a majority of the commission, of which two were candidates for re-election, cut the tax levy to popular proportions, regardless of effect upon the treasury. The result is the prospect of a depleted treasury by December 1 and the necessity of conducting municipal affairs on credit for several weeks.

What has been said herein has been related in good spirit. The Oregonian has a deep interest not only in an economical conduct of municipal affairs, but in the success of commission government. It is by no means ready to admit that commission government is a failure, but it does believe that the time has arrived for introspection on the part of the city administration. Business is not particularly good. Property owners do not find it easy to pay taxes. Probably they are not worrying nights about the quintuple character of the city government or the manipulation of the tax levy for political purposes. But they would joyfully accept a little less "efficiency" and profoundly appreciate a little greater economy.

The latest increment to the "conscience fund" in the Federal Treasury comes from a man whose repentance is highly remunerative to the Government. In his letter transmitting $10,000 to ease his soul he says he had already paid twice what he stole, but felt obliged to make further expiatory offerings. This is a species of repentance which means something. We trust the excellent man's conscience will continue to sting him, for the Treasury needs money.

COMMON DUTY.

Colonel Roosevelt talks contemptuously of "mollycoddles" and "sissies." His epithets are merely the by-play of a vigorous and martial mind.

In the main the country agrees with Roosevelt. It is no time for a weakling and craven expression of a Little Americanism.

It is patent that the United States must play a part in the great world movement that has involved nearly every other nation. There is no escape from the fact that America must assume and discharge its international responsibilities. We have become accustomed, in a short year, to the fury and clamor of a gigantic war, and we have got to thinking that we are to be exempt from its perils and penalties. But it is not true. Even a steady hand and a clear and resolute will may not be able to hold us away from actual participation and we cannot avoid the consequences of the conflict, even if we are not involved as a belligerent.

But Mr. Roosevelt voiced what was in everybody's thought when he suggested that he will be able to shape his own course in 1916 when he knows the conditions of 1916. So will all other Americans. There are clouds on the horizon of the immediate future, and every thoughtful person sees them. It may be true that all domestic issues, which heretofore have seemed important, will sink into insignificance before the vital problems of swiftly-coming days.

Undoubtedly Colonel Roosevelt will do in 1916 what every other patriotic American will do. He will not shrink from his duty, nor cavil at other Americans who are doing their duty. There is a duty common to all citizens, and it is to put the interests of their country above all other considerations.

SOME MASHERS AND OTHERS.

The "street masher" is an odious and contemptible fellow. He is disgusting as an individual and harmful as a social factor. No village is too small to escape his artful wiles. Every city is infested by his kind. He is the familar target of the scorn of good women and of the disgust of most men. Why is he tolerated?

He is tolerated for the reason that the "masher" is, after all, something of an abstraction and he is not so easily picked out from the average run of every-day mankind. He is popularly supposed to frequent the streets, lying in wait for unsuspecting and unsophisticated young women. But in reality he is found in nearly every walk of life—in offices, factories, stores and at the theaters, amusement resorts and the like—everywhere. He has no distinctive dress, or manner, or mien. He even goes to church, and covers up his hideous designs with a sanctimonious dress of piety.

If the "masher" were readily recognizable, he could as easily be put to rout. No girl would listen to him, and no man would associate with him. But he has so many fair disguises and he works in so many various ways that he is not always discoverable until the mischief is done.

A speaker at the San Francisco Purity Congress roundly denounced the "street masher" as the cause of much immorality, and likened him to a devouring wolf descending upon a lamb. But the simile is faulty, for no lamb would have the slightest trouble escaping a wolf upon the public streets of any American city.

The truth is that the "masher" is a generalization for the great class of men of lax morals who seek congenial association with women of similar inclinations or of susceptible natures. He does a great deal of harm, and he deserves no consideration from right-thinking men and women.

But little of good will be accomplished by confounding the real "masher" with the comparatively rare type of street mashers, and warning young women to avoid him. They rarely fail to ignore him when they recognize him. The real harm, or at least the greatest harm, is done by the "masher" who does not infest the streets.

COLLEGE INNOVATIONS.

Moved, we suppose, by the current troubles of Scott Nearing and other college teachers, the Minneapolis Tribune makes some remarks on the higher education which, in a paper published at the seat of a great university, are of astonishing banality. The Tribune says: "Sensational projection of novel theories in government, sociology, finance and religion are not among the functions or privileges of those men whose profession and whose duty require them to diffuse knowledge." The word "sensational" gives this piece of asininity whatever point it has.

Sensationalism of any sort is out of place in a college. It is no more tolerable in teaching archaic traditionalism than in announcing a "novel" scientific discovery. Had there never been any of those novel theories which the Tribune so much dislikes the knowledge which it regards as safe and sane today would not have come into existence. The most antiquated maxims of tradition were once novelties and most of them were denounced in their day as dangerous innovations.

The Tribune's attitude toward knowledge is exactly that of the Inquisition. Galileo might have taught accepted theories in all his days without falling into trouble. The moment he began to exploit new truth he was persecuted. Fortunately there have always been men brave enough to imperil their fortunes and even their lives for the sake of promoting scientific knowledge and we hope there always will be such.

The duty of a college teacher is not fulfilled when he has stuffed his students' brains with traditional knowledge. He must also labor with the pioneers to expand the boundaries of the known and when he discovers a new truth he should feel perfectly free to teach it to his classes. If he is overhasty in promulgating mere fancies for truth his colleagues may be depended upon to check his rashness. Truth has a wonderful faculty of taking care of itself.

THE TROJAN WOMEN.

Euripides' Trojan Women, which has been playing at the Heilig, is not the first Greek tragedy that Portland has seen. A year ago last Winter Reed College gave us Sophocles' "Antigone." And it was in the original, too, not in a translation. Most of the spectators might have enjoyed the lines quite as intelligently had they been translated by Gilbert Murray, but that is a delicate point on which we do not care to hazard a positive opinion.

It is very certain that Murray's translation is the life and soul of "The Trojan Women" as far as American audiences are concerned. He not only modernizes the speeches of the characters, but, in a way, he modernizes the thought as well. It is true that such a poet as Euripides speaks for all the ages, but the symbols of his thought lose their virtue under the dust of time and it is necessary not only to rehabilitate them, but, to a degree, to imbue them with new life. This Gilbert Murray does in his wonderful translations.

He is himself a poet, but without the slavery to tradition which turns most poets into dull fetish worshipers when they confront a Greek tragedy. He sees the life under the form and cares for nothing, but to make it bloom again in its old vigor. His verse is free and mobile. By the device of rhyme which Murray habitually uses he secures something of the artistic effect of the Greek meters and actually gains in rapidity of movement. In the hands of a good poet rhyme forces condensation, while it makes a bad poet diffuse and pointless.

"The Trojan Women" is the great anti-war play of the Greeks. In the awful fate of the women of fallen Troy it presages the destiny of Greece, which militarism finally reduced to slavery and desolation. The tragedy of the "Trojan Women" is the progressive extinction of all that is human in the victims of war. This also, as Euripides knew with a poet's prescience, was the tragedy of Greece and of every other country that wastes its vigor in everlasting warfare.

WHAT WILL THE GENERALS DO?

A Progressive friend—by which we mean a survivor of the late lamented Progressive party—writes to find fault with the first-page cartoon, printed yesterday in The Oregonian, wherein it was gently intimated that Colonel Roosevelt had reached Oregon in time to discover that only the Generals are left at Armageddon and that the high privates have vamoosed the ranch. The correspondent encloses, also, for some inscrutable purpose, an editorial from the New York American, discussing the sad fate of the Progressive party, and appealing to Mr. Roosevelt's followers to stand firm.

One might assume that Mr. Hearst's disingenuous address to the Progressives was not altogether inspired by altruistic motives, for is it not obvious that the more Progressives there are the fewer Republicans there will be and the better chance therefore for the Democratic party to be dominant? That theory, however, is knocked into a cocked hat by the following from this self-same Hearst article:

> For with the increasing evidence that the Wilson Administration is dominated by the railroad and reactionary element in the Democratic party, the radical forces in that party are left without a place of refuge, without an organization with which to cooperate for the undoing of the two old reactionary parties next year.

So Hearst does not yearn for Democratic success. If Mr. Roosevelt drops the reins of the progressive gocart, our candidate for the progressive leadership is William Randolph Hearst. The Republican party is returning to its standpat idols and the Democratic party to its corporoation fleshpots. Where will Hearst go? Obviously he must have a party of his own. What better opening than the leadership of the personally-conducted party which Mr. Roosevelt owns and is clearly anxious to dispose of?

All of which, it may be agreed, is a trifle remote from a humorous portraiture of Roosevelt and his Generals. But couldn't they also be Generals under Managing Owner Hearst?

CHOOSING A COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

The Pacific states and their neighbors are suffering from a dearth of college presidents. The University of Washington at Seattle has just installed an incumbent from whom much is hoped, but there was a long interval of waiting before he was discovered somewhere in the East and the interregnum could not have been good for the institution. Washington's other state college, that at Pullman, still hungers vainly for a President. The universities of Montana and Idaho are in the same distressing situation. There is a storm in progress at the University of Utah which portends changes before a great while. Indeed it has already made changes. Some seventeen faculty members have been eliminated from the institution with terrific thunders of agony. We shall be surprised if the revolution stops there. Such cataclysms usually overturn the entire administration before they cease their rumblings. The Utah Board of Regents has given the public formal notice that it has no concern with their autocratic proceedings and the public is more than likely to accept this as an invitation to make things as hot as possible for the board.

Even Stanford University, that chosen home of wealth and scientific calm, has not discovered an ideal president since Dr. Jordan forsook its shades serene to spread peace through the world. His successor has resigned, if reports are true, and Stanford has been obliged to join with Idaho, Montana and the rest in the mad hunt for Presidential timber in the East. What they are all looking for is some man of immense learning and world-wide fame who will give prestige to the institution over which he presides. The favored candidate must have written a book or two, nothing frivolous of course, but some weighty volume on history or philosophy. And naturally his volumes must be free from all incendiary or revolutionary doctrines. It is desirable also that the candidate should possess a stately mien, with a brow of imposing altitude and a stomach gravely hinting of learned leisure and aristocratic associations.

Formerly it was deemed best that a college president should have been a preacher at some time in his life, but this requirement has been relaxed since the thirst for endowments became so violent. Ministers have not, as a rule, a highly developed capacity to extract gifts from the rich. Some of them possess it in admirable intensity, but it is commonly taken to be incompatible with deep piety and must be sought, for the most part, in young men who combine the scientific with the commercial type of mind. Such are very rare, but they exist and occasionally a university is lucky enough to light upon one of them and secure him for president. The need for more business acumen than ministers commonly possess induced Yale at her last presidential election to depart from her ancient custom of choosing a candidate out of the pulpit. Arthur Hadley, a comparatively young man of secular pursuits, was fixed upon instead, and it must be confessed that the university has thriven under his leadership. Harvard also broke with venerable tradition when Dr. Eliot was made president at the comparatively tender age of 35 years and elevated, not from the pulpit, but from a classroom in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

There was a great commotion among the owls and bats of Harvard when Dr. Eliot was installed. Even so sensible a man as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes sputtered a good deal about the "overturning of sacred usages," but the overturning went on serenely, much to the advantage of the university. James Russell Lowell, a far wiser but less witty man than Holmes, warmly approved of the innovations in his letters written at that time. Dr. Jordan was a rather young man when he became President of Stanford and not perceptibly imbued with sacred traditions. His administration was as eminent in its way as Hadley's or Eliot's. In fact the universities which have tried the experiment of seating comparatively youthful men of outstanding promise in their presidential chairs have seldom had reason to repent of it.

The country is full of these young men. They have not yet quite won their spurs, but they burn with ambition to do so. All they need in order to achieve greatly is an opportunity to exercise their abilities. Such a man at Pullman or at the head of the university of Idaho or Montana would not, for the moment, add much luster to the institution. But his capacity and his ambition would be in the nature of an investment from which tremendous returns would be realized in the future. The university would become life of his life. His whole soul would be absorbed in its welfare and year by year he would work out its problems royally, winning fame for himself through the success of his administration. Dr. Anngel, of Ann Arbor, and Andrew D. White, of Cornell, became great men largely because, beginning in their young manhood, they built up great universities. There are many men of the same stamp on the Pacific Coast. It seems a pity not to give some of them the opportunity for which they thirst. Why rake over the ashes of the East for college presidents when we have plenty of live brands at home? The best plan the boards of regents could follow in Montana and elsewhere is to fix upon some young man of splendid promise and give him a free hand. Let him choose his professors, regulate his departments and establish standards to suit himelf. The years to come will see him grow great in the greatness of his university.

A Portland evening paper remarks that "making implements for wholesale killing of humans is a miserable business." Too true. But how about making implements to defend humans from wholesale killing? The latter, not the former, is the situation of our American munition makers. It is bad to sell a burglar a jimmy to break into a house with. Is it equally bad to sell the householder a gun to keep him out? Is there any real difference between common sense and mental mush?

By grabbing at everything in sight the Welsh coal miners stand to lose the advantages they can justly claim. Patriotism seems to count for nothing with them. If the government takes over the mines the workmen will be subject to military discipline. A strike will be mutiny and summary punishment will teach the men how much better it is to make a moderate sacrifice voluntarily than to lose everything by pig-headed obstinacy.

During the Summer holidays boys in outlying Portland sections gather in groups, or gangs, to find amusement. Their sports are innocent enough, but they lack something in bodily development, for it is rare to see one of these boys walking with erect shoulders and head. They slouch along humped over like feeble old men, hands in pockets and heads thrust forward. Where did the boys learn these bad habits?

Out of the thirty-four lynchings in the first six months of 1915 Georgia is credited with eight, which is barely short of a quarter of the whole. Mob-law seems to be indigenous there. Lynching is no longer restricted to "the great crime." It is meted out for stealing cows, cotton and hogs. Its prevalence is one among many signs that civilization in some parts of the South is not so much archaic as semi-savage.

There is an appearance of concert in the strike at American munition factories. Unhappily, some labor leaders are venal. A moderate sum judiciously distributed among them can work wonders. Since it is to the manifest interest of some of the belligerents to close down the factories, one can guess where the cash comes from—if it exists.

The National Parks are more used this Summer than ever before. Good roads account in part for the rising tide of visitors, the European war for another part. After August 1 automobiles will be admitted to the Yellowstone Park, a new privilege, and it is expected that the roads will be thronged.

Enough dirty linen has been flourished in the Geddes-Eccles case and the heirs are wise in acquiescing in the verdict.

Hot weather diet: Cants for breakfast, watermelon for luncheon, with Bull Run water ad libitum.

These are the days when the housewife who owns a fireless cooker is cool and serene.

A Standard Oil strike should be easy of settlement. Raise the price of gasoline.

When it is only 100 in the shade, there is not enough shade to go around.

Lloyd George broke the strike. Welshmen listen to him and are proud.

Parcel post packages that go in a roundabout way will have to pay more soon.

Now that pet cats are biting people, how can the animals be muzzled?

The Kaiser is about to pull off something in France.

Great harvest, mother. "Where's that jug?"

St. Johns wants Bull Run. No wonder.

Observe the sprinkling law as to days.

About time to muzzle the dogs.

Twenty-Five Years Ago

From The Oregonian of July 21, 1890.

London, July 20.—Sir Richard Wilson, former member of the House of Commons, is dead.

Chicago—At a large meeting held here yesterday resolutions were adopted calling for the closing of the World's Fair on Sundays. The Chicago Y. M. C. A. is behind the movement to obtain a quiet Sabbath.

The New York Press is out with the announcement, which seems quite official, that President Harrison is out for the renomination.

Dresden—The Nachrichten carries a denial from Bismarck that there is any hostility between him and the Emperor. He was always a loyal Hohenzollern although he differed with the Emperor on the question of Socialism. The Emperor was for inducing the Socialists to maintain a peaceful attitude by means of concessions, but Bismarck believed in fighting them as blackmailers.

London—Dr. Parker, the eloquent pastor of City Temple, has resigned from active leadership of the Peace Society because that body declined to open its sessions with prayer. The peace movement is gaining throughout the continent and England as a result of the society's work.

W. H. Galvani, of Spokane Falls, delivered the address at the Portland celebration of the 101st anniversary of the fall of the Bastile. The French residents of this city had arranged a fitting observation.

George I. Thompson, day clerk of the International, has an interesting relic in the shape of a bill of exchange calling for $10 in standard milled coin or in gold or silver, issued in 1778 in Virginia.

Joanne Hugo, a grandchild of Victor Hugo, is betrothed to Leon Daudet, son of the writer, Alphonse Daudet.

Chairman Edward Casey, of the committee arranging for the reception of the Oregon Press Association, is meeting with much success in getting cooperation in entertaining the visitors.

Fred Bullock, a conductor on the Second-street electric line, was thrown from the car and seriously hurt yesterday by a protruding wagon tongue. N. F. Sargent, popular assistant steward of the Arlington Club, who was a passenger, was also hurt.

W. J. Scanlan, America's representative Irish comedian, will present "Myles Aroon" in Portland soon. Among the songs he will sing will be "You and I, Love," "My Maggie," "Live My Love, Oh Live" and "Peek A-Boo."

The following will appear in "Passion's Slave" at Cordray's tonight: Theodore Roberts, F. Cleaves, Wilson Deal, George Cain, Sam Morris, Edwin Young, John Lowell, George Baker, Esther Lyons, May Nanuary and Virginia Lampert.

Half a Century Ago

From The Oregonian of July 21, 1865.

Philadelphia, July 6.—The subscriptions to the Government today were $3,000,000.

We learn that Hon. W. C. Johnson, of Oregon City, has been appointed by Mr. Cushing (Counsel for the United States) to the important position of Attorney for the Government, in taking and preparing the testimony for the Government in relation to the claims of the Puget Sound and the Hudson Bay companies.

New York, July 6.—Ex-Governor Vance was released from the Old Capitol prison today to return home subject to the President's orders.

New York, July 8.—More than 10,000 French soldiers for Maxmilian arrived at Vera Cruz and passed to the interior.

New York, July 11.—The World's special says that it is now regarded as quite certain that a special military commission will be constituted in a short time for the trial of Jeff Davis on the charge of complicity in the murder of President Lincoln.

A new wharf is being built below D street. It will furnish accommodation for the barrel and stave factory.

Yesterday the gentlemen whom we are entertaining in Portland, from the East, accompanied by some of our citizens, made a visit to the White House. They were very much gratified with the scenery along the road.

A party of workmen engaged in the grading of Fifth street, near Clay, yesterday met with a serious accident. The bank caved in, covering three men, two of whom were each named John Dougherty, and the other Chris Tooth. Two of the men were taken into the hospital of the Sisters of Mercy and the other to his residence on Yamhill street.

The work of putting the stone on Front street commenced Tuesday.

AT GEARHART.

O, great, wide Sea! O, great, good Sea!
Mountains may beckon. I still face thee.
Charm upon charm thou dost reveal.
Joy upon joy is mine to feel
While strolling along thy sandy beach,
Meeting halfway thy friendly reach.

O, great, wide Sea! O, great, good Sea!
Sandpipers lead me on with glee;
Now skimming the beach with footstep light,
Now making a snowy cloud in their flight;
Bird and mortal today agree
To join in Neptune's jubilee.

O, great, wide Sea! O, great, good Sea!
If Ocean Pacific, prove it to me;
Bring me a balm to quiet unrest.
And the pearl of patience to wear on my breast;
Then I shall know thou art true to thy name
And will add another line to thy fame.

SARA A. DAVIS.
Hood River, Or.

DEAR LORD, TEACH US!

Oh, great Omnipotence! Thou who dost know
Thy children's every woe;
We beseech thee—hear our prayer!
We do not beg that there be peace
Nor yet demand that war shall cease;
We crave but that, through all this din,
Death, anguish, hate, war, rancor, sin,
Thy love shall penetrate, and to us show
That still we are the objects of thy never-ceasing care.

Oh, great Omniscience! who dost behold
Thy children's every need;
We entreat thee—hear our prayer!
We dare not claim to know the right,
Nor question thee in all thy might;
We wist but that, in thine own way,
Till through the dark shall dawn the day,
Thy strength sustain us, thy hands uphold,
And daily stronger grow our faith that thou art God indeed.

HORACE WILLIAM MACNEAL.

Woe of a Card Player.

Houston (Tex.) Post.

"Sitting up with your sick friend again, eh?" "Exactly, my dear." "Now tell me the truth, is that friend really sick?" "He's sick this time, all right. He held an ace-full against my four sixes."

"THEM WAS THE HAPPY DAYS"

Property Owner Sighs for Times of More Tenants.

GLADSTONE, Or., July 19.—(To the Editor.)—The reader of this letter, if he has been a resident of Portland during the past 10 or 20 years, will remember "them happy days" and prosperous as well, we used to have during the rule of the 'old regime." The 'old regime" was an awful combination of money-getting politicians, so the good people tell us, and we speak of it with bated breath in these glorious days of reform.

Yesterday I stood in the middle of one of Portland's beautiful streets. From the point where I stood until the street wound its way up the hillside it was lined with stately shade trees now luxuriant with the splendor of the Summer and touching their branches, tip to tip, making one gigantic verdant hedge on either side of that beautiful thoroughfare. It was indeed a wonderful sight, and I stood long and marveled at it. It is no doubt one of the streets upon which the officials of our present administration ride each day in their automobiles on their way to inspect the new sewers, the water mains, the municipal workshops, the wonderful changes now being made in the grades by the city's engineering department, the magnificent city barns erected here and there, and the other great works of progress and incidentally lasting monuments to the builders, our present administration; it is without doubt that it is through his lane of beautiful trees that our Commissioners drive in their automobiles as they go to supervise the worthy works of the meter inspectors, the leak inspectors, the jitney inspectors, the film inspectors and the scores of other inspectors with whom they are burdened to supervise. It is indeed beautiful, this spacious thoroughfare and these magnificent trees.

And then I stepped from the middle of that street and through that row of beautiful trees to the sidewalk and I was surprised to see what I could not see through the gigantic hedge, and what our Commissioners cannot see in their automobile rides in their pursuit of progress. I saw houses that stand close together, houses that were built for people to live in, and that people have lived in, but now empty. I counted a dozen rent signs in a block behind those beautiful trees. I saw rent signs there, bleached with the suns of many months, windows grimy with the dust of many more.

From there I walked down to the City Hall and paid Mr. Daly's department $4.65 for digging a three-foot hole in one of those beautiful streets and shutting off a leak in a three-quarter-inch water pipe at a point 110 feet from my house, receiving his itemized bill as follows: Foreman, two hours at $4 a day, $1; service man, four hours at $3.50 a day, $1.75; laborers, four hours at $3 a day, $1.50, and superintendence and use of tools, 40 cents, which Mr. Daly said I would have to pay. I suppose that 40 cents helps to pay the leak inspector's salary. Incidentally my tenant advised that she is entitled to another cut in her rent because everybody else is getting it. She is a poor woman and I am going to let her have it, even if I have to put another mortgage on the old homestead to pay my share toward the maintenance of the jitney inspector.

And merrily the City Commissioners speed up and down that beautiful street, between those rows of beautiful trees, unmindful of the little hammers that go tap, tap, tap, tacking up the rent signs of red, black and blue. But in "them good old days" when we didn't have autos and the streets weren't so well paved, the Councilmen of that awful "old regime" walked on the sidewalk on, the other side of those beautiful trees, where they could see the houses, and stopped and scratched their heads and thought a little when they came upon a new rent sign. But of course in "them good old days of yore" those beautiful trees were not quite as tall as they are now.

ABRAHAM NELSON.

DISTURBANCE AT G. A. R. MEETING

One of Those Present Tells What Happened at Orchards, Wash.

VANCOUVER, Wash., July 19.—(To the Editor.)—In The Oregonian July 17 appears a special item of news from Vancouver, Wash., relative to the disturbance of the Clark County G. A. R. meeting at Orchards last Thursday afternoon. Your correspondent evidently was not present at the time or the numerous errors contained in the item would not have appeared.

Mr. Arnold's mother is an honored survivor of that corps of patriotic young women who left their homes and went to the front as nurses. Mr. Arnold's father was also an active participant in the suppression of that great rebellion and for these reasons Mr. Arnold was invited by the W. R. C. to make a talk on "Woman's Work in War." In his talk he gave an interesting history of the sanitary and Christian commissions and their work. He also branched out into statistics of the terrible loss of life that has been war's exactions. He took the position that in this age of civilization war should be unnecessary—that all differences should be settled by arbitration and that as the burdens of war fall so heavily upon the women, they also should have a voice in the question as to whether war should be declared. His appeals were along the lines of peace and harmony. His covering of historical facts was scholarly and interesting and only ignorance could have prompted such a move.

Mrs. Butts, from Bremerton, who did not seem to agree with Mr. Arnold's peace policy, arose and moved that the speaker be asked to cease. Mr. Arnold immediately left the platform. The motion was not put. The chairman was too much taken by surprise to declare the motion out of order and ask the disturbers of the meeting to retire, so the programmme was continued, notwithstanding the fact that several left the hall.

Personally I felt that this was a direct attack upon our American liberties. If there is anything that our flag stands for it certainly is for liberty of conscience, a free press and free speech, and such actions should not have been allowed to go unrebuked.

After talking to a number of G. A. R. men, W. R. C. women, sons and daughters of veterans and others present, I found that the sentiment was overwhelmingly against such actions and that Mr. Arnold should have been invited to finish his talk.

OSCAR M'BRIDE.

WHO WILL CARE?

Who will care if my hair is gray?
Who will care what I have to say?
Who will care if I go or stay?
Who will care when I'm 50

Who will care if I'm fat or thin?
Who will care if I frown or grin?
Who will care if my toes turn in?
Who will care when I'm 50?

Who will care if tears I shed?
Who will care if my nose is red?
Who will care if youth is fled?
Who will care when I'm 50?

No one will care, so I've been told;
No one will care if my feet are cold;
No one will care my hand to hold;
Oh, I'll just hate to be 50.

—Jane.

Courtship and Boredom.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I don't see how you can tolerate that man." "Oh, but he is a foreign nobleman, my dear." "I don't care," said the American girl. "I'll be jiggered if I'd marry a man who does his courting with a bored air."

European War Primer

By National Geographical Society.

The Russian government of Lublin, the region where the Austro-German forces were brought to a halt in their campaign in Southern Poland by the first determined Russian stand, is of the nature of an elevated plateau, scoured here and there deeply by rivers and heavily wooded with forests of oak, beech and pine. In belts the land is severely torn, a complex of hill and ravine. Over much of its area it is thinly populated, and presents stretches of wild, unkept, trackless forest and thicket. There is plenty of natural cover for armies operating there.

Lublin is the southeasternmost government of Russian Poland. It is contained, east and west, between the rivers Bug and Vistula. The River Bug divides Lublin from the Russian government of Volhynie, while the River Vistula divides it from the Poland government of Radom. Galicia bounds it upon the south and the government of Siedlce upon the north. Thus the war reports that announced the intended withdrawal of the Russians to the line of the Bug were looking forward to the abandonment of almost all of Russian Poland. The Bug River flows in a wide arc to the northeast and north of Warsaw, joining the Vistula River near the powerful Russian fortress, Novo Georgievsk, about 40 miles north-northwest of the Polish metropolis.

* * *

The government has an area of 6500 square miles and a population estimated at about 1,400,00 . It is a rolling plain, interrupted with knots and belts of hills. In the northern part, where the Lublin-Kholm Rilway, of strategic importance, crosses the government on its way between Warsaw and Kiev, is the densest forest growth. Also, in the northern neighborhood is the City of Lublin, the third manufacturing town of Russian Poland. The Vistula, the Bug, the Wieprz, San, Tanev rivers drain the district. A treacherous region of lakes and marshes and black quicksands occurs in the east, reaching into Galicia. A marshy lowland also extends between the Vistula and the Wieprz.

Heavy, black earth, of rich fertility is found parts of the government and this is mostly under careful cultivation. Rye, oats, wheat, barley and potatoes are the principal crops. A good deal of the Lublin grain harvest is exported. Flax, hemp and beet root are cultivated on the larger estates and stockraising is carried on. The sugar beets are worked for their product in mills within the government; spirits, flour, leather and lumber are other of its manufactured products. There are some horse farms in the district whose animals have a European reputation. The character of the government is distinctly agricultural. There are few cities and very little railway mileage, especially are the railways lacking in the south and central parts.

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At one time German immigration threatened to overrun this region, the Teutonic settlers being attracted by the rich, promising soils, and the great consumers' markets easily reached from Lublin. In 1887, however, this immigration was effectually stopped. There were, probably, more than 28,000 Germans in the district at the beginning of the war. It was the influx of German settlers that largely brought about the adoption of modern methods in this part of Russian Poland for the cultivation of the soil. The roads running north are of indifferent qualities and, taken together with the almost entire lack of railway facilities, the maneuvering of armies through this territory must be surrounded with considerable effort and difficulty.

HOME CANNING OF VEGETABLES

Small Quantity of Cider Vinegar in Each Jar Is Secret of Success.

CORVALLIS, Or., July 18.—(To the Editor.)—As the time is now at hand when garden vegetables are in their prime, and as my neighbors are frequently looking at my rows of canned peas, beans, asparagus, and asking, "How have you accomplished this all alone and done all your farm work besides?" I think a few directions as to my simple and successful mode of canning vegetables might prove helpful to the readers of The Oregonian.

There is no vegetable which cannot be canned by simply boiling until tender and canning as ordinary fruit, provided at the last and final moment of sealing enough boiling hot cider vinegar is placed on top of the boiling fruit to supply acid to stay off the germs in the air until the can is properly sealed.

I will give the receipt for peas herewith and the same may be applied to any other vegetable, such as green beans, corn, asparagus, cabbage, spinach, etc. Boil the peas from 10 minutes to a half hour (according to the toughness of the outer skin) and fill in any kind of glass jars which have good rubbers, first placing a silver knife in the jar to absorb the heat and insure the jar from breaking. Have in another vessel (preferably graniteware) some boiling cider vinegar, and to each quart of fruit add, right on the hot fruit, one dessert spoonful of this vinegar. Seal as any ordinary acid fruit.

In opening the can for using do not drain the water off, as the vinegar will never curdle milk or cream used for seasoning. The skin of beans, peas, etc., is rendered tender by its presence, but never sour. I have never lost a can when put up this way.

WIDOW FARMER.

OREGON IS WELL REPRESENTED

Mr. Friede Finds Fair Building Appropriate and Exhibits Good.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19.—(To the Editor.)—On leaving home for this city to visit the fair I was prejudiced as to the Oregon building and its exhibits by reports from returning travelers.

It is a pleasure to say all such reports are not worthy of consideration, and any of our citizens who may visit the fair will soon realize their injustice.

Our state appropriation has been wisely expended; our Parthenon structure, with its massive logs, is a fit representation of our timber interests and is gaining great admiration and praise from sections where timber is scarce.

The interior exhibits are tastily arranged and likewise set forth the products of our soil. Other state buildings, with but few exceptions, are entirely devoted to social gatherings for their respective state citizens, and in no degree set forth the purposes of state exhibits. But our building and exhibits set forth the riches of our state and its products and yet supplies, to a subordinate degree, the social factor.

No Oregonian need blush at our representation at this fair.

LEO FRIEDE.

Your Wife Asks?

How often have you found a delightful dish waiting for you at the dinner table and after you tasted it your wife has asked:

"How do you like that? I got the recipe from the newspaper today."

This incident is common.

It indicates that not only is woman a newspaper reader, but also finds the newspaper a close and helpful friend.

The manufacturer with an article appealing to women makes a great mistake if he fails to advertise in the newspapers.

He misses his "short cut" to success.