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PORTLAND, MONDAY, JULY 26, 1915.

OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE.

A fact that stands out clearly in the European war is the power of defensive tactics as against offensive tactics in modern warfare.

Modern artillery equipment, with its high explosives, the machine gun with its rapidity of fire and the superior powers of observation due to the development of the aeroplane, have made an efficient force properly intrenched practically invincible to frontal attack.

Inability of either belligerent to make consistent headway against well-supported intrenchments and the impossibility of getting around the ends of the battle line in France and Belgium have caused the apparent deadlock now existing on that battle front.

Failure of the Russian army in defensive tactics is due almost entirely to lack of adequate supplies, equipment and ammunition. The several enormous and disastrous defeats suffered by the Russians, combined with marked inefficiency in the upkeep of their arms, have made such inroads in their equipment that months will be required to bring their forces up to standard.

The German army, better organized and better equipped than any of its foes, failed in its drives on Paris and Calais simply because its superiority in numbers, organization and equipment was neutralized by the immense advantage of the defense over the offense.

The battle of the Marne was won because the allies were able to maintain a sturdy defense until the greatly extended and exhausted German lines were broken. In turn the allies failed when their offensive attempted to turn the German right on the Aisne and the intrenched battle line was rapidly extended until it reached the sea near Ostend.

The battle line in France and Belgium stands approximately where it was first established last September. Both sides have made indentations in the battle zone, it is true, but none have broken entirely through the enemy's forces. Whatever gain has been made has been accomplished with terrible loss of life and an almost unbelievable expenditure of ammunition.

These intrenchments have become so interlocked that the combatants are frequently separated only by a few feet of earth and the fighting has degenerated to a primitive level wherein the spade and hand bomb have largely replaced the rifle. Once the soldier leaves the protecting trench, he is sprayed with bullets from the machine gun and whole regiments in the open are flattened in a few moments. Against the machine gun, skillfully posted, numbers are of no avail.

Effective against the machine gun we have the high-explosive shell, used in such numbers as to blow the opposing positions, guns and men to fragments. These shells are thrown by cannon miles back of the advance trenches and frequently a slight miscalculation of range by the gunners lands the shell among their own troops. Indeed, in handling high explosives and modern artillery, the highest technical skill and training are required lest inexperience bring disaster and defeat.

To the layman the power of high explosives is simply incomprehensible. Shields of the best steel, metal that will resist a bullet fired at close range, are pierced by even the smallest fragment of a modern shell.

Not the least weapon in adding to an effective defense in war is barbed wire. Whole fields are webbed with it, rivers are choked and forests entangled, until it is impossible to penetrate. Against it the most potent remedy is the high-explosive shell that blasts all obstructions to bits.

Thus, to overcome an enemy thoroughly supported by supplies of all sorts in a position that cannot be turned by flank movements has become an almost impossible task, in which mere numbers in men are well nigh useless and may be a handicap.

Heavy artillery, machine guns, hand grenades, ammunition, combined with superior organization—these the Germans have, and they explain why the allies in greatly superior numbers have been unable to drive the invader from France. So, too, the Turk in his natural stronghold, the narrow and rugged Gallipoli Peninsula, has, aided by efficient German training, been able to stand off the attacks of the French and English. Again the question at the Dardanelles is ammunition (high explosives). When his supply is interrupted or exhausted the Turk will fall.

The salient difference between the methods of warfare on the eastern and western fronts is that in France and Belgium the intrenchments and barricades are practically continuous, while in Poland and Galicia there has been much open fighting, due to the rapidity of the German movements and the lack of artillery, explosives and also of officers by the Russians. There has been much trench fighting, it is true, but it has been sporadic and detached. In front of Warsaw there is said to be a continuous line of intrenchments, supporting the fortifications, all making a strong defense practicable and probable. The German strategy is to get around the ends of the trenches, and also to assault the forts with heavy artillery.

If the Germans win their Russian campaign, in whole or in part, and are able to detach large forces and dispatch them to the western front, it is evident that they are to have a more formidable problem than they have had in the east. The French are well intrenched and well equipped, and their morale is unimpaired, though they have indeed been much decimated. The English are likely to be stronger in numbers and in munitions than heretofore, and will be prepared for a vigorous defense. It will be a titanic struggle and the outcome cannot be foretold. It will be months, and it may be years, before there is a final decision.

THE POSSIBILITY OF HUGHES.

It is quite clear that the surest way to defeat the plan to make Charles E. Hughes the Republican presidential nominee in 1916 is to have a plan. Undoubtedly Justice Hughes meant just what he said when he declared himself "unavailable." It is recalled that he expressed his conviction in 1912 that the "Supreme Court of the United States must not be dragged into politics." To some who sought to make an appeal to his ambition he said: "No man is as essential to his country's well-being as the unstained integrity of the courts."

The spectacle of a Justice of the Supreme Court seeking a nomination for office, however great, is offensive and unseemly. It is not surprising that Judge Hughes has so resolutely set his face against any kind of campaign in his behalf, or that he has sought to make it plain that he cannot be considered.

Yet the country—or rather the thoughtful and independent minds in the Republican party—give up the idea of Hughes' nomination with reluctance. It is obvious that Hughes is fit, most fit, and it is not so obvious that any other now mentioned is so fit. The trend is in the direction of no candidate; but the underlying sentiment is, or would be, for Hughes, in any appropriate circumstances.

The talk of a deadlock at the National convention in 1916 is natural enough, and it is not impossible that an effort to draft Hughes might be made. There is nothing at all questionable, from any ethical standpoint, about a judge stepping from the bench to the presidency if it is clear that he is responding to his country's call. It would have indeed the aspect of a high summons to duty. What could Hughes do then?

EVIDENCES OF AN AWAKENING.

Evidences are abundant that the American people are awakening from a protracted and ominous provincialism. They are beginning to take a broader outlook upon the facts of modern life, and particularly upon our international relations and obligations. The attitude that we are a favored Nation of splendid martial achievement and unsurpassed power is dwindling before a realization that we are pitiably weak and unprepared not only to uphold our prestige abroad but to defend our shores from foreign invasion.

This awakening is certain to bear fruit at the next session of Congress, when a more adequate preparation for defense and offense will be fairly demanded by the public state of mind. Congress in its actions merely reflects the public will. The same is true of administrations. We have not made progress along the lines of military and naval sufficiency and efficiency for the reason that the necessity was not forcibly apparent. We may now reckon ourselves fortunate that the truth of our position was not brought home by a disastrous invasion.

There are those who profess to believe that such a contingency will yet be required to stimulate us to adequate action, but the signs of the times lead to a more optimistic conclusion. There is every indication that America will heed the great object lesson spread before its eyes abroad.

PORTLAND, 1919.

As Portland, three years ago, discovered in the Elks convention the best publicity producer for Portland since the Lewis and Clark Fair, so Seattle now votes the recent Shrine convention the best publicity proposition for Seattle since the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. The Seattle Times says that that is the unanimous vote of the business men, and adds:

> The thousands who came to this city from every section of the United States represented the business brains of their respective communities. Men of affairs, many of them enterprising enterprises, came to Seattle to spend a vacation—and went away amazed by the conditions they found to exist in this, the youngest of the world's great cities.
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> The entertainment provided, the evidences of wealth and culture they observed, the business development they noted and the climatic conditions they experienced all made a deep impression upon men, many of whom had previously no conception of the conditions they would meet on Puget Sound.
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> To our "country cousins" it was a matter of amusement solely—but it furnished them with an opportunity to come to Seattle to witness the parades, to hear the bands, to join in the merrymaking—and to purchase at local stores. Thus, there was an immediate as well as an ultimate material benefit to Seattle from the session of the great order.
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> New connections unquestionably were created in great number for local houses, both wholesale and retail. Such results are not susceptible of financial estimate. At the same time, they must be considered in any survey of the situation, for they are likely to endure for a period of months, even years.

If Portland gets the Shrine meeting in 1919 it will have reached out for tremendous local benefits. The success of the Elks convention, news of which extended beyond the realm of that order, and the hospitality and entertainment extended the nobles of the Mystic Shrine who visited Portland en route to or from Seattle, ought materially to help the campaign. It is perhaps a wild hope, but we may have that auditorium completed by 1919. But there are always the unique Coast attractions that are a prime asset in making Portland a convention city. All Portland will wish Al Kader Temple success in the movement.

LANGUAGE AND WAR.

Professor William Lyon Phelps, of Yale, makes some edifying remarks on languages in the New York Tribune. He is disposed to think that a good deal of foolish fetish worship attends many petty remnants of speech, among which he includes the Gaelic and Czech. Great efforts have been made lately to revitalize these dying languages without very brilliant results. "Why not let them die?" inquires Professor Phelps.

It matters a great deal more what a man has to say than what language he says it in. This is the spirit in which men of distinguished intelligence learn half a dozen tongues. They find something broadening and stimulating in every one of them. Charles V said that every language he mastered made a new man of him. It is noticeable that those who profess fanatical loyalty to any particular form of speech are apt to be fanatical in other particulars. "Anything," says Professor Phelps, "that concentrates a man's attention on his own village, city, state or country, to the exclusion of the rest of the world, is narrow, foolish and wrong." Shakespeare expressed the same idea more tersely, "Homekeeping youth hath ever homely wits."

The European war treats us to many humiliating exhibitions of linguistic fanaticism. Long before the war broke out the Germans rejected the beautiful Latin type and went back to the eye-destroying Gothic. This meant patriotism to some of them. Now the Germans foam with fury when English is spoken at their hotels. No French, Italian, English or Russian books are allowed on sale and no music from any of these countries may be performed. A silly echo of this dull fanaticism is the effort to exclude German music from the New York programmes next Winter. England responds to the German folly by such advertisements as this, "No German music will be played."

Professor Phelps fears that we Americans are likely to be drawn into the whirlpool of European war madness. "The war," he says, "is gradually corrupting our minds." It may possibly make such simpletons of us that we will refuse to read Shakespeare or Goethe because of their nationality and language.

MONEY.

To refresh the spirits of its readers amid the thunders of war the London Times has published an article on "Money," always a pleasant thing to reflect upon and still more pleasant to possess. The Times differs from the Bible about the moral influence of money. The Bible declares that the love of it is the root of all evil. The Times discerns many other roots, some of them perhaps even more prolific, such as the Kaiser's ambition and the pigheadedness of the British workingman.

We cannot ourselves quite arrive at the opinion that the world would become a Garden of Eden if money were abolished. The tribes who have no money do not appear to dwell in continual bliss. They have their wars and thefts and murders about the same as the rest of us, with some additional troubles from which we are free. But we hasten to leave this perilous aspect of the subject. What interests us just now is a series of secular remarks in which the Times indulges.

"The rich man, who is greedy for more money," says the great daily, "does not put it to himself that he is greedy for all the things that money can buy. It becomes to him a symbol of something much finer and more romantic that it is. It inflames his imagination and that of poorer men as if it were a personal quality in the man who possesses it." The Times adds that the essence of money is the "power of choice," which it confers upon its owner. We fancy it confers the power of choosing among all the good things of the earth and a great deal more besides.

A perfectly potent advantage of money is seldom thought of by the saints and prophets who deliver tirades against it. We refer to the wholesome food, clothing and surroundings it provides for children. The curse of a child born in poverty is the inability of its parents to provide a decent and hygienic home for it. Nor is it of any use to chide such parents for their failure to nurture their children properly. As long as they do not earn money enough to buy what is needed they cannot live decently themselves or provide for their offspring. We must not expect the poor any more than the rich to do the impossible. It takes comparatively little money to buy all the good things of the world that a single family can use, or even waste, comfortably.

SUPPRESSED MEMORIES.

If we can trust the admirers of Sigbund Freud, the Viennese psychologist, to tell the truth about him and his work, he is doing for his science what Darwin did for biology. He is revolutionizing its methods and rebuilding it on a new foundation. One of Freud's great psychic inventions is the analysis of the mind by means of deft questioning. He calls it psychanalysis. Like most arts it is very old. It has long been in use, for example, by those religious denominations which make the confessional part of their regimen for the soul. But before Freud it was never scientifically applied in secular medicine. Outsiders have wondered many times over the attractiveness of the confessional to those who have been taught to use it. The claim that it exercises a salutary influence upon the mind, gives peace to the unquiet soul and even reinforces the bodily health seems preposterous to many, and yet from Freud's researches we see that this is all perfectly natural.

Freud's medicinal analysis of the soul is directed against the pernicious effect of "suppressed ideas." Usually these ideas are perverted memories. They rankle in the brain, paralyze effort, destroy manly courage and, unless they are released by treatment, they poison the whole life. The romantic tales beloved by the old-fashioned novelists, of men haunted by remorse down into miserable graves, are more than paralleled by the scientific observations of the Freudian school of psychologists. The disastrous consequences of a suppressed memory may be likened in the mental world to the effects of eyestrain upon the body. This strain is really confined to a few small muscles about the eye, but those who have suffered with it know how widely its consequences pervade the system. It causes miserable headaches, upsets the digestion, fills the joints with neuralgic pains and deprives the patient of his working power while the trouble lasts. The spectacles by which it is relieved may be compared with the simple psychanalysis by which the Freudians relieve "memory strain," if we may invent a phrase for the occasion.

Every person, even the most discreet and innocent, have done deeds in the course of his life of which he is ashamed. When he remembers them he blushes, though it may be fifty years after. Sometimes in old age a man groans in agony over some sin of his youth, feeling as if he were set on a dunce block for all the world to jeer at. And the wonder of it is that these suppressed memories never grow any less poignant with time. They are suppressed because the unhappy person who carries them about in his brain is too chagrined to think of telling them to anybody. But if he ever does bring himself to the point of confessing them frankly they disappear from his mind in the most mysterious way and he never thinks of them again, or if he does think of them they are like any other memories of youth and cause him no particular pain. Such is the extraordinary effect of confession. It relieves memory strain as spectacles relieve eyestrain. We mention these annoying memories, which are after all but trifles, in order to prepare the imagination for something of the same nature but far more important.

It often happens that some experience of childhood impresses the mind profoundly when it occurs, though it is soon apparently forgotten and never again rises into the conscious memory. It is not recalled with secret blushes of shame, like the childish sins we have been speaking of, for it is never recalled at all. The person who had the experience might not recognize it should it be recounted to him. And yet, in spite of all this seeming oblivion, the experience remains in his mind very much alive and perniciously active. Like a cancer of some internal organ, it may destroy his very psychic existence while he knows nothing about it. These are the true "suppressed memories" of the Freudian psychanalysts. They have sunk down from the conscious into the subconscious mind to fill the whole being with subtly distilled poison which, unless the antidote is administered, may wreck the patient's life. The antidote is confession. But how is the patient to confess an act or experience of which he consciously knows nothing? Here is where psychanalysis comes in. It is a refined process of self-examination, pursued under the direction of an expert physician, by which the contents of the subconscious mind are brought to the light of day.

The Technical World for August gives an instructive account of the treatment of one of these mysterious cases by a Freudian psychologist. The sufferer was manager of a newspaper and had of necessity to see a great many people of all ranks and characters. When he first undertook his duties he was consciously timid, meeting his visitors with great difficulty, but this feeling wore away with time. He finally acquired what seemed to him perfect self-command and poise. And yet his health steadily declined. His nerves were under constant strain, though he could imagine no reason for it, and his bodily energy was failing. A medical friend finally made him notice that his fists were clenched tightly whenever he talked with a stranger and that he made many unconscious gestures indicative of fear, though he felt no fear. The physician, who was a Freudian, ultimately applied psychanalysis to the patient, with the most astounding results. It came out piecemeal that in his childhood, when living with his mother in a lonely house in a wild region, he had suffered from constant fear of strangers. As his circumstances changed and time passed his fear seemed to be forgotten, but the forgetfulness was only external. The terror sank down into his subconscious mind, became a suppressed memory, and had gone far toward destroying him before it was detected and dragged into the light. As soon as it was set before him in plain sight it lost all its power for evil, and from that day he was a well man.

This is a specimen of the wonderful work the Freudians are doing. They have invaded the whole domain of mental therapeutics and are revolutionizing the treatment of hysteria, insanity and criminality, besides making life a great deal more tolerable for many a normal individual whose suppressed memories have become a torment.

Perhaps it will be just as well if the county goes a little slowly in acceding to a request to be presented by the city that the old poor farm out on the hills be given free for a park. Portland is very well supplied with public parks just now, and anything new in the line would better be easy of access by the people to be benefited. Money needed for upkeep can be used elsewhere.

If big and little girls are growing up without knowing how to wear a thimble, it is high time they were taught at school if not at home. Another lesson of advantage might be taught on how to use the dishcloth. A course might be added on dexterity with a broom, although the patented affairs have made that article more or less an ornament by doing the work much better.

Two graduates of Columbia University of New York are reported to have made fortunes raising poultry in Yamhill County, and the story most likely is true. A college training is not necessary to make hens lay, but it helps.

Portland has 312 jitneys, each with an earning capacity of $10 a day. This is about a million dollars a year. In this case, however, it may be said that figures do lie, for the jitney fever is abating.

All that confiscated killer of microbes can be used to advantage. It is just the stuff to set the first bloom of tomato plants, although a trifle weak in proportions.

Less efficiency, more results and lower cost seem to be the popular desire with relation to municipal government in these parts just at present.

What Henry Ford should now produce is a machine at a popular price that will mow the lawn. The head of the family prefers to smoke in the evening.

Let the Colonel cease to worry. Nothing can Chinafy the United States—not even the ranting of people who would throw mud at the Liberty Bell.

Dean, who kidnaped Empey, the Idaho rancher, had herded sheep long enough to become crazy. That is all the matter with him.

Now that Funston has been ordered to go to it, firing across the border will cease. Mexicans will not find the fun in Funston.

Since a district court has decided it is not cruelty to kill a dog with an ax and the dog cannot be heard, it must be so.

Excursionists cannot be expected to "trim ship," and when the ballast is defective a fatality follows a stampede to one side.

Nothing like the Eastland disaster can happen here. Our boats are not built that way and inspectors are watchful.

Slapped by Germany, we do not exactly turn the other cheek. We merely bristle up and say we will regard it as unfriendly if the slap is repeated.

Huckleberries will be plentiful this year, and depend upon the bears to know it.

Strictly to be seasonal, the campaign for charity is taking a vacation.

The Oregon tar will become a great sailor in the next few weeks.

Twenty-Five Years Ago

From the Oregonian of July 26, 1890.

The first span of the new Madison-street bridge is being framed. Yesterday the workmen were engaged in laying the lower chords on the false work. The approach and Water street are loaded down with timber which is to be used in the bridge. In about two weeks the first span will be finished.

South Bend, Ind., July 25.—Brother Vincent, one of the builders of Notre Dame University, died last night, aged almost a hundred years. He came to Notre Dame in 1832 as Rev. Father Serin.

Engineer H. G. Gates, of the Union Pacific, at Portland, has gone to Seattle with Resident Engineer W. T. Chalk to hurry plans for pushing construction on the line between Seattle and Portland.

Mayor De Lashmutt would find it difficult to call a quorum of the city council together just now. Nearly all the boys are taking an airing. Councilmen Hoyt, Woodward, Farrell and Scoggin are the only ones in town. Forbes is traveling in the East and Gerdes is at Foley Springs. Councilman Hoyt came home from Long Beach yesterday and reported that Councilmen Showers, Fliedner and Castendieck are having a gay time listening to the moaning of the sad sea waves. The weather, he says, is delightful, clams are plentiful and the bathing superb.

C. W. Reynard, a fireman, well known here in the volunteer days, died at Scappoose Saturday night. He was foreman of No. 1 Engine Company, and assistant engineer of the department in 1870.

A few evenings since, Captain Oak's Macadam house, two miles from the city, was burglarized and $28 in money and $500 worth of imported cigars stolen. The thieves effected an entrance to the premises through a window.

Mrs. Dr. Ford-Warren, having returned to this city, will be in her office at the usual hours today.

The North Front street bridge was accepted by the city yesterday. It is 1550 feet long and cost $15,580.

Vacaville, Cal., July 25.—Today at 11 A. M. the thermometer marked 104 degrees in the shade, and at 2 P. M. the highest point was reached, when it marked 110. All outdoor work had to be suspended.

The new church at Tillamook will be dedicated tomorrow. Presiding Elder M. C. Wire will be present, and Professor Thomas Van Scoy will preach the sermon.

LAYMEN JOIN TO FIGHT CANCER

Organization Has Plainly Written Literature to Distribute Free.

PORTLAND, Or., July 25.—(To the Editor.)—The timely and useful remarks of The Oregonian under the heading "Cancer Treatment" deserve high commendation. The concluding words of the article express the very idea, which forms the basis for the activities of the American Society for the Control of Cancer. It is the dissemination of knowledge about the nature and preventability of cancer that this society is mainly working for. Anybody can become a member of this society and help to fight this great scourge. Through the efforts of Dr. K. A. J. McKenzie, who was appointed trustee for the State of Oregon by the above-named society and with whom I have the pleasure of co-operating, a very interesting lecture was delivered at our Public Library by Mr. Frederick Hoffman a few weeks ago. In this way the anti-cancer campaign in the State of Oregon was launched and its activities will be resumed this coming September. In the meantime I distributed over 200 popularly written pamphlets dealing with the subject of cancer. By the end of this month I will have a large number of articles written by the best medical men in the United States on the subject of prevention of cancer for free distribution. The following articles can be obtained at my office:

"Cancer of the Breast," by Dr. W. L. Rodman, Philadelphia.

"Cancer of the Womb," by Dr. Franklin L. Martin, Chicago.

"Cancer of the Skin," by Dr. H. H. Hasen, Washington, D. C.

"Cancer of the Genito-Urinary Organs," by Dr. H. H. Young, Baltimore.

"What Everyone Should Know About Cancer," by Dr. J. C. Bloodgood, Baltimore.

"Control of Cancer," by Dr. J. C. Bloodgood, Baltimore.

"Cancer of the Bone," by Dr. J. B. Murphy, Chicago.

All these articles are written in plain language and can be easily understood by the average person. The American Society for the Control of Cancer, which is a layman's society, has shown a great deal of enthusiasm in persuing their object. The talent which the society has at its disposal, linked with enthusiasm, is bound to bring results. And we are quite sure that in the course of one generation the death rate from cancer will be reduced from the present figure of 75,000 per year to 15,000 or 20,000.

L. RICEN, M. D.
Broadway building.

Collection of Room Rent.

PORTLAND, July 23.—(To the Editor.)—I have several weeks' room rent coming from a man since last October. I paid a lawyer $5 to collect it, but he failed to do so. This man has a small business; he works there every day. He told the lawyer it did not belong to him, so the lawyer took his word for it. This man has no family to support, and it would help me if I could collect the money. I don't know who to go to force him to pay it. Is there a law to compel him to pay it, and who enforces it?

A CONSTANT READER.

There is a law making it a misdemeanor to defraud a lodging-house, but sufficient facts are not stated to tell whether the case falls in that category. A criminal action would not enforce collection, however, as that can be accomplished only by civil action. If the roomer is a single man, regularly employed, or owning property, a competent lawyer ought to be able to force collection. If you desire to institute criminal proceedings consult the District Attorney.

AT 50 YEARS.

Just half a hundred years gone by!
And with good will I take it,
I bless the months and weeks that fly—
Were all to come like these I'd try
A century full to make it!

At 25 I laughed and danced;
The days and nights were crowded;
Each morn was full of happiness,
All days alike my mirth enhanced;
Each evening—I enjoyed it.

As time passed on, my riper years
Brought fuller life's fruition;
I learned to love the sober things,
To care still less for "little flings,"
But bettered my condition.

At 50 years my life is whole,
No cause to fear or hurry;
Nor can the hours be ever dull,
With waters clear my river's full,
With naught of grief or worry.

There's every reason to believe
That life is now more thrifty;
Rich blessings here vain fads relieve,
My friends are tried, they can't deceive—
Thank heaven, I am 50!

S. D. MARTIN,
Fourth and Clay.

AID TO AGE OF MOLLYCODDLES

"Safe and Sane" Fourth Great Contributing Cause, Says Mr. Geer.

PORTLAND, July 25.—(To the Editor.)—Characterizing the present era as an "Age of Mollycoddles" in a recent editorial, The Oregonian very vigorously lamented the trend of the times toward peace at any price, and said:

"Playing soldier' has become a lost art. No longer do the tinpan drum and the broomstick gun parade in mock military array down the streets. No longer do John and Jimmie march up and down the sidewalks in soldierly pride, while little Mary or little Eunice or some of the younger generation of the gentler sex look on with unmingled pride. The new way of teaching history in the schools has told.

True, every word, and I want to add that, in my judgment, nothing has been so potent in creating this deplorable condition, that is, no one thing, as the senseless incubator of mollycoddles popularly known as the "safe and sane" way of observing the Fourth of July which has been successfully inaugurated during the past 10 or 15 years.

The difference between the methods employed by our forefathers, or our fathers, or even when most of us were young men, in the matter of celebrating the severance of the strangle-hold which Great Britain had on the American Colonies and the present sissie, Sunday school way of impressing the significance of the event on the minds of "Johnnie and Jimmie" is precisely that which separates the spirit of the Revolutionary patriot who answered, "by the authority of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," and the truculent, pusillanimous mental attitude of the American who sings "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier."

What is there in the present-day method of celebrating the Fourth of July that in any way appeals to the younger element along the lines that may suggest the cost and sacrifice which, combined, won our independence? Nothing whatever. Young people never did listen to the reading of the Declaration of Independence. The thing that formerly aroused every boy in the land at 4 o'clock on the morning of the Fourth of July was not that he would on that day hear some man read the Declaration, but the firing of the National salute at sunrise and the firecrackers that were to be his by the dozens and the pack. It was the Noise, with a big N, that roused his anticipations, got him out of bed and gave to the day a meaning that meant activity, interest, and instilled into his mind and heart the basis for a fighting spirit such as that which we to this day revere in the mold of the Revolutianary forefathers.

So far as I am concerned, there is no hesitation in registering a vigorous protest against the so-called "safe and sane" way of celebrating the Fourth of July now in vogue. At the close of the day I feel much as if I had been to a Sunday school convention or had attended a meeting of the Young People's Endeavor. Excepting the Sabbath, there is no other day in the year that compares with it in eventless monotony and tiresome mollycoddleism. Instead of being a day of bustle, noise, vigorous demonstration of hilarious activity and "Hurrah for Uncle Sam and Andy Jackson," "Mary and Little Eunice" hear nothing more exciting than the Lord's prayer, and are told that mamma didn't raise John and Jimmie to be soldiers.

Nothing is being more instrumental in the creation of an age of mollycoddles than this very trend as to the way of celebrating our natal day. Noise? Of course. Noise is life. Death is silence. It is said that Washington knelt in prayer at Valley Forge, but it should be remembered that he spent a thousandfold more time in fighting—and some of it in swearing—than in prayer. And Washington was some Man!

We want peace, all of us, if it can be had, but unless we are to become a nation of sycophants and apologizing mollycoddles we must recognize conditions as they actually are and raise all our boys to be soldiers, when the protection of their lives and property and homes may make it necessary. Any other course will be both unsafe and insane.

T. T. GEER.

NEARLY ALL SOUND AMERICANS

Citizens of German Name as Patriotic as Descendants of Pilgrims.

NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME, Tennessee, July 21.—(To the Editor.)—I am an American. My father as a German nationalist, fought with Franz Sigel and Carl Schurz in South Germany, consequently left Germany with his family, and in 1850 planted us in this land of free endeavor and equal opportunities. We have all of us children done better in this our "Amerika" than we could have done had we remained in our birthland, as is proven by the fact that our near relatives, cousins, whom I have twice visited in the old home village during the past 20 years, are, as far as financial standing is reckoned, no better off than was my father and their father, as burghers and freeholders in 1848, while all of us in this, our adopted country, are fairly well to do, well fixed as we might say in accordance with our efforts.

I was the only boy old enough for military service and had service in the United States Navy during the Civil war. I am, therefore, an American. My oldest son had 18 months' service in the Philippines as a company Sergeant of the Second Oregon Infantry. He is an American and I have hopes that President Wilson will defer war long enough so that I may furnish a grandson in the ranks. We are all Americans, none of us are hyphenated, and if war comes upon us, with any foreign nation, domestic war being now and forever out of the question, we or such of us as are able to bear arms, will be at the recruiting office as early as any of the offsprings of ancestors arriving from any other European breeding ground, perhaps a few, or even 200 years before my father chose this, his 'Amerika," for his own. I desire, therefore, to protest against the sneers and covert anathema against German-Americans, so called, by some newspapers, because mayhap they have, like myself, an honored and honorable German name, while 90 per cent of them are as patriotic, safe and sound Americans as the descendants of the Pilgrims or the Cavaliers, descendants of English immigrants with English, Scotch or Irish names, not forgetting John Paul Jones and the Welsh.

There will be no war with Germany, thanks to cold-blooded, level-headed Woodrow Wilson, a President of the United States, elected as a Democrat by my own and many other Republican votes and voters. Such of us who so voted rather than have the White House again tenanted by a vociferous extremist, are yet with him, stand to the flag along side of him, and trust him to conserve for us and our children the heritage of peace.

MAX PRACHT.
Of Oregon.

All Aboard for a Picnic.

London Sphere.

Mrs. Strongmind (about to start with the picnic party)—Let me see—here are the wraps, here's the lunch basket, here's the opera glass, and here's the bundle of umbrellas. I think we've got everything, and yet—children, we haven't forgotten anything, have we? Husband and father (standing meekly at the horses' heads)—Shall I get in?

Cutting Out Old Friends.

Life.

First Mormon—What's the matter with Bueber? He's cutting out his old friends. Second Mormon—How so? First Mormon—Why, he never asks me to drop in and see him married any more.

Half a Century Ago

From The Oregonian of July 26, 1865.

Washington.—There is a large amount of European capital seeking investment in Southern lands, which will be expended whenever the status of the Southern States and their land titles shall insure its safety.

The weather for some days last week was intensely hot—thermometers ranging from 86 to 100. The town would most undoubtedly have been ablaze by this overheat, only for a superabundant supply of "fluids," and the manful exertions of the people to put it down. Such efforts were conducted mostly in the shade. Had the thermometer been in an exposed situation the mercury would undoubtedly have boiled over. Now we are again in the enjoyment of the finest kind of weather. In the language of one of Oregon's fair correspondents, "earth and sky are in their holiday guise, and simply living is a positive luxury." There are many such days, even in Portland.

The chief engineer this morning gives notice that Willamette Fire Engine Company No. 1 is now again in service. The machine has been thoroughly refitted and newly painted. There will be a drill of the company this evening.

From Santiam we learn there is another prominent lode, on which tunnels are being pushed forward with energy—the Driggs lode. It is equally as well defined as the White Bull and is being opened in the same manner, with tunnels on each side of the mountain. There is not the least doubt existing in the mind of our informant as to the richness or extent of Santiam, and we expect much from the new region.

Lieutenant Yard, of the regular Infantry, U. S. A., has established an office in this city for the purpose of recruiting for the Ninth Regiment. The term of enlistment is for five years.

The machinery for the Ellendale Woolen Manufacturing Company, of Brownsville, arrived by the steamship of Saturday. It is from the works of Cleveland & Co., Worcester, Mass.

By telegraph we learn that the bark Samuel Merritt cleared from San Francisco for this port on Saturday last.

TIME FOR CITY TO BE LENIENT

Interest Only Should Be Demanded on Delinquent Assessments.

PORTLAND, July 25.—(To the Editor.)—It would seem that much unnecessary pent-up indignation has been evolved of late over the discovery, heretofore known to every one, that there are many street improvement payments delinquent in this city. The absurd suggestion has been dropped that this state of facts has been allowed to go on in the interest of somebody who was running for public office.

In the opinion of most people who have given the matter consideration, there is no great injury worked on the city by property-owners permitting their assessments to become delinquent. It is true that the interest should be kept up, as the city is called upon to pay interest semi-annually on the bonds that are based on these assessments. But as the property assessed is ample security for the assessment, coming as the lien does ahead of any mortgage, it would seem that no great harm is being done by the leniency of the officials during these dull times.

The city has made a profit on the bonds that it has issued based on street and sewer assessments, as they have all sold at a premium. The premium has gone into the general fund of the city, and it helps to bear the expenses of management. It would be a serious matter for many small householders if the authorities were to insist on payment of all assessments that are due at the time. It is not the fashion during these Democratic times for mortgagees to insist on the payment of every due mortgage, especially when the mortgagor pays up his interest in proper time. Then why should the city be especially insistent on these street assessments being paid when the city can sell its 6 per cent bonds at a premium? If there were any question as to the security it would be different.

Perhaps something should be done to require property owners to keep up their interest, but it is difficult to see why there is any need to press for the principal. Let us wait until we get a National Administration that will once more protect our lumber against the Canadian product, and that will so conduct the affairs of the Nation that we shall taste again the prosperity which has only prevailed in this country when the Republicans have been in the National saddle. When that time comes again—when we have a return of the good times that we can remember with enthusiasm, then let us require all and sundry to keep up their street assessments and pay off their mortgages.

R. M. TUTTLE.

PLAYING SOLDIER AT CORVALLIS

Mother in College Town Doesn't Note Decline of Youthful Martial Spirit.

CORVALLIS, Or., July 24.—(To the Editor.)—"Jimmie's ma" was very much amused upon reading the editorial in The Oregonian "The Age of Mollycoddles."

Jimmie is 5½, and his pa and ma have studiously avoided reference to the war and its horrors in the young hopeful's hearing, but he and five playmates whose ages range from 6 to 12 have done practically nothing else since last August but wage mighty battle with wooden guns and fearsome swords, made of kindling wood, upon the Germans. These six valiant allies have fought, bled and died all over our back yard.

Boys do not have to acquire the fighting spirit; it is born in them. Every mother of a red-blooded American boy has to struggle constantly in the early years of his youth to curb this fighting propensity and direct it into the channel of self-defense.

Evidently the editor hasn't observed the small boy at his play very closely during recent months. Playing soldier today is quite as popular as in grandfather's time. Every red-blooded boy is a fighter—only "sissies" are mollycoddles—and a "sissy" won't fight, even in self-defense.

"JIMMIE'S MA."

Going After a Job.

Baltimore American.

Gibbs—So you went after the job? I thought you believed that the office should seek the man? Dibbs—I do; but this is a fat job, and I thought it might get winded before it reached me.

Domestic Health Report.

Birmingham (Ala.) Age-Herald.

"I understand, Rastus, that your wife is convalescent?" said kindly Mrs. White. "No, ma'am. Ah'm glad to say she ain't. Stid o' dat, she's gittin' bettah ev'ry day."

Let the Goods Talk

Merchandise speaks to the eye.

When the manufacturer advertises his brands in this newspaper he is attracting possible customers for every retailer.

He is arousing curiosity which the retailer can turn into sales.

It involves no intricate work.

It merely means the putting of the newspaper advertised goods in the store windows where people can see them.