The Oregonian

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PORTLAND, TUESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1917.

A FOOD DICTATOR.

News that Germany is to have a new food dictator, and that the "system of distribution is to be entirely reorganized," indicates that so far as human ingenuity can accomplish it, the Germans are going to make the most of all their food resources before they acknowledge themselves beaten. Accounts reaching this country in the past have shown that drastic methods already were in operation. Now even these are to be excelled. Although we are fighting Germany we may be permitted to take a leaf from the German book in this respect. In the matter of distribution we would profit by a little German thoroughness.

A writer in the Country Gentleman recites an instance of the way distribution is being accomplished in this country. In the week that President Wilson made his proclamation about expediting shipments, a carload of onions went from Philadelphia to Chicago. Before it got to Philadelphia it had been in Boston. Before it got to Boston it had been in Rochester, N. Y. After it got to Chicago it went back to New York City. At this point the writer lost trace of it, but perhaps it was just as well. We do not want to have our feelings harrowed too deeply.

Of course this hauling of a carload of onions about the country represented sheer waste of one of the most important resources we have at this time—transportation. Also the onions in all probability were not much benefited by the haul. Meanwhile the people of some city were—or are—waiting for their onions. It is hard to see how anyone gained by the transaction. Not the railroads, because they have plenty of other business; nor the producer, who already had got his price; nor the middleman, unless he was a daylight robber. The consumer paid the freight. Meanwhile a car was tied up in entirely unproductive work when it ought to have conveyed half a dozen loads of food from producer to consumer.

Without knowing all about what is going on in Germany, it is perfectly safe to venture the guess that no onions are being carried from Hamburg to Danzig, from there to Leipzig, thence to Bremen and finally to Berlin before being unloaded. It would not be the way of efficiency, and it ought not to be our way.

With our own war five months old, it is time to be showing results in the way of co-ordination. We have not even passed the necessary legislation to permit appointment of a food dictator, or to eliminate possibility of recurrence of such incidents as that of the onions. It is high time to act.

PHYSICAL EFFICIENCY.

Reports indicating an alarming proportion of physically unfit among drafted men show the importance of early attention to the simple rules of health and hygiene. That neglect in childhood may have serious consequences would seem to be indicated by the statement that in some districts rejections have run as high as 80 per cent. If a proportion of rejections even approximating this figure should prevail throughout the country, it would be necessary to lower the standard in order to obtain an army. The number who will be exempt from the draft for other than physical reasons also is large.

Where four-fifths of the men between 21 and 30 years old are below par physically, it would be interesting to know precisely how many of them would have been saved by treatment in childhood. Unfortunately, statistics are not available, but physicians know that the proportion is large. It is seen, for example, that many diseases of nutrition have been directly caused by neglected teeth. Infected throats are traceable to adenoids. A surprising number of cases of tuberculosis have been discovered. These would have responded to treatment years ago. Poor hearing and bad sight in perhaps 90 per cent of the cases recorded could have been forestalled by simple treatment. The point is that the time to treat many of the incapacitating ailments and defects that are now being uncovered was in childhood, while the body was in the formative stage. Youth is plastic; there is no other time when the individual responds so satisfactorily to efforts to make him physically right.

One of the amazing disclosures of the draft examinations has been the large number of physically defective men who were wholly unaware of their inefficiency. This seems doubly strange in view of the growth in the last two decades of the social service spirit. But the cities, in which there is most social service, have been sending the most ineffective men before the examining boards. Clearly there is room for further education along these lines. The young are entitled to have healthy bodies and healthy minds, and if private initiative has failed, then it is time to try some other method. Compulsory medical inspection in all schools would seem to be one of probabilities growing out of our present ordeal.

The draft is proving a great leveler in more ways than one. If it shall tend toward promoting physical equality in another generation, it will justify itself. It is our hope that by winning this war we shall put end to wars, but if there never should be another war in the history of the world, the necessity of preserving physical fitness would not be diminished. Peace will make its exactions, too. The next generation must be made ready for the work before it. So much good can be done by simple measures if they are adopted soon enough that it would be foolish, if not criminal, not to profit by the lesson we are learning today.

REJUVENATING THE OLD MAN.

A man becomes a boy when he gets inside an amusement park—the Oaks, for example, where there is provided everything the rejuvenated being wanted to try once when young and other things that he knew not.

But when he confronts the concession ticket taker he balks, with a side glance to see if anybody is looking. He wants to go up in the affair that comes down; he wants to "shoot" everything shootable, to ride on the "river," to solve all the mysteries, to go to the limit, which is found in the merry-go-round and the little railway; but, being alone, he fears. In the days of his youth probably he did not have the price, and now, in affluence, he lacks nerve.

There is but one cure—the way he goes to a circus to let the children see the animals. He must take his little boy, or, better still, the whole family. This will consume an afternoon, but time well spent, and he will be a better man for weeks. If two neighbors unite in the diversion, all the better. For men are but boys grown old.

SHALL WE SAVE GASOLINE?

The possibility that drastic measures to save gasoline would cause a famine in that important commodity is an anomaly of our temporarily twisted industrial situation that is suggested by the recent controversy between heads of leading oil concerns of the country. On its face, it would appear that the way to save a product would be to discontinue its use wherever possible. But a New York independent producer, Henry L. Doherty, says that marked curtailment, either through legislation or the education of public sentiment, of consumption of gasoline will intimidate prospective producers, discourage drilling and prospecting and ultimately have an effect which will be the reverse of that intended.

The position of the advocates of unrestricted use is that gasoline is not governed by the same laws as most other commodities, and also that the United States is not in a position similar to that of other countries. The latter have been obliged to place restrictions upon use because their supplies are limited and all that is available is required for Government use. Deficiency in ocean transportation alone has been sufficient to prevent them from obtaining adequate stores.

In the United States, the supply is purely a matter of cost. There are millions of acres of undeveloped oil territory, and Mr. Doherty estimates that the average amount of oil above ground is sufficient to meet needs for about six months. It must be maintained by constant prospecting and drilling. If consumption is curtailed there will be cessation of new operations. Because of the fact that the loss in unsuccessful oil enterprises is commonly 100 per cent, prospectors require especial incentive to take the risk.

The position of the independents in a nutshell is that the "joy-rider" is not unpatriotic. But these men do not go so far as to declare that unbridled use of food, for example, would be advisable as a stimulant of food production. Gasoline is sui generis. The element of gambling enters into the work of the prospector, and the gambler must be paid correspondingly when he wins. But whether we accept the Doherty view of the fuel oil situation or not, we shall be on the right track if we go on practicing reasonable economy in the use of other staples, particularly food.

SONG WRITERS UNINSPIRED.

The demand for a new National anthem has failed to bring out a song that measures up to popular requirements, but the uninspired song writers have been busy, nevertheless. Contests resulting in divided prizes, and in refusal to award prizes on the ground of lack of excellence of the songs submitted, have not stayed the flow of patriotic verse. The first week of our war is said to have stimulated publication of no fewer than 150 "hymns" of various kinds, and the number since then has mounted into thousands. But the public fancy has not been caught. The known rules of prosody and melody have been invoked in vain. If mere prodigious effort alone would do the trick, we would have had our new National anthem long ago.

Attempts to revise the old songs have similarly failed. Two new airs for "America" that passed muster with the musical critics, and a newly harmonized "Star-Spangled Banner," already have gone their way and have been forgotten. The New York Singing Society failed to save the last-named from its fate. A song based on President Wilson's address to the Nation, ambitiously composed as a double chorus, has not taken the country by storm. Even so eminent a musician as Percy Grainger, who has enlisted for the war, has "shot over the heads" of the people in his new chant, "The Marching Song of Democracy." James Whitcomb Riley's "America," newly set to music, has not met the requirements, whatever those may be. Clearly the public, however deeply stirred by the events of the day, intends, as to the acceptance of a new song, to bide its time.

Meanwhile, there is no lack of lighter songs, or of acceptance for purely entertainment purposes of the older standbys. It is a good sign that less emphasis is being put on the "rag" in the revival of Cohan's "Grand Old Flag," and that publishers report lively demand for the standard songs of our Civil War. "Marching Through Georgia" is surviving the assaults made upon it by those who called it our "hymn of hate," which it is not, and the sale of new editions of "Dixie" is running beyond bounds. The "Battle Hymn of the Republic" stirs audiences as of old, and the "Red, White and Blue" and Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever" retain their power of arousing enthusiasm. But "Hot Time" is not standing the test of time, and "Tipperary" is begining to cloy. Popular taste is hard to understand.

The song that captures the fancy will have a good deal to do. It will need to win approval of the folks at home, and then that of the boys in camp and trench. If the kind of music that sets the flag waving and verses that use "America" and "U. S. A." for their refrain were all that is wanted, the prize would have been won long ago. Defiance to the pacifists, defiance to the Kaiser and all the Prussian hosts, appeals to "Let Us All Be Americans Now," and every conceivable literary and musical device to cement us and our allies in a glorious melange have produced impressions that are only drab. People buy the new music—the publishers are doing fairly well—and try it on the piano, and presently forget about it. It is plain that the song of songs that we have been looking for has not arrived.

It is not a new experience. We have been seeking a substitute for "The Star-Spangled Banner" for a long time, and distinctive music for "America," and a song of wider application than "Dixie," and a better tune than "Yankee Doodle." The size of the prize offered has no effect on the product. The muse refuses to work for money, and for the present for any other consideration.

LET US SPRAY.

Advice given to apple growers by the Hood River branch of the Oregon Experiment Station, not to omit the August spraying of their fruit, is timely, and especially necessary because the inclination of many orchardists about this time of year is to relax their efforts to produce a clean crop. Higher costs of material and labor increase the temptation. Where the orchard seems on cursory examination to be relatively free from codlin moth, the chances are more than even that it will be let along until harvest, no matter how enthusiastically the owner began his campaign in the Spring.

It is a pity to waste anything this year, and the wormy apple is a distinct waste. There is an even more important reason for spraying, however, and that is the bearing it has upon the crop next year. The Northwest, because of the perfection of its orchard methods, has standardized spraying in high degree. The late Summer application is a necessary part of the scheme, as experience has shown. Its omission not only sets at naught a part of the work done last Spring, but makes it more difficult to obtain clean fruit next year.

Our staple industries ought not to be neglected. The Northwest has been to much pains to establish a reputation for the high quality of its fruit, and this reputation will be an asset in years to come—if quality is maintained. Attempt to market a single inferior crop will react upon all producers. The capital and labor that have been put into our orchards ought to be conserved.

KNOWING OUR OWN COUNTRY.

We can hardly blame people from other states for not knowing about the attractions the Northwest has to offer if we ourselves are uninformed about them. Yet it is probably true that not many Oregonians, or Washingtonians, could give a good account of themselves if put on the stand as witnesses for their own localities. We take a lot of our blessings for granted. Knowing dimly that we have them, we let it go at that.

Will G. Steel told a story at the recent National Parks convention in Washington that illustrates the point. He was much impressed when a farmer's boy in Kansas by a description of a sunken lake in Oregon. It was said to be thousands of feet below the surface of the surrounding country, and to have an island in the center with an extinct crater at the top.

The story took a powerful hold on him and two years later when he arrived in Oregon he made inquiries about the lake. It was seven years before he found anyone who had heard of it, and nine years more before he found a man who had actually seen it. The gradual unfolding of Crater Lake before the eyes of the world and the establishment of a National park are now history.

But it would be interesting to know how many, even now, could answer very many questions about not Crater Lake alone, but the many attractions we have for the tourist. How many persons are there in Portland, for instance, who could not tell a friend what route to take to reach the beginning of the Columbia Highway? How many know the lakes and mountains of their own state, or have even the most rudimentary idea of how to reach them? How many could inspire a visitor to Oregon with a real desire to stay and see more of it?

It is true we have public information bureaus for the purpose of disseminating information, but there is a certain formality about the best of them that lacks the finishing touch of the counsel of an intimate friend. There is a chance for every citizen to add to the fame of his home section by qualifying as purveyor of useful knowledge. It would be all the better if all would see the country first, but knowing more about it is quite within the reach of everyone.

THE SENATE NEEDS A REBUKE.

The Senate is responsible for obstruction of the legislation which is necessary for the United States to do its full part in the war. The means of obstruction are its rules. Last March those rules were abused by twelve Senators to prevent the great majority from expressing its will in favor of armed neutrality. Denunciation of those rules by the President called forth such unanimous indorsement of the people that they were changed by adoption of closure. But they need further changes in order that they may no longer be an instrument of obstruction.

Men of common sense agree that a bill should deal with only one subject, and that amendments to it and debate upon it should be restricted to that subject. Though the title of a bill purports to confine it to one subject, the rules of the Senate permit amendments which are not germane to that subject, and they permit Senators, in discussing it, to talk about any subject under heaven. Thus the way is open to load it with provisions which in the aggregate are opposed by so many Senators that it may be defeated for final passage, or it may be so objectionable to the House that an agreement in conference will be impossible. At best, injection of so many subjects alien to its purpose prolongs debate interminably.

This happened to the food-control bill. Its purpose was clearly defined in its title as it passed the House, as follows:

> A bill to provide further for the National security and defense by encouraging the production, conserving the supply and controlling the distribution of food products and fuel.

This definition of its purpose was expanded in the enacting clause to cover "foods, feeds, fuel and articles required for their production, hereinafter in this act called necessaries." Reasonably construed, this phrase would be restricted to articles directly "required for their production," though in its broadest interpretation it might cover every substance. The Senate adopted this unreasonable construction and then, to throw the gates wide open, added to the title the words: "And for other purposes."

Then the Senators proceeded to load the bill with every notion they could think of and to tear it in pieces. The drys made it a prohibition bill, and the wets retaliated by forcing into it amendments making subject to its provisions all manner of commodities, such as steel, iron, copper, aluminum and zinc. The Republicans got their heads together with the anti-war and anti-Wilson Democrats to insert the provision for a Congressional committee to investigate war expenditures. The bill was thus loaded for a journey to perdition.

Though all these amendments have their bearing on food, they are matters of policy distinct from control of food and fuel and should be legislated upon separately. If Senators had loyally applied their minds to the immediate purpose of adopting a war measure governing food and fuel, they would have voted down every proposal not germane to that subject, regardless of their opinion on the merits of each proposal. But some are cranks on prohibition and others fear to antagonize their dry constituents. Some are anti-corporation cranks and demagogues who pander to the prejudices of farmers and radicals. Some are mere tools of food speculators, and hide subservience to their masters beneath solicitude for the dear people and the Constitution. Some are downright disloyal and will do anything which may prevent America from making war effectively. Many are jealous for the Senate's prerogatives, and are unwilling to enlarge Executive power.

The people have about reached the limit of their patience with the Senate, and many of them have been saying so. They only await a word from President Wilson to say it again so vociferously and so unanimously that the obstructionists, who are mostly cowards like all small politicians, will get off the track and hunt cover. The President has been much praised for his patience with Germany and in other matters, but there is a point at which patience ceases to be a virtue and becomes a vice. Let him speak out as he did last March about the "little knot of wilful men," and public opinion will drive the Senate to abandon rules which have degenerated into a device for helping the enemy.

The high utilitarian value of frogs, toads and salamanders has been recently impressed on the country by rediscovery by amateur gardeners of the fact that these amphibians accomplish wonders in keeping down pests. The adult frog is said to eat nearly every moving thing that it is possible for him to swallow, including grasshoppers, snails, spiders, crickets, beetles and worms, and the advantage of having a few frogs in the garden will be obvious to the most casual market gardener. "At the same time nature cannot always be trusted to maintain the supply, for if the pests become exhausted too soon the frogs languish for want of food, and when they have been starved out the bugs and worms reach the ascendancy again. To meet this contingency gardeners have been advised by the secretary of the New York aquarium to study frog culture on a small scale, the chief thing to remember being that a frog needs both air and water and that whichever he is placed in, he seems to prefer the other, so that opiportunity should be given him for a free choice.

We read a good deal about the value of iron in the diet, but seldom realize that in preparing the foods upon which we depend for our supply of minerals we sacrifice a large part in the cooking. Katharine Blount, of the University of Chicago, and Florence A. Otis, of the College of Emporia, Kansas, have found that the average loss on boiling in the usual way was for spinach forty-three per cent, for string beans thirty-nine per cent, for peas thirty-six per cent and for potatoes fifteen per cent. It will be noted that loss is in ratio to the surface of the vegetable exposed to the water, being largest in the case of leaves and smallest in the compact substances. The lesson derived by these investigators is that boiling vegetables when iron is desired, and then throwing away the water, is a highly wasteful process.

The $1,000,000 fund of the Knights of Columbus has been so oversubscribed that it may be made $5,000,000. The Knights know how to do good, and if they want to do it a little better they will be pardoned for the vanity.

A real inventive genius would find a way of putting a two-inch "collar" on a mug of Bull Run water, into which a man could put his beak and imagine the rest.

The milch-goat industry of the Pacific Northwest needed a man like Dr. J. W. Morrow. It is in its infancy and will develop a lusty growth.

Supplies for the American Lake encampment will include sugar-cured hams. "Hambone and cabbage?" Who wouldn't be a soldier?

The buyer who brings his wife is even more welcome than the man who comes alone. Women are better buyers, anyway.

Hello, Beavers! Just knock 'em over the fence to remind us of the good old days when Portland won the pennant.

Everybody seems to believe everything will be short this year. Even the days soon will be clipped at both ends.

If home-made liquor stimulates a man to fight a policeman, the only thing to do is feed up the officer.

Wonder if a German is suspected of causing that explosion in the Henningsdorf munitions factory.

That shake-up in the German Cabinet is just a juggle by the Kaiser to round out a whim.

Publication of names of exempts and the reasons will make some of the claimants blush.

Shippers on the Eastern shore scare when they see a spar buoy and imagine it a periscope.

The allies ought to make a great big "tank" and start it toward Berlin.

Most of the men being examined are after that exemption button.

Many drivers think of safety last.

Gleams Through the Mist.

By Dean Collins.

VACATION MOODS.

"Sir," said the Courteous Office Boy,
And roused me from my sleep,
Which at the present I enjoy,
Serene and loud and deep;
Serene and deep I sleep a heap,
And no alarm clock's chime
Can spoil the snooze-fest that I keep
In my vacation time.

"Sir," said the C. O. B. to me,
"I hate to spoil your fun,
But it is truly meet, you see,
To get your colyum done."
I yawned a yawn, a mighty one,
And roused, in my vacation,
And bade the C. O. B. to run
And get my Inspiration.

Anon the C. O. B. returned,
And to my consternation,
I looked at what he'd brought and learned
'Twas Free Verse inspiration.
But 'tis no time for hesitation,
I'll strum with all my strength,
And sing, although it is vacation,
About a colyum's length.

* * *

Dear Editor—Blame the C. O. B.
For any Vers Libre that creeps in,
And also remember that I am having
A bully time, though a quiet one,
Up at Home Town,
And it's fierce to have my peace
Disturbed every so often
To fix up a colyum,
In my inimitable style,
This way;
When I would rather go swimming
Or wander up the Rickreall,
To a place where they tell me
The great-great-grandfather
Of all the overgrown trout in Oregon
Is spending his vacation,
Below a mill dam,
And try to make him get friendly
With the business end of one of the "coachmen"
That Ross Ellis always sells me when I come home,
Representing to me that I can
Catch fish with them.

Under the circumstances
You can easily understand
Why I fall into Free Verse—
It is because I am thinking about
That great-great-grandad of the trout,
And it's hard to concentrate on him
And make rhymes at the same time.

* * *

Company L came home today,
To say good-by
To fathers and mothers and sweethearts
And others in Home Town;
And while everybody was glad to see them—
The whole hundred of them—
Everybody had a sort of a serious feeling, too,
Like I had,
For we don't know how soon
The boys' address will be
"Somewhere in France"—
And 'tain't as if
It were someone going from Dakota,
Or New England, or Georgia,
Or somewhere else;
'Cause we know all these boys
By heart,
And saw them grow from the days
When they wiped their noses
On the sleeves of their little blouses
And weren't playing hooky from school
Because they weren't old enough to start to school yet.

And when I was attending the farewell
Reception held in honor of the boys of Company L,
I got to thinking about all this,
And to sniffling like a darned fool,
And it seemed to me that I could see
A hundred thousand or more
Home Towns just like this Home Town,
All over the United States,
And I suddenly imagined that I could understand
How they feel—
All those hands of babies that used to be,
Babies that are lean, trained fighting men now,
Fumbling about the heartstrings
Of all the fathers and mothers
In all the Home Towns
In all the United States,
All the fathers and mothers who know
That in a little while
They will be addresssing letters from Home Town
To their boys "Somewhere in France."

So I thought I would make a little song
About Company L,
Which was here in Home Town Saturday,
And which is going away soon
To attend to the real serious business
That we have scarcely been willing to admit to ourselves
Was a reality, until now—
A song about Company L,
And many other companies just like it
That are going away from Home Town, U. S. A.,
In a hundred thousand different communities.

* * *

COMPANY L.

Bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh;
Company L is going away;
And let's not think of the shrapnel thresh
And the mist of the powder smoke, low and gray—
Playing at marbles but yesterday;
It is so hard to understand
Company L is going away
To the unknown chance of an unknown land.

Home Town lies in a vale of peace,
Cool green fields and murmuring wood;
And who dreamed that she could release
Sons of war from this neighborhood?
But she harkened the call and understood
The call to the colors when it fell,
And she reckoned the cost as best she could—
And gave up her sons in Company L.

But we in the valley know at last—
In the loneliness of our valley green—
When the shadow of war on the land is cast,
A soldier is more than a machine;
We look back over the years between
And feel, with a pang in the heart afresh,
A soldier is more than a machine—
Bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh.

And yet, in spite of the hurt inside,
As we look on each fated, firm young face
In Company L, we thrill with pride,
The leaping pride of a freemen's race;
Sorrow and joy may interlace,
But pride is keenest, for, truth to tell,
Our country shall suffer no disgrace
From the men we have given in Company L.

Bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh,
Company L is going away
From our valley of peace with green fields fresh—
Fighting men in their war array;
For the "World-made-free" there's a price to pay,
A price we have reasoned and reckoned well,
For we offer the core of our hearts today
In the men we offer in Company L.

DRAFT ALLOCATION FAIRLY MADE

Counties Receive Credit for Volunteers Who Enlisted Away From Home.

MORGAN, Or., Aug. 5.—(To the Editor.)—Several days ago The Oregonian printed an answer to a question asked by a man from Clatsop County. The man from Clatsop County asked, in substance: "If a man enlists in Portland, but whose home is in another county, what county gets the credit of his enlistment?"

Now, in answer to this question The Oregonian stated that if a Clatsop County man enlisted in Portland, Clatsop County would get the credit. Or if a man from any other county besides Multnomah enlisted in Portland, the other county would get the credit. Of if a man from King County, Washington, enlisted in Portland, King County would get the credit.

Then I drew my conclusions that if a man from anywhere in Washington State enlisted in Oregon the credit of his enlistment goes to Washington. But a day or two ago (August 1, to be exact), in column six, page nine, is the article, with this heading: "Clarke Must Fill Quota. Enlistments in Oregon Not Credited to Washington."

What I want to know is, which of these two articles am I to believe? One is a contradiction of the other.

I am, or was, strongly in favor of the conscription. My understanding of the conscription was that it would get the men who were not occupied to enlist or to become soldiers in the United States Army. I thought the reason they did not call for volunteers was because farmers and mechanics were the first to enlist, leaving many "poolroom sharks" and habitual "loafers" to live at others' expense. But evidently the way the draft is turning out it is not particularly after these "parasites" of the cities. It is going into the farming counties and demanding the "best of Oregon's producers"—the wheat farmers.

Oregon must furnish 700 men for the draft. Portland alone, if it was not on the "exempt" list, could furnish a big half of this 700, and as far as the industries are concerned, they would never be missed. Morrow County must furnish 40 men, Malheur 50 men and other Eastern Oregon counties similar numbers. These counties are already handicapped on account of scarcity of labor. But outside of the regular imported labor on the harvesting outfits, the draft is going to take 40 men who have their homes here, men who are actually needed here, yet possibly have no one dependent on them.

Never would I attempt to tell Uncle Sam how to run this conscription, but it looks to me like a "frog has slipped" somewhere. I do not believe in exempting the city of Portland and the other 14 counties simply because their quota has been filled. There should be some other way of working the draft, so as to get the human "bloodsuckers" and leave those that are willing to work to continue to work, at least until the second or third call.

Are the above remarks unpatriotic? If so, then I am sorry, as I claim to be a patriot. My number has been drawn, but I come from one of the 14 exempted counties, so perhaps I should have nothing to say. When it comes time for me to go to war, then I will go willingly, and will not even plead for exemption, but still I will be going thinking deep in my heart that there has been a blunder.

I will be pleased to have you enlighten me on any point or points where you may think I am wrong. "212."

With very few exceptions, all voluntary enlistments in Portland of men whose homes were in other places were credited to those places. Some of these exceptions were due to imperfect addresses, obtained from volunteers who enlisted before the draft law was formulated and before credits for volunteers were thought of. A few inaccuracies in the allocation also resulted from the giving by volunteers of business instead of home addresses when they had been employed in Portland and lived in nearby towns. But all these constitute a very small fraction. The contradictory article cited by the correspondent apparently has no authority except a mistaken belief in the community whence it originated. A statement to that effect was published in The Oregonian subsequent to appearance of the Clarke County item.

A SHIP OF OREGON FIR.

A bold ship sailed o' the rolling sea;
Straight she steered for Germany;
She butted a Kaiser U-boat's nose,
And twenty Fritzies turned up their toes.

She ran ker-bang at the Kiel Canal,
Stars and Stripes at her mast—the gay old gal—
And smashed the hinges clean off the locks,
And busted the walls like so many crocks.

She took a tilt at Heligoland
And sprinkled shrapnel all over the band
Which was parading along on the brink of the coast,
And gave the Deutschers a jolly hot roast.

She went to Cuxhaven—the U-boat yards—
And splintered up submarines like they were cards.
She then took a skim to the Dardanelles,
And the Turks turned tail with terrified yells.

Defeat was a thing that this ship never knew.
Her fir ribs were tough and her sailors were true;
She sailed o'er the graveyard of many a ship
But in battle could always give Fritzie the slip.

The shells of the enemy passed through her shrouds
And wasted their force in the waves and the clouds;
And a few splinters knocked from a mast or a rail
Only gave added zest to the sailor's sea tale.

So she wound up the war with a smash and a bang.
And this is the song that her sailor boys sang:
Our ship is made of Oregon fir;
She's tougher than steel—you cannot smash her.

We will clean the sea, of German sharks;
These U-boats, for us, are dead easy marks.
Ten thousand men—where the Oregon rolls—
Are hewing and framing those great fir poles

Into the nimblest craft that sails,
And that's why the Prussian spirit quails.
They know that ten thousand more ships can be built,
As quick as a woman can quilt a quilt.

For it's "Up a long ladder and down a short rope,
To hell goes the Kaiser; boys, that's the true dope."

W. N. CARTER.

494 East Fifty-eighth street North.

No Watered Stock.

Detroit Free Press.

"I want to look at some note paper." "Watered stock, ma'am?" "I should say not. My husband has wasted money enough on that kind."

In Other Days.

Twenty-five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian August 7, 1892.

Princeton, N. J.—Professor C. A. Young, the noted astronomer, of Princeton, has compiled some interesting data about the planet Mars which is now in opposition to the earth. He says the planet is more like the earth than any other, apparently, and there, if any place, life similar to that on the earth, may be found.

Buffalo—Hal Pointer (2:09¾) today beat Direct (2:06) in the three fastest heats ever recorded in a match race on this course. His fastest heat was 2:08¾

The Wives' and Daughters' Association of the Veteran Firemen of Portland yesterday filed papers of incorporation. The object is mutual benefit and assistance. Incorporators are Mrs. W. H. Bellion, Mrs. J. D. Drew, Mrs. S. B. Parrish, Mrs. A. B. Stuart, Mrs. J. D. McKinnon, Mrs. W. D. Carter, Mrs. H. S. Boyd, Mrs. Minnie Riley, Mrs. M. M. Lucas, Mrs. E. L. Wynkoop, Misses C. B. Lucas, L. Carter, May Bellion, L. Drew, A. Stuart and Lorena Lucas.

E. C. Michener, who has been general manager of the Pacific Coast Elevator Company, has been admitted as a member of the firm of Peavey & Co., of Minneapolis.

Visalia, Cal.—Evans and Sontag, the Collis trainrobbers, were at the Evans house last night at midnight. There was an exchange of shots with the guards, but Evans and Sontag apparently recovered their buried coin, as a hole freshly dug was found after the encounter. One hundred men are in pursuit. The body of Oscar Beaver, who was killed by the robbers, will be sent to his home. Frank Byrd, brother-in-law of Evans, assisted ex-Sheriff Overall in caring for the body.

Miss Carrie Hexter is visiting relatives in San Francisco.

Frank G. Carpenter has written for The Oregonian a vivid story of the famine in Russia.

Half a Century Ago.

From The Oregonian August 7, 1867.

The London Times in an article on the peace situation in Europe says there is no indication that a permanent peace can be brought about.

Captain Roe, of the U. S. S. Tacony, has written the Navy Department, that a demand has been made by the Austrians for the delivery of the remains of Maximilian.

C. M. Carter, United States Claim Agent, has published a list of names of residents, who are holders or original holders of scrip, who can collect by applying to him.

The name of Nebraska's new capital is Lincoln.

The contract for carrying the mail between Lincoln, Cal., and Portland, has been awarded to J. D. Carr, of San Francisco.

Thomas Kearney, treasurer of the Hibernian Benevolent Society, has called a meeting for tonight in the hall on Third and Oak.

W. S. Powell, G. H. Himes, S. G. Benson, J. S. Newell and Ed W. Cornell started July 29 on a fishing and hunting trip to Mount Hood.

Doc Michaelis' Outbursts.

By James Barton Adams.

"Most Honorable Reischtaggers:
I bob up
Before you to explode my first outburst
Since Wilhelm, chosen Emperor of Gott,
Canned Holweg and put me on the job.
As you no doubt are well aware, we're in
The clutches of a most unpleasant war
Forced cruelly on our peaceful Fatherland
By next door neighbor folk, who butted in
When we essayed to tame the Russian bear.
'Twas walking on its hinder legs as man,
Upon its shoulders a defiant chip.
When war had raged for many passing moons
And grew monotonous we tendered peace
On terms of generous magnanimity.
'Twere just and fair—from German point of view—
And J. Bull bellowed and pawed up the ground
And bluntly told us to go chase ourselves
Down to the land where Kaiser Satan reigns
And not essay to mortgage all the earth,
To which we could foreclose at any time.
Then did he seek in an inhuman way
To put us on short rations, to blockade
Our ports and hamper our supply of eats,
And in our desperation we were driven
To play a trump upon his leading card
In form of the destructive submarine.
Some of the vessels knocked out of the game
And added to King Neptune's stores of junk
Flew Yankee rag, and old bewhiskered Sam
Saw red and chewed his teeth and frothed at mouth,
And in belligerent anger called us down,
At which we laughed till every osseous slat
Was sore as suffering from lumbaginous pain.
This rumpus into which we have been driven
Was not our seeking; now 'tis up to us
To play it to the limit until we
Have brought our foemen to their trembling knees
And flashed the bill of costs before their eyes."
Then made he his official bow and backed
Away amid a ripple of applause
As soft as purling of a mountain brook.
All knew he had official fingers crossed
As scissor blades 'hind his official back.

WILL THE SMALL TOWN FIGHT?

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN,
Of the Vigilantes.

One evening, two months before the start of the European war, I sat at dinner at an officer's mess in a great East Prussian fortress. When the coffee was served, talk turned, as it always did in those days, on the possibility of a war between Germany and France. My host, a Captain of Hussars, told me just how easily his country would crush its neighbor. As a mere layman, I ventured to suggest that perhaps England would interfere.

"Never," said the Captain; "England is too fond of her merchant marine."

Then I recalled that France had been a pretty good friend to America when America was in her direst need. It might be just possible that America would eventually take a hand in such a war as was suggested. I was met by ridicule; my host had visited America and thought that he knew it; he certainly spoke straight American.

"Bah," said this Prussian Captain of Hussars; "you might get up a bit of enthusiasm for war against Germany in one or two of your big cities, but the popular opinion of America is seated in your small towns, and the American small town hasn't got the guts to fight."

How is the American small town answering him now?