

The Oregonian

Entered at Portland (Oregon) Postoffice as second class matter... Subscription rates—variously in advance: (By Mail.) Daily, Sunday included, six months \$8.00...

PORTLAND, TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1917.

OUR FIRST GREAT FAILURE.

Secretary Daniels permits the public to have the information that "no additional submarine chasers are to be built for the present." The chasers, it is said, are valuable as harbor and shore patrols; but destroyers are superior even for these duties, and they are besides the one foe which the U-boat fears.

Behind this brief announcement from the Secretary lies the wreckage of the first great failure of the war. The Oregonian is no admirer of Secretary Daniels; but it has no thought of placing on his shoulders the whole responsibility for the expenditure of some \$30,000,000 in the so-called chasers, with consequent loss and waste of time.

The idea of dotting the ocean with a fleet of little, fast, speedy, quick of action, readily steered, and each manned with a gun sufficiently large to puncture a periscope or conning tower, appealed to the popular imagination. The practical constructors of the Navy and the experienced fighting men frowned on the proposal. They could see the difficulty of aiming a gun accurately from the deck of a frail craft that would bob around on the surface, especially when the target to be hit, if a submarine, would be no bigger than a man's nose.

Secretary Daniels found himself in accord with the plans of the amateurs. Casting aside all objections raised by his official advisers and disregarding the advice given by naval men of the allied countries, he ordered the great fleet of submarine chasers built, 235 of them, and they are now beginning to come into service. Two hundred of these chasers have been or are being built by private contractors and 185 are being turned out by Government Navy yards.

The first of the chasers to be tested out have proved at least partial failures. Though they have cost from \$90,000 to \$100,000 each, they have failed to develop anything like the speed expected of them. They are slower than the submarines—of some of them—they were built to "chase," and they draw more water than it was intended they should, thus bringing them within torpedo range. Their decks have proved not sufficiently staunch to bear guns of caliber to range to enable them to engage a submarine in a gun fight.

Aside from these vital defects, it has been discovered that they are suitable for use in inland waters, or for any waters that are calm, and where the hostile submarine will float near the surface and allow its periscope or conning tower to be used as a target. Against the obsolete types of submarines, the chasers, according to Navy men, might be effective in protected waters where the enemy would roll in but as weapons to use against the modern German submersible boat they are pronounced utterly worthless.

It was the dream of many citizens—shared by the facile Secretary of the Navy—that they would see the North Sea dotted with little American submarine chasers, each flying the Stars and Stripes, each mounting a gun forward, each skimming over the water at a speed far greater than the bulkier German undersub boat could develop, spreading terror throughout the German U-boat fleet, and making it next to impossible for a submarine to shove its periscope above the surface. We all looked forward to the day when the chasers would "put out the eyes" of the German submarines. Instead, we find on our hands a daily growing accumulation of naval junk, which has cost the United States substantially \$30,000,000, and which, for war purposes, is worth very little.

Having seen the rate demonstrated that submarine chasers are not feasible, Secretary Daniels has at last turned an attentive ear to the real men of the Navy, and now announces that the Navy will concentrate in building torpedo-boat destroyers, the one type of craft that has proven an efficient engine to use against the submarines. From torpedo-boats the U-boat cannot run away, once they rise to the surface within range. The destroyer is not a new thing, either in the American Navy or in the allied navies; it has been tried by all, and its efficiency has been demonstrated.

It is fortunate that this initial mistake has not proved more costly. But it has its value. It has taught both the Secretary of the Navy and the public that war, on land and sea, must

be left to the men who are equipped by experience to devise plans and execute them.

BLUFF AND BLUSTER.

The ugly I. W. W. boy collapses when it is seized by the strong hands of the United States Government. It is mainly bluff and bluster by loud-mouthed bullies, who use strong-arm methods on unoffending workmen to coerce them into acts they are unwilling to perform.

Now of course we will find Rowan and his fellow-agitators standing on their constitutional rights. The lawful right of the farmer to reap the harvest of his fields and the right of the miller to operate his mill and the constitutional right of the operator to run his sawmill without interference from outsiders and the constitutional right of the workman to work without molestation or intimidation by idler, ne'er-do-wells and mischief-makers are not encouraged by them. We don't find sabotage in the Constitution, or breaking contracts, or upsetting the wage system, or coercing courts to release prisoners or making systematic trouble for the "master class."

But there is a distinct definition of treason, which is described as giving aid and comfort to the enemy. One way to aid the enemy is to embarrass the Government by making trouble for its own Government. Mr. Rowan knows all about it, and has known it. He is too late with his pitiful pretence of patriotism.

DEBT AND GOOD ROADS.

There are now twenty-one states which are now spending money directly on the construction and improvement of roads, and Oregon is one of them. Several others apportion sums to counties and municipalities to be expended on roads under their direction. These statistics, which are from a forthcoming report of the Bureau of the Census, reveal that nearly two-fifths of the total state outlays for permanent improvements in 1916 went into roads. The forty-eight states which have expended more than \$23,000,000 for highways.

Oregon, in this report, which is for the year 1916, is classified as one of six states that has no net indebtedness. We shall not be in that class another year. It was indebtedness that was authorized and partly incurred for road-building. Under the provisions of the legislative act providing for co-operation with the Government on road-work and of the \$5,000,000 bonding act, the State has incurred a net liability of \$10,000,000. At that we shall still be considerably below New York's record, which is more than \$14 per capita.

Lack of state indebtedness provides a sort of spiritual gratification for the people of Oregon. It is the material hardships of poor roads and arrested development. We do not look for repining, once the roads for which we have gone into debt become a reality.

THE FUTURE OF AVIATION.

The development of commercial aviation to a high state of perfection will follow restoration of peace is not doubted by thoughtful men who are now planning for the future. When it is considered that the automobile has been practical only about fifteen years, and that the period it has come into universal use, no prediction as to air travel will seem extravagant. The automobile has attained its present status without the incentive of a great war, such as has given a mighty stimulus to the world's aviation. The three years, however, have witnessed progress in the improvement of aircraft comparable to that of the automobile in fifteen years, and the business is only in its infancy.

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Under the law of England, upon which our laws are based, it is held that private property extends "ad usque coelum"—that is, that possession carries with it right to the sky above the same area. Efforts of cities to limit the height of buildings do not extend to this phase of the law, but are based on considerations of safety and convenience in restricted localities. The right to the sky is now presumed to extend in the case of nations to all the air above their territory, and this is the basis of the law around the coast. So far, the issue is clearly drawn. But rights to the air above the oceans are not yet determined. No one nation would be qualified to prescribe levels to which the aviators of other nations would be bound to conform.

Flying around the world will be made easy when a sufficient number of landing places have been established. Incentive for development of these will be the great saving of time, which will be especially important in the transportation of mails. It now takes, under normal conditions, fifteen days for a letter to go from England to India, and thirty days to go from England to Australia. Mail by aircraft would be delivered in India in four days and in Australia in six. The saving of seven days in the one instance and of twenty-four in the other would represent a commercial advantage that will be appreciated by all business men.

Lord Montagu thinks that passengers will travel by air as a matter of course, but that night flying will not be popular for a long time. He predicts that there will be two daily periods of flying, of 600 miles each, made at the rate of 120 miles an hour, and that travelers will be content to spend their nights on the ground. The world will become more luxurious again, and there will be few, apart from the Navy, who are in a position of discomfort of eating and sleeping in what must necessarily be a cramped space. But at 1200 miles a day, they will be traveling faster than anyone even dreamed of doing only a few years ago.

It is assumed by this authority that the first 2000 feet above the earth will be prohibited to aircraft in general, but will be reserved for private owners in rising from and descending to their own landings. It is suggested also that 2000 feet would be a reasonable distance to meet the demands of the owners of land for privacy of their

premises. There might be above that a 2000-foot strip usable only by slow-speed planes equipped with silencers. "Slow speed" is defined as 80 miles an hour or less. Next would come a 10,000 foot strip reserved for the official craft of each nation. Control of the various levels would be exercised by "speed cops" of the air.

The world so long ago ceased to be amazed by wonders that it is in a mood to consider seriously the early prospect held out by Lord Montagu. It does not seem impossible, or even improbable, that flying long distances will be common within a decade. In hastening this day, the United States will play a most important part, as it is now doing in obtaining for its allies the mastery of the air on the battle fronts.

LED ASTRAY.

The lumber manufacturers of Washington have made a reply to Governor Lister's proposal for a settlement of the strike that is not to be considered lightly in the forming of public opinion. Governor Lister suggested establishment of the eight-hour day on the basis of nine hours' pay.

The millmen reply that they are not opposed to the eight-hour day, but that if it is established in Washington and not in the pine districts of the South their business cannot survive. There is no responsible head among the strikers with whom to negotiate. There is no assurance that the offer would bring the men back to work, or that if it did they would remain at work or keep any agreement entered into.

The latter statement they base upon the assumption that responsibility for the strike rests with the I. W. W. but that organization boasts that it will not keep an agreement as to wages or working conditions. The lumbermen also assure the Governor that Government contracts already entered into with the United States will be fulfilled. That future contracts will be fulfilled.

Working conditions in the Southern mills offer an argument against immediate establishment of the eight-hour day. The Northern mills have not yet been answered. Fir and pine are in active competition. Mills in the pine belt pay lower wages and their men work ten and eleven hours. They also have a freight differential because of their remoteness from markets to be overcome by their Western competitors. A wage and hour agreement that would make it impossible for the Western mills successfully to compete would be no settlement at all of labor disputes and would mean that the present state of partial disorganization of the industry.

When the House passes the migratory bird bill recently sent to it by the Senate, it will bring to a climax the long and persistent campaign for the protection of birds so necessary to overcome the ravages of insects which menace the crops. The law is necessary to keep our part of the treaty with Great Britain. The Canadian contracts three years ago, but Congress delayed action owing to the bitter efforts of Senator Reed, of Missouri, to defeat the measure. It is now believed that a similar treaty with Argentina will be sought, and that our migratory birds will migrate to the southern hemisphere, and Argentina's interest in the preservation of bird life, because of the growth of its agriculture, is almost as great as ours.

Portland people who contemplate attending the State Fair will be pleased to learn that Campbell's American Band is to furnish the music. For two years Mr. Campbell has directed the Summer concerts in this city and the appreciation here is assurance of good music at the fair.

Report on the condition of crops in Oregon is pessimistic "except where irrigation is provided." That's just it. The man who has a little pumping plant or who utilizes the creek is not complaining. The man who does not have time for planning this Winter.

OUR NEW MERCHANT MARINE.

If the present plans of the United States Shipping Board are carried out, there is good reason to believe that this Nation will have the greatest merchant marine in the world after the war. This organization now expects that through the requisitioning of vessels already built or building it will have under its control by classes and by tonnage at least 1500 vessels, of a total carrying capacity of 5,000,000 tons. It is estimated that our shipbuilders will be able to turn out at least 4,000,000 tons of shipping in the next twelve months. Our building capacity will increase progressively, and if the war lasts two years the output in the second year should be at least 6,000,000 tons. Allowing for probable losses in the submarine zone, this country would have at the end of that period, in the opinion of officials, not only the greatest merchant marine, but the greatest possessed by any nation in the world.

This would be part of our immediate compensation. Our export trade meanwhile has been growing by leaps and bounds, and unless we except Japan we would be the only country in a position to handle its own trade under its own flag. British shipbuilders are so fortunate if they are able from this time forward to make good the losses caused by submarine. Other countries are not making progress in shipbuilding, and we shall have far outstripped anything Germany will be able to put on the water. In the first years of the new peace we shall be in a position to build up our trade because of our ability to deliver the goods. It will be a long time before we are overtaken in ship capacity. With such a flying start, our business men ought to be able to do more than hold their own.

The effect of our newly stimulated building policy upon British supremacy is already causing philosophical concern in England, but this will not change the programme. It is a curious illustration of the fortunes of war, that while we are fighting with our allies, and building ships to insure their supplies of munitions and food, we are at the same time entrenching ourselves against them for the coming renewal of competition for the trade of the world. The American flag, which at the beginning of the century had almost disappeared from the sea, now gives promise of flying over the greatest commercial fleet any country has ever known.

Government buys 100,000 tons of sugar and fixes the price. Lucky Government!

War bread is plentiful and filling. In one respect it differs from sawdust. Make the men call for and carry home the wash.

The expected strike struck in. Mobilize your umbrellas.

of the road is the most graphic possible illustration of the upward trend of prices of all materials. And it shows the importance in these times of saving everything. "Second-hand" goods are likely to come in handy almost any time.

CENSUS OF WOMEN.

A feature of the census of the women of Oregon, which will be taken in September under the call of the Governor, is the wholly voluntary nature of the registration. There is to be no conscription of women—principally because everyone knows it to be unnecessary. Housewives, women wageworkers and business women have been offering their services continuously since the war began; that more of them are not actually engaged in war work is due only to the fact that there has been lack of organization and no one to tell them what to do. Individual effort, however well meant, cannot take the place of teamwork.

Registration is only the first step. The data thus obtained, it is promised, will be taken over by the Government, and in the fullness of time instructions will be issued to the registrants how to help, each according to her capacity, in winning the war. This is precisely what every woman in the land has wanted to know for months.

A certain amount of red tape in the inevitable nature of the thing is to be engaged, but it ought to be reduced to a minimum. There is a fine chance to do this in the organization of the women of Oregon, because there is no technical or legal questions involved. Where so many women want to be doing, and are ready to answer the call on the instant, it ought not to take months to get the women of Oregon organized.

The census of the women of the country will be interesting and valuable for the revelation it will make as to the number of women who are technically equipped for special war work. It was brought out at the recent National Business Women's Convention in New York that women in increasing numbers are entering the professions of engineering, marine architecture, electrical engineering and factory management. The fact that of 100 engineers who inspected the factories in Detroit to determine which were fitted for war contracts three were women will surprise many. The women engineers, however, made good and their reports became the basis of contracts let subsequently. In this and many other ways American women have demonstrated that they are not slackers, and if the proposed census is followed by prompt assignment to duty our war-making capacity will be increased enormously.

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Gleams Through the Mist.

For fifty days and fifty nights The weather did not stop; For fifty days and fifty nights It never rained a drop; And I, the weary farmer man, To Mr. Hoover cry: "How many crops 'd'ye think I can Conserve when 'tis so dry?"

A little rain, a little rain Would do a world of good; A little rain, a little rain In this here neighborhood; Our sense of humor's on the blink; We're not responsive to The query of the mirthful gink: "Is't hot enough for you?"

A little cloud, a little cloud, No bigger than your hand; A little cloud, a little cloud Would help to beat the band; 'Twould give us hope of near relief, To say the least; but oh, There's such a lot of withered grief To be soaked up below.

The weather man, the weather man, He must have gone to play; The weather man, the weather man, Vacation calls away; And meanwhile roundly he is cussed Out in a neighborhood Where wagons flounder in the dust— We'd rather tackle mud.

My little farm, my little farm, I hardly know it now; My little farm, my little farm— Nor yet my horse and cow; For they have warped within the sun And twisted up some way Till wrinkled hills and hollows run Where placid meadows lay.

And in the sun, and in the sun, Warped the potato patch; And in the sun, and in the sun, Too fast for me to catch, It warped and writhed across the way And didn't even stop, And now my neighbor owns today My whole potato crop.

The little pigs, the little pigs, With hair as soft as silk; The little cow, the little cow, Is giving scalded milk; And warping likewise in the heat, As sure as you are born, She has, it pains me to repeat, Achieved a crumpled horn.

The little pigs, the little pigs, No longer can aspire, The little pigs, the little pigs, To wallow in the mire; There is no cooling mire today— 'Tis hard-baked through and through— And if there were, I'd almost say I'd fallow in it too.

This Hoover man, this Hoover man, Won't let them corner food; This Hoover man, this Hoover man— And I would not be rude— This Hoover man, I think, should stoop And grab, and rope, and tether That shameful, blameful rascal, Juep, Who's hoarding the wet weather.

"Whad'da they mean when they say That the engineers' unit is to go into camp for 'Intensive training' before being sent to Europe?" "Well, my son," I began, but the Junior Assistant Office Boy held up his hand.

"Please, sir," said the J. A. O. B. timidly, "I'm nearly as I could gather from Ed Sammons and Jake Kanzer and some of the other boys who just brought back their shoulder straps from the Presidio, 'Intensive training' means to work a fellow so doggone hard from reveille to taps that he'll be crazy to get over into the battle line where he can have a nice rest."

Then back to their base The Little Zepps fly, "Hooh! Hooh, for the Zeppelins!" The Junkers all cry: "Not out an iron cross! Not a hospital stool? The aims of our Kaiser How kind and how good!"

Speaking of frightfulness, while the court plaster scars was going good, we are surprised that someone didn't discover a plot on the part of the Bulgarian bacilli in the buttermilk to give their consumers indigestion for the glory of the faterland.

A ditch in time saves? Nein! It's hard for an empty stomach to stand a tough fight. The hand in the hand is worth two in the peace conference. A rolling tank gathers no prisoners. Where the Zeppelins are, there are the buzzards gathered together; birds of a feather flock together. The higher the flight the harder the fall.

Better a well-fed "kamarad" in an allied prison camp than second in Berlin—especially where there's only ration for one. Through to the line; and let the men fall where they may. While they ask for bread, we'll take a loan.

ALAMORT.

Volcanic forces which uproot the plain, And sow the universe with dread dismay, Blow wide their ashly chaos and send forth Their wild streams of molten deaolation; Yet all of these subside, their craters cool, The spicy air returns bewitched with musk, And the wide blackness yields to tender green, Fruits, flowers, and the dance of streams, And the sweet song of birds and lovers' lutes, And gardens bright with roses, personae and song.

Of all the love or sentiment might wish, So comes the gay train of cedarn woods, And frames which forgive all scars of earth, And cover them with sprayed forgetfulness, Till where the red hells roared and the earth cracked wide and vomited its wrath along The thundering drunkenness, at last and the tilled field.

So shall it be with man. The trails of war Are purple with the prints of wounded feet, And where they wind by all the haunted lakes In which the blood of Nations has been caught, And where the skulls of deadmen show as white As chalk banks or the tops of highest peaks, At last shall rise the Taj Mahals of love.

There comes a time when guns no more shall crash, Nor charging hosts encounter, when in all the sun that shines through heaven shall never see A battlefield sown with its shapes, nor glint On sword or bayonet, but where gushed forth The living wounds which leap in human breasts, The white shall mantle o'er the gentle wall, And home, and peace, and twilight, and the sound Of children's voices and the drons of bees Shall calm the memory and heal the heart.

For man was made for liberty, his soul Can never wear a chain and rest, he must Shake off his shackles and go forth unbound, His voice his own, his altar stones firm set With restless altar, and his creed as pure As streams which flash o'er beds of polished quartz; His chains, if uncensored by a prince, His heart Unshaded by the ghosts of greed and force.

Thou, Hoover man, must fall and despoils bite the dust, And hoary crimes though frocked in saintly train Sink below the pits from whence they rose; For reason claims its own and living faiths Suppress the modes of vast idolatries, And crowns and miters are but so much chaff When weighed with manhood and Democracy. Salem, Or., Aug. 13, 1917.

WHENE SLACKING SPIRIT COMES Frivolities of Life. PORTLAND, Aug. 20.—(To the Editor.)—It is noticeable that people who go through life never observing, never studying, cultivating their prejudices, are the ones who have the strongest ideas about things. Their complete ignorance bars any one of intelligence from arguing with them. They have but one source of information—their own narrow observations. This permits their slothfulness of mind and body.

Today a crisis appears in the lives of these people. They find themselves thrown upon the resources of the whole world. They base their views upon their distaste for bodily sacrifice and upon their love of ease. This is the age of freedom. Freedom, indeed! As though any man were free. These men of all men talking of freedom! They are veritable slaves to the slothful and to the idle. They permit their slothfulness of mind and body. When he talks of freedom he can speak of it only as belonging to the whole of mankind and not as an individual thing, as it is in a state, not as even of a nation, as this country has found in this latest attack on the world's freedom. The little freedom gained can only be perpetuated by the greatest efforts and by the greatest sacrifices.

The most gigantic onslaught against freedom's progress is the harvest of freedom's progress. It has been received and repelled by the countries who are the closest to this latest enemy to freedom. Incidentally it is but just that these countries should receive the brunt of this attack. It was their diplomacy and intrigue that failed, not ours. Men are responsible for their sins and not to the gods. The tide has turned. Victory for freedom is nearly in view. America has stepped in to hasten the glorious day, but our rastime boys stop to argue. They seek to interpose their puny safety and pampered slothfulness between America and her duty. They chatter and argue like a bunch of high school seniors deciding the class colors. Their arguments are about as weighty, their heat as petty, their confusion as silly.

America, through her mothers and fathers and through their her sons and daughters, is reaping the harvest of freedom. It is reaping too many stepping parties, too much Robert W. Chambers, too much seeking to please the vanities and ape the follies of a gliding world, too much striving to copy the idle rich, too much trying to earthy position without working for better conditions among men.

A Mother's Prayer. Dear God, I pray on bended knees That thou wilt come and comfort me; day but our rastime boys stop to argue. I need thy help in this mad throng.

No power I ask, but just thy hand To guide me through this lonely land; Teach me to help the wayward brother, Do thou comfort every mother whose heart is aching o'er the sea, And bring us closer, Lord, to thee; All nations need thee in this fight For thou alone canst make things right.

Don't comfort me, but comfort all Who suffer in the trenches fall; Be near to all, on land and sea; For then, dear Lord, thy comfort me. J. B. C.

Not Fixed Rule. BROWNVILLE, Or., Aug. 19.—(To the Editor.)—Is a man exempt from draft at all times who has the left arm out of place at the wrist also allow but has since formed new sockets and can now use it. A READER.

It is for the examining board to determine whether the arm incapacitates him for military duty. There is no fixed rule as to some physical defects. Horses for Government. ASTORIA, Or., Aug. 19.—(To the Editor.)—Kindly advise me how can get in touch with buyers of horses for the United States cavalry. A SUBSCRIBER.

In Other Days.

Half a Century Ago. From the Oregonian of August 21, 1867. St. Petersburg.—The American squadron, with Admiral Farragut, has arrived at Constantinople. The usual salutes were exchanged.

Florence.—Carlotta is in better spirits and her mental condition is slightly improved. She knows that Maximilian is dead, but fancies that he died from fever.

The railroad excitement up the Valley is not so great, but the citizens have time and opportunity to devote to other exciting topics. At Eugene City they are talking quartz and finding it, too.

Two or three rather exciting horse races were run yesterday on the track below town.

At a late Union meeting at Chico, Cal. Bidwell introduced Gorham to the audience and proposed three cheers for him as the future Governor of California.

In mailing the Greenville, S. C., Enterprise recently Confederate bonds of the denomination of \$1000 were used as wrappers.

Twenty-five Years Ago Today. From the Oregonian of August 21, 1892. Having been out of town for a long night, several of the nine reckless young men comprising the Portland baseball club were hors de combat today and dropped a miserably-played game to Tacoma by a score of 15 to 4.

Rev. Ward McAllister has been hitting his chosen flock hard raps because of their extravagance. He calls them "the boys" and "the girls." But vulgarly dirty hard, and extravagance is fast coming to be a National characteristic.

The reawboys organized a union today, and no one will be allowed to sell papers except members of the union. The boys will be paid interest to a month dues. About a year ago the boys organized such a union, and the treasurer was the only one benefited.

The steamer Haytien Republic arrived last night from British Columbia. Among the passengers were two Chinese, who were refused a landing by the collector of customs.

BRYANT'S POEM HOLDS PROPHECY Present-Day Conditions Are Foreseen in His "Song of the Sower." PORTLAND, Aug. 20.—(To the Editor.)—There have been numerous comments during the war on Tennyson's prophecy ending with the lines:— "Grappling in the central blue, The following lines, which I found in Williamullen Bryant's "Song of the Sower," may be of interest to Americans as showing that an American poet prophesied with equal pertinence the conditions of the present struggle:

Ha! Feel ye not your fingers thrill, As o'er them, in the yellow grain, Gme the harvest, and the harvest fall, For mortal strife, the warrior's veins; Such as, on Solferino's day, Flowed till the herbs, on Mincio's brink, Bled the red stream and feared to drink; "Blood" that the sower's boots shall tread, On the sad earth, as time grows gray, Who meditates the sower shall die, And deeper darkness blot the sky; And the thundering fray, And row upon row of battle-cry, Shall slaken with dismay; And chains to the war shall lead, Who have not seen the tempest's speed, To perish in a day.

Bryant's words are doubly interesting in the light of the regulations we are now undergoing. They are so generally so true that they give our warriors life. Would our speculators be needing regular pay for their minds were capable of even receiving such a thought? F.

LACK OF CITIZENSHIP IS BAR Englishman Contrasts American With Foreign Army Regulations. LENTS, Or., Aug. 20.—(To the Editor.)—I am a British subject, not having as yet taken out my final papers of American citizenship. I have lived 15 years in the United States, went to American schools, and this country has my undivided loyalty. When the United States entered the war I immediately took steps with a view of getting into the ranks of our new Army, but found that I am debarred from any rank on account of my citizenship, regardless of any oath of allegiance.

I know of one American citizen, a personal friend, now in training in the aviation corps of the French army. He will not become a French citizen to get his commission as an officer in the French army. Permit Roosevelt is Captain of the aviation corps. I would be surprised to hear that he had renounced his American citizenship to obtain this office. We hear continually of Americans receiving commissions in foreign armies. Have they all renounced America? Or is it a fact that our army ranks are being filled with men who are not citizens and that the same opportunity for capable men of foreign birth to serve in our army is being denied by us? Our aliens is not permitted by us? G. O. BLACKBURN.