The Oregonian

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PORTLAND, TUESDAY, SEPT. 4, 1917.

A STRIKE?

It is somewhat significant that on the day after the Metal Trades Council in Seattle called off a shipbuilding strike set for September 5, the executive committee of the Metal Trades Council in Portland called a strike affecting shipbuilding plants in this city for September 7. The Seattle strike has not been settled by grant of any specific demand made by the employes, but the strike order has been withdrawn as a result of mediation by the Federal Shipping Board. Delegates from the metal trades in Seattle will go to Washington to attend a conference with Government officials called to discuss several pending shipyard strikes.

The Seattle strike has been threatened since August 14 and it may be suspected that more or less official recognition by the Government of the Seattle shipyard situation has convinced the Portland labor leaders that the best way to get similar recognition is to force the issue. This is but a guess, but it is founded on a quite definite assurance of the Government that it intends to get around to the Portland situation if given time enough. The slow and ponderous movements of Government do not beget patience and the men have been asking for weeks for some promise of pay more consistent with the high cost of living.

Possibility of a strike of 4000 men engaged in so peculiarly vital an employment calls for more than ordinary effort to compose differences between employer and employe. The ships under construction have been commandeered by the Government and that means that contracts have been taken over which were based upon the going wages at a time when living costs were lower and not in immediate prospect of material increase. Entrance of the United States into the war is primarily responsible for the increase for which the wage earners believe they are justified in asking. War has also made their continuous employment imperative. The condition now resolves itself into the question whether, if the men remain at work, they should get along with what they conceive to be insufficient wages, or whether the private builder should now pay out an unexpected wage increase in which he would have been protected by those who originally contracted for the ships had the American Government not taken them over, or whether the Government should keep the men at work and pay the difference out of the public treasury.

The machinery has already been established for adjusting such problems. The state has its board of conciliation and it may be able to render service by insuring the use of the machinery mentioned. That machinery has been established by the Government itself.

On August 25, hardly more than a week ago, the Navy Department, the Emergency Fleet Corporation and the American Federation of Labor framed and signed a formal programme to prevent interruption of war construction plans. The agreement calls for the immediate creation of an adjustment commission which shall consist of three, four or five members, according to the nature of the problem to be solved. The adjustment board is to consist of one member appointed by the United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation, one member to represent the public and to be appointed by the President, and one member to represent labor and to be appointed by Samuel Gompers.

Two persons are in fact to be nominated by Mr. Gompers, one from the metal trades to sit with the board when the matter under consideration concerns construction of shipyards or steel ships, and one from among the trades primarily concerned to sit when the matter under consideration concerns wooden hulls. In questions arising as to construction in private plants in which work is being carried on for the Navy Department, the Secretary of the Navy or such person as he may designate is to sit with voting power as a member of the board. In the event of a tie vote the decision is to be referred to the chairman of the Council of National Defense.

An important provision, from the standpoint of the shipyard workers of Portland, is one which authorizes the board, under proper conditions, to make its decisions retroactive. The request for an increase in pay has been pending in the Portland yards since about the first of August. Naturally, as delay followed delay, even though assurance was given that the Government would attempt to adjust the matter, the men felt that when that adjustment was made they would not have gained their full demands.

But it now appears that upon a proper showing a wage increase granted by the board may be made retroactive. With this point disposed of, with a regularly constituted board to adjust wages and hours of labor and with a state board of conciliation appointed and organized to prevent strikes, it seems that there ought not to be any interruption of ship construction in the Portland yards. It is notoriously difficult to make Washington officialdom aware that Portland and Oregon are in existence. It ought not to be so. Everybody will now hope that there will be no strike, but that the newly-created commission will demonstrate its fairness and its capacity for energetic adjustment of differences.

BIG BILLISM.

Chicago is, or ought to be, ashamed of its Mayor for his latest ebullition of pro-Germanism. He gave asylum to the wandering band of pestiferous and cantankerous pacifists—for peace with German victory—who have been driven from pillar to post without place to lay their heads until the heaving bosom of Chicago's Big Bill was found.

Big Billism reached its nadir when it set aside the orders of its loyal Governor and threw Chicago's doors open to the men and women who think so little of liberty and patriotic duty that they prostitute the privileges of free speech to a propaganda of interference with and injury for their Government in time of war.

For the Nation is at war, and being at war with a foe abroad, or a group of foes, it is entitled to the loyal support of its citizens at home. Here and there is a Big Bill or Little Bill, or Ranting Bob, or Jumping Jim, who is so completely suffused with the froth of his own egotism that he forgets his country and can remember only himself.

Big Bill Thompson became Mayor of Chicago in April, 1915, and has a considerable part of a four-year term yet to serve. There is no recall in Chicago. It may be observed that if Portland had such a Mayor—which it has not—the recall would be in motion within twenty-four hours after such a performance as Big Bill has fathered.

LIFT THE VEIL A LITTLE.

A half dozen pacifists make as much noise as a bunch of coyotes at early dawn on an Oregon desert; but a million soldiers on their silent way of duty to France have nothing to say. Probably we overestimate the importance of the pacifist moanings and groanings. The official censor appears to think that mere jabber does no harm; but he is extremely careful to see that the veil of secrecy is not drawn from the movements and actions of the great Army and Navy which are preparing to fight for America.

By way of a friendly letter, The Oregonian has heard a thing or two which it thinks it ought to reveal for whatever good it may do. The other day, at a certain naval station, a notice was posted asking for volunteers for submarine service, which is regarded as hazardous.

There were 6000 men at the stations, and there were 6000 volunteers for the submarines.

There is another little note to stimulate local pride and patriotism: When the Oregon Naval Militia reported at its station for service, it was found to be so fit and well trained that it was sent to sea within four days, while others who were available are still in training.

We suggest that the Federal Bureau of Information get a real publicity agent, who understands the national and laudable desire of a Nation which is giving its best blood to the great cause of civilization, to see and know a little more of the daily record of loyalty and duty made by its brave soldiers and sailors.

VEGETARIAN SLACKERS.

Demands of vegetarians for exemption from the draft, on the ground that their "religion" forbids them to take life, has encountered a serious obstacle in the skepticism of certain callous members of official boards who remind them that they are too late in asserting their moral scruples, that modern vegetarianism has been based rather upon dietary than ethical arguments, and that they have no standing as members of an organized sect such as would justify them in invoking its protection to save themselves from personal inconvenience. A hard-hearted Federal official in charge of the draft prosecutions in New York has taken pains to make it clear that vegetarians can go to war with clear consciences because there is no intention of killing human beings for human consumption.

Discussion of vegetarianism ever since the days of Plato has presented a curious mingling of moral theories and physical science. It has been seriously contended that use of animal food begets a fierce disposition and callousness to suffering, whereas a vegetable diet if persisted in results in producing a gentle race, humane and philanthropic and imbued with only the highest ideals. Unfortunately, the vegetarians when put upon proof have been unable to sustain their case by convincing examples. Upon the score of economy, they have been able to make out a better one, in urging that a given acreage will sustain the lives of more people if devoted to growing grains and vegetables than if used for the raising of cattle and sheep, but this is clearly not an argument that will be of assistance to the pacifists.

For a long time the vegetarians relied upon the assertion that the formation of the digestive tract in man proved that he was intended not to be carnivorous. It was held that the length of the human intestine was midway between that of the herbivora and the carnivora, being neither long enough for the digestion of grasses, nor short enough for the digestion of flesh, but being nearer akin to that of the fruit-eating ape. But we do not want to be apes, and the comparison will not be regarded as fortunate by those who continue to advocate a mixed diet. Instances are not wanting of peoples who live almost exclusively on a vegetable diet, as in some parts of India, or of carnivorous peoples, like the Eskimo, but it cannot be contended that either is the equal of those who subsist on both meats and grain.

The mistakes the vegetarians made was in not discovering their ethical scruples sooner and practicing them consistently. Even a vegetarian, it will be admitted, would be likely to kill a wild animal if he were attacked by one. He would, if he were the kind of man worth while, fight a predatory wolf to protect his home. And if he is fond of analogies, he will see that the country must be made safe against a predaceous military institution before he will be quite secure even in his right to follow the teachings of his harmless cult in security and peace.

The field tractor has established its place in agriculture in Europe as well as in the United States now that it has been discovered that it can be employed to advantage by many men so crippled that they could not handle a team of farm horses. Thus machinery is already atoning for an important part of the labor waste of war, and it would seem that it is destined to be used in increasing measure. But it will be necessary for the United States to apply the lesson even if no American lives are lost, for there is a distinct shortage of farm labor here regardless of war conditions, and it is probable that we would have been confronted by a steadily increasing cost of food if we had remained at peace. One of our first problems, when we have met our pressing need for munitions, will be to manufacture labor-saving farm machinery in immense quantities. In no other way that is likely to be adopted will we be able to feed ourselves as we want to be fed, and at the same time help the rest of the world to get on its feet again.

FAILURE.

The capture of Riga by the German forces has great strategic and military importance, undoubtedly; but it has even greater political significance. It is an infallible sign of the general demoralization of the Russian army and of the all but hopeless anarchy of Russia.

The conquering Teuton may, if he wishes, go on to Petrograd. Official Russia appears to regard the capture of its greatest city and seat of empire as probable, or at least possible, for word is given out that retirement to the ancient capital of Moscow, in the heart of the real Russia, is contemplated. Then, it is averred, the loyal forces of the old empire, or the pseudo republic, may, under the inspiration of their great traditions, revive the sentiment of the people for Russia and save the day. But the outlook, alas! is dark—dark, indeed.

It may be that Germany has made a political and diplomatic mistake in taking Riga and beginning its invasion of white, or old, Russia, thus stimulating the disheartened people to resistance and reviving the dying flame of loyalty to the fatherland. Perhaps the Germans have heretofore held back through fear of tactical errors; but apparently now they think that the danger of an aroused and efficient Russia is over.

The proletariat overthrew the empire to establish a democracy; and, having gone so far, it went farther to create a national socialism, where every man should be the equal of every other man, and none should have authority over any other. Now there is danger that Russia has dethroned its Czar to make room for a German Kaiser. The Russians are in peril of losing their liberties because they do not regard them as worth fighting for.

It will be no gain to the world to exchange Russian granddukedom for Prussian junkerism. It may not occur, indeed; but it benefits no one to ignore plain portents. The only alternative to an invincible Prussian government enthroned at Petrograd is a powerful and centralized Russian government—a dictator, or a Cromwellian protector, or a Napoleonic consul—at Petrograd or Moscow.

As Russia has collapsed and failed, in its greatest crisis, it becomes more and more obvious what America must do to save itself and the world. It is America's war.

THE OPPRESSED ENGLISH.

Ian Hay, the British army officer who lectured in Portland recently and whose literary fame rests securely upon "The First Hundred Thousand," in which the heroism of the first defenders of the empire in the present war was made the text for a vigorous lesson in preparedness which the United States would have done well to heed, has taken a whimsical view of England's situation in connection wth the Irish question, which he endeavors to explain in a new book he has written and which bears the suggestive title, "The Oppressed English." The author, who in military life is Captain John Hay Beith, is a Scotchman. He is proud of his allegiance to the British empire, but he says that when he views the dilemma of the English he cannot withhold his profound sympathy.

It is the misfortune of the Englishman, Captain Beith goes on to say, that he must take all the whippings and receive none of the rewards of merit. When there is an unpleasant duty to perform, it is England that performs it. The holding up of neutral mails, or the establishment of blacklists, or whatever it may that is bound to raise a protest, is left to England. The people of the world thunder against the "arrogance of England." Germans accuse the American press of being bribed with "English gold." The Prussian motto is "Gott strafe England." Nothing is said about Britain. But on the other hand when credit is being given, the rule is found to be a poor one, for it does not work both ways. The regiments from the Dominions, or the Irish, or the Scotch, or the Welsh Fusiliers, are praised by the names of their homes, while if it is an English regiment it appears in the reports as the "men from Devon," or "Yorkshire," as the case may be. One reads of "English arrogance," but never by any chance of an "English victory."

Captain Beith thinks that Englishmen may not be altogether blameless for this, but that their attitude is not discreditable to them. They have not asserted their separate nationality, and have not heretofore been particularly sensitive as to whether they received praise or censure. Their enemies call them self-satisfied. Captain Beith has a pleasanter characterization. He thinks they simply have come not to care, provided a piece of work is well done for a cause in which they are interested, who gets the credit. He adds:

> Instinct and tradition have taught the Englishman to set the cause above the prize. It is this characteristic which makes him such an amazingly successful subordinate official, whether in the services or in commerce. He is not vitally interested to climb to the top. His job, for its own sake, suffices him. He is content to work below the waterline, and if the ship goes forward he is satisfied. So he smiles paternally on these aggressively patriotic little brethren of his; allows them to absorb all possible credit for the respective achievements; and philosophically shoulders the responsibility for the shortcomings of the British Empire. It saves trouble; it saves explanation; and the average Englishman would rather be scalped than explain.

Today, says the author, a Scot is leading the British army in France, another is commanding the British Grand Fleet at sea, while a third directs the imperial staff at home. The Lord Chancellor is a Scot; so are the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Foreign Secretary. The Prime Minister is a Welshman and the First Lord of the Admiralty is an Irishman. "And yet," remarks Captain Beith, "no one ever has brought in a bill to give home rule to England."

The purpose of the book seems to be to win for the English some of the sympathy and understanding which they do not ask for themselves, and Captain Beith seeks to gain his end by putting the Irish question in a light more favorable to England. He insists that Ireland is as free as Scotland or Wales—that in some ways her freedom is greater, because she is heavily over-represented in the House of Commons. In another respect, he says, Ireland "enjoys a freedom not vouchsafed to the nations of the sister isle." He mentions the land-valuation act and the social-insurance scheme, neither one of which was visited upon Ireland because the Irish people refused to entertain it at any price. So the English gave way and paid the piper alone. The author continues:

> Again, last year, when the military service act, imposing conscription upon every able-bodied man between nineteen and forty-one, became law, Ireland was once more exempted. To the black shame and grief of every true Irishman, Ireland today stands officially aloof and alone in the struggle for liberty and humanity. The thousands of her gallant sons who are fighting in the trenches alongside their English and Scottish and Ulster comrades find difficulty in filling up the gaps in their ranks, because certain of their brothers prefer to stay at home—to make political bargains, or to engage in the profitable task of supplying the demands of depleted Great Britain for able-bodied labor.

The substance of Captain Beith's conclusions is that it was the insistence of the Irish Nationalists, not only upon a Parliament at Dublin and upon exemption from imperial taxation, but upon retention of about forty Irish members of the House of Commons, that upset England. He intimates that it is the English who would be glad to be free—free from the Irish problem, if there were any way of solving it. Great Britain, he says, would go to any extent to leave the Irish to themselves, if the English in turn could be left to themselves, with one important qualification—that no settlement would be agreed to that would leave the island open as a base for England's enemies. Captain Beith says that Ireland "resembles a temperamental wife married to an intensely respectable but unexciting husband." The author openly sympathizes with the husband in the case, despite the almost universal injunction to strangers against interfering in family quarrels.

But Captain Beith is not precisely a stranger. Although he writes of the "English" with the dispassionate neutrality of a Scotsman, he is a Britisher to the core. His military record proves that, and he has shown it in other ways, not least in his sympathetic and quite successful efforts to promote good feeling between the nations now fighting together, through his writings and his lectures on this side of the Atlantic.

Before Oregon can raise the enormous quantity of wheat asked for next year Sam Moore, of Corvallis, the apostle of lime, must be made limer-in-chief and given a free hand. The state needs Sam and what he advocates.

German spies who have been promising the negroes of the South that when Germany rules the country the color line will be abolished ought to say something about the kind of line that will take its place.

"We are lost," wept a German officer, when taken before General Pershing to prove that the Americans are already in France. What will they think when we have a really great force in action?

Due to irrigation a Lane County hopyard is producing 1500 pounds to the acre, which, at 30 cents, is great return. A ditch costs a little money and some labor, both making a good investment.

A Canadian sergeant back from France says the boys in the trenches prefer cake above all things. There is an idea for the Christmas box. Make a fruit cake now and let it ripen.

Evacuation of Petrograd seems like a plan to stretch the Kaiser's battle line to a straining point. What couldn't a quarter-million Japs do there just now!

The present apathy of the Turks and Bulgarians is another indication that Prussia is coming to the end of her capacity for turning out war supplies.

The shade of "Long John" Wentworth must wonder what Chicago has become. That of Carter Harrison, the elder, has a guess coming, too.

Meanwhile those animals in the zoo are consuming a lot of good provender. It is up to Mr. Kellaher to start his wild animal store.

Organization of a junior Red Cross of school children is of doubtful value. Scholars have enough school and home work now.

Daniels might at least have named one of the German vessels John Smith to go with Pocahontas and Powhatan.

Bernhardt is making her last tour, but nobody supposes she is a fatalist while she has a leg to stand on.

Is anything being done to assist in Sumpter's rehabilitation? A hard Winter is coming in that section.

Possibly many of the Third Oregons will appreciate a bunch of "the makin's" more than a box lunch.

The Kaiser must not forget that Napoleon journeyed into Russia and little good it did him.

This is the real weather, when you need a light overcoat in the early morning.

It is to be hoped the girl babies who register 100 will outgrow it before twenty.

De Palma went at the rate of 108.9 miles an hour yesterday and escaped death.

Politics and carlines make a peaceful combination in the Bay City.

That La Grande unit must be kept intact in France for the record.

The feel of Fall is in the air everywhere but at the resorts.

This is the most strenuous day of work in all the year.

Whatever "Chicago" is in German, name it that.

Tired, eh? Labor day is strenuous.

Good morning, teacher.

Gleams Through the Mist.

By Dean Collins.

ROVER SPEAKS.

Wuff! Wuff! It is tough, and that isn't a bluff!
I can't help feeling gruff when I think of such stuff!
By all of the bones that my ancestors gracked,
These humans are crazy—and that is a fact!
For who in the world, if he were not a fool,
Would have taken my boy off, to send him to school?

With a brand new white collar, and harness complete,
And think of it—think of it—shoes on his feet—
That boy that I spent the whole Summer to train
Till his toes were about to get limber again—
They led him away, that big father of his,
Where that kennel they name as "the new schoolhouse" is.

I thought I would go, just to watch him, you see,
For he needs a wise dog, such a young kid as he;
But his father turned round and he gave me a kick,
And when I persisted he picked up a stick,
So I had to go back while they went on, those two—
I heard my boy sniffle—but what could I do?

I hear the folks talk, how the school is a place
Where they train the young boys in this here human race;
And I think that perhaps they are slamming at me,
Though I've labored and labored as hard as could be—
And it's truly unjust to withdraw him, I say,
Just as I had his training work well under way.

I've seen the boy's teacher, who'll have him at school,
And take it from me—and I'm far from a fool—
She's built like a greyhound. Admitted, indeed!
But she hasn't no nose, nor she hasn't no speed,
And how, I should ask, can she teach a young kid
To chase down a squirrel to the log where it's hid?

I've seen her, of evenings, a-playing croquet—
And she hardly could spot her own ball where it lay;
That she could train him—why, it's plumb past believing,
When she don't have the tiniest knack at retrieving!
I'll bet when she's had him all Winter, why, then
I will have to start in all his trainin again.

By the biggest of fleas on the ancestral dog,
She couldn't herd cattle no more'n a hog;
Nor swim, nor dig bones up, nor carry a stick—
That woman train kids? Why, it fair makes me sick!
She can't even put a grouse up on the wing—
She can't teach that kid not one practical thing!

I'm sticking right here by the gate till tonight
In hopes that the kid will come back home all right,
In hopes that they haven't—my gravest of fears—
Just altered his markings, or bobbed off his ears;
For, sure as a calf has the juciest bone,
That kid was all right, if they'd leave him alone.

Wuff! Wuff! It's no use just to grumble this way!
I've got to make use of the evening each day
A-training that kid, since the teachers have caught him,
So he won't forget all the lessons I've taught him!
O, who in the world but a grown human fool
Would have taken my boy off and put him to school?

* * *

"Sir," said the Courteous Office Boy, appearing at the door with the Junior Assistant Office Boy with his shining morning face.

"What is it, son?" I cried

"May we have that hollow piece of bamboo you stuck under your desk the other day and also some of the bird shot and twine in the lower drawer?" chorused the C. O. B. and the J. A. O. B. "And some of the rubber bands, too?"

"Certainly, my children," I said kindly, "but what is the main idea?"

"Well," said the C. O. B., "the J. A. O. B. here has to start into school today to have 'em train his young idea how to shoot—" and he rummaged for the bird shot and rubber bands.

"Yes, yes, and what then?" I encouraged.

"Well, I'm figurin on priming his young idea a bit, before they get ready to teach it how to shoot," said the C. O. B., and, turning to the J. A. O. B., he continued, "You see you hook the rubber on this way and then you take a bird shot and—"

And they faded away down the hall, softly humming "School Days."

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A COMMUNIQUE FROM THE LAST ANALYSIS.

"It will be the landing of, not thousands, but hundreds of thousands of American troops, in the LAST ANALYSIS, that will bring home to the German people the realization that their submarine campaign has failed and they are confronted by a new and inexhaustible force."—Extract from a recent interview published in the papers.

Editor's note: Ah-ha! Now we know where they have been sending all those troops to!

* * *

SWEET SONGS FOR SIMPLE SLACKERS.

To the Board of Exemptions 'twas Percival spoke:
"I can't go to war! My new wrist watch is broke!
I can't go to war, I will bet you a dime—
My wrist watch is broke and I haven't the time."

The Board of Exemptions heard Algernon's wail:
"If you send me to war all our culture will fail,
For there's no one in all of our city, you see,
Who knows the new dances as I do, ah, me!"

Aloysius cut off his fingers and ears
In hopes of escaping the draft, it appears,
And the surgeon did not even rise from his seat:
"No use! We can't take him, for he has flat feet!"

To the Board of Exemptions came John, in a pet:
"I won't go to war! You can't take me, I'll bet;
I've given up work in the shoe store, you see,
And my wife is a-buying a fruit farm for me!"

A jobless actor to the board
Remarked: "I cannot go!
I cannot join the warlike horde—
I haven't got a show!"

PIONEER RECALLS EARLY MURDER

Where Graves of Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Slain by Indians, May Be Found.

PORTLAND, Sept. 3.—(To the Editor.)—A few days since I read in The Oregonian a special from Baker which said that Mrs. M. Kitchen was then in Rye Valley trying to find the graves of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, who, in the early days, had been murdered by the Indians. These young people lived beside the old Emigrant road on Lower Burnt River.

Just about 50 years ago with a load of peaches and vegetables they started for the little mining town of Rye Valley about eight miles distant, expecting to do some trading and also visit their friends whom they thought they would meet at a dance that night. Next day they started home, Mr. and Mrs. Scott occupying the wagon seat and their 2-year-old boy and baby girl asleep in the bottom of the wagon. Suddenly the Indians sprang from ambush with yells and delivered their fire at close range. Scott plunged forward across the dashboard dead and dropped the reins between the horses, his wife caught him and dragged him back into the wagon.

The team, of course, started to run. Mrs. Scott climbed over the dashboard to the wagon tongue secured the trailing lines, regained her place in the wagon and crouching low followed by many a bullet, guided the frightened animals down that difficult road, forded Burnt River at the foot of the hill then up the other side to her stricken home.

She had saved her husband's body and herself and the lives of her children from the Indians, but she had received two mortal wounds. To those present she told her story, made her verbal will, consigning her babies to the care of their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. George Cantonwine, of Walla Walla, leaving in the hand of a neighbor woman the gold watch and chain which she took from her neck, with the request that they be given into the keeping of her parents later to be given by them to her little daughter.

If ever Oregon produced a heroine the girlish looking Mrs. Cantonwine Scott, was she.

When she died another bloody page had been written in the early history of Oregon. On the day following this tragedy I was traveling by team to the mines in Idaho. On coming to the Scott place I saw an unusual number of people coming down the slope back of the house and was told what had happened and they were just finishing the burial of Mr. and Mrs. Scott.

I had known them slightly, knew the Cantonwines, of Walla Walla, quite well and also knew of the Kitchen family.

I am writing this with the hope that it may point the way to that broad grave which received the bodies of the parents of the little girl who is now Mrs. Kitchen.

She will not find the grave in Rye Valley nor in Auburn, but as already stated, just back of the old Scott house beside the Emigrant road in Burnt River Canyon. EDWARD C. ROSS.

Federal Anti-Narcotic Law.

SALEM, Or., Sept. 1.—(To the Editor.)—(1) Is the law prohibiting the sale of narcotics, except on physician's prescription, state or Federal?

(2) What drugs are included in the act?

(3) If not a Federal law, do all states have a narcotic law similar to the one in force in Oregon?

(4) When was this law passed?

SUBSCRIBER.

(1) It is a Federal law. There is also a state law.

(2) The Federal law includes opium and all of its derivatives, such as morphine, heroin, etc., and cocaine and all other derivatives of cocoa leaves.

(3) Some of the states have narcotic regulations even more drastic than the Federal law.

(4) The Federal law, known as the Harrison narcotic law, was approved by the President December 17, 1914, and went into effect March 1, 1915.

Fall of Riga.

Russians Lose Third Seaport in Importance.

Bulletin of National Geographic Society.

Not even the greatest optimist can fail to realize the seriousness of the blow to Russian arms in the fall of the Baltic seaport of Riga, says a bulletin issued by the National Geographic Society from its Washington headquarters.

With an import and export trade totaling $100,000,000 two years before the outbreak of the world war, Riga became the third seaport of the Russian empire, and the second seaport of the Baltic, being surpassed in volume of business by Petrograd.

The city is divided into several sections. The old town has narrow, winding streets, while the Petrograd and Moscow suburbs are well-built, modern sections. All three of these divisions of the city are situated on the right or east bank of the River Dvina, while the Mitau suburb is on the left bank. The two banks are connected by a long floating bridge which is removed during the four months in the year when the river is frozen over.

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Riga is situated ten miles above the mouth of the Dvina, and is 363 miles by rail southwest of Petrograd. Vessels of light draft reach the city proper by means of a canal, but the chief harbor is on the shores of the Baltic.

The importance of Riga as a seaport is due in very large measure to the fact that by means of the Dvina and numerous canals it is connected by water with the basins of the Volga, which flows into the Caspian, and the Dnieper, which enters the Black Sea. Thus, practically the whole of Southern, Central and Western European Russia can find an outlet into the Baltic through this port. In addition to cheap water transportation, a railroad runs across Russia from Riga to Smolenck and Tsaritsyn, almost bisecting the empire.

Riga is a great storehouse for Russian wheat, oats and hemp, three items which constitute a large portion of the city's exports. It is also the chief port for the vast timber products of the province of Volhynia. Flaxseed, eggs, hides, and skins are shipped from here in great quantities. The chief articles of import are machinery, cotton goods, coal and groceries.

The shipping industry did not constitute Riga's sole activity before the war, however. Its manufactured products included machinery, leather, railway cars, candles, tiles and glass, amounting in value to $30,000,000 annually.

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The growth of Riga during the last 35 years has been phenomenal. In 1881 its population was 169,000; today, it has more than half a million. Of this number 47 per cent are Germans, 22 per cent are Letts, and only 25 per cent are Russians. It is not hard to imagine, therefore, how difficult has been the problem of the citizens loyal to the new republic during the last few months. It is also worthy of note that the Germans of Riga are on the whole of the most prosperous merchant class, together with a considerable number of the Prussian aristocracy. The Letts are an Indo-European people, about 1,300,000 in number, dwelling in the western provinces of Russia and Northeastern Poland and Prussia. Little is known of their origin nor is it known when they migrated to their present home.

At the time of its fall Riga was the capital of the province of Livonia and the seat of the Governor General of the Baltic provinces.

In Other Days.

Twenty-five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of September 4, 1892.

The atention of the entire sporting world is centered upon the prize-fight carnival at New Orleans this week. All that is needed to make it complete is a fight between Fitzsimmons and some other middleweight who has yet to to suffer defeat.

New York.—Nothing can now save the metropolis from a great plague but an absolute compliance on the part of every member of the community with the instructions of the Board of Health and the quarantine authorities. The danger is real. It cannot be overestimated.

Sturgeon fishing has begun in the Columbia in earnest and some have already been shipped East. The fishing is all done in the vicinity of Astoria at present, as the sturgeon are now feeding on the sardines in the bay and will not start up the river for three or four weeks.

The pugilistic festival which is to occur in New Orleans this week is just now the all-absorbing question with all classes. Interest in the coming Presidential election and other equally important matters is for the time being of secondary importance and the great question just now seem to be, Who will win, Sullivan or Corbett?

Last night there was an occultation of Mars, which was watched with much interest by a large number of our citizens.

Half a Century Ago.

From The Oregonian of September 4, 1867.

St. Louis.—The Radical Clubs of St. Louis are making arrangements to give Sheridan a public reception upon his arrival. The colored people will be allowed to participate.

A procession of Klikitat Indians came into the city yesterday forenoon en route to the Simcoe reservation. There were 57 Indians and about 85 horses. They have been gathered up lately in various parts of the Willamette Valley and in the coast mountains.

Lee & Ryland's circus arrived in the city yesterday and played last evening to a densely crowded house. The buffalo act created great merriment. There will be another performance tonight.

Large numbers of persons left Walla Walla last week for the Kootenai. The report of the discovery reached Walla Walla on Tuesday evening, and on Wednesday morning at daylight gold hunters were on their way to the basin.

Victoria.—The American bark Lizzie Boggs, for San Francisco, was wrecked at Cape Flattery Saturday afternoon last during a dense fog and went to pieces on Sunday. The captain and crew escaped to shore in a boat. Nothing was saved from the wreck.

FALL PLOWING IMPROVES GARDENS

Old Land Doubles in Yield and New Land Does Better.

DREWSEY, Or., Sept. 1.—(To the Editor.)—I wish to say a word about making war gardens in back lots and other places.

(1) The ground should be plowed and thrown open in the Fall. I made the experiment of Fall plowing in back yard and orchard, and contrasted it with Spring plowing and immediate planting. Potatoes grew with tops slightly spindling in the orchard from Fall plowing, making a fair yield and free from scab.

The Spring plowing in the orchard, side by side with the Fall plowing, did not grow potatoes worth digging and the growth was too febble to resist insects and many were scabbed and some had worm holes all the way through them, as if a nail had been stuck through them and had grown up again.

The Fall plowing disturbed and broke up the insect and mite beds and a subsequent Spring stirring almost excluded them. Fall-plowed land gathers from the elements the things necessary for a thrifty and healthy growth and makes delicious vegetables.

It will pay more than double to Fall plow all old land, and the new will yield better if plowed in the Fall so as to get the Winter freezes and drink in the rains and dislodge plant roots and stop them from absorbing the plant food.

I was statistical correspondent to the United States Department of Agriculture for the county in which I lived and made many experimental tests of the kind and found Fall plowing for gardens in old fields and orchards and lots to be better in every instance. The only exceptions being in low land, which overflowed and washed.

J. R. M. DAVIS.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE IS DESIRED

Bureau of Education Appeals to Labor Unions to Use Influence.

Labor unions, parent-teacher associations, women's clubs, churches and other religious bodies and many other organizations directly concerned with education have been enlisted by the United States Bureau of Education in a campaign for the maintenance of school efficiency as a special patriotic duty this year. In his appeal Dr. Claxton, Commissioner of Education, points out the existing fear lest public schools shall suffer because of conditions growing out of the entrance of the United States into the war. He emphasizes the fact that as a measure of present defence and for the future welfare of the country, as well as for the individual benefit of the children, it is of the greatest importance that the schools be maintained in the highest standards of efficiency.

Especially important, in the view of the Commissioner, is prompt and regular attendance at school and proper employment during out-of-school hours. These, the Commissioner believes, will be the children's surest protection against temptations to juvenile delinquencies.

Labor unions are especially appealed to to urge the children now in high school to complete their work. Superintendents of schools have been asked to co-operate with the representatives of labor unions in their communities in the efforts to keep children in school.

Don't Use Rhubarb Greens.

THE DALLES, Or., Sept. 2.—(To the Editor.)—In the food thrift series No. 5, issued by the Department of Agriculture is found this statement: "Because rhubarb leaves contain certain substances which make them poisonous to a great many persons, specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture warn housewives against using this portion of the plant for food. A number of letters have been received by the department calling attention to the fact that certain newspapers and magazines are advocating the use of rhubarb leaves for greens and that disastrous results have followed the acceptance of the advice."

MARTHA BECHEN,
Home Demonstration Agent.

Mixed Up in War.

London Telegraph.

Details of a curious family complication came from St. Gall, Switzerland. A naturalized Swiss citizen, German by birth, is married to a Hungarian. His brother-in-law is fighting against the Servians and the husband of his sister-in-law is fighting against the Austrians. Of the man's two brothers, one is in a Prussian regiment and the other is serving France under General Gallieni.