

The Oregonian

Portland, Oregon. Entered as second-class... Subscription rates... Daily, Sunday included, one year, \$2.00...

opened recently and where two score of blind men and women already are working steadily. Many millions of dollars are used every year and there will be a wide field of employment.

which nearly every householder can contribute. It is a work in which children can help. Not a sack should be wasted which contains possibilities of further service.

BEATING THE U-BOAT.

Evidence that the submarine is being mastered, both in decrease of the number of sinkings and in increase of the number of new ships, is to be found in the large increase of exports from the United States for October, both as compared with the three preceding months and with the same month of 1916.

UNPALATABLE TRUTHS.

The Oregonian had an article from its correspondent at Camp Greene, in North Carolina, last October, setting forth the details of a meeting of citizens of Charlotte and certain Army officers wherein sundry unpleasant facts about the vice and sanitary conditions of the town—not the camp—were freely discussed.

In such a Portland newspaper there appeared, doubtless through inadvertence, the story of a report from Surgeon General Gorgas, a distinguished sanitarian, on conditions at Camp Funston, Kan., Camp Sevier, S. C., Camp Doniphan, Okla., and Camp Bowie, Texas.

Excessive deaths at the camps due to influenza, pneumonia, measles, mumps and other diseases are reported.

Serious enough, indeed. The most interesting part of the report is about Camp Funston, about which it is said: "I call attention to the fact that they are dying both of the disease and of the normal death rate of such a community."

What, we wonder, were the influences and representations used to procure the selection of Camp Funston? What, also, shall be done about the other camps? Is it not a matter of making unpalatable disclosures? Should he be hanged, or merely branded as a vicious propagator of Pro-Prussian propaganda?

Or should General Gorgas be held responsible for this and his honest service to the country? On days that may be a little dark because of apparent slowness of the people to respond to war's demands—

NEWBERG, Or., Dec. 19.—(To the Editor)—I am a stockman on my section of the Red Cross.

Letters have been written by others who have sacrificed at the Nation's call, but often such sacrifices are mentioned as ground for complaint.

Not so with Jack Monroe's letter. The whole family, he tells us, is for Uncle Sam. They have given of their flesh and blood, and men and sisters are in the front lines.

In spite of comparison with other letters we think the Newberg stockman is typical and the writers of the other letters are not. The whole-souled patriotism we hear nothing about, so it is encouraging to be thus reminded that it does exist; that there are those in the land who take as a matter of course the lesser privations of the war.

SAVE THE POTATO SACKS. The potato sack is beginning to play a more important part in our economy. It is not altogether a question of cost, which is advancing, but of the handling of the sacks at any price.

Referring to the Army camps and equipment, the New York Times, also a supporter of the President, says the investigation "must be thorough and must be open," for "the real conditions of unpreparedness are known to the enemy, it may be assumed."

A Romanoff woman landed, but not the Czar's daughter. The name gives her husband the distinction of being "also mentioned."

The young bride attempts bravely to out the cost of living with a number of cookbooks, and the husband, because of his youth, takes all the chances.

Nothing is sacred to the Turk and it was proper to Allah that he looted Jerusalem. The Hun and the Turk are in the devil's own triangle.

The next thing in parades should be something by Major Deich's battalion of Oregon Guards. Those veterans know the step.

It is estimated that the potato crop of Idaho alone will require 3,000,000 sacks, which, at even 10 cents apiece, will represent the altogether worthwhile sum of \$300,000.

The Boston Transcript welcomes the passing of the honeymoon stage of the war when the anxious parent of a child is still largely in the background, put under the ban by "the cuckoo of the press and in private and public life," for "the people are beginning to think for themselves" and there are signs "that Congress intends to substitute intelligent and open-eyed, upstanding and plain-spoken support of the conduct of the war for the opposite brand."

The War Department must be investigated. Some have said that the War Department must be investigated and corrected under the compulsion of a country-wide demand, if today's deficiencies are not to become tomorrow's disasters.

Nothing new is found by the New York Globe in Senator Wadsworth's revelation of camp and equipment shortages, but it says "there is something new in an inquiry of this sort which led to prompt, effective action."

During the recess many Congressmen have visited the Army camps and have seen the deficiencies for themselves. Some have sons, other relatives and friends in the Army, who bring the facts home to them.

In the opinion of the Chicago Herald, the Senate military committee should obtain for the public information "as complete and exact as possible," for, if there have been errors in past management which are being corrected, the public knowledge will help to cure, we can't have them gone into too soon or too thoroughly.

The most encouraging fact about the present is the fact that the Shipping Board is that each one displaces a man of military or naval title or a politician and puts one more business man on the job.

Francis J. Heney is investigating the food profiteers' scandal and it begins to reek. Heney can upturn more stench than any dozen other excavators.

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New York Herald to be "acting within its rights and in the line of its plain duty" in investigating, but, referring to the waste which would ensue if inquiry into the food and fuel shortages, it expresses suspicion that "the investigation movement, so far as those individual Senators are concerned, is inspired by spite." It gives the Senators in question this warning:

Never did bank much on wimmen, fur the reason, possibly, The aforesaid wingless angels never did bank much on me, An', perhaps, because my fortunes always held me in the West.

Used to be a little widder livin' furder down the creek Who instilled in me the notion that she was uncommon slick;

Just a year ago this Christmas I could hear the snappy beat On the trail below my cabin of a "brother's" lively drum.

Had I yet been unbelievin', watin' furder proof that there Was a good ol' saint o' Christmas sprinklin' gladness everywhere.

Had I heard the whistle of a train, And watched the smoke cloud trail away Against the skyline far away.

And ever after as I gazed On peaceful hills where cattle grazed, Or drove the plow through yielding ground.

The city called me and I went, And there my manhood's days I've spent. Today, 'mid stocks and other gain, I hear the whistle of a train.

And watched the smoke cloud trail away Against the skyline far away. And oh, the memories that came, And stand again in that same field, Until the wounds of sound are healed.

But ah, I know, how'er it seems, What calls me now is my boyhood dream; That I shall never know again The wonder time that I knew then.

Though clouds from smoking farms blacken sky And famished nations for a morsel cry; Though ragged orphans and their mothers wail in trench or drowned in wave;

And smothering virgins bosom sear; Though hell and chaos seem enthroned In raven shadows cast upon each heart;

Though life grow nightmare and red-rose of man's hand; A bitter satire on inflamed mankind; Though tempting gloom besiege responsive sorrow's overflowing fountains;

In eye, providence is idle wind. Its plans we know not, but we dare to trust— We fighting phantoms of aspiring dust. That brighter day will dawn when Freedom's cause Is safe, our earth and sunny deserts waken.

But one in fifty must confront the steel Where lurid death's incessant thunders peal. Ye Forty-niners! help to win the day And place your dollars on the Red Cross' tray!

Make yourself a Red Crosser for a Christmas present. C. A. PAUL DACHSEL.

A Mountaineer's Christmas Present.

I have been a sort o' squatter in this early valley o' tears, Talkin' things as they developed, fur a hefty string o' years;

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MEMORANDUM IS SEEN IN GUM GOBS

Chewers' Disease-Carrying Discards Are Responsible, It is Said. PORTLAND, Dec. 20.—(To the Editor.)—Such thoughtful considerations as appear from time to time as editorial consideration of such subjects as "What Becomes of Lost Pins" and "Where Are the Lead Pencils" while possibly interesting to some, do not, to my mind, furnish nearly so much food for reflection as consideration of the question of the gobs of gum that are chewed.

Never did bank much on wimmen, fur the reason, possibly, The aforesaid wingless angels never did bank much on me, An', perhaps, because my fortunes always held me in the West.

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Famous Bible City Taken.

Ancient Hebron, Where Adam Died, Is One of Places Captured by British. Bulletin National Geographic Society. With the exception of Jerusalem, Beethem and Damascus, there is not a city in the Holy Land which holds greater interest for the Bible student than the ancient town of Hebron, whose capture by British forces under General E. H. E. Allenby was announced recently.

Hebron is a ribbon of a town running along the eastern slope of a narrow valley, above which are terraced vineyards and fruit orchards of great fertility. It is not more than 20 miles southwest of Jerusalem and in peace times tourists are accustomed to make the journey by carriage in four and a half hours.

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PROFIT NECESSARY TO FARMER

Difficulty of Competition With Other Industries in Payment of Wages. CORBETT, Or., Dec. 19.—(To the Editor.)—Water will seek its level. In the matter of wages, the farmer will seek that locality and employment that promises the greatest returns for the least expended. For this reason, the farmer will be driven to the city, even though it takes them to the Sahara or across the Death Valley.

It has got a pair o' duplicates o' them same ol' same ol' eyes. That had one day sot me thinkin' o' them angels in the skies— Just to let the reason ever happened here below.

And ever after as I gazed On peaceful hills where cattle grazed, Or drove the plow through yielding ground.

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In Other Days.

Half a Century Ago. From The Oregonian December 21, 1867. John Minnie, in an article in the Record, tells some interesting facts about Cashmere wool which throws interesting light upon the value of different grades of wool and their origins.

Protection Fire Company No. 4 will build a grand new fire engine on the occasion of the reception and housing of their new steam fire engine. Christmas gifts of value of different kinds are included. J. W. Sutton, H. E. Fyerdig, P. C. Perry, R. Hendrie, A. Rosenheim and R. H. Brown.

The Austrian Emperor's efforts to keep the schools independent from the Catholic clergy is making him popular. It has been discovered that Louis Napoleon owns real estate in San Francisco.

Isaac Rogers, of Yamhill County, has invented an ingeniously contrived machine for paring fruit and coring apples. Twenty-five Years Ago. From The Oregonian December 21, 1892.

From The Oregonian December 21, 1892. Washington Post, Dec. 19, 1892. The Queen probably will hold no more drawing-rooms. Her Majesty's coronation is to be held at the residence of the Queen at Windsor, with the result that there will be no drawing-rooms for the guests who desired to get there while the Queen was present.

The gold fields of Southern Oregon are again attracting attention. There is a growing gold mine in those parts and a lot of the precious metal has been mined of late.

FLOODS THAT WERE REAL FLOODS. Valley Towns Swept Away in 1861 and Houses Go Over Willamette Falls. PORTLAND, Or., Dec. 20.—(To the Editor.)—The worst floods of the Willamette River were those of 1861 and 1890. On February 5, 1890, the weather office recorded 28.7 feet of water above the dam at the falls.

The shooting took place on Saturday, August 23, 1879, at the side entrance to the Metropolitan Temple on Jesse street. De Young had previously driven to the home of Dr. Kallach, 2314 Nineteenth street, but, not finding him there, proceeded to the Jesse-street entrance of the church.

Clastop Has Own Red Cross Chapter. ASTORIA, Or., Dec. 19.—(To the Editor.)—The Oregonian, December 18, contains letters requesting information relative to the Portland chapter of the American Red Cross, officers, salaries, territory, etc.