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PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 21, 1918.

COMRADES ALL.

Fifty-three years after the Civil War ended, five thousand veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic marched through the streets of Portland at their annual reunion. Old men now, they were young in years, high in spirit, and strong in body then, when they responded to their country's call. Time has dealt gently with many, but has left its indelible marks on others.

It was impossible not to recall the days when, with fife playing, drum pounding and banners flying, they marched away. So they would go again, every one of them, if the need arose. But fighting is for the new generation, and counsel and reminiscence for the passing. Now they will stay behind and encourage their sons abroad in the Nation's service, by the memory of deeds done, and the fact of physical and financial support loyally and ungrudgingly given.

It was an occasion for joy, not for tears; yet many faces were wet with the trickling emblems of sheer emotion as the grand review went on. But no veteran gave way to any sentiment except pleasure at being with his comrades again.

It was a great spectacle, a memorable and wonderful event. It cannot occur again, here, and must go into the record as a red-letter day in the annals of Portland and Oregon. It could not have been bettered, except in one particular.

The days of their service under fire are over; but the Grand Army is none the less America's Army. It should be always on such occasions a uniformed army. Let us not inquire into the reasons why many of the old soldiers appeared on parade in civilian clothes; but let us say that in sheer gratitude to these brave and true men, Congress should provide a uniform for every one of them, and require that it be worn at least during the week of the annual encampment.

NOT CHARITY, BUT A CHANCE.

The frontispiece of Carry On, the American Red Cross magazine published to further the reconstruction of disabled soldiers and sailors, depicts a wounded soldier returning home from the multifold perils of war to find himself confronted by such obstacles as the "worn-out notion about the cripple," and offered only a "soldier's home dugout" as a refuge. The caption is, "They don't want your charity—they demand their chance." The point is driven home in several special articles, among which is a striking one by Charles M. Schwab, who knows the value of men in industry and who knows also that it is the intelligence, rather than the physical strength, of the man which counts for most in the long run.

Mr. Schwab says that the man who has offered his body in defense of his country must not be allowed to return to us merely as a hero worthy of our sympathy. "His physical handicap," says Mr. Schwab, "whatever it may be, will not, except in rare instances, render him useless as an industrial factor; on the contrary, it will afford him a greater opportunity than ever before to utilize his brains, upon which he was not so dependent before he went away." Every man who returns will be needed by the country. Enlightened self-interest, as well as the sense of justice, would indicate that every opportunity be given him for making himself self-supporting in the best sense of the term. Mr. Schwab has seen the workings of a reconstruction plan applied to the casualties of peace. He "knows of many industries where the process of retraining has returned able men to their jobs, and has not only saved the man for himself and his family, but has increased the effectiveness of the plant in which he worked."

Coupled with this is the statement, which will be verified by every director of men, that never before has the opportunity for advancement in industry been as great as it is today. "The gates are open for trained men." There always will be great groups who are too indolent to advance themselves, or who lack initiative or ambition, or who shrink from the responsibilities of leadership. The jobs in the past which have most often sought the men have been the jobs which required special training, and in which the brain played a much more important part than the hand.

It is interesting to note, therefore, that work actually has been begun in the reconstruction of wounded soldiers. Hospitals have been designated by the War Department in which the continued treatment of such men will be carried on. Aides in physio-therapy and in occupational therapy are already being trained, and plans for special buildings have been approved. The "curative workshop" has been adopted in principle as a vital part of the scheme.

The field of usefulness, the road to independence, for the physically handicapped broadens visibly when the opportunities for turning skill to use are studied. This is the function of the reconstruction movement. Growing use of machinery is creating demand for operators, for machinists of every kind. The experience of Canada already has been enlightening. It has been found that soldiers who have lost their legs or arms can be utilized in farming operations on a large scale—not only to their own advantage but to that of the nation. It is not pretended that every trade or profession is open to all the handicapped, but it is surprising how many of them are adapted to various degrees of disability. The problem will be to fit the men and the jobs, to readjust industry upon a basis which will give preference to cripples in employment for which they are best suited, and to leave out of the whole scheme the "charity" viewpoint which formerly has tainted the social attitude toward crippled men.

McARTHUR AND BERLIN.

Representative McArthur, of Oregon (Third District, including the great city of Portland), is given a standing of 100 per cent perfect on patriotism by the National Security League in its summary of individual records for the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth Congresses. In the eight test measures, Mr. McArthur voted right in every instance.

It is easy now to stand up in Congress and be counted for adequate war measures; it was not so easy when many good men wavered, being doubtful of America's duty and when there were other men who were mainly mindful of their chances for re-election. Who, for example, could two years ago have foreseen that conscription would have been accepted everywhere in America as the essence and acme of sound patriotism in war-making by a democracy?

Yet, with this record of high and fearless service to his district and his country, sundry citizens are worrying because Mr. McArthur voted, in conformity with the action of his constituents on the same question, against prohibition, and threaten to vote against him for re-election and for a candidate who they know has no convictions of right or wrong which he will not accommodate to any emergency.

The defeat of McArthur would be hailed with joy in Berlin.

REPAIRING AN OVERSIGHT.

The Oregonian recently discussed on this page the question of the small college and its service to many communities of Oregon. The purpose was to stimulate the interest of the people where such institutions are located in their maintenance, encouraging them to new efforts, and, if need be, new sacrifices to keep alive academies and colleges which have contributed much to the educational and material welfare of the state. There was a hasty review of the situation in the state, with mention of some schools that have passed out of existence, and others that still survive.

Now we hear from McMinnville that there are grief and surprise there that the excellent college at that place was overlooked. It is suggested to The Oregonian that the merits and record of McMinnville College entitle it to honorable mention in any article on education and its position in the life and development of Oregon.

The Oregonian acknowledges the oversight and confesses the error. The writer of the previous article is familiar with the fine career of McMinnville College; and he can only plead the excuse—quite inadequate, indeed—that it was not intended by him to make a complete survey of all the institutions of Oregon, though the names of all but McMinnville were mentioned as they came to his mind. Perhaps for the moment he confused Newberg with McMinnville, and passed on from Yamhill County. He will not say that the friends of McMinnville College ought to have been satisfied with the general argument, which was for the small institution, for he understands that the desire to be included by name in the honorable company of Oregon colleges is both natural and laudable. Let us give herein a brief story of the McMinnville institution from the Telephone-Register of that place:

> McMinnville college has a standing, past and present, entitled to notice along with other schools of the state. Founded in September, 1857, it has now total assets of nearly $400,000, over $300,000 of which is endowment. It has struggled through the years as perhaps no college in Oregon has done, and doubtless owes its continued existence to its faithful and devoted teachers and officers, who have never faltered in the faith that it had a divinely appointed destiny. Hence it is that its sponsors are quick to see an apparent slight in any review of educational institutions of Oregon. A school with 61 years of faithful service for its record, and with alumni in many parts of the state and Nation, including also missionaries in foreign lands, feels that it is justified in guarding its prestige with some degree of pride.

A great denomination—the Baptist Church—has had McMinnville College under its patronage. Probably it could not have been sustained for so many years, with results so useful, without the definite and continued favor of the Baptists. Yet it may be doubted if the benefits to the church have been so clear as to the community of its site, without regard to creed or politics. In that view The Oregonian exhorted the residents of towns within the radius of the influence of such institutions, respectively, to be mindful of their value, and to respond to the appeal to keep them going. No American town or village, which has seen the cultural and refining stimulus furnished by a public library, for example, would consent at any price to its abolishment. There should be no different attitude toward the small college, even in view of the modern tendency toward state control of higher education.

AT THE SIGN OF THE DOUGHNUT.

The doughnut seems destined to become the special symbol of the Salvation Army at the front. It was a happy thought which led the members of this welfare army to constitute themselves doughnut distributors to our soldiers in France. A doughnut is a little thing, but it is typically American and a reminder of home. Its bestowal typifies solicitude for the welfare of the recipient. Of course, it represents only a small part of the work of the Salvation Army in this war, but it is a part worth taking into account. It shows that all of our welfare agencies are becoming intensely practical.

There is a little jingle about the doughnut and its use in detecting optimists and pessimists. The optimist, the bit of verse reminds us, sees the doughnut, the pessimist sees only the hole. It is a good thing to think of this occasionally. Those who are inclined to rail because some things have not been done, or are not being done, are looking at the hole in the doughnut. They should let their eyes rest for a moment upon the mighty things we have accomplished—a great Army now in France and growing steadily, vast munitions plants working night and day, shipyards everywhere, a people united in their determination to make every needful sacrifice—the biggest, strongest, healthiest Army and Navy the world has ever known rapidly coming to fruition and a thousand agencies working to support it and make it more efficient—these constitute some of the ingredients of the doughnut itself.

It is a curious thing, we are reminded, that the pessimists are nearly all at home—most of them safely ensconsed in bomb-proof jobs. The word from the front is that all the men there are optimists. They are now talking of ending the war—by giving Germany the complete thrashing that is coming to her—by the end of 1919. That is the optimism of men who know the magnitude of their task but are not daunted by it. It deserves to be supported by the same kind of optimism at home—the practical kind, which also sees the magnitude of the home task, but is not frightened by that, either.

WHAT OUR GRANDFATHERS DID.

As we read of the proposed new taxes, reflect that this may be only the beginning and cogitate how we may skimp and save in order to pay them, we may find some balm for our spirits in the thought that our grandfathers went through the same experience with far more straitened means, and did it readily. During the Civil War there were not only patriots at the front fighting for the Union; there were also patriots at home, working and saving for the Union.

This war came upon the people in a time of abounding prosperity, and they have become prosperous; the Civil War was the climax of a period of depression, for its approach was felt with paralyzing effect. One of the first accompanying effects was repudiation by the South of debts due in the North, which brought disaster and bankruptcy to many. Specie payment was suspended by the banks, some wealthy men transferred their property to Europe and the Government had great difficulty in raising money to carry on the war. Lowell wrote of "a little Italian bluster of brushwood fire" as "extravagance" and of "the horror of my tax bill." Emerson on January 1, 1862, wrote: "Not a penny from my books since last June, no dividends from banks, income has quite ceased, and how to pay $300 or $400 with $50?" He tried in vain to sell a wood lot to make ends meet. But there was no shirking the duty to see it through, for he also wrote:

> But far better that this grinding should go on bad and worse than we be driven by any impatience into a hasty peace or any peace restoring the old rottenness.

In the same spirit Asa Gray wrote:

> My wife and I have scraped up $550, all we can scrape, and lent it to the United States.

There were no taxes on excess profits and war profits in those days, but income taxes reached far lower in the scale than is now contemplated, being fixed in June, 1864, at 5 per cent on $600 to $5000, 7½ per cent on $5000 to $10,000, and 10 per cent on over $10,000. The tax on distilled liquor began at 20 cents a gallon in 1862 and went up to $2 in 1865, and nearly all manufactures, especially luxuries, were taxed—carriages, yachts, billiard tables, plate, slaughtered cattle, hogs and sheep, railroad bonds, passports, legacies and distributive shares of personal property. Gross receipts of railroads, steamboats, toll bridges, dividends of banks, trust and insurance companies, and newspaper advertisements were taxed 3 per cent. Stamp duties were levied on all kinds of paper used in transfer of property, on medicines, perfumery, cosmetics and playing cards.

We are to be taxed more heavily for this war, for our expenditures will be vastly greater, exceeding in one year the aggregate for all preceding wars, but our ability to pay is greater in proportion and the war does not involve destruction of the resources of a great part of our own country, as did that of 1861-5. We can meet the cost if we will make the sacrifice, and not only will the world be a better world but we shall be a better people, collectively and individually, for having made it.

HOW TO END MILITARISM.

There is much food for thought in the letter wherein Professor Powers explains the difficulties in the way of reorganization of Southeastern Europe both on democratic and racial lines, and of at the same time extinguishing militarism. When German militarism has been destroyed and when the autocracies of Germany, Austria and Turkey have been extinguished, the ground will simply have been cleared for new National structures to be erected on their ruins. The treaties to be made at that time will be no more than plans and specifications for the new buildings. Whether those new structures will be sound and enduring will depend on the wisdom, firmness, infinite patience and fidelity to their democratic ideals which must be displayed by the statesmen who will have the world's future in their care.

One of the greatest obstacles to the liberation, pacification and training in the ways of democracy of the subject race is, as Professor Powers says, that they hate each other almost, if not quite, as heartily as they hate their oppressors. This sentiment is kept alive by religious as well as racial differences. Orthodox Bosnians hate Mohammedan Bosnians as fervently as all hate the Magyars, and Orthodox, Roman Catholic and Moslem Albanians hate each other with the same ardor as some hate the Greeks and others the Serbs, but all Jugo-Slavs and all Albanians unite in hatred of Austrians, Magyars and Turks, and they hold this sentiment in common with Roumanians, Bulgars and Greeks. The mutual hatred of Bulgars and Greeks, Serbs and Bulgars, Roumanians and Bulgars is perhaps as intense as the aversion which all feel for their present or former oppressors, while there are also points of conflict between Greeks and Serbs, Roumanians and Serbs and Roumanians and Greeks. The same feeling prevails between the Ruthenian majority and the Polish land-owning minority of Eastern Galicia, nor is any love lost between the Polish majority of Western Galicia and the Slovaks of Moravia, or between the Italians and Slovenes of Istria.

The flames of animosity are kept alive by the existence on the borders of each state and province of a debatable land which is claimed by two or three rival races because they overlap there, and each claims the territory. Germans have overflowed into Bohemia and Moravia until they constitute a majority for some distance beyond the borders. Transylvania has a decided Roumanian majority, but it includes solid blocks of Germans and Magyars. Macedonia was the cross roads of all invasions of the Greek empire from the north, and its population is a potpourri of all Balkan races, no one of which has a better claim than the others.

The belief that "might is right" prevails as much among the subject races as among the Germans, Magyars and Turks. It was universal when they were conquered, it subdued and held them in subjection, it is still held by the ruling races and by putting it in practice some of the conquered have achieved their independence and the rest hope to do so. They know no other means of settling their conflicting claims, and that fact will tend to perpetuate militarism among them. It will be the part of the strong, well established and more advanced of the democratic nations to act as guides, teachers and friends of these young members of the family of nations, that they may learn the ways of democracy, mutual tolerance and peace, and while they are learning to hold them in some restraint by the knowledge that there is abundant force in reserve to prevent success of an appeal to arms.

Need of this guardianship leads Professor Powers to predict that the allies will permit Austria to "remain the custodian of peace in the Balkans," and President Wilson seems to have had the same motive for opposing dismemberment of the Hapsburg monarchy at one time, though he appears since to have abandoned that position. That policy would be dangerous for several reasons. The Hapsburgs are deservedly the common object of hatred and distrust among all the subject and Balkan peoples. They are so incurably imbued with the idea of divine right and that their dominions are their personal property, stocked with human beings like a cattle ranch, that they could not sincerely adopt a democratic policy. For centuries they have broken every pledge given to their people, and are so deeply perjured that they could not and would not be trusted. Nor could members of the royal houses of the central empires be trusted to abandon the cardinal principles of autocracy—divine right and might is right; King Constantine of Greece, Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria and the late King Charles of Roumania proved that. Either republics or constitntional monarchies headed by popularly elected native dynasties are the only security against autocracy. The economic difficulties arising from political independence of the new states could be met by treaties establishing freedom of commerce among them, to which all the leagued nations would be parties, similar to the agreements governing navigation of the Danube.

Definition of frontiers and maintenance of peace among the young states may require exercise of police power by an outside armed force until the new order of things is established and the nations concerned become reconciled to it, with the limitation of their ambitions, the acceptance of arbitral and judicial methods for settling disputes and the renunciation of armed force. The selfish interests of the European powers and their past misconduct in prolonging Austrian and Turkish tyranny for the purpose of postponing this inevitable war have made them in a measure objects of distrust, and, therefore, disqualify them. The disinterested position of the United States in the war and this Nation's scrupulous respect for National rights in Cuba, the Philippines, China and other countries point to it as the fittest to execute this trust. Our past conduct is a guaranty that we should gently but firmly guide the child-nations into the ways of democracy, and should hasten, not delay, completion of the work and the withdrawal of our forces. It is no enviable task, for we need not flatter ourselves that we have won the affection of the Cubans and Filipinos, but we have won their respect and confidence, and with these we should be content.

That policy should in time remove the spirit of militarism in Southeastern Europe by removing its cause—the prospect of profiting by it—and by showing the young nations the better way. In the same manner it should eliminate militarism from the minds of the Germans by building up a group of strong, free, independent states across the path of conquest, states which would unite to resist aggression and which would make its success impossible. As the chance of gaining their ends and of losing their independence by force faded, faith in force would die, and that is all there is of militarism, rightly so termed. Nations, like men, do not long continue to pursue the unattainable, and the Germans, like the French after Napoleon's downfall, would gradually forsake their old idols and would become as zealous champions of a World Court as the French are today.

There is a strong inducement to play, sing and whistle the songs of German composers in the knowledge that by so doing we swell the funds which are to pay for licking the Kaiser.

It is real sacrifice in a man to give to Government trees that he planted nearly half a century ago and has watched as they grew to magnificent size, but the Government needs them.

By the time Emil Hermann completes his ten-year term in the penitentiary he will probably have realized his error and wonder how he came to commit it.

There is no law to compel county courts to maintain signs at highway intersections, but the court that does so will be popular in the running on election days.

Not all American Red Cross activities are at the front. There are a quarter million hungry Chinese to be fed by the almoner of the nations.

There was not much out here when those veterans were fighting to save it, but there's a lot here now, and they are welcome to the best of it.

Bonds of the first liberty loan are making new high records every day or two. They are good to sell, but better to hold.

The mother who gives her firstborn and her second and sometimes her third to be a soldier knows what sacrifice means.

The Hun is getting "licked," and that is why he squeals about modes of warfare. The coward always is a crybaby.

We gave them the best we had, which was the finest August weather they ever enjoyed for a march.

The honors go to the housing committee that worked early and late and hard to care for the visitors.

All the money in the world cannot bring the right to wear that little bronze button.

As we read of the orchardists' profits, we learn to despise not the humble prune.

A disgruntled man may think as he pleases, but if he does it aloud it's jail for him.

The "cut ups" in the company long ago have not forgotten how.

All old men—grand old men, and pretty husky for their age.

Portland is making good, as usual,

A Line o' Type or Two.

How to the Line, Let the Quips Fall Where They May.

LOVE O' TREES.

Pines that keep the sun from me,
Thronging round my roof,
Dusky, shy and dumb to me,
Near and yet aloof.

I have seen the starry web
Flung around your tops,
Heard your voices rise, and ebb
As the night wind drops.

Lately I have slaved for you,
Fought the deadly fire,
Saved the cool disdain of you
From a hot desire.

I have worn the yoke for you,
As a faithful Druid,
Carried H2O for you
Pails of Huron fluid.

Poets' hearts have yearned to oak,
Ached for birch and pine;
Poet back was never broke
As this back o' mine. —PAN.

Illinois corn is reported as suffering from the heat. We supposed that corn thrived on heat waves, but one learns something every day.

The Bum Sports' Club is so cluttered up with Germans that the old members will have to withdraw and form another organization.

"He Builded Better Than He Knew."

Sir: The Journal and Messenger, of Cincinnati, relates that Rev. F. E. Brinstool (that name almost automatically admits him to the guild of Immortals) having gone to war, has left his church "in the best possible condition and with more promise than he could have dreamed of." War has some compensations. OHIO.

"Wanted—To trade Victrola with records for team of burros and wagon. Call 602 South High."—Albuquerque Journal.

The advantage, Watson, is that you don't have to wind the burros.

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER.
(Appendix.)

Piscator—You are next to know Scholar, that the muskallonge is built long, low, and rakish, as a pirate craft, and is regarded by smaller fish with as much dread as every merchantman did feel for roving buccaneer.

Venator—Marry, I have heard strange tales of him indeed.

Piso—You are to hear one now that is a true tale and a strange, the which concerneth two able brothers of the angle, known to men as Jud and Ed. These were journeying upon a lake, with a great gang of hooks astern, when a fish did strike and hook himself. Ed, drawing him up to the boat, did observe the prize to be a muskallonge of some three pounds, and was preparing to shake him from the hook, as of small account, when a giant muskallonge did strike and swallow up the smaller. You may conceive, Scholar, the uproar that did attend the onset, in the midst of which the leviathan did hurl himself into the boat in such a manner as to gash open one side of honest Jud's cheek. Whereupon he did roar to his companion to endeavor the chopping off of the monster's head with an axe, the which he did proceed to achieve, and with such zeal that the axe did split open the bothtom of the boat, to the great surprise and distress of both anglers, who are neighbors of mine and men of truth.

Ven—A rare tale, Master. I would hear more of the muskallonge.

Piso—That you shall, Scholar, and there is time to tell you all I know, and perhaps more. At present this cool woodland way invites to quieter thoughts.' How pleasant is the shade and perfume of this grove of pines. How grateful to the eyes is this brown carpet of needles, mottled with the deep green leaves of the wintergreen and the yellow flowers of the five-finger. And here, still, are sweet white violets, and there are blue. See, too, strawberry and anemone. For 'tis Spring-time in these Northern woods, though the almanac would have it Summer. So in the Summer of your life, Scholar, you shall find Spring flowers, which shall be all the sweeter that they bloom so late.

"For rent—Modern furnished rooms by 'war widow.' Home privileges. 327 North Boots."—Marion, Ind., Chronicle. The roomers, ventures B. G. M., are expected to keep the home fires burning.

Among other things, Colonel Watterson was the author of the locution "pert paragraph." The Colonel's were never pert, as one cannot be pert in a quarter-column paragraph.

(From the Berlin Journal.)
Chief Edward Brunsman has had his front newly painted. It looks fine.

The bayonet work of the colored troops is perfectly delightful. Every charge is to them "a home folks' fight."

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

Sir: We anteed. The maid seemed out of sorts and reminded me of John Hay's truculent servitor, "whose circumstances had forced him to become a waiter in a backwoods restaurant." He bore a deadly grudge at the profession that kept him from starving and asserted his unconquered nobility of soul by scowling at his customers and swearing at the viands he dispensed. I remember the deep sense of wrong with which he would growl, 'Two buckwheats, be gawd!" Our third item was Lake Erie whitefish. We complimented the lady upon the evidence of devoted conservation. With acid reticence she protested that it was "Th reg'ler size portion, and plenty." "Ah!" said the P. of E. reaching for the Victory bread, "your assurance interests me. That settles a point in New Testament history that has always puzzled me. She retired, intact, but later we were conscious of being periscoped, discreetly, from the buttery. The sixth hole offered a fine hazard: "Choice of Pie or Apricot Pie." We confessed an appetence for the A. P. Slicing into the rough, your correspondent uncovered a plump, glistening raisin. "L. J. H. had nothing on me!" I cried, and—woke my raisin up. One-three-six stems uncurled and sleepily wigwagged greetings. Enamored, we hung over the cradle. "Ah!" said the P. of E., while a glad light shone in his kindly eyes, "I believe you have there a robust example of the orthoptera Periplaneta Americana, I should say at a venture." We summoned Boniface—who affects a black leather strap in lieu of belt. Not in a chiliad, we vowed, would we take advantage of his hospitality. Our simple wants were easily supplied—a bonus was really an extravagance. "Well, I'll tell ye," he soothed us with a benevolence making us readily admit with George Meredith that there is more in men and women than the stuff they utter, "I'll tell ye how 'tis. We cut them pies when they are warm and them roaches gets in there and sometimes gets drownded. Ye can have another piece—if ye're pertick'ler." The name, at present, is Berlin Heights. If it should be changed, I will let you know. P. D. S.

Noted, by F. M. P. on the Pennsylvania lines: "Passengers will preserve this check until lifted by the conductor." We should think some lady passengers would object.

While He Had His Hand In.

(From the Monmouth, Ill., Review.)
Charley Olin vaccinated his hogs this week; also Charles Postlewaite.

In this saddest of possible worlds there are few things sadder than the berry pie of commerce.

Echo from her cave replies,
"Swat the flies! Oh, swat the flies!"

PEACE TO COME THROUGH UNION

Lessening Number of Nations May Reduce Risk of War.

VANCOUVER Wash. Aug. 18.—(To the Editor.)—In a recent issue you presented a well-put letter relative to the obstacles in the way of a lasting universal peace. The writer of this letter refers to a recent Oregonian editorial of much merit and devoted also to the peace subject.

If permitted I would approach the subject from an angle differing from that of either editor or contributor.

My sense of the problem is that peace will come through union rather than through division. My thought is that lessening the number of independent nations would proportionately lessen the war risk.

This thought compels me to feel that the late Count Tolstoy was more than a visionary, when he foresaw peace coming through the earth's being dominated solely by four great races, Slavs, Anglo-Saxons, Latins and Mongolians. It is quite thinkable that this would remove the causes of war in great degree. Yet four very material causes would still remain, and war risk would continue till these four were at one-ment. Thus I feel that the world can be saved from war only through a great atonement. J. HAROLD.

Distance of Battle Line From Berlin.

HERMISTON, Or., Aug. 19.—(To the Editor.)—(1) How far is the fighting line in France from Germany? From Berlin?

(2) Can you tell me the name of some company, or companies, other than the Government, who write insurance on the lives of soldiers.

SUBSCRIBER.

1. In parts of Alsace and Lorraine the allies are now fighting on soil claimed by Germany before the war; the French, in fact, have held such ground since the first days of the war. The distance from the old German boundary varies from less than 50 to a little over 135 miles. Distance from the fighting line to Berlin varies from 500 to 540 miles.

2. Nearly all of the well-known old line insurance companies write insurance on the lives of soldiers, but the premium for the war risk is practically prohibitive, being as high as 10 per cent of the face of the policy in some instances. The low insurance rate made by the Government is made possible by the Government's assumption of the administrative expenses, or "overhead," and also the war risk feature.

Status of Ex-Convict.

SEATTLE, Wash., Aug. 19.—(To the Editor.)—I served time in the penitentiary. I was convicted of second-degree murder and received an absolute pardon after serving a few years. I want to do my bit for my country, but understand that ex-convicts cannot be drafted. I can give good references, since my release. Please explain fully as regards to draft effecting ex-convicts, as there are probably many in the same dilemma as myself. What a fine thing it would be if we came back from across O. K. and should be referred to as ex-convicts and could say: "Yes, but I did my bit in France also." F. W.

The ruling of the Provost Marshal-General, by which draft boards are bound, is that no person who has been convicted of a felony, whether pardoned or not, is eligible for the service. He will be placed in class 5, and rated as "morally unfit."

Illiterate in Draft.

PAULINA, Aug. 19.—(To the Editor.)—If a boy is drafted who cannot read and write and is sent to a training camp, is he taught to read and write before being sent across the ocean, and how long is he taught?

JOSIE FOSTER.

All that the Army requires of men being prepared for service is that they be able to understand commands and orders. At leading cantonments and camps the Y. M. C. A. and Knights of Columbus conduct classes in which aliens are taught rudiments of the language and Americans are instructed in the more fundamental educational branches.

Deserter Subject to Draft.

PORTLAND, Aug. 20.—(To the Editor.)—A claims that a person who deserts from the Army or Navy in time of peace, becomes disfranchised forever and can plead for exemption from the draft on this ground. B holds that such person will have citizenship forced back upon him and be inducted. Which one is right?

JACK WANZER.

Military offenses are not recognized as conferring immunity from the draft. He will be inducted.

No Limit on Dinner.

PORTLAND, Aug. 21.—(To the Editor.)—Please tell me whether there is any law limiting the amount of dinner a working man is permitted to take when boarding in a private home.

LLOYD SHRINER.

There is no law limiting the workingman's dinner, in a private home or otherwise.

Blackberries on Public Highway.

PORTLAND, Aug. 21.—(To the Editor.)—Who owns the blackberries on the public highway?

ONE WHO WANTS TO KNOW.

The inquirer's title to a share of them would justify him in picking them.

Stenographic Work Overseas.

EUGENE, Aug. 20.—(To the Editor.)—Kindly state to whom one should apply for oversea stenographic work either paid or voluntary? L. N.

Apply to personnel bureau of Red Cross, Fourth avenue and Eighteenth street, New York.

THE FIRING SQUAD.

I wonder how long we'll continue to be a health resort for spies
And other industrious gentlemen that the papers criticise!
The place for an agent of Kaiser Bill is six feet under the sod—
I want to hear some corporal yell, "Fall in, the firing squad!"

Do we get cold feet at the thought of blood? Have we lost our old-time grit?
If we haven't the guts to kill a man we'd better lie down and quit.
Do you think you can tame these animals by the method of "spare the rod?"
Forget it! Come on with the corporal in command of a firing squad!

If we riddled a few incendiaries the industry would decline;
If we plugged a couple of profiteers the rest would stand in line;
And a lot of these devilish anarchists would get in and carry the hod
If a few of their leaders went over the range to the tune of a firing squad.

"Arrested," "interned" or "out on bail"
—it's ever the same old song.
And we lay the paper aside to remark,
"How long, O God, how long?"
We've seen enough devilment this past year to arouse the wrath of God!
Then what is it we are waiting for?
Come on with the firing squad!
—Captain George Steunenberg, U. S. A., in the Army and Navy Journal.

Militant Verse.

ROLLCALL.

"Corporal Green!" the Orderly cried;
"Here!" was the answer loud and clear,
From the lips of the soldier who stood near—
And "Here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell;
This time no answer followed the call,
Only his rear man had seen him fall;
Killed or wounded—he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
Those men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hillsides were splashed with blood,
And down in the corn, where the poppies grew,
Were redder stains than the poppies knew;
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side
That day, in the face of a murderous fire
That swept them down in its terrible ire,
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Kline!" At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line
Bearing between them this Herbert Kline,
Wounded and bleeding to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered, "Here!"
"Hiram Kerr!"—but no man replied.
They were brothers, these two; the sad winds sighed,
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.

"Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke:
"Dean carried our regiment's colors," he said;
"Where our ensign was shot I left him dead,
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies;
I paused a moment and gave him a drink;
He murmured his mother's name, I think,
And death came with it, and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory; yes, but it cost us dear—
For that company's roll, when called at night,
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered, "Here!"

—N. G. SHEPHERD.

A MEMORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

From "A Captive Soldier's Medley," written at Camp Oglethorpe, a Confederate prison at Macon, Ga., July, 1864.

YANKS AND REBS.

And strange it is how much in the mind
In these later days, so doubly refined,
There rests an opinion of barbaric hues
'Gainst those in enmity and opposite views.
Each whispers of each, in manner dolorous,
E're heard ye of fiends so far from decorous?
Fact is, notwithstanding respectable are
Those who to contrary often declare,
The extremest perversion of our nature already
Sufficiently down in the scale of depravity
Has not in favor of America's shore
Its baneful effects distributed more.

And I, as judge of the two different cases,
To Yank would declare naught earthly debases
As yet the Reb from one of the races;

And to Reb I would say, by way of tuition,
That he who seeks your low demolition
Has not to your thoughts and fancies fruition.

—JOHN COLLINS WELCH.

Late Lieutenant 55th Regiment, New York Volunteers, and member of John F. Miller Post, Department of Washington and Alaska, Grand Army of the Republic.

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP.

In the prison cell I sit,
Thinking, mother dear, of you,
And our bright and happy home so far away.
And the tears they fill my eyes,
Spite of all that I can do,
Though I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Oh, cheer up, comrades, they will come,
And beneath the starry flag we shall breathe the air again,
Of freedom in our own beloved home.

So within the prison cell
We are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door,
And the hollow eye grow bright,
And the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing friends and home once more.

Lame Speech Blamed.

Baltimore American.

"Jones made a lame speech on the subject under discussion." "No wonder, when his argument hadn't a leg to stand on."

CHICKEN DINNER WITH TRIMMINGS.

The city family is finding it harder to get what it needs, and here is the farmer's chance to sell A COMPLETE DINNER, made made up from your garden, of vegetables, fruits, butter and eggs — AND — poultry, together with the party touch of flowers. Combine with your neighbors and sell COMPLETE DINNERS, ready for cooking, all the year 'round.

The United States Department of Agriculture has prepared FOUR Booklets that will give you much detail on HOW to do business by parcel post in an easy and businesslike manner. These books you can obtain through the Washington bureau of this paper.

It is the intention of this bureau to keep you in touch with the latest Government information that will enable you to get the best out of your work and property, so we say to you, SEND FOR THESE BOOKLETS AT ONCE. They are FREE.

Prepare now for your Winter trade. Preserve your fruits, can or evaporate your vegetables and raise your chickens that Winter will afford you an ample stock to keep your Summer-made customers in supply.

Send to The Portland Oregonian Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, director, Washington, D. C. Ask for the four booklets on "Marketing by Parcel Post." Just a 2-cent stamp for return delivery is needed. The books are free.