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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, MAY 23, 1915.

A WORLD COURT FOR PEACE.

The most hopeful movement for the establishment of permanent peace among civilized nations was the World Court Congress, which met at Cleveland. It was hopeful because it was not given up to pious aspirations for peace, but proposed a practicable means to settle international disputes without war. That means is practicable because it is a world court backed by sufficient force to compel respect for its decrees. We have seen that The Hague court is impotent because nations are not bound to submit their disputes to it for settlement and because, when they do, the court has no physical force to compel recalcitrant nations to obey. We have seen that court ignored by the very nations which established it and The Hague treaties torn to tatters by the nations which signed them. Had the nations placed a club in the hands of The Hague court, this could not have been.

Before the nations can be united in establishment of a world court, it is essential that proper fundamental conditions be brought about. One consolation to be derived from the present war is the prospect that it will have this result. Each nation, great or small, which is bound together by common language, racial traditions, customs and ideas of government, must be permitted to become a self-governing unit, free to live its own life in its own way. Each nation's borders must be inviolate against trespass by any other nation. In order that this condition may exist, such anachronisms as Turkey must be extinguished. If the Austro-Hungarian empire is to survive, it should be reorganized as a federation of states, in which each nationality will be as free to work out its own destiny as is any state in the American Union. Until this change has come, there will remain seeds of conflict which will bear fruit in war and no world court can destroy them. Were Austria or Turkey to appeal to a world court for aid against any other nation which was supporting a rebellion of their subject people, the moral sense of the world would revolt and the entire organization for maintenance of peace would break down.

The principle of national autonomy among civilized nations having been established, the nations might unite in founding a court which would undertake to adjust all disputes of a character capable of judicial settlement. There should be no more questions of territorial integrity if the principle first named were equitably applied. Disputes as to uncertain boundaries might arise, but could be settled by the court. There remain questions of vital interest, honor and independence, which are not justiciable and which G. Lowes Dickinson in the Atlantic Monthly proposes to submit to a world council of conciliation.

This body would prevent either party to a quarrel from taking such snap judgment as Austria attempted on Serbia; it would compel the disputants to deliberate; it would suggest a solution which could not be suspected of partiality. If this suggestion were rejected, Mr. Dickinson would trust the diplomacy of the disinterested nations to prevent war, for he does not propose to bind them by treaty to enforce the awards of the council. He is not "ruling out war as impossible"; he is "merely endeavoring to make it a great deal less likely than it now is." He thinks that "the attempt in the present stage to make the enforcement of an award compulsory would not make for peace."

Mr. Dickinson's judgment is probably sound as to the inception of the scheme. History abounds in promising schemes which, through attempting to do too much at the outset, accomplished nothing at all and were wrecked. Compulsion should at first be applied only to enforce decrees of the world court on justiciable disputes, the method of procuring acceptance of an award by the court of conciliation being left to decision of the powers in each case. An award might be so obviously just that the powers might be willing to enforce its acceptance. In that case a mere threat of force might suffice. As the world court gained authority by inspiring confidence, it might be vested with equity jurisdiction over non-justiciable disputes and the court of conciliation might gradually fall into disuse.

A League of Peace such as has been outlined would probably include all the nations of Europe and America. It would be capable not only of keeping peace within the civilized world, but of protecting civilization against barbarism. When the power of Europe and America was combined for defense, the specter of the yellow peril which is conjured up by those who imagine a modernized, militant China sweeping over the world would disappear. But we must remember that only by force can civilization withstand barbarism, for barbarism recognizes no other authority. Not until the whole world has been subdued by civilization and enlightenment can armies and navies safely be reduced to the dimensions of a mere police force. That we may realize our hopes of peace, we must indulge in no dreams of peace.

The Columbia River and its tributaries provide a curious geographical study. T. C. Elliott in an article on early-day fur trade tells of an old portage from the source of the Columbia to the Kootenay River. The Columbia rises in British Columbia. The source of the Kootenay is about seventy-five miles north of the Columbia's and the two rivers flow parallel for that distance. But the Kootenay flows southward and the Columbia northward. At the old fur trade portage they are but a mile and a half apart and the divide is but a level flat. The Kootenay makes a long sweep south into Montana, then turns back through Northern Idaho into British Columbia, emptying into Kootenay Lake, which drains into the Columbia, which in turn has made an equally long sweep northward and before turning south. Rivers once a mile and a half apart thus return mingle after flowing hundreds of miles in opposite directions. It is not generally realized that almost exactly one-half the length of the Columbia River is in British Columbia.

MORE FIGURES OF SPEECH.

The Benton County Courier, copperhead of the 1915 brand, defending the destruction of the Lusitania and the slaughter of non-combatant men, innocent women and helpless children, has several times directed the following query to The Oregonian:

If an American should insist on riding on an ammunition wagon in Carranza's army and Villa's soldiers blowed up the wagon, would The Oregonian have President Wilson "uphold the right of citizens to travel" by declaring war on Mexico?

A blowed-up wagon might be a grammatical casus belli, but hardly an occasion for war on Mexico. A somewhat more accurate figure for our ingenious Corvallis strategist would be for him to imagine an omnibus loaded with women and children, on its way, say, to Paris, far in the rear of the allies' lines, and under the direction of a non-combatant chauffeur. An enemy troop appears, and without warning blows up the omnibus and kills the women and children. For justification the enemy points to a box of cartridges found under the front seat.

There is much twisting and squirming and turning of close corners among the apologists for any kind of murderous violence, so long as it is anti-American, and the advocates of any kind of peace, so long as it is American, to find a passable excuse for the horrible Lusitania affair. It does not exist. Nothing can remove the dark stain upon the conscience and character of its perpetrators or prevent it taking its place as chief of the needless crimes of the great war.

INSANITY AND IMMIGRATION.

Dr. F. L. Griffiths' recent address on "The Prevention of Insanity" before the Pilgrim's Club, of Salem, makes lively and instructive reading. His opinion that the common reports as to the increase of insanity are partially misleading is doubtless true. Many more cases of mental defect are noticed by doctors nowadays than formerly and asylums are so much better conducted that patients are more readily intrusted to their care. For this reason insanity seems to have increased far more rapidly than it actually has.

But the real increase is startling enough. No exaggeration is required to make it impressive. Dr. Griffiths accounts for part of the growth of insanity by a supposed falling off in the quality of our immigrants. He refers to "the sturdy New England stock" with unstinted admiration and gives us to understand that most, or all, the original settlers of the colonies were sound in mind and body. This is perhaps true, with certain modifications. The early settlers of Virginia were not particularly admirable either for health or morals, being largely vagabond gentlemen, dissipated younger sons and the like.

Nor has the "sturdy New England stock" held its own very well on its rockbound shores. The inhabitants of the New England hill villages, whose descent from the Pilgrims is in a direct line, are the despair of all social workers. Dr. Griffiths seems to err in his belief that most of the Oregon pioneers were of this stock. A great many of them came from the Southern or Middle states by way of Missouri. Exception might also be taken to his belief that recent immigration following the year 1848 was, of course, wholly exceptional in its character. It was a genuine flight of defeated revolutionists from Europe and was composed of men a great deal more eminent than could ordinarily be expected to leave their homes for a foreign land. With that exception the quality of our immigration has been about the same in all periods. In one sense it is composed of picked individuals now, as it always has been. They are the most hardy and adventurous of the social classes from which they come and there is little ground for fearing that they furnish an undue proportion of insane patients. On the contrary, many investigators are of the opinion that the most prolific source of insanity is the native farmer stock which suffers mental impairment from the barrenness and isolation of the life it is compelled by circumstances to lead.

LAND MORTGAGE BONDS.

The states are not waiting for Federal legislation on rural credits. New York has passed a law on the subject and other states contemplate similar action. It is quite practicable for each individual state to establish its own system, but there are obvious advantages in uniformity.

As it is proposed to issue bonds secured by farm mortgages, and as there would inevitably be differences between state laws, we might have forty-eight different kinds of bonds on the market. The form of each would be different and the rates of interest, terms and character of security would vary. The buyer of a bond would find necessary a knowledge of the state law under which it was issued. He would be in much the same position as a man in the old days of state bank currency, who looked at the market reports every morning to learn how much his money was worth. A Federal law providing for uniform bonds throughout the country would make them more salable and at a higher price than if we had forty-eight different bonds issued under forty-eight different laws.

While the greatest need of a National loan system exists among the farmers, there is no valid reason why it should be confined to them. We need a land mortgage system, National in scope, applying to urban as well as rural property, on the lines of the Credit Foncier in France. Although private borrowing is far easier in the cities than in the country, the man who desires to build a home in the city is as much entitled to these facilities from the Government as the farmer. He, too, could save much money in interest and commission, could he deal with a land mortgage bank having authority to issue bonds which command a Nation-wide market.

This would be simply a continuation of the policy behind the Federal reserve system—a mobilization of credit. The law has mobilized the merchant's credit by enabling banks to issue notes secured by his commercial paper. The bonds we are discussing would mobilize the landowner's credit by enabling land banks to issue bonds secured by mortgages. The difference is only in the character of the security, one being a quickly moving, liquid asset, the other a slowly moving, fixed asset.

MOLLIE PITCHER.

Naturally Mollie Pitcher's memory comes to the front in the Pennsylvania campaign for woman suffrage. Famous for her exploits in the Revolutionary war, she was one of the first of American feminists. Mrs. Dustin, of Massachusetts, was another, and Ann Hutchinson preceded both of them. But none outshone Mollie Pitcher in the brilliancy of her deeds.

Her husband, as all schoolchildren know, was a gunner on the field of Monmouth, where Washington immortalized himself by swearing at the faithless General Charles Lee. The contest was bitterly fought and the blazing sun beat down upon the struggling troops. Perhaps it was the unbearable heat that finally broke through Washington's hitherto imperturbable calm and caused him to rebuke Lee as he deserved. At any rate the historic oath came out in all its glory, and good Americans love the Father of His Country for shouting it just when it counted for most.

Mollie Pitcher's gunner husband was shot down by his cannon's side. She stepped into his place and served the gun valiantly until the battle was over. Pennsylvania is about to erect a monument to her fame, but she needs none. The advancement of Woman's Cause is her best remembrancer.

ICELAND.

The arrival in New York of a number of gentlemen from Iceland has awakened much interest in their native island. They came in an Icelandic steamship, the Gull-foss, which is the first vessel to sail directly from their country to the United States since the historic voyage of Leif Ericson in the year 1000 of the Christian era. Our Icelandic visitors have come to look over the prospects of improving trade between their country and the United States. Their home lies a long way outside the currents of the world's life, but they do not escape entirely the shoals and eddies that bring discomfort to the rest of us. The European war has almost extinguished the export trade by which they obtain the civilized conveniences that enrich the somewhat restricted possibilities of life among their native volcanoes, glaciers and mountain pastures. Jonathan Thorsteinsson, who has been spokesman for the visitors, says that Iceland has today 300,000 cattle and perhaps 2,000,000 sheep, very respectable numbers for a community of 90,000 people.

A nutritious species of grass grows abundantly in Iceland, and animals thrive upon it, but cultivation is almost forbidden by the surface conditions of the country and its climate. The Winters are not so severe as one might imagine, but they are long and there is not enough warm Summer weather to grow grain. The whole area of the island falls short of 40,000 square miles, and fully an eighth of it is covered by glaciers. A great number of small lakes still further restrict the useful area, and when we have deducted the mountains, with their volcanic tendencies, there is comparatively little room left for human beings. The exports, consisting mainly of mutton, wool, butter and prepared fish, were shipped almost wholly to Europe before the war broke out, but now the usual paths of vessels have been beset with mines and a great many ports have been closed. The Icelanders feel obliged, therefore, to seek new outlets for their products, and they naturally turn to the United States, the land which their forefathers discovered and partially settled long before Columbus saw the light.

The first settlers in Iceland came from Norway, the great mother of maritime colonies, about the year 870. They included all sorts of hardy adventurers with their no less hardy followers, the younger sons of warlike nobles, disinherited ne'er-do-wells and bold chieftains who sought in a new land the opportunity to win fame and power. They founded a feudal republic which for some four centuries was virtually independent of home control, but in 1284 the Norwegians effected the conquest of the island, which subsequently came under the Danish crown. Iceland is too far away from Europe and the people have always been too courageous in spirit to be ruled tyrannically. While they are today formally subject to the Danish government, they are in all important particulars self-governing, fully as much so as Canada and Australia. The island is now barren of all trees except some dwarf evergreens, but in the time of Leif Ericson it had great forests which protected the soil and probably increased its fertility. At any rate, Iceland was more populous then than it has ever been since.

The inhabitants in those days numbered 100,000. They had among them bold fighters and gifted poets. The old Icelandic literature, consisting largely of sagas, or songs narrating the exploits of the warriors, is one of the great monuments of European genius. Longfellow was one of the first Americans to appreciate and study it, but it is now cultivated at many of our universities. The University of Wisconsin is a famous seat of old Icelandic studies. It is likely enough that in the year 870, when the first wild adventurers crossed the seas to Iceland, all the Scandinavians spoke the same language, but as their paths diverged with time, so did their speech. Icelandic is now as much a distinct language as Swedish, Norwegian and Danish, but it is more like the old, original tongue than any of the rest and the sagas are regarded by all good Scandinavians as a common possession and a bond of historic union. Stranger things have happened than a federation of all the Scandinavian countries on the basis of their great history with the great literature in which it is enshrined.

At home and abroad the Scandinavian genius has always been democratic. Mr. Thorsteinsson tells us that there are no social problems in Iceland today, no rich and no very poor. Most of the men are farmers and they are well-to-do. The laws were fair and just in the ancient feudal republic, and they are so still. The people are sturdy in mind and body, perhaps because they have so few luxuries and must exert themselves so vigorously to prosper in the face of their difficult environment. The island is but ten days' sail from New York on a fast steamer, but it has only twenty automobiles. Can any American community say as much for its abstemiousness? Perhaps Iceland would take to gasoline more eagerly if it had better roads. There are none at all in the interior of the island, and not many good ones along the coast. Nor could motoring be enjoyable in the long Winters were the roads ever so good. Though the island is small, remote from the rest of the world and with but a fraction of its surface suited to human habitation, Mr. Thorsteinsson paints an agreeable picture of its life. The laws are enlightened and equitably administered, the clergy are liberal, education receives better attention than almost anywhere else in the world, poverty is unknown and a flourishing school of modern medicine looks after the people's health. Ambition and pride may scorn the modest charms of the lone island in the northern ocean, but the philosopher, as he scans our daily tale of crime, slaughter and hatred, is tempted to exclaim with the poet, "Would God that I were there."

WHAT IS WATER WASTE?

It is asserted by the supporters of universal meter installation that that policy will prevent water waste and thereby reduce the need for adding to and enlarging the distributing mains and will postpone necessity for constructing a reservoir at the headwaters. What is water waste? It has never been definitely defined. Aside from leaks, violation of sprinkling regulations, carelessness as to closing faucets, and a few other wholly incidental evils that can be curbed by proper inspection, we doubt that there is actual waste of water in Portland.

Portland citizens use the city water abundantly and for a variety of reasons, all of which are not duplicated in any other city in the country. A laudable and, in some respects, a necessarily liberal use of water is now combated in Portland seemingly on no other basis than statistics compiled in other cities where conditions are wholly dissimilar.

Hydraulic engineers provide estimates showing the number of consumers a water main of a given size ought to supply. These statistics are necessarily computed on observation and experience elsewhere. If the consumption on metered systems in large cities like New York enters into the computations the statistics cannot be fairly applied to Portland. Obviously where there are miles upon miles of flats, apartments and tenements abutting on the sidewalks, irrigation of lawns and flowers is not so important an incident to water consumption as it is in a city of detached homes and flowers like Portland.

Nor are conditions in the Middle Western states parallel. In most cases the water is "hard" and is not suited to laundry use as it comes from the faucet. Countless consumers of city water there construct cisterns or set out barrels in which the rain is collected for use in the laundry and in many cases in the bath. Consumption of city water is thereby reduced.

In the Mississippi Valley and throughout the East Summer climatic conditions differ from those in Portland. There is no dry season except in exceptional years. Ordinarily precipitation is almost sufficient to keep grass green throughout the hot weather. Nor is there the same encouragement to use water for flower cultivation. In the yard of many a humble home in Portland are rose gardens that would be the pride of any man of wealth in the Middle West and the envy of his neighbors.

There is every encouragement to liberal use of water in Portland. Nature has provided us with more than a bountiful supply. It is delivered to the city by gravity. Operating cost is not increased by liberal consumption as it is under a pumping system. There is a surplus, but no practical way to utilize it. The city water serves all purposes. It is absolutely pure and therefore the best drinking water that can be had. It is "soft" and therefore suitable for laundry purposes. Portland residents do not have to buy table waters or install cisterns. Soil and climate are conducive to the growth of the choicest flowers and shrubbery, but there is a period of three months in every year when rainfall is scant. Continuous irrigation in that perood is necessary to keep lawns green, flowers blooming, shrubbery alive.

We know of no city where conditions approach those in Portland, unless it be Seattle. A larger proportion of premises in Seattle is metered than in Portland, but a portion, at least, of the press condemn the meter policy there as a piece of extravagance. Los Angeles has an abundant supply of water obtained by gravity. But the Los Angeles aqueduct is nearly ten times as long as the Bull Run pipelines and cost approximately five times as much. It traverses an arid region where it is planned to use surplus water for irrigation. It is practical business policy in Los Angeles to conserve use that a revenue may be obtained from the surplus to help pay off the enormous burden of indebtedness contracted in order to obtain pure water.

What is the purpose of the meter policy as applied to Portland? If actual waste is but incidental and if what is generally termed "waste" is but liberal use of water encouraged by over-abundance, by lack of necessity to resort to substitute supplies, by opportunity to beautify the homes and by the annual recurrence of a dry season, what will be the effect of installing meters at all premises? If we are not willing to undergo deprivation, maximum consumption will not be decreased by installation of meters, and consequently additions to and enlargements of mains will not be obviated nor construction of a headworks reservoir postponed.

If installation of meters curtails the use of water we shall pay for them, if not with cash, then with personal inconvenience, dirty walks and porches, burned lawns, withered roses and drooping shrubbery.

MR. BRYAN'S IDEA OF PROGRESS

Mr. Bryan is at his old game of telling the readers of the Commoner that the only true progressives are the Democrats and those pretended Republicans who assist them. In a signed article he insists that the Republican party is still divided into standpatters and progressives. He further divides the progressives into nominal and real progressives. A nominal progressive he defines as a Republican who is in favor of any progressive policy that the Reupblican party will stand for, but is for the Republican party whether it stands for any progressive policies or not. He says the standpatters "will make little effort to sugar-coat the pill which is to be administered" to the nominal progressives. The real progressive, he says, "is pleased with President Wilson and prefers his kind of Democracy to standpat Republicanism." Then comes the old familiar patter to the effect that the Republican party is the party of plutocracy and the tool of Wall street and the trusts.

The country has had its fill of Mr. Wilson's kind of Democracy and is longing for an opportunity to return to the Republican diet. It had experience with the Republican kind of progressivism under the Roosevelt and Taft Administrations, and it did not observe any lively satisfaction with that brand of politics among the plutocrats of Wall street and the trusts. It has had two years' experience of Wilson progress into depression, hard times and deficits, and the people in general are for once in agreement with the plutocrats that they want no more of it. The real progressives are in the Republican party, they compose the vast majority of its members, and they are as fully determined to have no more standpat control as they are to have no more Democratic rule. The Republican party will resume the march of progress forward which was interrupted by Democratic victory.

REVIVING GAIETY.

For some weeks after the war broke out Paris and London were shrouded in gloom. The capital of France saw the hosts of the invader at her very threshold. London knew not how soon a fleet of Zeppelins might sail overhead raining destruction through the air. In both cities the street lamps were extinguished lest they show good marks to the airships. The theaters closed. The tramp of recruits filled the ears of the anxious people, while solemn forebodings occupied their minds.

But the war with all its horrors has progressed several months without bringing upon either capital the ruin that was feared at first. The Zeppelins have not lived up to their reputation as agents of destruction. The tramp of the invading hosts has receded from Paris. London no longer apprehends immediate incursions of the foe. What the future may bring forth of course nobody pretends to prophesy, but the gloom is notably lightened. All France is proud of her redeemed reputation. The current stories that she was a decadent nation only waiting for the first bold freebooter to carry off her spoils has not been justified by events.

On the contrary France has developed amazing stores of latent energy. The people are as martial as they ever were. They have known how to defend themselves and have done it with the gaiety that made their nation the admiration and envy of the world in old-time wars. It would not be surprising to see her leading the European procession again within the next few years as she did so often in the past. Paris in particular is experiencing a jubilant reaction. The theaters have reopened and the life of the boulevards has resumed a good deal of its habitual jollity.

Georges Ohnet, a French man of letters, fears that the reaction from melancholy may go too far if it is not checked. The comedies to be seen at the theaters are, he thinks, "especially questionable under present conditions." And he laments that "daring" vaudeville is coming into vogue at the music halls. In other words, French life is reverting to its normal tone with that exaltation of the national consciousness which comes from great sacrifice and the conviction of duty nobly done.

London, too, is becoming more frivolous than the British Jeremiahs exactly like. It has secured the presence of a certain Mlle. Deslys, not unknown in the United States, who is disporting herself in an extreme state of decolletage at the Duke of York's Music Hall. Her antics seem to afford welcome relief to the harassed minds of statesmen and are not without charm to royalty itself, if we may believe the reports. All this goes to show that the ruling spirits of both France and England are recovering their disposition to let the men in the trenches do the worrying as well as the suffering, while the chosen of the earth make the most of the passing moment.

EVERYWOMAN'S ROAD.

From the beginning to the end of Miss Hammond's play, "Everywoman's Road," there is a potent march of thought. The reader feels the progress of the intellectual drama in the lines with their close logic and poetic beauty, in the symbolic stage settings and the costumes of the characters. Nothing that is presented to the spectator is meaningless. The stage is arranged with a thoughtfulness worthy of Maeterlinck. The ancient marble sundial, the low marble bench, the pedestal with an urn of roses at either end of the stage, are full of mystical significance which is heightened by the costumes of the characters. Everywoman herself is clad in lustrous black, her gown and sleeves lined with flame. On her left wrist is a manacle. Truth, her mentor throughout the play, also wears a manacle on one wrist, nor is the spectator left in any doubt about the meaning of these symbolic bonds. Later in the play, when the Spirit of the Mind appears, she is clad in steel blue, while Wit is in blue shot with flame and Will in blue shot with bronze. Athena, who sprang from the head of Zeus clad in full armor with a drawn sword in her hand, did not proclaim more clearly her meaning and mission.

The play impresses one first as an ingenious and splendid pageant. The numerous actors, their strange and beautiful costumes, the mysteriously suggestive decorations of the stage, the rapid appearance and departure of successive bands of chanting digures, the haunting significance of the lights, all combine to charm the attention while they excite and gratify the intelligence. As a whole it depicts with vast and complicated symbolism the advance of Everywoman from her primitive slavish slumbers to the full liberty of truth, love and endeavor. At the beginning of the play she has been "sleeping for centuries and centuries." She has been "impelled by instinct, instinct serving her for brain." But now, Truth tells her, "the time is ripe for you to wake, for you to learn in conscious toil the compass and the depth of that God-given mystery men call life." The play exhibits the means and progress of her awakening. Everywoman ends "awake and eager for the road, a road no longer circumscribed for me." Her "horizons melt and merge to spheres illimitable." She goes "with open arms to clasp humanities" and "to fill up her life with work and love."

Everywoman begins her progress from the animal, half-hypnotic state in which she first appears to the wide intellectual horizons where she exercises "the great determining choice" and "gallantly faces extremest odds" by wakening to discontent. "I weary of the weight upon my eyes," she says, "I weary of these fetters that dishonor me." Truth sympathizes with Everywoman's new visions. She, too, is "weary of the torn and motley cloak that fools flung around her in the market place." But it is Everywoman who must emancipate both truth and herself. "Your fetters fetter me," says Truth. "You must demand of life the space and means through which to grow, must learn realities and laws, the universal laws, the grim realities." She is taught that there is no sudden magic in the long, laborious evolution of the earth and man, and that she must begin the upward way by choosing between "the two natures of one body locked in strife, the one which wastes and that which does upbuild." All who live must choose between these two natures, and out of the choice comes all there is in life. "Ever out of the struggle 'twixt the joy and pain new life evolves," as the old Greek philosopher taught so long and long ago.

Everywoman's pitiful history now passes before her in a symbolic pageant of the primitive cave women, Egyptian slaves, a colonial dame with her toddling child, a telephone girl, a nurse, a teacher and dozens more. The pathetic procession reminds her that her "back and hand and body have been made to bear a goodly brunt." She has been "so toilsome and so unintelligent in toil, so bound to fossilized lines, so selfishly unselfish and so good, so good." The world appreciates her goodness in a way of its own. It "kneels down before your shrine, then quietly goes out and sells you into chains to feed its pampered and most bestial appetites." When the workers have passed by, the Spirit of Art arises at the call of Truth and reveals to Everywoman "the noblest Women of the World." There is Jephtha's daughter, "undaunted, brave, self-sacrificed to the clear-burning flame of love." Then follows Ruth, the "nourisher of constancy"; Antigone, "swept with fires of transcendent love"; sweet Alcestis, "from the same God-inspired Grecian world"; Boadicea, "most valiant in arm and heart"; Brunhild, "who soared with Siegfried past the Morning star," and Joan of Arc, "who left a sheltered peace to lead her France to victory." "Her blood," says Art, "has dyed the fields where grow the lilies she so loved," but "the lilies are whitest where she bled." These women "lived integrities and so were strong. They built imperishable ideals which have outlasted monument and state and men's decrees. . . . They did not waste—they spent, they did not waste."

But there have been wasters, plenty of them. "For centuries the rich have wasted wealth, the poor have wasted time, the ignorant have wasted the achievements of the wise." And Everywoman, of all God's creatures, has been "wasted most." The Flame of Life brings in a figure to prove it, "a forlorn girl waif staggering under a heavy bundle of basted sweatshop clothing." The poor thing limps across the stage, sits wearily on the symbolic seat of stone and "gnaws with famished wolfishness a black crust of bread." From this and the following visions of the magnificent pageant Everywoman learns that "the home and state must feed the single soul that it in turn may build more noble homes and states to breed more splendid souls." She learns, too, that woman needs "more brain, more brain to comprehend true values where the shifting calcium lights of false opinion play," and she needs a hand "trained in skillful ways and married to her mind and heart." Thus equipped she will fulfill her mission, which is "to toil with man until the God in man stands free."

Last July mobilization by a first-rate power in Europe was practically equivalent to a declaration of war. To the extent that mobilization is a direct threat of war Italy has been threatening Austria for several months. Instead of issuing an ultimatum Austria has countered with negotiations and diplomacy. Ten months ago every European nation carried a chip on its shoulder. Now the only chip-bearer is the one important nation that has not yet had a taste of modern warfare.

There isn't much chance for a convalescing adult to be coddled when a new baby is on hand. Secretary McAdoo left the house for the first time in two months on arrival of little Ellen.

Belgium receipts show a deficit and means are sought by the German military authorities to make it good. No doubt the sum can be extracted from the Belgian survivors.

The Administration, it will be observed, is careful to let it be known that another protest to Britain will be made regarding the blockade of Germany.

Young Rockefeller clashed with his cross-examiner at the Washington trial. Didn't think there was enough human emotion in William for that.

As to a new submarine that can stay under a month, what America needs is one that can stand a year or so under water, if the F-4 is a criterion.

It develops that when a Southern Oregon man dared a neighbor to shoot him the neighbor shot. But it never happens that way in melodrama.

A dispatch reports that 7000 Turks were killed in battle to avenge the death of a British General. Reads like a chapter from the dark ages.

For General Miles to be expounding peace propaganda sounds as consistent as it would for Doc Jordan to shout for preparedness.

The steel industry is booming. Good! Now we'll all draw dividends on our steel stock and take in the Fair.

Nevertheless, the war has grown more or less tame. Or else we've gotten used to the idea.

Germany may offer to see the thing our way if we will help pull her chestnuts out of the fire.

It begins to appear as if the British would kick Kitchener out of the military kitchen.

Glad the weather is cutting up its capers well in advance of the Festival.

Bryan is now busy trying to "muddy" the diplomatic waters.

Mount Lassen is now throwing mud at California.

And here election is hard upon us again.

Portland is now one great bed of roses.

Gleams Through the Mist

By Dean Collins.

The Women's Council.

The mothers and wives and the daughters of men,
They called them a council, and gathered to try
The case of red Mars, with much argument, when
And why the grim god of destruction should die;
And scant were his chances of clemency then
From the mothers and wives and the daughters of men.

The mothers and wives and the daughters of men,
They sat in their council, debating the case;
Condemned and condemned and condemned with him again,
And cast their fierce hate in his blood-mottled face,
A hate that would baffle the bitterest pen,
From the mothers and wives and the daughters of men.

The mothers and wives and the daughters of men,
They cursed savage Mars from the depth of their heart,
And far out of weary humanity's ken,
They bade the Destroyer forever depart,
And give his pale hostages back once again
To the mothers and wives and the daughters of men.

And while all this council acclaimed the decree
That cast bloody Mars back, in chains, to his lair,
The sound of war bugles, trumpeting free
Rang in through the hush of the council hall there,
And loud rolled the drums with their quickening beat,
And loud sang the pave with the tramping of feet.

And thousands on thousands, with banners flung free,
Rolled forth the great regiments unto the wars,
And the women looked out from the council to see
All men follow after the piping of Mars,
O'er earth and o'er ocean and forest and fen;
And woe to the women, the mothers of men.

The mothers and wives and the daughters of men,
They called them a council 'gainst war, and that day
Mars whistled the half of the world to his den,
And they scarcely looked back as he led them away,
Ho-ho! And your hopes are in ashes again,
Ye mothers and wives and ye daughters of men.

* * *

Will Irwin tells us a war story about a soldier who, with both hands shot through and his leg splintered by a bullet, "kept on until he got a rap on the head."

This man should go down in history along with the fellow who, when one cannon ball took off both legs and another did a similar service for his arms, "snatched the flag from the hands of a dying comrade and, brandishing it aloft, led the men forward to victory."

* * *

A news item tells of a party that used big hailstones in the place of golf balls and found them very satisfactory.

Probably none of the caddies held out on them and then tried to sell them back their old hailstones the next day for a quarter.

* * *

Solemn Thought.

Last week I passed a hair cut up
Because I did not have the gold;
This week I pass a hair cut up,
Because I'm afraid that I'll catch cold.

* * *

When an ancient crime comes home to roost, one finds comfort in the old saying: "Be sure your sins will find your out."

* * *

A good many people are shy about answering the door, because you never can tell whether it is retribution or opportunity that is knocking.

Besides we see no reason why opportunity should begin knocking until you have snubbed her, so the chances are that it is retribution knocking at the door.

* * *

Speaking of retribution, it is easy to tell it when you see it.

* * *

Retribution is the misfortune that hits another fellow and gives you a chance to feel especially virtuous because you didn't happen to be under it when it fell.

* * *

"Sir," said the Courteous Office Boy, "we have today achieved a triumph, indeed."

"In what way?"

"In our five-inch bookshelf for busy men, we have arranged to furnish Chaucer's Canterbury Tales in a single capsule."

I marvelled with great admiration as the C. O. B. read:

Pilgrims merry,
Per Canterbury,
Nice mixed bunch;
Stop for lunch;
Amusement fails;
Start telling tales;
Every one
Joins the fun,
From day to day,
Along the way.
Some narration
Needs expurgation,
Some not rough,
Some good stuff.
Chaucer, the sport
Who makes the report—
Good tale teller,
But rotten speller.

* * *

The Russian campaign in the Carpathians reminds us of the well-known maneuvers of the King of France and his four thousand men.

* * *

Our Own Popular Song.

A harsh and haughty millionaire
Who always had his way,
Called his young daughter, sweet and fair,
Unto his side one day;
"I've picked a well-known magnate out,
To whom you shall be wed."
But she just soaked him on the snout
And sweetly to him said:

Chorus—
My lover is boss of a scavenger cart;
I scorn all inducements of gold;
"I love you devotedly," he said in part,
When the tale of his love he told.
Perhaps you may force me to be the poor bride
Of this magnate, but O, my heart,
Has went with the ash can, my spirit is tied
To the boss of the scavenger cart.

The harsh and haughty millionaire
He viewed her with surprise,
He kissed his daughter sweet and fair,
And tears were in his eyes.
"You have done better than I thought
When Cupid's shaft was sped,
And a rich garbage man you caught,"
Then once again she said:

Chorus—
Just like the other one; and repeat softly while the trap drummer beats on an ash can.