The Oregonian

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Entered at Portland (Oregon) Postoffice as second-class mail matter.
Subscription Rates—Invariably in advance:
(By Mail.)

Daily, Sunday included, one year	$8.00
Daily, Sunday included, six months	4.25
Daily, Sunday included, three months	2.25
Daily, Sunday included, one month	.75
Daily, without Sunday, one year	6.00
Daily, without Sunday, six months	3.25
Daily, without Sunday, three months	1.75
Daily, without Sunday, one month	.60
Weekly, one year	1.50
Sunday, one year	2.50
Sunday and Weekly, one year	3.50
(By Carrier.)	
Daily, Sunday included, one year	9.00
Daily, Sunday included, one month	.75

How to Remit—Send postoffice money order, express order or personal check on your local bank. Stamps, coin or currency are at sender's risk. Give postoffice addresses in full, including county and state.

Postage Rates—12 to 16 pages, 1 cent; 18 to 32 pages, 2 cents; 34 to 48 pages, 3 cents; 50 to 60 pages, 4 cents; 62 to 76 pages, 5 cents; 78 to 92 pages, 6 cents. Foreign postage, double rates.

Eastern Business Office—Varree & Conklin, Brunswick building, New York; Verree & Conklin, Steger building, Chicago. San Francisco representative, R. J. Bidwell, 742 Market street.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, MAY 7, 1916.

THE FIRST LUSITANIA ANNIVERSARY.

A year ago today the Lusitania was sunk by a German submarine off the Irish coast, and more than 100 Americans were among the 1200 peaceful people of all nations who were drowned or torn to fragments by the explosion. The ship was not armed and the passengers were bound on various missions of love, of mercy, of duty and of business. The ocean route which it followed was a well-traveled road between countries having close social and business relations, as well traveled as the highway between Portland and San Francisco, for example. The passengers and crew naturally assumed that, if the ship should be captured by the enemies of Great Britain, their lives would be safe according to the dictates of international law and humanity.

Before the ship sailed a warning not to travel on it had been advertised, but the idea that they ran any more than the ordinary risks of ocean travel seemed so absurd to the travelers that they treated the warning as an empty threat. Although the warning came from the German embassy and might properly have been regarded as a threat from an ostensibly friendly nation to do a hostile act, no attention was paid to it by the State Department.

The marine tragedy sent a thrill of horror through the Nation—that is, all except that un-American part of it which looks at every German act through friendly and sympathetic spectacles. The almost unanimous sentiment was that only prompt apology, disavowal and reparation by the German government could prevent the United States from retaliating by war or severance of diplomatic relations. This opinion was justified by a warning given by the United States nearly three months previous that Germany would be held "strictly accountable" for any such acts as were then threatened. After several days of solitary deliberation, President Wilson fortified that opinion by dictating to his Secretary of State a note to Germany stating that he would not "omit any word or any act" necessary to maintain the American rights which had been set at naught. This note was generally regarded as meaning that, unless the German reply promptly gave the full satisfaction which the President had demanded, friendly relations would be severed, perhaps as the first step toward war.

But Germany both refused satisfaction and defended the act. Far from arousing reprobation, the crime was hailed in Germany as a great victory. Germany relied upon the known determination of Secretary Bryan not to be a party to war—a sentiment held in less measure by the President—as a guaranty that the United States would omit any act of the only kind by which it was possible to enforce American demands. Therefore, Germany drew the United States Government into what threatened to be an interminable, inconclusive argument and meanwhile continued to sink merchant ships with the same disregard of international law and human rights as before.

In its reply to the American note of May 13, 1915, Germany did not yield to Mr. Wilson's demands on any point, but on the contrary defended the deed and based its defense on statements of fact which were without foundation and on reasons of law which cannot be sustained by any authority. It appeared that the time for action had come, but Mr. Bryan refused to be a party to further demands on Germany, and the President, for the apparent purpose of disarming pacifist criticism, wrote a reply which swept away the entire structure of justifying facts and reiterated his former arguments and demands, but gave no hint as to the consequences of refusal.

That was the beginning of a large expenditure of verbal ammunition on both sides. The President certainly lived up to his promise not to omit any word, but he did, while Germany did not, omit any act necessary to maintain the position they had respectively taken. Germany was emboldened by Mr. Wilson's inaction to assume, in the note of July 8, the right to dictate the conditions under which Americans might travel the sea in safety. These conditions were flatly rejected by Mr. Wilson on July 21 in a note which announced his purpose to contend for the freedom of the seas "from whatever quarter violated, without compromise and at whatever cost," and warned Germany that any further acts in contravention of American rights would be regarded as "deliberately unfriendly."

That did not prevent Germany from sinking the Arabic with the loss of fourteen passengers, including two Americans, and many of her crew on August 19, and again it seemed as if a break between the nations was inevitable. But Germany averted a crisis by agreeing on September 1 that unresisting liners which did not attempt to escape would not be sunk without warning nor without provision for safety of life, also by announcing that orders to this effect had been given before the Arabic was sunk and that that vessel had been sunk "by mistake."

The promise of immunity as to liners did not cover freighters, the crews of which travel the sea and earn their livelihood and are entitled to at least as much security as passengers. Then followed long negotiations as to the extension of immunity to all merchant ships, as to the right of such ships to arm for defense and as to disavowal by Germany of her submarine's act in sinking the Lusitania. Discussion of these points spread from the diplomats to the American people and the German contention was taken up by those politicians who were angling for German votes and by those pacifists whose overmastering desire was to keep the United States out of war, no matter at what sacrifice of American rights and National honor.

The President weakened his position by conceding that arming of merchant ships for defense was of doubtful legality and by asking the allies to abandon the practice. This course gave rise to a strong movement in favor of a resolution by Congress warning Americans not to travel on such ships. The allies rejected the President's proposal and he then found it necessary to resume a position which he had admitted to be doubtful. He was under the necessity of using his official influence to prevent Congress from adopting the resolution which would in effect have abandoned the right for which he contended. The confused and divided state of American public opinion which was then revealed encouraged Germany to announce that in prosecuting the submarine campaign with renewed vigor it would treat armed merchant vessels as naval auxiliaries.

Matters were at this stage when on March 24 the Sussex, a mere ferryboat crossing the English Channel, was attacked by a submarine and several Americans were injured. This attack was a plain violation of the pledge not to attack liners. The sinking of several other vessels carrying Americans about that time, with loss of American life, was also a clear infringement on American rights.

Then and not till then—nearly a year after the Lusitania went down—the President reached the conclusion that the time had come to say the last word. After fully satisfying himself of Germany's responsibility, he on April 19 informed that country that lawless attacks on merchant ships owned by or carrying Americans must stop or he would cut off intercourse between the United States and Germany. Then he obtained the assurance which should have been extorted a year ago, that German attacks on merchant ships would be governed by international law.

On this first anniversary of a great international crime, the lawfulness of which Germany still upholds, the President and the entire American Nation should take to heart certain lessons which this year of tragedy teaches. Mere words are impotent against a nation which has already appealed to force. By such a nation promises are fulfilled only when force is ready to compel fulfillment and when the possessor of that force is known to be willing to use it. Threats not backed by force are but toy swords.

Germany's reply to the President's demands is a compliance only on its face. We shall not know whether it is an actual compliance until we see how submarines construe their new orders. We do not yet know whether Germany has abandoned the distinction between liners and freighters, between armed and unarmed merchant ships, nor whether the empire construes the principles of visit and search and destruction of merchant ships as the President construes them. Herr von Jagow's reply to Mr. Wilson's ultimatum is in the nature of a counter-ultimatum, for it conveys a threat that, unless the United States induces Great Britain forthwith to conform its blockade to German views, restraint on submarine operations will again be thrown off. That threat warrants the President in saying one more word to Germany—that, if the latest promise is broken, the President will, after investigating the facts without asking for evidence from Germany, immediately sever diplomatic relations.

THE REAL OBJECTIVE.

It isn't actual defense the war party wants—it is contracts and profits; dreadnoughts and armor plate.

If these profit patriots were consistent, honest or sincere, the first cry that would go up would be a protest against this country being stripped of ammunition, ships, horses and almost everything needed for defense.

But never a hint of embargo, never a suggestion of forts on our frontiers. The clamor is for a greater Navy, more costly war vessels and a greater Army.

What good in war is an army of privates with only cartridges enough to last an hour?

What good is a cavalry regiment with no horses to ride?

This apostrophe to unpreparedness is from a pacifist paper, printed in Oregon. It inveighs vehemently against the manufacture of munitions because someone makes a profit out of them. It sneers at an Army without equipment and it is alarmed at the very suggestion of a larger Navy.

The real objective of the excited pacifists is, of course, no munitions, no contracts, no profits, no Army, no Navy, no preparedness. That is their way of abolishing war. They would increase their stature by taking thought, and they would avoid the great tragedy of a humiliating and disastrous collision with a foreign power by moral suasion or by frantic appeals to his better nature.

Pacifists of this kind complain that the Army and Navy are neglected, in order to send arms and war supplies abroad; but they do not want to remedy the deficiencies. They would abolish Army and Navy.

Why not, if there is not to be an adequate Army and effective Navy? Why not?

PORTLAND AS A SHIPBUILDING CENTER

Shipbuilding is a big industry and there is a substantial quality about it as the trunk and branches of the family tree of commerce that makes its importance impressive. Therefore the announcement in The Oregonian Saturday that F. C. Knapp, associated with Eastern capitalists, would establish in Portland a plant for building wooden ships on a large scale is one that must attract wide attention and call for civic pride and interest. The Oregonian views the undertaking with assurance of manifold results. First, the Knapp plant will be significant as an individual enterprise, but secondly, it is undoubtedly to be a factor in making shipbuilding a general and permanent industry for this community, for already there is a plant at St. Helens turning out wooden ships for the Charles R. McCormick Company, and the Northwest Steel Company and the Willamette Iron & Steel Company jointly have announced plans for constructing a plant for building and launching steel vessels. Here are evidences of business perspicacity and confidence in this community; concrete expressions of faith in Portland's future and her material resources and geographical advantages. Let us not overlook them. Hundreds of thousands of dollars will be invested in these undertakings and while such industry inevitably draws capital from other sections of the country, it invariably leaves much of it here for circulation. A business of the magnitude of shipbuilding lends prestige also to Portland as a city and as a port, now even one of the leading maritime and commercial centers of the country. It adds prestige to the Willamette River.

It is well to note that Mr. Knapp says local as well as Eastern capital is rallying to his undertaking. The past few years have convinced shrewd investors of the value of ship stock, and the wonder is, on second thought, that shipbuilding on a large scale has not been attempted before. One needs only to contemplate the shipping exigencies when the war will have taken its toll in bottoms and opened ocean commerce again on an uninterrupted scale. The trade opportunities which await America in countries not involved in war are other evidence that ships, both woden and steel, are and will be in demand.

If there are any who are short-sighted in looking in prospect, let them cast a glance in retrospect and realize that here perhaps, in the proposed ship plants for Portland, is another of the good results traceable to the Panama Canal.

Mr. Knapp, the McCormick Company, the Northwest Steel Company and the Willamette Iron & Steel Company—all established and proved business forces—no doubt have estimated Portland advantages for these undertakings and have found them not wanting; but, also, Portland as a community should, if it has not already done so, be quick to estimate these interests and find them likewise not wanting.

PRESERVE A GOOD NAME.

Retirement of Clyde B. Aitchison from the Oregon Public Service Commission (formerly Railroad Commission) emphasizes the need of careful consideration of the candidates in the field for positions on that Board. The Public Service Commission of Oregon has been a progressive and efficient body, one that has enjoyed the confidence of the public. The strength of its personnel is demonstrated by this call to a position of National importance of one of its members.

On the Public Service Commission, more than on any other state commission, do firmness of character and mental capacity count for the public good. A majority of the Commission are to be elected this year. It is within the range of possibilities that that majority may be men without substantial experience in the duties of the office and without practical or even intelligently theoretical knowledge of rate making and service requirements.

A word of caution to the voters is therefore justified. Personal liking for or the amiability of a candidate should be remote considerations on the part of the electorate. Ability and trustworthiness of the candidate ought to govern the choice above politics or anything else.

The succeeding Commission will have a good reputation to preserve, and that is beyond the capacity of the mere job hunter or professional politician. Unless men of character and sound capabilities are elected the usefulness of the Commission will expire. There is more at issue than the political fortunes of one or two men. Regulation of public utilities itself is at stake.

GENIUS AND BUSINESS.

Frank H. Spearman, eminent writer of short fiction, blames our humble artistic plane upon the business world. Writing in the New York Times, he argues that lust of gain has made business the great objective of capable men, whereas, had we paid a higher tribute of honor and wealth to the standard bearers of art, this same genius, or a considerable part of it, would have added riches to the stores of art. He professes to know great railroad men who would have made great novelists had they devoted their abilities to fiction.

The Spearman theory savors of soundness. Genius has been defined as the possession of broad general powers directed into a single channel. No genius of the first magnitude ever accomplished wonders in a divided field of activity. Had the elder Morgan devoted his masterly mind to the painting of pictures it is not improbable that he could have become an American Leonardo. Did he not display a passion for art in his declining days? Might not this passion, directed into creative channels during his youth, have accomplished artistic wonders? Surely the same breadth of vision, the same keen powers of intellect and the same boundless energy that wrought mere millions would not have failed in searching out the intricacies of pigment, complexities of technique, subtleties of fancy and profundities of understanding that go into the making of art.

The objection might be interposed that British and European geniuses, medieval and ancient, wrought in poverty. Have not the world's greatest masters sprung from the garret? But this suggestion merely adds force to the initial argument. The business world did not offer those great minds the rewards that are found in America today. Cervantes, despite his greatness, all but starved. His was not a day nor a land wherein great wealth lay within easy grasp of a clever young pauper. Those who were born poor usually died in poverty.

Imagine Shakespeare turning to sonnets and dramas were the great opportunities and rewards of a growing business world held before him in his youth. Shakespeare had all the qualities needed to make an American captain of industry. No mortal, before nor since, has known human nature as intimately as Shakespeare. He was well-balanced, profound, mercenary, energetic, of broad vision and sound judgment. The same imagination and grasp that gave the world Hamlet might have served to connect two widely separated American hamlets with rails of steel. But in his day the business world did not beckon. A dramatist was a low person, to be sure, but not quite so low as a tradesman.

The widespread notion that geniuses of the quill and palette are creatures of destiny has many flaws. There is abundance of evidence that men of talent might have succeeded in other fields had all their abilities been so directed. The notable and substantial successes in the artistic world have been well-balanced persons who matured slowly. The brilliant youth who startles the world before he is out of his twenties seldom achieves immortality. Perhaps this is not so true of poets and musicians whose success depends in large measure upon a highly organized and hyper-sensitive organization. Yet even our greatest bards and greatest musicians have matured slowly and sanely. Balance and wisdom come only with experience, and these must be at the foundation of the highest art.

The response of genius to the needs and activities of a people is demonstrated in many ways. War, for instance, invariably produces its master minds. They are stimulated to their highest efforts by the rewards and plaudits which await them. If they are men who give little promise, as in the case of Grant, then it remains for the stress of circumstances and the whims of opportunity to develop their latent powers, even as the seething era of American economic expansion and development produced its Morgans, Rockefellers and Harrimans.

Today business is claiming the best minds. It is the men of riches who are lionized and applauded. It is they who get the big rewards. Business is robbing the professions as well as arts. It is robbing public life. The caliber of man who turned to public life fifty years ago turns to the commercial world today. The average youth, asked where his fancy leads, will tell you that he seeks some field wherein he can make money. It does not, of course, require a brilliant man to win business success. Men too hopelessly stupid to succeed in any profession win fortune in business. But the brilliant man wins both unlimited wealth and limitless power by applying his capacities to economic problems. Why dream a novel when dreaming a railroad or a great industrial organization will bring him the same reward multiplied by ten thousand? This is the blighting materialism which determines the lives of American geniuses. If Giotto were an American shepherd boy today, doubtless his tastes would run to wool combines or trackless stock ranches.

A HEAVEN FOR BIRDS.

There are so many ways of doing good that one who has the means and the inclinations should experience no difficulty in finding a work that appeals to his special tastes. Philanthropy offers a field of limitless variety and it is coming to claim an increasing number of retired business men who do not desire, in their peaceful age, to sit down or indulge selfish whims.

That the man who craves life in the open on a great farm need not want for a field of useful service is shown by the example of one Commodore Benedict, of Greenwich, Conn., who has an estate of 100 acres on Long Island sound. While the Commodore's wealth is said to be of modest proportions, he has decided to give it to the birds. He will establish a great sanctuary for insectivorous birds, where they may propagate in peace and plenty. He will maintain the estate as a veritable birds' paradise, hoping to staunch the swift ebbing of bird life toward extinction.

Such an undertaking is not sentimentalism, but a useful service to the state. According to Audubon Society figures, insect-destroying birds are decreasing 10 per cent annually in the country, and at this rate they will join the dodo in the course of a few years. Sparrows, of course, are to be barred from the paradise, and it is well that this bird bandit be denied the boons of heaven on earth. The sparrow, by its destructive habits and its fierce banditage against other birds, has incurred the ill will of mankind. The protections of law given other birds are not granted the detestable sparrow.

Extermination of the sparrow and protection of insectivorous birds mean millions of dollars in agricultural and horticultural products every year, for the influence of bird life on crops is large. While judicious laws and the activities of Audubon societies have done much to prolong bird life, constructive help from public-spirited citizens will reduce the alarming decrease. Oregon offers many exceptional opportunities for enterprises such as that on Long Island—and at a much smaller outlay of land and money.

HOPE FOR RURAL CREDIT BILL.

The Senate having passed the rural credit bill substantially as it has been introduced in the House, there is good prospect of its becoming law unless our relations with Germany should assume so grave an aspect that legislation bearing on them will push everything else aside. The House is organized for disposing of legislation far more expeditiously than is the Senate, and, once it takes up the rural credit bill, can act upon it in short order.

Two most debatable points about the bill are investment of Government funds in farm loan banks and exemption of farm mortgage bonds from taxation. As to the former point, the Government is not to subscribe any part of the capital stock of a farm loan bank until the farmers in the district have subscribed $100,000, nor until the balance of the $500,000 of stock has been offered for public subscription for sixty days. Then and not till then is the Government to make up any deficiency in the minimum capital required before the bank can begin business. Nor is the Government investment to be permanent. As farm loan associations are to subscribe capital in the banks equal to 5 per cent of the loans made to their members, the capital should soon rise above the $500,000 minimum, if the farmers avail themselves of the system.

The Government capital is then to be withdrawn and the Government stock cancelled as fast as this can be done without reducing the total capital below $500,000. Government funds would be used only to set the system going. Then they would be withdrawn and the banks would be owned and controlled by farmers through their loan associations and by those other investors who contributed to the original capital. As the aggregate of loans increased, the farmers' stock holdings would increase also until they would soon hold control.

Some criticism has been leveled at the provision that farm mortgages shall pay 1 per cent more interest than the bonds which are based upon them, expenses of loans and of management of banks to be paid and reserve fund payments to be made out of this 1 per cent. It is probable that, when the system is in full working order, this percentage will prove excessive. As European rural credit systems grew, expenses and necessary reserves fell to half, then one-third, and in Hungary to 0.16 of 1 per cent. But any surplus would go back to the men who paid it, for it would be paid by the banks to the farm loan associations and by them to the farmers in the shape of dividends. Should it be desired when this expense and reserve fund proved excessive, an amendatory law reducing the percentage could readily be passed.

Exemption of farm land bonds and mortgages from taxation is justified by the fact that the land on which they are based is taxed to its full value as assessed by the states. If these securities were taxed, the result would be double taxation, which would be manifestly unjust. The tax would not be paid by the lender, for he would not submit to this discount on the market rate of interest for the class of security in question; he would pass it on to the borrower by exacting a proportionately higher rate of interest. Not only would it be double taxation of the half of the farm represented by the loan, but it would practically be a penalty on the farmer for borrowing money wherewith to improve his farm. It would obstruct the very purpose for which the system is established.

An alternative rural credit plan contemplates that the Government provide all the capital by issuing its own bonds based on farm mortgages. To make the Government mortgagee of a great proportion of American farms would create a dangerous situation. Political influence might be used to procure excessive loans through too high appraisals and in time of crop failure a cry would go up for remission of interest payments and against foreclosure of mortgages. The Landschaften of Germany were established without government financial aid by the farmers themselves, who were far poorer and no more intelligent than the average American farmer. Surely the latter can establish a like system with initial financial aid from the Government and with machinery and supervision provided by Federal power. The American farmer of the 20th century should be better equipped to mobilize his credit under these conditions than was the German farmer of the 18th century under less favorable conditions.

GENDER AND TENSE.

If one may credit current dispatches from London, the British War Office in that largest of cities, next to New York, is giving comprehensive consideration to the night-blooming Zeppelin. Up to the present time no effective method has been devised of preventing the nightly murder of women and children by the cloud-riders, but the office has determined an important literary classification under which the pestiferous Zeppelin must be placed. Hereafter, by edict of the London War Office, these cigar-shaped monsters of the night will take the masculine gender whenever it is necessary to employ the pronoun.

The strategic value of this literary coup is not explained. Nor is its grammatical value readily apparent. If one consults the established rules of grammar, the ship will be found of neuter gender, whether in English or German, ship or schiff. Poetic usage favors the feminine and, in fact, prose writers have adopted this form from the poets, who, in their turn, took the designation from sailors. Sailors, in their turn, doubtless adopted the feminine because of affection for their floating abodes.

Surely the Zeppelin's gender is not altered because of its black deeds. Why consider it masculine on that account and continue to refer to dreadnought or submarine as she? Do not the submarines murder women and children with greater abandon than the Zeppelins? The London War Office should concern itself with more important phases of the Zeppelin industry. For instance, if that office could succeed in assigning the Zeppelin to the past tense the matter of gender could be left for non-combatant grammarians to adjust.

BACK AND FORTH AT VERDUN.

What is the decision at Verdun? During the past week dispatches and War Office reports have indicated that the French are on the offensive in the whole district. Paris reports considerable gain. Berlin has made the significant claim that the French counter strokes have been checked—significant in its contrast with earlier Berlin predictions that Verdun would succumb to the tightening Prussian military grip. The Germans now find satisfaction in the fact that they are able to hold their lines against French assaults.

Whether the battle of Verdun is finished remains to be seen. At least the first phase of a great struggle is ended and there are evidences that the Crown Prince now accepts the impassability of this formidable sector of the French defense line, at least for the time being. Whether the German strategists admit to themselves that the task of reducing Verdun is hopeless is not revealed. They claim victory, of course, and base their claim on the vast area conquered during the course of the costly German drives. If the French found satisfaction in their Champagne district gains the Germans are entitled to boast of what they accomplished at Verdun. They moved forward over a wider front than that at Champagne and they penetrated the enemy's positions to a far greater depth.

But they did not take Verdun; and was not that their objective? At least, the world has accepted Verdun as the issue, and Prussian military prestige has waned in that Verdun was not taken. It is the state of mind of the masses of the people toward an issue that decides its importance very often. Surely the issue at Verdun was as much moral and political as it was military, else why the desperate assaults by the Germans and the equally determined resistance by the French?

Strategically, Verdun could hardly have been worth what France has paid for its retention. As previously pointed out, the town itself has no military value. The forts, modern in every respect, would be mere playthings of the Prussian howitzers but for the network of infantry and light artillery trenches in advance of the fortified positions. As for standing as the sentinel to Paris, that is a myth. True, perhaps, in the eighteenth century, when walled forts passed at par or even at the beginning of the war, before the frailty of concrete and steel was disclosed, but now Verdun is of no greater strategic importance than the adaptability of its environs to defensive positions. In this connection it is contended that the French corps might have chosen better grounds for the battle by leaving the town of Verdun exposed to German occupation.

Perhaps this was exactly what the Germans hoped for. Had their ultimate objective been Paris, why did they not strike at, say, Noyon, on the Oise, which is only fifty miles from the French metropolis, whereas Verdun is three times that distance? So, while Verdun is not actually the gateway to Paris under the present distributions, it would be difficult to impress that fact upon the French public, which would accept the loss of Verdun as a serious blow, even as Germany would have accepted its capture as a great victory. As the issue now stands, France rejoices that Verdun has been held, while the Germans find encouragement in the large area conquered in front of Verdun.

This achievement, in fact, is a considerable one. The German line has been moved sharply forward over a twenty-five-mile front, and an irregular area resembling a battered weinerwurst on the map has been wrested from the armies of Petain. The captured area has a depth of seven miles in front of Chatillon and is two and a half miles deep at its narrowest point at Le Mort Homme, Dead Man's Hill. The feat of occupying this area is more notable when one considers that it was a veritable labyrinth of redoubts, trenches and fortified positions stoutly held by dependable infantry and highly developed small artillery. From the hour the great offensive was launched, February 21, until its fury was exhausted, ten days ago, the Germans rained blow after blow without pausing to reckon the cost.

As the Kaiser's steadiest regiments went forward mile after mile there were rumors of a deadly new kind of tactics devised by Prussian military genius. Plainly it was not the tactics of Champagne nor the tactics of Ypres or Galicia, where fearful artillery bombardment was followed by infantry charges to complete the work. Artillery prepared the way in the Verdun front. But artillery could not ferret out and destroy each vein in the network of trenches. Human shrapnel, so to speak, was made to do this work. Infantry drove at a position which had not been shaken and in gaining the ultimate fire superiority line after line of German infantry struck. The cost made the world shudder. But if the Germans lost tens of thousands in driving against stubborn foemen the French lost nearly as many in stubborn resistance.

Hundreds of thousands of wounded men, tens of thousands of slain, count the cost of battle at Verdun. The results are not conclusive; they are a matter of academic dispute. Verdun is still safely in French hands. Germany holds a few miles more of French territory which, at this hour, the French are seeking to retake yard by yard. If they are willing to pay the price perhaps they will succeed; and France is better able to pay the price in human lives than is Germany, now that the British millions and the Russian thousands are beginning to reinforce the western allied battle line. If the French persist, decided on paying the price, the battle line ultimately may be found exactly where it was in February. In such event the net result will be an illustration that by expending a few thousand lives one side can take a few miles of territory and that by expending a few more thousand lives the other side can take it back. It is a most expensive, if not essentially important, bit of military information.

IF FORD WERE PRESIDENT.

Why do people vote for Henry Ford for President? He has declared that he does not seek the office, and his previous inactivity in politics warrants us in believing that he means what he says. Yet the Republicans of his own state have expressed their preference for him and those of Nebraska came within a narrow margin of doing likewise.

So great is Mr. Ford's abhorrence of armies, navies and war that, if he were President, neither Army nor Navy would be increased and the Navy might be put out of commission or be sent to Europe on a peace mission decorated with white flags and doves of peace. If any nation chose to seize the Philippines, he would say: "Let them; good riddance." So also with Hawaii. If the Panama Canal were seized, he would say it was not worth a war and would arbitrate while the other nation held possession. Thus encouraged, the aggressor would invade the United States, and then Mr. Ford might fight.

Either this or he would "progress from pacifism to belligerency," as the Chicago Tribune says would be the case, and "would have ten wars to Roosevelt's one and the Nation under his leadership would be whipped in all of them if he picked good-sized wars." It is an even guess which course events would take.

Mr. Ford's involuntary candidacy would be laughable, if it were not so serious.

Mexican officers met with a flat refusal when they ordered an American soldier to haul down the Stars and Stripes from a supply train in Mexico. They should have taken the matter up with Washington if they wanted the flag hauled down. Soldiers are somewhat touchy on that point.

At last it is settled. A Philadelphia medium has consulted the shades of both Shakespeare and Bacon, who have assured her that Shakespeare really did the writing. Why did not someone think of that solution sooner and save the country a lot of needless controversy?

William Lorimer has been acquitted of wrecking a bank, but not of buying his way into the Senate. In announcing that, after paying off the depositors, he will again be a candidate for the Senate, he overlooks this fact.

The Ford peace agents at Stockholm are preparing a peace schedule, embodying terms for the belligerents. And to think that men can draw pay and board for that sort of Quixotic tomfoolery.

Germans are planning to regain control of the American dye market after the war. But it is likely that Democratic tariff policies will not be available to assist them by that time.

A Congressional library employe was discharged for critical remarks on the Wilson policy. What an army of jobless men there would be if all employers followed that rule!

The Authors' League has named a long list of Vice-Presidents, including Author Teddy. It looks like a deliberate slight to overlook Author Woodrow.

Bryan again protests that no nation has any though of attacking us. This is the chap who, two years ago, was contending that a great war was impossible.

It is charged that Irishmen were to be accepted into the German army. Had the plan succeeded, Verdun might have fallen before this.

An Iowa soda fountain blew up, injuring two. Probably the dastardly work of John Barleycorn's secret agents.

Pershing reports that he has located Villa. What the country wants is word that he has captured Villa.

The primary candidates are rapidly getting into the mental state of the small boy just before Christmas.

But with a crisis at hand, almost anything would have been "acceptable" to the Administration.

John D. advises people to save their pennies. About all that he has left them to save.

The one Socialist member of Congress is a reproach to the district that sent him.

But Carranza appears less disposed than the Kaiser to "make concessions."

Now we are out of this last mess, why not an end to amateur diplomacy?

About time for the Kaiser to begin planning his Paris Christmas dinner.

The Beavers must have a stand-in with the rainmaker.

Negotiations are again at the don't-do-it-again stage.

Poems of Northwest

REPLY OF THE WILD ROSE.

I cannot be still, so mistaken was he,
When writing that sad lamentation of me;
I never endeavored to hold in my net,
The love of the beauty-mad fawning coquet.

A braver, more tender true lover I've found,
To hold him, I feel myself morally bound;
My blushes, my fragrance, my honey and wine,
Are kept for that lover when he comes to dine.

The man who but looks on the surface of things
And to beauty alone his offering brings,
Could never be trusted with treasures like mine,
For his admiration I never shall pine.

I would crowd my whole life with motherhood's joys,
And have my home filled with true girls and brave boys;
Man's flirting embrace cannot fertilize me,
For this I shall cling to my lover the bee.

She is no exotic, this man-devised rose,
Though haughtily dressed in her fashion cut clothes
Her beauty and fragrance return to the dust,
God giveth her not the great motherhood trust.

I do not begrudge her the love of vain man,
To be a fond mother man's rose never can;
Her crown, though bedecked, hath no jewels like mine,
It cannot with heavenly brilliance shine.

I never have sighed for her place in man's mart,
I play in life's game a more honorable part;
From my soul's deepest deeps my blood runneth free,
In the banquet of love I spread for the bee.

I nourish my babes as a fond mother will,
And drink of that wine love alone can distill;
As I round out my task and pass 'neath the rod,
I'm crowned floral queen of the gardens of God.

F. W. PARKER.

Oregon City.

THE TUNNEL WITH ITS EYES.

Oh, the Tunnel with its eyes!
What a wealth of beauty lies
'Round the grim, gray, rock-pierced mountain,
Pointing upward to the skies!
How the heart with rapture thrills,
See the river, mountains, hills,
From the rugged adamantine window sills.

Crown Point's beauty has its place,
Sheppard's Dell is in the race
Of the Highway's chief attractions
In their elegance and grace.
But the Tunnel, we'll not trade it;
Without concrete work to aid it
It stands so much as God of Nature made it.

See the savage as he lies,
Grim, outlined against the skies,
On the summit of the mountain,
Dreaming on of Paradise
Through the ages, rain or snow,
And the Tunnel far below
Pierced through mountain just above the river's flow.

Oh, the Tunnel, be it known,
Has a beauty all its own,
Other points along the Highway
Do not seem to stand alone
In their grandeur, but remain
In the catalogue of fame
To the tourist oft repeated just the same.

Proud Multnomah well may boast,
Of the concrete and the cost,
Of the artificial beauty
And the labor that's not lost,
But the place the World will prize,
In our own dear County lies,
It's the Tunnel, oh the Tunnel with its eyes.

S. E. BARTMESS.

COULD LIFE'S NIGHT AND MORNING MEET.

Did you ever pause to wonder,
Traveling down life's rocky road,
Seeing good men greet with hauteur
Those who bend beneath a load,
Tinged, perhaps, with shame or sorrow,
Bleak remorse or vain regret,
The result of youthful folly,
Which the world will not forget;
Hearing others condemn wholly
One who's stumbled just a mite
From the path that they consider
Constitutes the path of right;
Did you ever pause to wonder
What our words and acts would be,
Could we pierce the future's curtain,
And, behind it, clearly see
God's own plan for all the ages
Modeled at the mercy seat?
Would we judge the world less harshly,
Could life's night and morning meet?

Could we see our night's fulfilment
Of our morning's dream so fair,
See its joys and see its sorrows,
All its pleasure and its care;
See the tears we'd shed in secret
O'er the sad mistakes we'd made;
See the zigzag turns and windings
Of the game that we had played;
Could we see our morning's fancies
Side by side with their defeat;
See the blossoms, sadly blighted,
Of youth's hopes so pure and sweet;
Would we not, in love and mercy,
Tenderly our neighbor greet,
Gloss his faults and hide his failures,
Help him once more to his feet?

God, in mercy, let us think then,
It were comfort wondrous sweet!
We would judge the world less harshly,
Could life's night and moring meet.

—HORACE WILLIAM MACNEAL

Portland, Or.

LUSITANIA.

May 7, 1915.

Moans the restless sea,
Calling, calling—
Calling to the ghostly wraiths
Hovering in the shuddering mists
That hid the hellish deed.
Fathoms deep the slimy ghouls
Feed on the prey the war-god sent.

Far off sob the bells,
Urged by the affrighted wave;
But farther, farther, ring the merry chimes,
Calling little children to the green—
This is a new-found holiday!
Struts the war-lord by:
"Play, my children; I made for you this holiday;
Leap and grow strong, I shall need you soon."

But ever moans the sea,
Calling, calling—
Answers from heaven a Voice:
"Be still, O sea, give sepulture to my dead;
Mine is the debt; I will repay."

—WILLIAM M'REYNOLDS.

His Generosity.

London Nation.

A "Tommy," lying in hospital, beside him a watch of curious and foreign design. The attending doctor was interested.

"Where did your watch come from?" he asked.

"A German give it me," he answered.

A little piqued, the doctor inquired how the foe had come to convey his token of esteem and affection.

"'E ad to," was the laconic reply.