

The Oregonian

Portland, Oregon. Entered at Portland (Oregon) Postoffice as second-class matter, June 15, 1902. Postage paid at Portland, Oregon. Subscription Rates—In Advance: Daily, Sunday included, one year, \$8.00; six months, \$4.50; three months, \$2.50. Daily, Sunday included, one year, \$7.00; six months, \$4.00; three months, \$2.25. Daily, without Sunday, one year, \$6.00; six months, \$3.50; three months, \$2.00. Daily, without Sunday, three months, \$1.50. Weekly, one year, \$1.50. Daily, without Sunday, one year, \$1.00. Sunday and Weekly, one year, \$2.00. (By Mail.) Daily, Sunday included, one year, \$8.00; six months, \$4.50; three months, \$2.50. Daily, Sunday included, one month, \$1.00. Daily, Sunday included, one week, \$0.30. How to Read—Send postage money order, express order or personal check to your local bank, stamps, coin or currency notes, or cash, to the Oregonian, 18 in full, including county and state. Postage Rates—To 15 pages, 1 cent; 16 to 24 pages, 2 cents; 25 to 32 pages, 3 cents; 33 to 40 pages, 4 cents; 41 to 50 pages, 5 cents; 51 to 60 pages, 6 cents; 61 to 70 pages, 7 cents; 71 to 80 pages, 8 cents; 81 to 90 pages, 9 cents; 91 to 100 pages, 10 cents. Eastern Business Office—Verre & Conklin, 800 Broadway, New York; Verre & Conklin, 500 Madison, Chicago; Verre & Conklin, 100 N. Dearborn, St. Paul; Verre & Conklin, 100 N. Dearborn, St. Paul; Verre & Conklin, 100 N. Dearborn, St. Paul. Portland, Sunday, July 23, 1916.

COMMUNITY OPTIMISM.

"Standing up for the home town" is a form of patriotism not less to be esteemed than the more spectacular variety that shoulders its musket on occasion and marches away to the sound of trumpet and drum, to brave the perils of war. The one is contained within the other; the other, we believe, cannot exist in its highest sense without the one. Town and community patriotism lie at the foundation of our domestic life. The sentiment is one with love of home, and it is love of home that ultimately makes men fight and die for country. Much is embodied in it. There are neighborliness and friendship, and optimism, and sense of proportion, and more. No man who is loyal to his community is going to be a traitor to his country. It is no part of the scheme of things; and he is not built that way. It is for reasons such as these that we ought to be proud of the spirit that found voice in the "community talks" made on Wednesday night before the first convention of the Interstate Realty Association. One meets enough pessimists, enough of the class that are expressly bred for pessimism, in the course of an everyday round of business to grow instinctively to dislike them. Perhaps they are thoughtful; that is the most favorable construction for their sakes, that they put upon them. But there are no two opinions about the man who always has a good word for the home folks. We like him and we always shall.

ORGANIZING WAR ON DISEASE.

Though country life is popularly believed to be healthy, investigation proves that it is not. Typhoid fever, malaria, pellagra and hookworm are extremely prevalent in rural communities in the United States. The commission reported in 1909 that there are numerous farmhouses, especially of the tenant class, and even numerous rural schoolhouses, that do not have the rudiments of sanitary arrangements. Speaking in support of a bill providing funds for investigation and encouragement of improved methods of rural sanitation, Senator Ransdell estimated the total economic loss in 1913 from sickness and death through malaria and typhoid fever at more than \$90,000,000. Yet Congress is far more liberal in appropriations for prevention of plant and animal diseases than for the conservation of human life from disease. The present epidemic of infantile paralysis has impressed on many the necessity of a Nation-wide war on epidemic diseases. Measures for prevention and quarantine are as truly interstate in their nature as those for control of interstate commerce. An epidemic no sooner breaks out in one locality than danger arises that it will spread to many states. Quarantine by the several states should therefore be coordinated and directed by Federal officials. Study of disease and sanitation can also be conducted with advantage by the Nation. General direction of such work by the Government means uniform quarantine and sanitary laws by the states should be possible to a far greater extent than the great surrender of the states' activities to a great Federal bureau.

WILSON'S GIFTS TO OREGON.

Oregon rightly expected to profit greatly from the Panama Canal, especially from the law exempting coastwise vessels from Federal tonnage. Mr. Wilson had not been in office a year before in direct violation of a platform pledge which he had reaffirmed on the stump, he forced Congress to repeal that law. He thus dealt a blow to Oregon's lumber and wool trade with the Atlantic Coast. With the Underwood tariff Mr. Wilson and his party opened to Canadian lumber the American market upon which the Oregon lumber industry depended for its prosperity. They opened to foreign wool the market which had been enjoyed by Oregon wool. They reduced the duties on dairy products and forced Oregon dairymen into competition with New Zealand butter, Danish cheese and Chinese eggs. By keeping Oregon's water resources locked up until they could force through Congress bills which place Federal power under control of a Federal bureaucracy and which impose a Federal tax on the state's waterways, the Democracy has obstructed development of Oregon. It has blocked irrigation and manufactures which could have progressed through use of Oregon power. It has laid an embargo on Oregon progress.

INSANITY CAUSED BY WAR.

Cold statistics still have their way of upsetting progressive ideas, as is illustrated by insanity and the effect of the war upon its development. In the early stages of the conflict in Europe much stress was laid on reported instances of persons who had been driven to madness by the horrors they experienced. Army officers, soldiers, civilians—men, women and children—none seemed to be immune. It seemed as if a world had suddenly gone mental and as if the human mind might break down under the strain. Predictions made as to the provision that would be necessary after peace would be taken ample account of the new lunatic asylums that it was assumed would be necessary to accommodate the growing number of unbalanced persons. But no such situation has come to pass. Those whose intellects were so delicately balanced on the dividing line between the great wit and madness of the post-war period have, perhaps, lost their reason and have done with it; but as the war continues there are no continued reports of men who have gone insane because of their terrific ordeals. Both German and French physicians now agree that they had not greatly intensified, if it indeed has increased at all, the number of incurably deranged. In the beginning Ger-

man physicians were inclined to argue that the war was showing on the part of the Teutonic races a greater nervous resistance than was possessed by the Latin. Researches made in France for the purpose of disproving this, if possible, have shown that the races are measurably alike. Thus in both countries it appears that among the mentally unfit, made so by the war, only about ten per cent are affected with so-called general paralysis—a hopeless form. The remarkable feature of this showing is that in the average asylum, in ordinary times, the proportion of general paralysis is from a tenth to a seventh of the total.

AN OBSOLETE DOCTRINE.

The Democratic party adheres obstinately to its free trade theory at the very time when that theory is being abandoned by its most powerful and dominant friends, Great Britain and France. Even before the war that country derived more per capita revenue from customs duties than did the United States. In 1905 the amount per capita was \$4.01 for Britain, \$2.11 for the United States, but in the year ending March 31, 1916, the British ratio had increased to \$6.77, while the American ratio had fallen to \$2.08.

ORGANIZATION LATEST INQUIRY.

The Democratic leaders at Washington have not disguised their opposition to any effective plan to give Oregon its proper share of the proceeds from the sale of the Oregon and California land grant. The Sinnott amendment to the land grant bill, proposing that 40 per cent be spent on reclamation in Oregon, is not viewed with favor, and it is true that from the standpoint of the Administration at Washington would guarantee the adoption of Mr. Sinnott's proposal. If it shall be defeated, it will be because the Administration and the House leaders are opposed to it.

PURSUED BY FATE.

The story of Albert Fife Rhodes, the former soldier who has been pardoned after serving thirteen years of a life sentence in prison is one of that class of tragedies to which belong Hugo's "Les Miserables" and the case of a young man in Staffordshire, England, whose cause was championed by Conan Doyle when he was wrongly convicted of murder. Misfortune seems ever to have lain in wait for Rhodes, while justice came to his rescue with lagging step, and coincidence was his constant enemy. He was sentenced to a life term for a crime which he did not commit. When he recognized this man as the one who interfered between two quarrelling natives, his mind returned to the massacre and he killed the Filipino as a murderer. The law regarded the crime as a murder and he was sentenced to a life term. He was pardoned after serving thirteen years of a life sentence in prison.

man physicians were inclined to argue that the war was showing on the part of the Teutonic races a greater nervous resistance than was possessed by the Latin. Researches made in France for the purpose of disproving this, if possible, have shown that the races are measurably alike. Thus in both countries it appears that among the mentally unfit, made so by the war, only about ten per cent are affected with so-called general paralysis—a hopeless form. The remarkable feature of this showing is that in the average asylum, in ordinary times, the proportion of general paralysis is from a tenth to a seventh of the total. It seems to have been proved that the human system develops resistance to the burdens put upon it. It is not the conditions essential to a desirable peace would be assured. In the course of centuries the world might reach the blessed condition of these New England and Tucheé villages which Colonel Roosevelt mentions as having no policemen; it might even dispense with the international police force. But that time is not yet. The ardent desires of the pacifists have closed their eyes to facts which conversion of the world to a state of peace would be assured.

SAVE NIAGARA BY ALL MEANS.

A proposal of a Canadian corporation to dam the Niagara River below the falls to a height of 100 feet for the generation of electric power has caused loud uproar in the East, because the proposed dam would drown out the famous rapids and whirlpool. On the one side are the practical men, on the other nature-lovers and idealists who derive profit from the sightseers. Speaking for the practical men, the Engineering Record says: "If Niagara were the only spot in the United States where people could enjoy the beauty of a domestic population of wild animals, when, however, nature has been so kind as to provide a magnificent waterfall, it allows 2,000,000 horsepower to go to waste as a cost of something over \$100 a look for each horsepower."

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

We pass from credulity to skepticism and back to credulity again. Intellectual "tolerance" marks the spirit of the age. Once more, like the ancients, we are almost ready to believe anything. At least we are not prepared to say that any undertaking, no matter how chimerical it may seem, is inadvisable. The search for a method of transmuting the baser metals into gold, which occupied the attention of such scientists as there were in the early ages, has passed through its period of discouragement, it appears. The search for a method of transmuting the baser metals into gold, which occupied the attention of such scientists as there were in the early ages, has passed through its period of discouragement, it appears. The search for a method of transmuting the baser metals into gold, which occupied the attention of such scientists as there were in the early ages, has passed through its period of discouragement, it appears.

ROOSEVELT ON SOCIAL VALUES.

In a discussion of Social Values and National Extension, the National Sociological Society developed into a discussion of "Preparedness versus Pacifism" because it was opened with a paper by Theodore Roosevelt. He began by bluntly saying that the "social values" of the United States are not held in check by the warlike ability of a neighboring non-militaristic and well-behaved nation, then the latter will be spared the necessity of dealing with a "social values" because it won't be allowed to deal with anything." As an example he cites Belgium, whose social values "existed only up to the end of July, 1914, because it had not prepared its militia for war. It cites ancient Greece as a country which preserved its social values by war from destruction by Persia. He tells the Sociological Society that it is able to meet at Washington "only partly because of the war." He says that "if Lincoln had not been willing to go to war," the society would have been considering "the social values of slavery and of such Governmental and individual problems as have been studied in the Central American Republics."

ness, as represented by Colonel Roosevelt, are agreed with the pacifists that defense presupposes attack, the pacifists can cut the ground from under the feet by persuading other nations to join a league against aggressive war. In addressing their arguments to Americans they waste their energy, for all of us are already converted. The dip of battle is now so great that Europe could not hear them, but when this war ends they may have some prospect of success in advancing the cause of the League to which we are pledged. If that country win, they could reasonably ask all nations to reduce their armaments to the dimensions of an international police force, and the preparedness advocates would join hands with them, for the conditions essential to a desirable peace would be assured.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

The philosopher's stone of antiquity took many forms. At one time there were supposed to be three of them. One was a red tincture, endowed with the power of changing any metal into gold. Another was a white tincture, that changed the baser metal into silver. The third was the elixir vitae of all times, which restored youth and prolonged life. What wonder, with such a prize before them, that the best thought of those times should have been devoted to winning it. There were the usual credulous ones in those days, too. The expressive aphorism that "a sucker is born every minute" seems to have been as applicable then as now. There undoubtedly were some intensely sincere workers among the chemists of that day, and also there were many merely greedy ones. Cagliostro was not the original gold-brick man, but he was one of the famous ones, and his sensational operations, if subjected to the pitiless publicity of a modern age, would make not altogether unfamiliar reading. He numbered monarchs and nobles among his victims and he duped the leading savants of a new-of-old idea. Modern scientific method and astrology became intertwined with the pursuit; the art was used for extortion as well as for honest purposes of investigation and scientific advancement.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

We go back to the original conception of the alchemists as to the existence of a primal substance when we accept the theory of atoms of radioactivity within atoms of matter—and this is a new-of-old idea. Modern scientific method and astrology became intertwined with the pursuit; the art was used for extortion as well as for honest purposes of investigation and scientific advancement. We go back to the original conception of the alchemists as to the existence of a primal substance when we accept the theory of atoms of radioactivity within atoms of matter—and this is a new-of-old idea. Modern scientific method and astrology became intertwined with the pursuit; the art was used for extortion as well as for honest purposes of investigation and scientific advancement.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

Reported cancellations on a large scale of munitions contracts in the United States by England and Russia have been the cause of much speculation, and in this instance the grain of truth in the rumor has been separated from the chaff. It appears that notice was given in certain instances that deliveries would be refused until the time of the limit of the contract had been fulfilled. Heretofore the allies have made certain allowances for lapses; their new attitude means only that they feel that American manufacturers have had time enough to adjust themselves to requirements that can expect no further lenity. It is declared that these cases represent only a trivial proportion of the whole number and that there is as a matter of fact no indication of a general demand for munitions. First reports as to cancellations had variously represented the nations mentioned as being present supplies to be sufficient to have been imposed by motives of economy, both of which were highly improbable on their face.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

Effect of the blockade on our trade with Germany is shown in shrinkage of our exports from \$5,000,000 in 1913 to \$1,100,000 in 1915 and of our imports from \$18,200,000 in 1913 to \$4,500,000 in 1915. A large part of the difference in exports is no doubt accounted for by increased sales to neutrals. These have increased, comparing 1914, from 105.1 to 150.1 for Holland and its colonies, from 31 to \$4.8 for Sweden, from 19.5 to 45.9 for Norway and from 42.8 to 74.3 for Denmark. Much of our sales to these countries, however, represents goods which replace those which they can no longer buy from belligerents, chiefly Germany. Austria's trade has become so trifling as to be included in "all other."

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

Senator Lane's conception of a new warship type that would be patterned after the submarine liner Deutschland, except that it would carry, perhaps, some 14-inch guns, ignores certain constructive problems of such matters as fire and still be submersible at will. But this is a mere detail, it would seem, if the Oregon Senator is serious in his own proposals, with which naval architects do not agree. The fact that a Nebraska man has only recently fallen victim to the ancient wire-tapping swindle shows that there are a few left in the United States who do not read the news, or, if they do, fail to profit by it. How many sympathies is wasted on the victim, for a man not inspired by the desire to get something for nothing is little likely to fall into a trap of the kind.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

The Marshfield Evening Record did not wait until the end of the year to issue its big paper. The time was ripe and it seized the opportunity two weeks ago by publishing a special number of many pages dealing with the resources of Coos and Curry counties. Advancement of the railroad form of inspiration. The exploitation by text and illustration was masterly. The demand reported on the part of certain Belgians for a state in which both Flemings and Walloons shall have equal rights and the railroad form of government existing before the war shall not be continued bears the earmarks of a propaganda conducted not without guile. Unearthly in New Mexico of a house 1000 years old suggests that builders of ten centuries ago were not engaged in the "building-to-sell" industry, as some are nowadays. A blind pig never fattens.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

Justifiable Local Pride. "Is this a first-class postoffice?" inquired the stranger. "It is as good as you'll find in these parts," retorted the native with justifiable local pride.

With Oregon Poets

SPARKLING RICKREALL. (The following is a revised copy of a former poem under the above title. The author hopes that his presentation is an improvement over the original, and his only excuse for publishing it is to help perpetuate, in so far as he can, the euphonious and significant Indian name of this beautiful little stream.)

Leaping from dark canyons, Thy bright waters flow, Rearing down the mountains, Where the tall fir grows, Waiting through the valley, So proudly, I ween, Sparkling in the Springtime, Whither of green the time, Sparkling 'midst the meadows, Singing 'mongst the trees, Waiting sweet melody On the soft sea breeze, And kissing the pale moon When painted softly bright On thy limpid bosom In the clear, calm, quiet, Rippling o'er the pebbles, Splashing through the lea, Flowing on forever, O gay, rollicking Queen, Of the West-side streams, Thou may'st conclude the tale Of my boyhood's dreams: Rushing o'er glacial drifts, Prilling up the flow, Leaping down Cambrian fens, Aeon long ago, Carving thy rugged path Among the hills and loam, O'er the Pliocene plain, Where the giant heifer roamed, To reason and plan, The wild world to conquer, The infinite seas; Strange, uncouth chanting, On thy triumphant lay, That intellectual man Was coming some day, On thy shores to abide, One bright Summer moon, A coy, dusky maiden, Hummed a sweet love tune, A gallant warrior bold, Came at her low call, And they softly named thee "Sparkling Rickreall."

O lovely mountain stream, Limpid as the air, Plying the cosmic game Impact with the stars, Purling through vernal groves, Pouring o'er high falls, And hurrying the wild and, With Van Van joy calls, Rushing down the gorges, Glistening in deep pools, And sweetly murmuring, Where the game trout schools, Rickreall, Rickreall, "Swift flowing water," Thou art the life of life, Will live for ever! Flow on beautiful stream, Flow on to the sea; Flow on, flow on, Flow on, flow on, No vandal hand shall still, That sweet voice of thine. Dallas, Or., May 24, J. T. FORD.

KITCHENER.

A tribute to the late grim and steely-eyed warrior, the modern personification of Man, when Britain counts her men of might, Who led her legions in the fight, And straddled the world right, She will remember Kitchener. For him her manhood grasped the gun, And boldly to the fight did run, Where battle raged beneath the sun, They'd follow Kitchener. He won Omdurman, took Khartoum, Pursued the Marauder to his doom, And pacified the Sudan soon— The bold, laconic, Kitchener. In the Transvaal through that long campaign, Where he won everlasting fame, The warlike Boer still holds the name Of a leader, of a hero, Kitchener. From Afghan frontier to Bombay, Across Bengal to Mandalay, And every where, far and away, The paths were known to Kitchener. He was Britannia's surest shield, In council or on battle field, A force that ne'er was known to yield, The grim and steady, Kitchener.

CAPTAIN T. J. MACKENN.

He organized five million men, From grim Wales and highland glen, And from Cape Wrath to the Land's End, They'd live and die for Kitchener. The mothers, though with tear-dimmed eyes, Were steady in their sacrifice, It filled the world with vast surprise, The magic name of Kitchener. His name forever will endure, Indomitable, gallant, stout and true, The heart of Britain's great Earl Kitchener, CAPTAIN T. J. MACKENN.

A SOLDIER BOY'S PRAYER.

Oh! Lord! the rattlesnake is coiling On the scorched and barren hills, And the crazy Grasshopper bullethead, Fills our hearts with angry thrills. Here the centipede is crawling, He follows, he follows, he follows; While all kinds of buzzing insects Nip the hoarses that we mount. Here tarantulas are stalking On either side our path, And the hideous gila monster, Wags his tail in deadly wrath. All the houses that we enter Are made of "doby bricks," And our clothes, and all our blankets, Are alive with bugs and ticks. The sad old sun is sinking, A flock of birds you made for men; But the devil came and filled the place With Grasshopper hell cow ken.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

The dove of peace is gasping, "Neath Bryan's grape-vine vine, While Henry Ford is selling cars Along the border line. It is now my thoughts go wandering To the place I love the most, The clearest, dearest spot, On the whole Pacific Coast. Where Mount Hood looms in the distance, The Willamette we can see, And the dear old grand Columbia Sails her ships out to the sea. Where the breeze crept from the ocean; 'Twas sent by you, I guess, When I told you I loved her; For she smiled, and answered, "Yes." So just take me back to Portland— Dear old Portland, once again, Where there's roses, rain and sunshine— And the girl I love, Amen. —H. N. BEECHER.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

Justifiable Local Pride. "Is this a first-class postoffice?" inquired the stranger. "It is as good as you'll find in these parts," retorted the native with justifiable local pride.