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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, FEB. 11, 1917.

DIVIDED AUTHORITY.

The State Senate passed by unanimous vote the other day a bill, introduced by Mr. Orton, making radical changes in the methods of school administration in Portland by taking out of hands of the School Board its last vestige of control over the teaching staff.

The Oregonian has decided sympathy with the desire of any competent teacher to be secure in his or her tenure, and it reprobates any system which makes public school-teachers a football of politics or the subjects of purely personal favor or disfavor. Distinctly it approves a sound civil service for teachers. It would have them well paid. It would provide a retirement fund. It would do every fair and reasonable thing it could do to make the teaching profession attractive, honorable and profitable, for it understands the value of experience and the necessity of ease and satisfaction. But it knows also that without discipline and authority the only possible outlook for any school system, or any other organization, is loss, recession, and demoralization.

Undoubtedly Senator Orton's motives are highly laudable; but let us see what his bill—passed unanimously by the Senate, as we have said, probably as a tribute to Senator Orton's popularity and influence—purposes to do. It separates the teaching body into eight classifications—supervisors, high school principals, grade school principals, assistant supervisors, heads of departments in high schools, high school instructors, grade school teachers, special teachers—and then provides that there shall be no transfer by the Board of any teacher or instructor from one branch of the service to another carrying a lower rank or lower compensation, without his or her consent, except upon a hearing by a special commission of three appointed by the presiding Circuit Judge of Multnomah County. In other words, the power of demotion is totally taken from the hands of the School Board and placed with a body which has nothing to do with schools except to pass upon appeals by dissatisfied teachers. It is to be an investigating body with judicial powers. Its word is final. The Board has nothing to say about a teacher once elected except for approval. What kind of management or authority over a thousand or more teachers will a body of directors have, which must forever promote and never can demote? No organization can survive such a scheme of things.

It is strange that any teacher, ambitious to excel and succeed, should desire his or her fortunes to be subject to an outside body of citizens who may or may not be in touch with school affairs. The investigating Board can do nothing but let a teacher out or keep him where he is. The regularly constituted board only can advance him or her. What can the one board do to elevate or improve the condition of the individual teacher? What will the other do, except to reward its favorites, if it does anything? It would seem to be clear that under the new plan, the teacher as a rule is no better off and may be much worse off, by being made the victim of a divided authority.

It is this latter feature of the new scheme which seems to The Oregonian to be its gravest fault. It is indifferent as to the method of election or selection of the school authorities. It would even have no objection to their being named by the presiding judge, provided their tenure was of sufficient duration to give them experience and confidence and that very tenure which the teachers prize so highly.

But the two-headed system is bad. The result will be confusion and stagnation and the schools of Portland will surely go back.

MORE CHINESE EGGS.

Although there has been a let-up in importation of Chinese eggs into the United States, due in the main to shortage of transportation facilities, there promises to be a revival immediately after conclusion of the war. Then we shall be called on to compete not only with the Chinese producer, as at present, but with organized Japanese capital as well.

Consul Peck, at Tsingtau, tells about it in a prosaic report to the Department of Commerce. He says that wealthy Japanese investors, among whom are some of the most prominent business men of Japan, have organized a company with large capital for the manufacture of egg products in China. Two factories which formerly turned out these products have been standing idle since the outbreak of war. These factories are to be enlarged to a capacity of 800,000 pounds of dried yolk and 341,000 pounds of albumen a year. The new buildings are to be under construction by next month and the machinery installed by May. Once started, the Japanese are not letting any grass grow under their feet.

The most significant statement of the Consul, however, is the following: "The originators of the enterprise hope to sell mainly to the American market, although they will attempt to develop the Japanese and European markets as well."

The manufacture of egg products will not, meanwhile, interfere with the usual shipment of Oriental eggs for direct consumption. This was just beginning to be established when the war broke out. When commerce has been measurably restored to the seas, it is to be expected that Chinese egg imports will be resumed on a larger scale than ever.

British authorities seem to agree that the angora goat is just coming into his own, owing to new avenues of consumption for mohair that have been discovered, and there is already a movement on foot, despite disturbed conditions in the British empire, to foster the raising of goats on a larger scale than ever in South Africa. Demand has been stimulated by the fact that mohair fabrics are beginning to supplant silk in many instances, and woolens manufacturers have devised new blends in which mohair plays an increasing part. The future of the goat is of especial interest to the Pacific Northwest, the logged-off lands of which furnish almost ideal pasture, and it is believed that high prices for yarns would not only stimulate breeding but would indirectly result in the ultimate clearing of large areas of land. Americans have been by far the largest buyers in the world's markets recently and hair of the better grades has been most in demand.

SELF-PERPETUATING.

A Democratic contemporary has had a series of articles on the affairs of the Port of Portland, under the interesting repetitive title "Why Mr. Kelly?" The purpose is to discredit Mr. George Kelly as a candidate for membership on the Commission and to insist upon retention of the present incumbent, Mr. Alfred Tucker. The latter gentleman has served acceptably as a Port commissioner for the past year and a half, and he has been re-elected by the Board, subject to confirmation by the Legislature, acting—as it will—upon the advice and recommendation of the Multnomah delegation.

The Oregonian is not just now so much interested in the question as to whether the nominee shall be Mr. Kelly or Mr. Tucker as it is in the strange argument advanced for the latter's candidacy. It will say, however, that either would be satisfactory, although it is not at all in accord with the fight made upon Mr. Kelly, an efficient, energetic and reputable citizen of Portland. The reply to the question, "Why Mr. Kelly?" is clearly, "Why not Mr. Kelly?"

The Legislature is testily warned to keep its hands off, for the reason that the Port of Portland has spoken and it wants Mr. Tucker to continue his membership of that self-perpetuating body.

"Should not the majority of the Commission be respected?" is asked. "Does any legislator think a minority should be allowed to rule the Legislature? If not, then on what consistency can any legislator conclude that the Port Commission's work as conducted by the majority should be interfered with because Mr. Kelly wants Mr. Tucker put out and himself put on the Commission?"

Can you beat it? Here is a sharp beratement of the Legislature because a permanent board is not to be allowed to name its own members—a system of political manipulation and control that withdraws from the people the right to select its public officers. Machine politics at its worst never dared devise and support a scheme of this kind, or if it did, ever could make it go.

Next we shall hear a loud call upon the people to keep their hands off the City Commission, which desires to keep things within the present City Hall family and re-elect Mr. Daly's and Mr. Dieck's successors. And the School Board. And the County Commissioners. And the others. A fine way, indeed, to carry out the purposes of popular government!

PSYCHOLOGY AND DAYLIGHT SAVING.

It is not strange that discussion of the proposal to "save daylight," as they call it, by setting the clocks of the country an hour ahead should have begun to take account of the psychological factor involved. Psychology is a popular study nowadays. Not even a commercial enterprise of any magnitude is complete without it. But according to the noted Harvard astronomer, Professor Edward C. Pickering, the psychology of the movement is all against it. He says that we would begin at first with an attempt to deceive ourselves and end by discovering the deception and making allowance for it. The good professor is quite disturbed by the thought. He regards self-deception as an unhealthy state of mind for any individual. It is not difficult to understand his point of view as to that. As a scientist, he is against falsehood on general principles, and he is probably afraid that lying is a habit that grows. Beginning by deceiving ourselves, if the professor's fears were realized, we would go on and on, and there would be no telling where we would stop.

Professor Pickering is strongly in favor of saving daylight; but he would be straightforward about it. He would simply rise an hour earlier, have breakfast an hour earlier, open the stores an hour earlier, and so on. All that would be necessary would be for the people to arrive at a common understanding. Why pretend that it is 7 o'clock when it is only 6? Why, indeed? The experience of England, France and some other European countries has shown the practical difficulty of persuading people to agree to do the thing in the obvious, straightforward way. They take good-humoredly, though, to the idea of being deceived. Barnum was right; the public does love to be humbugged, even when it is humbugging itself.

The professor's logic, as logic, is unanswerable, and few will care to take issue with him upon the issue that it is better to be truthful than to live a falsehood, but there are practical considerations that will not be suppressed. Most of us are familiar with the trick of setting the alarm clock ahead on the mornings when we wanted to make an especially early start, and then rolling over and taking an extra snooze when we remembered about it in the morning; but the question is whether we would not have assented to our self-deception if the time of ringing the alarm had been solemnly fixed by law. With our fondness for doing so many things by legislation, would not the majesty of the statutes have a powerful influence? And certainly if our bread and butter depended on getting to work on time, we would be unlikely to carry the habit to the extreme. It is worth something to obtain concert of action. It is not easy to persuade everybody to advance the round of the day's duties an hour, and it is comparatively easy to "legislate."

A second ground of the professor's objection, that there would be great difficulty in enforcing laws for the lighting of automobiles, and contracts for the illumination of cities, and that innumerable other legal complications would arise, such as the difference between burglary and simple larceny and the time for the payment of notes, seems less worth considering. If it is going to make a difference of a year or so in prison to the housebreaker, we can give him the benefit of the doubt, of course, that being the fashion nowadays; but the states that grade crime by the rising and setting of the sun will have no trouble on that score. Men in making appointments near the date of change, the professor adds, will need to be careful in making those appointments to designate whether the true time or the false is meant. But it is not so very long since our English cousins were writing "O. S." after their dates, or specifically setting forth that the new calendar was meant, and thinking it no great hardship. The question is whether the benefits to be gained are worth the trouble.

It cannot be gainsaid that if the new plan is adopted a vast number of persons will go to work an hour earlier in Summer. They will get through an hour earlier, almost as a matter of course. And since most of our activities are centered around our work, it would seem that the remainder of the day would take care of itself. Fear of railroad accidents, also expressed, would appear not to be well-founded. The experience of the European countries that have made the change has not been unfavorable in that regard. Experience has been that the proposed change does as a matter of fact "save daylight." The question for us to decide is only whether we want to save it.

THE PARANOIAC AND THE SANE MURDERER.

If The Oregonian worshiped legal technicalities and held fast to minute consistency it would probably find it necessary to condemn the verdict of the jury in the case of the insane murderer, H. H. McCall. But as the verdict recognizes the importance of the public's welfare when it is opposed by set forms and precedents, the jury's decision will go unchallenged. Indeed, it will be commended.

There is often a conflict in a juror's mind between that which he believes should be done and that which his oath to decide in accordance with law and evidence requires him to do. It is this conflict that results in the turning loose of murderers on a flimsy plea of brainstorm or temporary insanity on the one hand and in fastening formal guilt upon plainly demented creatures on the other hand. The verdict generally rests upon the opinion of the jury as to whether the victim ought to have been killed.

Betrayal of family honor offers no legal refuge for a slayer, but it is a moral refuge in the juryroom. That it be given legal color, a specious insanity defense is presented. That defense does not deceive the jury, but it is a peg on which to hang the kind of verdict the jury desires to render. It is not necessary to recall instances of acquittal of murderers who acted premeditatedly, whose acquittal was ostensibly on the ground of insanity, but whose mental equilibrium was undisturbed beyond a shadow of doubt.

The Oregonian does not approve adherence to the unwritten law and the interjection of manufactured pleas of insanity to reinforce it. Conversely, if minutely consistent, it would condemn a conviction for unreasoning murder by one palpably insane. But public welfare is of higher importance than consistency. Men afflicted as is McCall should not be at large. There is no commitment that fully insures their indefinite detention except one that holds them responsible for deeds for which they are not responsible. It is a legal travesty, but it is made necessary by the state's failure to provide some method for commitment of the criminal insane besides that which is designed only for dealing with the criminal sane.

Not long ago several thoughtful individuals prepared a law which would have saved the counties of Oregon much trial money and provided a more orderly process of disposing of just such paranoiacs as McCall. Under its operations the state would not witness the farce of trial and conviction of a crazy man, but a commission would promptly send him to his inevitable destination for keeps—the criminal ward of the hospital for the insane.

The bill did not find its way into the Legislature. It did not offer anybody a fat job. It provided no planks for legislators' political fences. It was not the sort of uplift that inspires clamor in the Statehouse lobby. Consequently its proponents became discouraged and let it drop.

So we shall go happily forward heeding the insanity pleas of sane murderers and rejecting the insanity pleas of insane murderers. Meanwhile those who disapprove of the former because it is wrong and approve of the latter because it is the only way to protect the public will swallow their inconsistency with as good grace as possible.

A CONTRAST.

What a contrast between the situation of the United States and that of the small nations of Europe is presented by the view which Holland takes of the new German submarine campaign. That little country has been as grievously wronged by ruthless torpedoing and mining as has the United States, but it is practically powerless to strike back. Wedged in between Germany and conquered Belgium, it realizes that a hostile move would bring upon it the fate which has befallen its neighbor and the other small nations which have dared to lift their hands against the invader. Lacking iron, steel, coal and other essential materials for modern war, it would be in the position of men armed with flintlock muskets advancing against machine guns, if it were to defy Germany.

This is the nation which for sixty years defied, and finally extorted acknowledgment of its independence from, Spain when that country dominated Europe. It is the same nation which contested with England the naval supremacy of the world. The spirit which then nerved the arms of the Dutch still lives, but the changes which have come over methods of warfare have deprived them of the physical power to strike effective blows. Battles are now fought with machinery, and Holland is helpless because it lacks the materials and the factories wherewith to make war's machines. The same lack has caused other small nations to be crushed.

This contrast throws into strong relief the strong position of this country. We have in our own territory or in contiguous countries all the essential raw materials which Holland lacks, and manufacture of them into implements of war is far advanced. Not having command of the sea, Germany is powerless to invade our territory. If we can develop means of combating the submarine, we can at our leisure raise, train and equip armies and send them to Europe for land operations against Germany. In this respect alone are we seriously deficient, for our man-power, though great, is undeveloped. In spite of our present security against invasion, it behooves us to train armies for such a contingency.

A LITERATURE IN ARMENIA.

It has required the horrors of a peculiarly atrocious war situation to bring to the attention of the world that the Armenians have a literature, although until comparatively recent years there have been no epics and little or no romantic writing. What there might have been if it had not been that the ancient literature was mostly destroyed in the early centuries of the Christian era there is no means of knowing, but its place was taken by a vast quantity, in the aggregate, of writing on philosophy and history, which was to have been expected from a race that was deeply religious and got its early inspiration chiefly from its monasteries. Recently, however, there has been translated and compiled an impressive collection of more recent poems, which are published for the purpose of aiding the Armenian relief work. These might never have gained much circulation if it had not been for the tragically distressful condition in which the Armenians now find themselves.

As showing that massacres and deportations and famine and pillage and death have left a deep impression on the character of Armenian literature—the present massacres are not the first to which they have fallen victims—an extract from a poem on "The Starving" is of particular interest because it is typical, and not in any sense exceptional. It must be remembered that the shadow of death so hovers over the land that even in their games the little children employ the symbols of death, where the children of another country would play with life instead. The poet in this instance is Atom Yarjanian, who had lived in the United States but has gone back to his own people in their extremity. One gets an exceedingly vivid impression from the following:

There is no harvest, no harvester, no sower
and no earth to plow.
Hungry oxen bellow mournfully. Vegetation
is dying with the flowers.
The plow in the corner of the barn awaits
the new and ever-returning Spring.
The cock crows no more. The dawn, it
seems, like the blood of my race, has
sunk into the depths of the earth.

Here this sobbing, supplication, begging.
"We are hungry. We are hungry."
There are those who tear their hair, there
are those who shed tears like drops
of lead.
There are those who hope they are already
dead under a pall of silence.

There are those who begin horribly to
dance, arm in arm with frightful
madness;
And others; terrible to tell, already approach
the corpses, unburied and awaiting
burial.

The translator, Miss Alice Stone Blackwell, could not have depicted the situation of Armenia and the Armenians more graphically in an appeal of any length. Not only the words themselves, but the fact that anyone could have written them at all, are eloquent of the desperate plight of Armenia. The picture is vivid, but the mental impression is more powerful than all. It is not materialism to write of the woes of a starving people; the poem is not a tract, nor even an appeal for food; but it must serve the purpose not only of calling attention to Armenia but to every other unhappy land that is measurably in a similar state of chaos. The poets of Armenia are also, for the time being, the poets of a suffering world.

A CONTEST OF ENDURANCE.

After having been subjected for two years to an ever-tightening blockade by its enemies, who are thus endeavoring to reduce its power of resistance to their armies, Germany has now thrown off all restraint in applying the same treatment to the entente nations. The weakening effect of the blockade has gone far with Germany, but is only beginning with the allies. Yet the chief of the latter—Great Britain—is so dependent on imports for the necessaries of both life and war that, if the German blockade should succeed, the effects would be far more rapidly felt. The war has reached its third stage, when victory will go to the side having the greatest powers of endurance.

In an article in the Fortnightly Review, John B. C. Kershaw turns to a report of the German Statistical Office for 1912 for proof that Germany cannot hold out. He quotes a statement that with increasing wealth and population the empire's agricultural production has been stationary and its imports of food were three-quarters of a billion dollars, an increase of 37 per cent over the average for 1906 to 1910. He also quotes imports of raw materials to show Germany's weakness in materials for clothing, transportation and war munitions. He says that the deficiency produced by the blockade cannot be made up by Germany's allies and that even the supplies drawn from occupied territory would leave a deficiency of $500,000,000.

Experience has proved such calculations to be deceptive. Early in the war a great authority on copper made elaborate calculations to show that Germany would soon collapse for lack of that metal, but the empire has continued the war for two years. Probably Germany's imports in 1912 included so many luxuries using the commodities mentioned that a reduction of $500,000,000 could be made without impairing military power. Doubtless the stock of copper and zinc has run low, but much has been smuggled in from Scandinavia and Holland, and access has been gained to copper mines in Serbia, undeveloped copper fields in Asia Minor and lead and zinc mines in Russian Poland, which the Germans may have developed in great haste.

Of more value in forming an opinion on Germany's powers of endurance than any such statistics as Mr. Kershaw quotes are facts learned by those who have recently been in Germany in regard to the effect of restricted food supply on the people's physique. A young Dutchman obtained employment at a salary beyond his hopes in a German factory, but found the diet was fast reducing his weight and strength and returned home to smaller wages but more nourishing food. Correspondents at the front report that German prisoners always seem underfed, though larger and better rations are given to soldiers than to civilians. All accounts agree that there is a serious deficiency of meat, eggs, fat and milk and that the people look underfed.

If this condition be general, weakening of the people's physique cannot fail to reduce their power of endurance. Not only that, it may weaken their morale, which is the source of the "will to fight." That, however, is contingent upon the temper of the people. History abounds in examples of prodigies of endurance and valor by besieged people who were reduced to the verge of starvation.

The possibility of reducing the British people to the same condition hangs on the degree of success attained by the submarine blockade. Preparing for the worst, the British people are plowing up or turning into pasture for cattle their flower gardens and public parks and noblemen's parks and shooting preserves. Even were every available acre applied to food production, the United Kingdom would still be far from self-supporting. It is even more dependent on imports of raw material for munitions. Much of the iron ore comes from Spain and other foreign countries, nearly all copper and lead are imported, as are all rubber and petroleum. Admiral Jellicoe has expressed confidence in success of the measures taken to combat the submarine, but its toll of ships sunk continues to increase. Unless the protective means prove effective soon, British physique may show the same deterioration as has German, and the munition supply may be so reduced that the allies will lose the superiority in that regard on which they rely.

The next few months may decide the result. If the Germans hold their ground while they rapidly reduce the allies' resources of food and munitions, the latter may become powerless to win. If the new measures of which vague hints have been given should prove as destructive to the new fleet of U-boats as the earlier were to the first fleet in 1915, the odds on points of endurance will be favorable to the allies. So far, the new submarine campaign has only begun and no basis for an opinion exists.

THE POET SCOUT.

News that Captain Jack Crawford, the "poet scout," is dying in his Long Island home recalls a picturesque figure of the frontier days immediately following the Civil War and including the Indian campaigns of the '70s in the Sioux country. In these campaigns Crawford was second in command of General Crook's civilian scouts, Colonel Cody being their chief. Crawford's name was romantically associated with the West when the West was being fashioned out of crude material, and there was a time, in the '80s, and even later, when as a writer and entertainer he was much the vogue. His splendid record in the service of his country, his undoubted personal bravery and a magic personality lent glamor to his name. His verses had little literary quality, but depended for their popularity rather on the fact that, like those of Will Carleton and others, they struck a popular chord. They were unpolished but wholesome, and the quantity of them was amazing. A not inconsiderable proportion consisted of verses of occasion, for "Captain Jack" was in demand at campfires, anniversaries and other especial events.

It was the era of home-and-mother verse in which Crawford wrote, and he played often upon this string. The country had not wholly emerged from the wilderness; ties were being newly formed; there was scarcely a man or woman in the Western country who did not have loved ones in a far-away place. Crawford liked to sing of the honest heart that beat beneath the rough and unpromising exterior, of the prospector lying on his lonely hillside, dreaming of the dear ones far, far away, and of the endearing ties of comradeship amid the perils of a hostile land. He put universal thoughts into commonplace words. He reached an audience that seldom read the major poets, and probably would not have understood them if it had read more, but his influence was altogether good.

The poet scout was unfailingly good-natured, and the world, after all, loves an optimist. Even his experience fighting Indians left him with no real bitterness, which was in sharp contrast to the prevailing sentiment of the day that "the only good Indian was a dead Indian." This is illustrated by his "Little Revilee," once a popular recitation at school entertainments in the West, in which he said:

I hain't much love for an Injun,
Take Injuns as they go,
An' for many a year on this wild frontier
I've been their bitterest foe;
An' I reckon as you 'uns know me,
An' I ain't much given to boast,
But listen to me—I wouldn't be
Unjust to an Injun's ghost.

As to the rest of the poem, it does not matter. It is a story of an Indian who did a good deed, and the scout proposed to see that he got credit for it, even among white men to whom all redskins were anathema, to be shot or herded on reservations and subjected to the tender mercies of agents who undoubtedly did not understand them and contractors who exploited them for private gain. Crawford recited "Little Revilee" in the camps of the Black Hills while the Indian fighting was still fresh in memory, and, in the vernacular which he himself might have employed, he "got away with it."

Among plainsmen and prospectors, he was one of few to whom Wordsworth's primrose allusion did not apply. In 1876 a band of hostile Sioux drove off fourteen head of the scouting party's horses and the whites gave chase, regaining half of them after a hard ride, although, as Crawford naively remarks, "owing to the fact that the Indians had a change of horses, we failed to get any scalps." It was after this hard ride, with his disappointing failure to scalp the enemy, that this thought occurred to him:

A daisy! The first I had seen in the Spring,
Was peeping from under the sod;
The air was so chilly, the wind was so cold,
That I feared that the daisy had made
rather bold
To accend from the earth's warmer clod.
Just then a fair skylark flew heavenward
to sing
Sweet anthems in praise of his God.

One overlooks the incongruities in a kind of wonderment that the scout should have been an efficient Indian fighter and the kind of man who found time to notice daisies and skylarks while preoccupied with the sterner duties of the chase.

Even the mining "experts" of the early day stirred the scout only to a sort of mild sarcasm, which is found running through his verse. Like all prospectors, he was strong in the faith. At one time he pinned his all on the future of the Cariboo country, and when a geologist declared that the region was not fit for quartz mining and that there were no ledges there, he expressed himself in these words:

Oh, where is God's creation
Can we poor people go
To find a better prospect
Than these outcroppings show?
And tell me, oh, ye experts,
Whence these millions came,
Rolled down in the sluices
Since Barker got its name.

Crawford never drew the long bow in writing about himself. As to his fighting career, he was modest always. He had a good deal to say, one time and another, to discourage those who were coming West with a false idea. He might have been called an anti-dime novelist. He resisted temptation to make money by permitting his name to be used as the ostensible author of yellow-backed literature. He advised boys to take a serious view of the possibilities of the West, or to stay home. He told them that of the many who had abandoned their homes to "fight Indians," not one in a thousand reached a point west of the Missouri River, and that chances were that that one was washing dishes in a restaurant or doing other prosaic duties in the hope of earning enough money to take him back home. For the benefit of these he pictured the life of the scout in its true colors, laying stress on its hardships, and he added frankly that mostly the men who were following the lives of scouts were doing it, "not for the love of adventure, but for the big silver dollars they received for their services." Perhaps the fact that he stuck closely to the truth had something to do with his popularity.

NEW YORK CITY GROWS HEALTHIER.

Signal testimony to the triumphs of modern medical and sanitary science is borne by the report of the Health Department of New York City that the death rate of that city in 1916 was only 13.89 per thousand, the lowest on record, although in that year epidemics of grippe and infantile paralysis each caused 2000 deaths. This is a decrease from 20.57 per thousand in 1900, though in the interval the population has increased one-third and has therefore become much denser. Fifty years ago the death rate was 36 per thousand. If the same rate had prevailed last year there would have been 100,000 more deaths and, it being estimated that there are ten cases of serious illness for each death, there would have been 1,000,000 more such cases.

Apart from the prevention of grief and pain which has resulted from modern medical discoveries and from stricter observance of medical and sanitary laws, there is a great economic gain from this decrease of illness and death. Every man's contribution to the National wealth and to the general welfare is increased by the lengthening of his life and by increase of his number of working days. Premature death is waste of much of the time and money spent in rearing and educating a child, and illness is waste through loss of wages and through expense for doctors, nurses and medicine. Great as has been the increase of expenditure on the Health Department, it has been justified by prevention of economic waste.

Acting on the notion that poverty is a handicap to literary genius, which is not as a matter of fact borne out by history, Count Ilya Tolstoy, son of the late Count Leo Tolstoy, is said to have given up a portion of his father's estate in Russia as a sort of subsidy for indigent writers. He has not explained how he intends to differentiate between the budding authors who are poor because their stuff is not worth buying and those who would produce the real thing if only they were relieved from the necessity of doing other work for a living. Even the estate of a Tolstoy would hardly suffice for the support of those who think they could write if conditions were made to order for them, and if it is proposed to establish an authors' poor house there is danger that it would be filled to overflowing before the real geniuses of the profession had a chance to get within hailing distance of the front gate. At any rate, the experiment will be watched with interest, and some longing, by the writing world.

It is less than nineteen years since the United States and Spain were at war, yet they are now so friendly that Spain not only takes the care of belligerent interests off our hands but takes charge of our interests in Germany and backs our policy in regard to submarines. National quarrels do not last long, especially when mutual interest draws the nations concerned together.

It would seem that Under-Secretary von Stumm has been laboring under a delusion as to the way the United States treats dismissed Ambassadors, but it would be cruel to suppose that he got the idea by thinking what he would have done in a position of high authority.

Airplane makers are prepared to turn out 175 machines a day for the Government in the event of war. Half a day's output would have made a big difference in the outcome of the chase for Villa a few months ago.

The I. W. W. accused at Everett have obtained a change of venue to Seattle, but if they hope to find a community anywhere that is not sick of I. W. W.-ism they have another guess coming.

With a falling off in the number of ships sunk in the war zone, the question naturally arises whether the number of vessels taking the chance has not also been diminished somewhat.

Judging from the National bank statement, showing that country banks are getting the greater part of the coin, it is getting near the closed season for jokes about hayseeds.

The governments of Holland and Sweden evidently had their ears close to the ground when they made their decisions as to neutrality in the present submarine situation.

The House committee has been a long time finding out that members of Congress sometimes take a flyer in Wall Street, but, of course, for strictly "investment purposes."

Illinois has a pleasing idea, the setting apart of a week for the singing of National songs, but it is to be hoped the singing will not be confined to the week in question.

Making it a capital crime to kill a man by running him down with a "borrowed" automobile ought to have a tendency to discourage joy riding for a while.

In his lonely cell, Detective Crowley will have plenty of time to reflect upon the similar misfortunes of Old Dog Tray.

Secretary Daniels' past record as a builder of warships will hardly satisfy the country at the present stage of the game.

The night school in military training seems to be about the latest thing in extension work.

Onions are now $7 a sack. Perfumes of the synthetic variety are also scarce and dear.

Crocuses are in bloom and soon the almonds will be out. It is good to live in Oregon.

The hoosiers, too, have put the skids under the saloon.

Gleams Through the Mist.

By Dean Collins.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Abraham Lincoln, fightin' man;
Tender and gentle, but firm to do
The task that was given unto you;
Patient to follow the intricate plan
Through sorrow and pain and death-clouds black,
But never to waver and never look back;
Abraham Lincoln, fightin' man.

Abraham Lincoln, fightin' man;
Heart like the heart of a little child,
Lips that were tremulous while they smiled,
Eyes where readily tear-drops ran;
Big, hard hands that could strike a blow—
And bind up the wounds of the stricken foe;
Abraham Lincoln, fightin' man.

Abraham Lincoln, fightin' man;
Humble of heart and praying peace,
But ready to war and not to cease
Till the land was purged from the ancient ban;
Ready to die, if need should be,
For the sake of a land where all are free;
Abraham Lincoln, fightin' man.

Abraham Lincoln, fightin' man;
Our warlike heroes perhaps are few
Compared to what other countries knew—
We still are young—but I'm glad we can
Point, when a stranger would be told
Of the type of heroes we had of old,
To Abraham Lincoln, fightin' man.

* * *

"Sir," said the Courteous Office Boy, entering with a basketful of dandelion greens.

"You here," I cried joyously, for the C. O. B. has been taking a vacation while the recent B. D. legislation (*) was ripening.

(*Note: B. D. refers to the subject which we have been treating in this colyum for the past few weeks, but were obliged to cease mentioning at midnight, Thursday.)

"Yep," said the C. O. B. "I have come back and have brung a Spring pome with me."

I steeled myself to meet the shock.

"Sooner or later it had to come," I muttered. "Read on before I sever diplomatic relations with you."

And the C. O. B. read:

Spring Pome.

The wheels within my dollar watch
Go round as lively as hop-scotch;
My ears I prick
And hear it tick
A merry "Click-
te-click-te-click!"
What makes it do this sort of thing?
I've guessed at last! It is
THE SPRING.

My auto cushion, plump and soft,
It gaily tosses me aloft,
I jump and bounce,
I gaily jounce,
With flumpty-flounce,
And flumpty-flounce.
What makes my cushion do this thing?
Why, can't you guess? It is
THE SPRING.

It sometimes almost makes me cringe,
To see the door swing on its hinge,
With mighty slam
Against the jamb,
And lusty "Bam-
te-bam-tebam!
What makes the door so freely swing?
I know, I know! It is
THE SPRING.

BARD'S SPRING TWITTER.

Since the C. O. B. has reminded us of it, we might as well face the facts without flinching.

It's the Spring pome season.

We do not believe in an unbridled and unregulated Spring pome campaign, and we are prepared to do everything in our power to mitigate its frightfulness.

Therefore we invite bards who feel that they MUST do Spring versification to perch on this little bough and twitter. We give them ample assurance that nobody will take a shot at them, so long as they don't begin to fly around too miscellaneously.

The only other rule that obtains in the SPRING TWITTER is as follows: Make 'em short! The shorter the better!

IN THE GARDEN.

When the seeking breezes pass,
Like a nugget in the grass,
Such a gleaming, gallant one,
Like a fragment of the sun,
(For the sun is made from gold
So the ancient legends told.)

Where the seeking breezes pass,
Lies a snow-flake in the grass,
Light and white, it seems to float
With a sunbeam in its throat.
But who ever saw—did you—
Snowflakes lightly veined with blue?

Where the seeking breezes pass,
Lies a gem upon the grass,
Such a glorious amethyst
Devotee hath never kissed,
Never hath a gem so grand
Shone upon a bishop's hand.

Where the seeking breezes pass,
Spring smiles upward through the grass,
Gold and white and amethyst,
In the frost and early mist,
Gallantly their colors fling—
Crocuses are blossoming.

Torpedo Nets for Ships.

PORTLAND, Feb. 9.—(To the Editor.)—What is the manner of construction, what kind of material used and what is the mode of attachment to ships of torpedo nets?
CHARLES BARNETT.

They are constructed of heavy wire, after the form of chicken wire fences, and are attached to booms jutting from the side of the vessel. These booms may be swung back in line with the deck when not in use. Nets are used only when the ship is at anchor. These nets are not taut, as their purpose is to stop torpedoes without causing their explosion. The force of water disturbed violently by high explosives is sometimes sufficient to crush a ship's hull. The effectiveness of torpedo nets is said to have been partly overcome by attachment of revolving knives to torpedoes, which cut through the net. Warships at their rendezvous now in time of war commonly lie behind labyrinths of stationary wire net.

No Sunday Blue Law.

HOOD RIVER, Or., Feb. 8.—(To the Editor.)—What is the present status of the Sunday blue law and how does it affect moving picture theaters? Has the Supreme Court of Oregon passed on this law? F. G. C.

It was repealed by vote of the people in the last election.