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, three months	1.75
Daily, without Sunday, one month	.60
Weekly, one year	1.50
Sunday, one year	2.50
Sunday and weekly	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 address 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 82 pages, 6 cents. Foreign postage double rates.

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

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JUNE 10, 1917.

WHEN GERMANY WILL LOSE.

The recent victories of the British and French on the western front are brilliant and important; but they are not decisive of the war, nor indicative of the collapse of the Germans. They have real military value, and greater psychological value, for they clearly indicate that the tide of success, running for more than two years strongly against the entente allies, has turned, and that Germany has lost the great advantage of the offensive, and is clearly on the defensive. But Germany is not whipped, though she will be whipped; nor is the end in sight, unless there shall be an internal collapse, due to political and economic conditions, and not due, except in small part, to the military operations on the western front.

The new Hindenburg line is no myth, but is a great strategic and military fact. The British and French have not broken through it, and probably will not, by any sudden maneuver. But they may cause it to be re-formed—indeed they have—under powerful pressure, persistently applied along the entire front or at key positions thereon.

Now we hear that the British have achieved an immense triumph in Belgium, in the region of Oostlaverne and Messines. So they have. They have driven the enemy out of fortifications held stubbornly for two and one-half years. They conducted their preliminary movements in full view of all. It was definitely known that they would attack. The defense was thoroughly prepared. The Germans had a great advantage of ground and position. They had plenty of reserves. They knew exactly what was going to happen, and they were ready. Yet they were driven back. Why?

The determining reason, after making due allowance for the valor and experience of troops on both sides, is that the trenches and fortifications had been made well-nigh untenable through two and one-half years of bombardment by artillery. The lucid Associated Press account adds:

> At 1:30 A. M. 19 deep mines were exploded simultaneously beneath the enemy's defenses, by which large portions of both his front and support trenches, including extensive dugout and mining systems, were completely wrecked. Immediately upon the explosion of the mines, our guns opened and our infantry assault was launched.

Again there is a further explanation:

> The armies had been facing each other on this latest front of attack so long that it had been possible for the British to carry on marvelous mining operations. It was a far cry from the first mines sprung in the war with the impulse of three or four pounds of powder to the veritable volcanoes which went up in flaming fury at dawn yesterday—each of 50 tons or more of a secret explosive beneath it. The effect of these mines was simply tremendous.

Here we get a clear insight into modern offensive methods of warfare, and one of its most tremendous weapons—the mine. It is doubtless true, also, that the British and French have a great superiority in artillery and in munitions and in men. When great batteries of howitzers and other immense cannon are concentrated on a specified sector, and when furthermore it is extensively mined, after months of labor, and when all the operations of artillery, infantry, engineers and aircraft are carefully timed, the objective is certain to be gained. But it takes time, men and munitions.

Now at this point, and at all other points on the western front and elsewhere, the artillery must again be moved forward and a new operation begun. There must be mines, new preparations throughout for a grand assault. The plan is systematic, but successful; but time is its essence.

It ought to be understood that the net result of all the recent successes of British and French in the west is to gain about one-seventh of French territory occupied by the Germans. If it has taken two and one-half years to repossess one-seventh, how long will it take to get the total? The allied advances in the past few months have of course been more rapid than in the beginning; but now again they are up against a new—not an old, untenable, thoroughly mined—German line.

The Oregonian observes that there is a growing impression that Germany will soon quit, or collapse. Those who think so grievously misunderstand the real situation. The recent military movements indeed are hopeful, and augur final success—but not soon. It will be long delayed, indeed, unless German's resources fail. They are failing.

The real hope of success, and the only hope of a comparatively early success, is in the breakdown that will certainly occur through the processes of starvation and through the failure of German war supplies.

The victory is not going to be won by General Haig, or General Petain, or General Pershing. It will be by General Starvation and General Poverty.

"The Nomad," who writes regularly and entertainingly for the Boston Transcript, has found the reason for the apparent phenomenon that when a man walking downtown meets an individual possessing some peculiarity, such as a limp, or a green hat, or a blue umbrella, he is almost certain to encounter another before he has ended his journey. He has checked it up and found it to be quite generally the rule. But the explanation is to be found in same mental process that studies the weather almanacs and discovers that when one forecast made a year ahead comes true, others are likely to follow to justify the weather sharp. It is due simply to the fact that when one's attention is directed to something out of the ordinary, one is put on his guard, as it were, so that the next one attracts his attention, and if there should be a third it is more than ever impressed upon him. The fact that lame men and green hats are not particularly rare has previously escaped his notice. The same factors entered into the ancient superstition about the red-headed girl and the white horse, which, however, we do not hear so much about since automobiles crowded all horses from the streets, while Titian-haired girls are as numerous and as beautiful as ever.

SUPPOSE WE STRIKE?

Prior to the recent election The Oregonian published recommendations on twenty-four city and state measures. With one exception, the vote of the people of Portland last Monday coincided with the recommendations given. Whether this was due to pure coincidence or indicates a strong confidence in the good judgment of The Oregonian, we shall leave to others less modest to say. The purpose now is to discuss the one disagreement.

Therein the majority of voters throughout the state voted as did the majority of voters in Portland. The measure consolidates city, state and county elections. Its sole recommendation is that it will save a little money. But what a job the people have voted upon themselves—that is, if they intend to do the work themselves!

Under the terms of this amendment the next Portland city election will be held in November, 1920. At that election we should in any event have had to choose five Presidential electors, a United States Senator, Representative in Congress, Dairy Commissioner, Railroad Commissioner, Secretary of State, two Justices of the Supreme Court, three Circuit Judges, Sheriff, Clerk, Surveyor, District Attorney, two County Commissioners, County Treasurer, Assessor, School Superintendent, Coroner, Constable, five State Senators and thirteen State Representatives—forty-four officials in all. Now we have added not only two City Commissioners and a City Auditor to the list, but a great array, in all probability, of charter amendments and city ordinances.

In the past, on one state ballot, there have been as many as thirty-eight constitutional amendments and proposed laws. In the last city election eighteen charter amendments and ordinances were presented in addition to candidates.

The 1916 state and county ballot carried the names of 120 candidates for office. The recent city election brought out sixteen candidates for the two places in the City Council. In 1920, it is not an exaggerated probability, we shall have the names of 150 candidates on the ballot and the titles of fifty measures of all kinds. The ballot will be something like a horse blanket in size and election boards in the larger precincts will probably not be done counting for a week after election.

The average voter probably did not give the amendment any other thought than that it would save a little public money. If he had he would have known that he would have neither the time nor inclination to give so great a number of candidates and measures proper study and consideration.

Of course the press will still be in existence and it will be simple enough to turn to one's favorite newspaper for guidance. It has already been said by men not in journalism that an outcome of the Oregon system is to turn elections over to the newspapers. It is a job that The Oregonian, for one, does not covet. Its opposition to the latest trend in that direction found in the amendment just adopted is an earnest of its sincerity. Just at the moment we are wondering what would be the result if all the newspapers should go on election strike. Could they catch us with the anti-conspiracy ordinance?

A GENERAL WHO HAS MADE GOOD.

Major-General Pershing, who will command the American expedition to France, is a man who has made good and will therefore have public confidence in his ability to measure up with the French and British Generals, Petain and Haig, with whom he will co-operate, and with the German Generals, against whom he must contend. He has to gain experience in a new style of warfare, but he has shown such adaptability to varying conditions in his past campaigns that he may be expected quickly to master the peculiarities of trench war.

He no sooner graduated from West Point than he took part, as Second Lieutenant of the Sixth Cavalry, in the campaign against Geronimo. He won praise from General Miles for having marched his troop with a pack train 140 miles in forty-six hours and for having "brought in every man and animal in good condition." In the Spanish war he won his Captaincy by gallantry at the battle of El Caney, where he fought in the Tenth Cavalry. He was then sent to Manchuria as military observer with the Japanese army and won high praise for the valuable report he made.

General Pershing's rapid promotion has been the subject of much adverse comment as an example of gross favoritism, because he was the son-in-law of Senator Warren, chairman of the military committee, but the facts prove that the criticism was not justified. In a message to Congress on December 7, 1903, President Roosevelt condemned the rule of promotion by seniority and mentioned Captain Pershing as a gallant officer who had been held back by it. Miss Frances Warren heard the message read and expressed a desire to meet the officer who had won such commendation. An acquaintance followed, which led to their marriage two years later.

In 1906 Mr. Roosevelt wished to make him a Colonel, but found that the law forbade, though it permitted appointment as Brigadier-General. In his characteristic way he took the bull by the horns and jumped Pershing from Captain to Brigadier. Though this promotion was made after his marriage, he had been picked for it on his merits before he had even formed the acquaintance of Miss Warren.

The General justified the President's action by his success in his first command in active service. He was sent to finish the campaign against the Moros in Mindanao and Jolo and besieged them in their supposedly impregnable fortress in the extinct crater of Bud Dajo on Jolo. They made several dashes to break through the ring of steel, but were cut down or driven back at each attempt. Finally, on Christmas day, 1911, the remaining 400 surrendered. Subjugation of the Moros was completed, at the battle of Bagsag in June, 1913.

This achievement marked out Pershing as the logical man to lead the punitive expedition against Villa in 1916, and he distinguished himself as much by the patience and endurance with which he performed that irksome and inglorious task as he would doubtless have done had he been set free to hunt the bandits to their lairs. He now reaps his reward by receiving a command where he will not be held in leash, but will have full swing to hammer the foe and to prove that American soldiers are the equal of British, French and Colonial troops.

TURNING THE NEEDLE TO ACCOUNT.

Women with taste for needlework will find food for thought in the suggestion of the Federal Bureau of Education that they devote their energies this year to war work, rather than the making of articles of personal adornment. Tatting and chenille embroidery and crocheted doilies will seem rather trivial when it is understood that the Red Cross has practically unlimited need for such practical articles as operating gowns, wash cloths, hot water bag covers, pajamas and gowns for convalescents.

War preparation is an intensely practical affair. There is not much time to waste in art and there is constant call for pure utility. However much the soldier may be cheered by the thought that someone's loving hands have worked a monogram on the corner of his handkerchief, he will be a great deal better served by the larger quantity of plain necessities that can be produced in the time wasted o "fancywo " This applies not only to home sewing but to classes in colleges, high schools and elementary schools. The Government strongly urges co-operation between local Red Cross chapters and the public schools with this end in view.

Other measu that may not have occurred to those inexperienced in war relief work are also suggested. For example, there is a tremendous waste of rags in the country. There will be a demand for every square inch of cloth that can be saved. Business will be kept going as usual if citizens of both sexes will continue to purchase clothing according to their means but will use extra care to save every garment that can possibly be put to use. There should be no sending of cloth to the incinerator. Every cutting should be preserved. Use will be found for the final remnants, and the tiniest scraps of colored textiles will eventually find their way to the paper factories.

The Government appeal emphasizes the fact that little things count. It is right for us in this regard to profit by the example of our enemy. It is probable that German attention to minutiae has made it possible for that country to prolong the war until today. If the Germans had been as wasteful from the outset as some of our allies were in the beginning, they would have been whipped long ago. We must not make the mistake of scorning to save, and save, and save.

SUBMARINE LOSES ITS PUNCH.

The power of the submarine for evil has been reduced in the week ending June 3 below that for the week ending April 1, judging by the report of British losses. As the British merchant marine before the war constituted about two-fifths of the world's total and as it now constitutes about the same proportion and has been most persistent in keeping the sea, its losses are probably a fair indication of the whole. The figures for British losses during the last two months are:

Week ending—	Ships Sunk— Above 1600 tons.	Below 1600 tons.
April 1	18	13
April 8	17	2
April 15	19	9
April 22	40	15
April 29	38	13
May 6	24	28
May 13	18	5
May 20	18	9
May 27	18	1
June 3	15	3

The loss in the last week falls below that for any of the preceding three weeks, during which the destruction shrank to about the rate which prevailed in the last week of March and the first two weeks of April. During the last two weeks of April the totals reached alarming proportions, which caused a great scare and prompted an American naval officer in British waters to write to a friend on May 5:

> The situation is really getting out of control. The American public has been fed on lies for so long that it will be doubly difficult to impress it with the facts. The simple facts of increasing danger and importance are:
>
> First—More ships are sunk per month than can possibly be replaced in the same interval of time.
>
> Second—An insignificant number of submarines is being destroyed.
>
> Third—Not one-tenth as many have been accounted for to date as we have been led to believe.

That letter was written in the light of losses which in one week totaled fifty-five British ships alone, estimated at 400,000 tons. If this rate of destruction had been sustained, it would have meant the loss of 235 ships a month by Great Britain. Figures are not available as to the losses of the other allies and of neutrals, which may have equaled those of Britain, making a grand total of 470 ships a month, or nearly sixteen a day. Had this rate of destruction continued, it would have been beyond the power of the non-German world to replace the lost tonnage, even if every shipyard had been worked with feverish speed, and the loss of cargoes might easily have left the allies short of food and have crippled their armies for lack of arms and munitions.

But a review of the entire two months suggests that in the latter half of April Germany sent out an unusually large fleet of U-boats in the hope both of striking terror into the allies and into those neutrals who persisted in trading with them and of reviving the confidence of the German people, which had been so shaken by the American declaration of war and by their own sufferings that strikes bordering on revolt broke out in the industrial centers.

This degree of submarine activity could not be sustained, hence the decrease in British losses to forty-six ships in the first week and to twenty-three in the second week of May. At the same time the American destroyer flotilla got into action and the number of armed merchant ships, both British and American, steadily increased. The decrease in losses during May implies either that the theory of a monthly spurt of activity by the U-boats was erroneous or that the allied patrol became more efficient with the advent of the Americans, or both. In either case, there is cause for hope that the destructiveness of the submarine has passed its maximum and that it will steadily diminish as more American destroyers are brought into action and as new devices, both offensive and defensive, are used against the U-boats.

There is, however, no justification for us to relax our efforts to build all the ships possible, to press the campaign against undersea boats and to pour a constant stream of supplies of all kinds into sorely distressed France and Britain. At the reduced rate of the last week, the Germans were still sinking seventy-seven British ships a month, which implies a possible total of 154 of all nations. New ships at the rate of over five a day would be necessary to make good this loss. The one new ship a day promised after six months by an Eastern company must be multiplied five times by all non-German nations in order to do this. But new tonnage should be produced much faster in order to replace that which has already been destroyed and that which is rapidly deteriorating under constant pressure.

In such an emergency there is no time to waste in debating whether ships shall be built of steel or of wood; our energy should be centered on producing as many as possible of both materials. We have only begun defeat of the submarine; to complete its defeat will require unremitting effort.

THE DIRECTORY AS LITERATURE.

Happy is the reader who, cast away in the desert of his hotel room, it may be, can discover a romantic literature in the telephone directory, for to such as he there will never come an hour of empty idleness. For such a man, Professor Ernest Weekley, the English writer on modern languages, is an inspiration. His book on "The Romance of Names," published more than two years ago, has more recently been supplemented by another, more imposing, on "Surnames," of which the London Times says that it appeals to conflicting senses in us. We read books on words and names with a peculiar fascination. We are bored, and interested, and irritated, "we think them fantastic and absurd and we cannot read them, and yet we cannot put them down." But, as the Times points out, interest in the study of names is a fad that has one advantage over all others. The botanist, the ornithologist and the conchologist must travel far to find their specimens; the student of names has his material before him in every store sign, in the city directory, in the advertising pages as well as the news columns of his newspaper, and even in the city directory itself.

Professor Weekley, however, is a philologist, and so he extracts more from his subject than would the ordinary man. He says himself that "the study of surnames may be regarded as a branch of learning," and he adds that while as a pastime "it is as innocent as stamp collecting and possibly as intellectual, as a branch of learning it is an inexhaustible, and hitherto practically unworked, mine of philological knowledge." He proceeds to illuminate this thought by explaining that in the mere matter of the chronology of words, the study of surnames is of great and hitherto unregarded importance. He finds words that had become common enough to be used as nicknames three or four centuries before the dates when their first appearance was noted in the Oxford dictionary. The name of Robert Pusekat, for example, appears three centuries before the word "puss" is seen in any literary record. So it will be observed that there is a romance in names, after all, and that in them may be bound up all sorts of secrets of our progress as a race.

A goodly proportion of names, Professor Weekley observes, are occupative. In more primitive times, men often called one another after the trade in which they were employed. The philologist takes especial interest in the discovery that the name Miller existed as an occupative nickname some 300 years before the word is otherwise known to have been employed. The six commonest occupative names in our language are Smith, Taylor, Clark, Wright, Walker and Turner. But there are in addition to occupative names a long list of nicknames that have been dignified by formal adoption, and Clark is curiously, we are told, in both these classifications, since it was once given not only to those who were employed as clerks, but also to others who could read and write.

Our forefathers did not have our opportunities for education. For centuries people were indifferent as to the spelling of their names—Shakespeare being a noteworthy example—and as recently as 1870 a large number of English people could not spell their names at all. We have Professor Weekley's word for this, and he supports his assertion with the records of many families, the individual members of which signed the official registers of their parishes and spelled the family name in as many ways as there were members signing it. So he would not deride the Smythes, whose ancestors had as much right to their way of spelling the name as did the Smiths. And the Smiths are a mighty army because the name was at first applied to all "smiters" of metal.

What our names would be like if we followed the old practice of occupative selection would be a fruitful field for conjecture. The Smiths would continue with us, of course, but they would have a variety of company. The beginning of the age of machinery has long post-dated the fixation of our name system, and nearly all the arts and sciences have been developed since that time. We should have a vast array of chemists and auto-bus drivers and electricians and loom-tenders and what-not from which to draw, with suitable suffixes and prefixes to designate whether they were good, bad or indifferent workmen. For it was the custom of those ancestors of ours to take all sorts of liberties in their selection of names. They were like our own North American Indians, and quite frequently not any more merciful. But it is a curious fact that in seeking out peculiarities on which to hang names, they made liberal use of the head and hair and eyes and legs, but passed over the nose entirely. The French, who are politer than we are, however, had no such compunction, as appears to be indicated by the name Courtenay, which Professor Weekley traces in an old French epic to "court nez," short nose, an epithet conferred on the famous Guillaume d'Orange, when the sword of a Saracen giant removed that important feature.

There are many surprises in store for the student of names. The philologist must be ever on the watch. He no sooner finds that Bible names were exceedingly popular at a certain period, that Adam is responsible for twenty-seven compounds, that his son Abel has contributed almost as many more, and is about to set down the Kanes and the Cains as due to misguided reverence for another member of the Adam family, than he is brought up with a short turn. Now of course no one would choose the slayer of his brother to name a boy after, and the true philologist discovers that the Kane family got their name from the Norman town of Coen, where at some time they lived. These are typical of a long list of "local" surnames, but they do not indicate ancestral ownership in most instances. In the case of small features of the landscape, like "bridge" and "hill," the name might have been given from the place of residence. But in the case of counties, towns and villages, the name usually was acquired after the person had left the locality. "John Tiler, leaving Acton, would be known to his new neighbors as John Acton." The author reveals that "English" is a Scotch name, that "Cornish" first became common in Devonshire, and that "Cutler" was a rare name in Sheffield, where most of the cutlery was made.

All the linguistic streams meet in our composite names. We may speculate to our hearts' content once we have the tax roll open before us. We may wonder, if we will, why the English chose only Munday out of all the days of the week, while the Germans have their Sontag, Dienstag and Freytag; and why the English named no one after God (Godde being traced to a wholly different origin), while the French, who were not behind them in reverence, adopted Ledieu without question. There is thus in names not only an interesting study of the manners and customs of our ancestors, but an epitome of the history of their culture as well.

THE AUTHOR OF THE YAWP.

Controversy over the credit, or the blame, according to the way one looks at it, for vers libre is likely to be renewed by the death of William J. Lampton, the kindly satirist, journalist and poet, who is said by his admirers to have been the first to make use of that unconventional form of expression. "The American Eagle Speaks," written at the time of our controversy with Italy over the killing by members of the Mafia of the Chief of Police of New Orleans, defied all the rules of literary art, as the rules were established at that time. They ignored meter and did not try to rhyme. But it was appropriate that they should do those things. The American eagle would do them, Lampton believed, if his mind were filled with his subject. So "free verse" was born. Lampton did not regard himself as seriously as do some other free versifiers. This is shown by the fact that his own name for the free verse was the "yawp."

There are poets, as well as artists and others, whose sole accomplishment appears to be the outraging of conventionalities, whether or not they accomplish anything by doing so. Some of them call themselves Futurists, and they dabble in oils and crayon and grease pencils, as well as in words. They are the I. W. W. of literature, and their chief delight is in committing sabotage. Merely to glimpse a "rule" is to inspire them with a horrid desire to smash it. If Emma Goldman were a poet, she would write that way. They call it being "freed from the trammels of literary class consciousness," or something like that. The result is mostly uninspiring. Oliver Hereford, who never made the mistake of overestimating inconsequentialities, satirized the whole movement deftly when a few years ago he devised the "rymbel," consisting of "ten, twenty and thirty-line stanzas," and also known, he explained, as the "tent-twent-thirt" style of versification. Pure iconoclasm, which has no idea except to be different, is certainly not constructive and it is of dubious value in literature, or any other calling.

Apotheosis of the different has led writers to some queer extremes. The staccato style seemed to have run its course when one Signor Marinetti, for example, produced the following, in the effort to go originality one better, with what success the reader can decide himself:

> Hohohohowling of 1500 sick men at carriage doors locked before 18 Turkish gunners tattered to pieces
> rags, tatters, caps
> officers thrown upon the
> network of iron wires pass at all costs anguish writhe with the shot bayonet tear the mails, rage, mousetrap

This was not the product of an inmate of a certain institution at Salem, or one like it at Steilacoom, but of a man at large, seriously engaged in the business of writing and attempting to describe what we are permitted to surmise was probably a grave situation. But this Futuristic method wholly ignored the dictum of Addison, to the effect that the first purpose of language is to yield its contained thought while at the same time exacting a minimum of mental effort on the part of the party of the second part. It required a special knack of interpretation which we may believe that even the author's co-Futurists may not always possess. For example, if anything could be worse than Signor Marinetti's effort, it might be this:

> tlactlac li li gailli
> trrrrrrrrrrrr
> talatatoo—tallalalatoo
> currrrrrrrr
> cuhrrr
> guhrrrr

The super-intelligent reader, of course, will recognize this bit of free verse at first glance at the struggle of a locomotive to express the thoughts within him—or it—but there must be many others among the poet's prospective audience who will not comprehend the inward soul of the thing without the help of copious footnotes and explanations. The man who said that "rhetoric is the art of dressing up some unimportant matter so as to fool the audience for the time being" opened a veritable Pandora's box, as is the way with so many who generalize indiscriminately, and with others who sacrifice truth to make an epigram. For as to getting away from the practice of dressing up unimportant matter so as to fool people into giving attention to it, the vers librists are worse than the formal rhetoricians. Their antics are as amusing as those of the clown who puts green pantaloons on a four-dollar calf to get a laugh, but seldom commands an encore. His task is ended when he elicits the first outburst of surprised applause. He has succeeded in being "different," with all that this form of originality implies. If verse writing has a higher mission than clowning, the future of the Futurist is all in the past.

Lampton, however, labored under no delusions and did not run the "yawp" into the ground. His notion that the eagle would not scream to the cadence of conventional verse was allowable enough, but not all verse writers are eagles, by any means. There was nothing in the books that seemed quite to fit the eagle's situation; but this all happened more than a quarter of a century ago, before we had gone mad in pursuit of originality, and he had some trouble getting his eagle verses printed. The editor of the Washington newspaper on which he was employed turned them down because he feared to imperil the literary reputation of his paper. But Charles A. Dana, who had a talent for uncovering genius, accepted them on merit. Whether he would have done so if he had known what he was starting may reasonably be open to doubt. "The American Eagle Speaks," however, was one of the most widely copied conceits of its day.

Lampton also was a pioneer in topical verse. He wrote a vast quantity of it, in satirical vein, but in the extreme of good nature. He was noted for his inconspicuous benevolences, and in this he showed himself a true poet, whatever may be said of his technic. One somehow does not associate poetry with bitterness and gall. In love of his fellow-man, Lampton deserves to rank with the best of them.

That there are still plenty of places for us to conserve our supply of horses is shown by the final banishment of horse-propelled boats from the Erie Canal. The New York Legislature has made an appropriation for maintenance of motor-driven towboats, for which the owner of the barge pays at the rate of only 20 cents an hour, a sum far under the cost of maintaining horses or mules, to say nothing of the wages of the driver. Formerly it took a month to make the round trip between Buffalo and New York; henceforth the trip will be made in eighteen days. Thus the state not only saves horse and mule flesh, but a lot of profanity as well, for canal-boat drivers from the beginning have been famous for their picturesque and voluble oaths. There is a tradition that the reason James A. Garfield failed as a canal-boat driver was that his religious training forbade profanity, while the animals he was hired to handle had learned to respond to nothing else.

There presently will be a "good roads movement" in China, for the Orientals are awaking to the pleasure and profit of automobiling, but use of motor cars is practically limited to the towns, especially Hongkong and Shanghai. Government reports show that American manufacturers exported 6624 cars to China in 1916, which was three times as many as in the preceding year and five times as many as in 1914. In most of the interior of the country, however, travel except by ox-cart is impossible in the rainy season, and the roads are poor under the most favorable conditions. Recent experiences in more civilized regions have shown that the automobile is a tremendous factor in stimulating road construction, and this will be further aided throughout the Far East by the new prosperity of the people, which has in part grown out of the demand for such staples as rubber, and has made money more plentiful than it ever has been in history.

Denmark is holding its position of pre-eminence in the raising of seeds and promises to be in a position to supply a good part of the world at highly remunerative prices as soon as agriculture is generally resumed. The development of seed culture in that country was due in the first place to a fortunate combination of soil and climate, which favored the development of strong and hardy strains, especially of the cruciform varieties of plants, but the business has been built up by infinite taking of pains. Seed selection and the fixing of strains is essentially the task of men who love their work and are in not too great haste for returns, and the Danish temperament is peculiarly suitable in this regard. Reopening of communication with the world and importation of much needed chemical fertilizers will result in a seed-growing boom such as Denmark has never before experienced.

Men ambitious to serve their country in the air will be glad to learn that the demand for aviators is still greater than the prospective supply, although they are being turned out of the preliminary schools at the rate of 150 a week. Applications are made to the Personal Section, Signal Corps, Washington, D. C. Primary aviation schools are being conducted under Government supervision at the Universities of California, Texas, Illinois and Ohio, and at Cornell and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Physical, mental and moral requirements are severe, and the candidate passing these tests receives eight weeks' instruction in one of the Government schools before being sent to another school for actual instruction in flying. As our part in the actual war increases there will be greater and greater need for aviators, with no present prospect that there will be too many of them.

The homes of the Danbury hatters are to be sold next month to satisfy the judgments. Much has been paid, but more than $250,000 is unsatisfied. These men lost on what they held to be a principle, and the basis of labor organization is a principle. That they must lose their homes is a hardship that should appeal to organized labor generally. There are more than 2,000,000 individuals in the American Federation of Labor and a dime apiece will save loss to the misguided hatters. If "standing by" means anything, this is the time to show it and to show that organizing is not confined to "chewing the rag" and trying to raise the scale.

Signs multiply that the I. W. W. are not going to meet with the tolerant treatment good-naturedly accorded to them in the past. The man who is imbued with a desire for fighting now has a place to go where he can exercise himself to his soul's content.

With utter disregard of all consequences, Berlin has broken with Haiti. A few more enemies more or less counts for little, with so many already on the list.

More power to the shears with which the War Department is said to be cutting red tape. There is a lot to be cut before the country will be free to extend itself.

The Kaiser urges his men to "hasten the exhaustion of the enemy's forces." But this is a game that more than one can play at, and highly expensive, besides.

Germans have been reduced to an egg apiece every thirty days. Unfortunately for them, the day of the synthetic egg has not yet arrived.

If only it could be impressed on those Russian soldiers that now is the psychological moment for real action on the eastern front!

The French government evidently does not agree with Colonel Goethals as to the utility of the wooden ship.

Now for the last few millions of Oregon's share of the liberty loan.

Open season for slackers is now on.

EGOTISM OF SLACKER RELIGION

Pro-Germans in America Should Read History of World, Including Bible.

VALE, Or., June 2.—(To the Editor.)—Are the opponents of the volunteer system, the selective draft system, to any system which embodies war with Germany and who point to the Bible as the fundamental groundwork for their opposition to defense of liberty, sincere in their near-treason? Are they not rather genuine pro-German sympathizers who are attempting to play upon minds of the people with insinuating Slackerian logic?

These professed followers of a God created by the human mind, who is a pacifist god when needed for protection from some disliked duty, or a god of vengeance when needed to punish the enemies or disbeliever in the tenets of Slackerian religion, should lay aside their egotism and read the history of the world, of which the Bible is a part, and apply it to the present situation.

The God of these Christians has been a God of war since the creation of his universe. All we know is strife from man to dust. Destruction from which arises life and life which yields to change, immutable and unavoidable, either in organic or inorganic creation.

The record of the ages, including the Biblical, discloses no security for the defenseless, no hope for the pacifist, no gain, either mental or moral, spiritual or material, without some opposing agency creating human strife.

This Christian's God gave over the beautiful land of Canaan, "flowing with milk and honey," to rapine and destruction that his chosen might enjoy their country, ravish their women, and they endured until enervating luxury handed them over to Babylonian virility, and Rome, which finally scattered them to the four winds, fell from her mighty estate through and by the same luxurious civilization, suffering almost the same ills from the ancestors of the present Goths and Vandals, who are today razing cities, destroying the old and young and ravishing the daughters of Belgium and France.

These Christians, as well as some so-called Socialists, refuse to consider the advancement in war power through the agency of air and sea control and object to our defending ourselves from the savage beast running amuck in Europe.

I would have no quarrel with these Christians (so-called) were they, and the pro-German Socialists who wear buttons with treasonable legends, to be the only sufferers in the great catastrophe which would overwhelm the world should autocracy prevail. But I protest against the course which will destroy my country, my home, my liberty and my religion and will oppose such course to the bitter end.

Let the Germans have Germany and let the sea be free.

Let the sea be free and Belgium be restored.

So much for the Christian who cloaks his fear behind his religion and points to the bloodiest record of history for his reason.

We have in our midst, from sea to sea, another dealer in Slackerian logic fully as dangerous and far more open than the Christian (so-called), and that is the pro-German wing of the Socialists. The are numerous, bold and genuine troublemakers. They are advocating forcible resistance to the selective draft. They are sending out treasonable literature by the ton. Their devotees are decorating their coat lapels with buttons on which is inscribed the legend: "Not a dollar for the war, not a man for the war." They are using every possible unfair argument to prevent the success of the liberty loan.

Definite action should be taken against these people. Freedom of speech is one thing; treasonable speech another. From the one we must suffer some inconveniences, but from the latter we should be immune.

To these people I might suggest that they remove themselves to the country they love. This country is ours; ours who love liberty of speech, liberty of action, opportunity for advancement, and we are in the majority; we are living under a democracy where the majority rules; we love the country governed by the people for the people.

Is our education all to go for nothing? We see the rich and poor giving and suffering side by side to defend themselves from the terror which has arisen in Europe. They are doing more; they are defending us. Had it not been for the fleet of England our cities would have been destroyed or under tribute long since.

The men or women who will refuse to defend their homes deserve little consideration; but those who will not only fail to protect their own liberty, but insist in dragging down their neighbors, need severe consideration.

JOHN RIGBY.

THE TRAMP'S THE THING.

(A plan to compel hobos to enlist, prepared by Alderman D—, was submitted to the City Council last evening.—Newspaper item.)

O ruler, good and great,
I haste your scheme to celebrate!
Till now, enlistment speaks of daring mind;
Henceforth, of Aldermanic push behind!

Economy's the word.
And, pray, what thought is more absurd
Than that the orderly, industrious strong,
Should leave their gainful ways to fight with wrong?

Let sloth with wrong engage!
Who cares how wide the battle rage?
Charge, hobos, charge! Get old wrong's ornery goat!
Be brave, you wear our colors on your coat!

If dying must be done,
Assuredly, it best should come
From those who no good thing for man have wrought,
Who never once of sacrifice have thought!

Of course, the tramps would fight,
And hunger, thirst and bleed for right!
I see them cling to Thessaly's blood-soaked slope
And welcome long-drawn death for Grecian hope!

And Weary Willies follow Tell
With bleeding feet o'er rocky fell!
Indomitable, they march with glorious George
The dreary way that leads to Valley Forge!

Teddy's a played-out scream,
His mental preparedness a dream!
Just give the tramp the drill-ground laws,
And you can save your Warrens, Hales and Shaws!

O, Alderman astute!
You sure have trumped war's leading suit!
At once you break war's spell on young and brave
And thrust the hobo in the patriot's grave!

Shut shop, and take a long, long walk!
There'll be delay beyond thy wildest dream,
So, Congress, cease your talk,
With tramps we smash the Prussian war machine!

Eugene, Or. S. D. ALLEN.

Government of Canada.

PORTLAND, June 9.—(To the Editor.)—To settle a dispute please advise if Canada has a separate government or if it is tributary to England.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Canada has an autonomous government. The Governor-General is appointed by the King, but in all legislation affecting domestic affairs Canada is self-governing. The only matters referred to the Imperial Privy Counsel are those which appear to conflict with the policies of the empire, or impair imperial foreign relations.