The Oregonian

PORTLAND, OREGON.

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

Daily, Sunday included, one year	$8.00
Daily, Sunday included, six months	4.25
Daily, Sunday included, three months	2.25
Daily, Sunday included, one month	.75
Daily, without Sunday, one year	6.00
Daily, without Sunday, six months	3.25
Daily, without Sunday, one month	.60
Weekly, one year	1.00
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
Daily, without Sunday, one year	7.80
Daily, without Sunday, three months	1.75
Daily, without Sunday, one month	.65

How to Remit—Send postoffice money order, express or personal check on your local bank. Stamps, coin or currency are at owner'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 70 pages, 5 cents; 72 to 82 pages, 6 cents. Foreign postage, double rates.

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

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited to this paper, and also the local news published herein.

All rights of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, APRIL 7, 1918.

OUR FIRST YEAR OF WAR.

One year of war has played on every emotion of the American people only to leave them sobered by fuller realization of the immensity of the task they have undertaken, but with will tempered and hardened by determination to see it through to the very end, no matter how many years hence that end may be. The events of that year have blighted the high hopes with which it began, and have cooled the optimism which characterizes us, but they have cleared our mental vision and have nerved us for labor and sacrifice compared with which those of the past seem but as nothing.

When the Nation went into the war it was with almost a sense of relief that the long period of patient endurance of wrong had ended and that we could lift up our heads in pride that we had resolved to fight the conscienceless thing which had mistaken patience for submission. So rapidly did opinion ripen that in one month we rejected the half measure of armed neutrality and resolved on war as the only worthy and effective means of defending ourselves and at the same time saving democracy from extinction. A storm of public reprobation whipped into line all except a few of the willful men who would have had us cravenly prefer submission. The inspiring words in which President Wilson declared that we sought nothing for ourselves but would fight only to make the world safe for democracy, and the popular acclaim with which they were received, stamped us as no mere Nation of dollar-chasers, but as a people willing to spend not only their dollars but their lives without stint for the triumph of a noble ideal.

* * *

The year began with many incentives to optimism. Russia had just thrown off the yoke of the Czar and joined the ranks of democracy. A British army had just captured Bagdad, the ancient capital of the Caliphs. In the first month our new allies struck stunning blows at the enemy, who had retreated from the tortured hills along the Somme. Our new allies sent missions to arrange cooperation, and they were given a rapturous welcome. Congress promptly voted billions for the Army and Navy and for loans to the allies, and brushed aside all objections to compulsory service by passing the selective draft law. Young men by hundreds of thousands enlisted in Army and Navy, and the people oversubscribed the first liberty loan with a whoop. All were eager to get into the fray, and the more sanguine had visions of a great American Army joining the allies in a last triumphant campaign, which was to end the war before snow fell. The only cloud on the horizon in those months was the ominous increase in number of ships sunk by submarines, but arrival of an American destroyer squadron in the war zone inspired confidence that the sea assassin would soon be killed off.

* * *

As Spring changed to Summer and as Summer wore on, troubles at home multiplied, and optimism gave place to irritation and then to alarm. A short wheat crop became certain in a year when America must take the chief part in feeding the allies, and rendered rigid control of food marketing and consumption necessary, but an obstructive minority in Congress delayed action till August, and a wrangle over the war taxes had like effect. An ambitious shipbuilding programme was started, but progress was delayed by a wrangle over questions of policy and authority. Army cantonments were built with commendable speed, but defects in sanitation and hospital service came to light. Swivel-chair bureaucrats dallied away the whole Summer in selecting types of small arms. The artillery and aircraft industries literally had to be created. The people were heartened in June by news that the first division had arrived in France, but their enthusiasm was cooled by the announcement that for some time to come Americans at the front would use French artillery. Railroads were hopelessly blockaded with traffic, Atlantic ports were jammed with freight faster than ships could load it, strikes broke out all over the country, most injuriously in the lumber industry, coal mines and shipyards, and some of them showed plain evidence of enemy influence.

The people were inclined to be patient, regarding all these troubles and blunders as unavoidable consequences of a plunge into a great war by an unprepared Nation. But when it was revealed that many soldiers were without Winter clothing as the blizzard season opened, that epidemics raged and that hospitals were insufficient, dissatisfaction found expression in the newspapers and in an inquiry by the Senate military committee. A fuel famine in the East caused another inquiry, while others were held into food administration and shipbuilding. It became evident that the Government needed redrganization for war, and the Senate committee proposed a plan, but the President, though recognizing the need, insisted on doing it in his own way. He has done much and has asked for sweeping powers that he may do more.

* * *

Meanwhile Russia sunk from revolution into anarchy. One leader after another flitted across the stage, the army became demoralized, and, after brief success at the beginning of July, it fled. The one articulate wish of the people was peace, and the Bolsheviki seized power, determined to give it to them. They entered upon negotiations with the central powers while they carried on civil war against the bourgeois. After a futile attempt to induce the Germans to renounce annexations, the Bolsheviki broke off the conference, yet dissolved the army, whereupon the Germans began an almost unopposed advance into the heart of Russia, which had split into several republics. Then the Bolsheviki signed the treaty dictated by Germany, yet began to form a new army for a new war.

After winning notable successes the Italians, whose troops had been demoralized by enemy propaganda, were driven back with enormous loss from the Isonzo to the Piave River, losing the entire province of Venice. The only cheering news for the allies since then has been the British capture of Jerusalem and advance up the Euphrates, and the steady decrease of destruction by submarines. The German and Austrian armies from Russia were transferred to the French and Italian fronts, and America's first year of war closes with a great advance of the Germans against stubborn resistance and at enormous cost in men, for the purpose of reaching Amiens and driving a wedge between the French and British armies, and with the American forces placed unreservedly at the service of the French commander.

* * *

This review shows that during the year the mind of America has been turned from brilliant visions born of buoyant hope to the stern realities born of adverse events, which have been chiefly engineered by an enemy who cherishes no illusions and who knows that, if he should lose, he would lose all. We have temporarily surrendered many liberties in order that we may permanently save all. The grim prospect is that we must surrender yet more, and that we must make new sacrifices from month to month in order to preserve our freedom and that of our posterity. With each new sacrifice that the people make they will demand that their Government be keyed up to greater efficiency. No more excuses, no airy self-praise nor suppression of unpleasant truth will avail. The Administration has been trusted with much, and, if need be, will be trusted with more, and much is expected of it. It will be judged by results.

CALCULATED MURDER.

The story sent from France by an adjutant of the Salvation Army that German hatred of Americans has been manifested by cold-blooded murders on the battlefield fits with the news that American surgeons and stretcher-bearers under fire have discontinued wearing the armlet bearing the insignia of their service, having discovered that it only adds to their peril. The confession of a German officer that medical officers are especially marked for death is characteristic of the calculating barbarism of Prussian militarism.

The death of a single surgeon, according to the Prussian view, is equivalent to the death of 500 soldiers. One stretcher-bearer is counted as sixteen soldiers. No figures are given as to the relative value of a Red Cross nurse, but this, too, has doubtless been taken into account.

It is, nevertheless, a high tribute to the value of the army surgeons and stretcher-bearers. The implied tribute will only nerve them all the more to do their duty—with or without the brassard on their arms.

OUR HARDY YOUNG MEN.

Our training camps are demonstrating that American young men are equal to the Spartans of old. They possess enlightened courage, and the will to do or die, and they readily acquire the special knack of manipulating the implements of battle. The conveniences of a later civilization have sometimes, but not always, softened their muscles, but it would seem that they have not destroyed the nerve poise which is now so necessary to victory, and which is, perhaps, as much a part of the mental and spiritual as the physical nature. One may only surmise how the Spartan of old would stand up against an artillery bombardment, or a gas attack, or a sea of liquid fire. Something more than mere physical bravery is required of a soldier in this war, and in the essentials the American of today is measuring up to all the requirements.

In the course of an address before the American Academy of Arts and Letters, Professor Phelps, of Yale, said:

> This war has proved that our modern young men, in spite of the so-called ease and luxuries of the day, are made of the stuff of their fathers of 1776.
>
> If it be true that our young men have lived amid modern luxuries, then I submit to you that their cheerfulness in sacrifice is all the greater because of that. People suppose that luxury has made the whole race degenerate, but this is not my belief.

The doctrine that one who avails himself of the advantages of the time in which he lives is necessarily deteriorating is a species of pessimistic asceticism which was far more popular a few hundred years ago than it is today. It is generally realized nowadays that one does not need to sleep on a board, or live on roots and herbs, or wear the skins of animals to bring out the best that is in him. Our assumed love of luxury for its own sake is greatly exaggerated. Even those who concentrate their energies upon the accumulation of wealth are seldom doing so with the aim of living lives of idleness. They are likely to be quite as self-denying in their own ways as the ancient Spartans were in theirs.

It is all the more to the credit of young Americans that upon being taken from their so-called lives of ease, they have so quickly adapted themselves to their new surroundings. The Spartans, spending their lives in training for war, showed no more of the real qualities of the soldier than our young men are doing after a few months in their training camps.

The taking of men's finger prints, which until very recently was associated in the popular mind with suspicion of crime, is now so well established as a routine method of identification that in the Navy alone fifty experts are constantly employed in keeping the records, which before the war numbered about 200,000 individual prints, but since have increased to more than 600,000. Incidentally, increase in this work has opened a field in which women have shown especial fitness. All prejudice against the sex was dispelled recently when three women passed first, second and third in a competitive examination in which there were forty competitors, and all three have made good. For a time the Navy identification bureau maintained a class of instruction in finger print work, but this was discontinued when a list of eligibles had been obtained that is regarded as sufficient to meet needs for some time in the future. Quickness of observation and extreme accuracy are the chief qualifications required, but a course of instruction covering from six months to a year is usually prescribed.

HAVING AND WANTING.

A spinster in New York who had lived to the age of 102 voted for the first time in her life at the recent special election for Representative in Congress, and turned away from the polls saying: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." It was the crowning achievement of her long life, and the satisfaction of her one longing.

In the nature of events she has the advantage over most other first voters that she probably will not live long enough for the privilege to cloy. She has experienced all the delights of attaining what once seemed to be the unattainable, and has not yet learned that pursuit is better than possession. If she could live twenty years or so she probably would find herself forgetting to go to the polls and quite indifferent as to who the candidates were.

This is true of a good many men, who never have had the pleasure of having had to contend for the ballot, as is demonstrated by the discrepancy between the voting population and the total vote cast in any election day.

UNSOCIAL COMMUNISM.

The death in New Zealand recently of the man who led the forlorn communistic hope which he named "New Australia" into the wilds of Paraguay serves, together with the experience through which Russia is now passing, as an illustration of the futility of expecting results where individual incentive has been removed. The New Australia scheme was based upon the theory that there can be a precise division of labor, without regard for the special fitness of the man for the particular task, and it attempted to put every one on the plane of supposed "equality." But it did not last long. There soon arose a scramble for the easy jobs, and a lively competition to avoid the unpleasant ones. Bitterness and recriminations ensued.

It is some seventy years since John Stuart Mill, in his "Principles of Political Economy," in which he frankly admitted the desirability of remedying certain social evils, expressed grave doubt whether communism in actual practice would give greater liberty to the individual. Unlike the communists, he took human nature into account. He said:

> It is yet to be ascertained whether the communistic scheme would be consistent with that multiform development of human nature, those manifold unlikenesses, that diversity of tastes and talents and variety of intellectual views which not only form a great part of the interest of human life, but by bringing intellects into a stimulating collision, and by presenting to each innumerable notions that he would not have conceived of himself, are the mainspring of mental and moral progression.

The Shakers succeeded in some degree in attaining the goal of their ambition by the simple expedient of reducing their wants to their capacity for filling them, and in a world which is making constant progress they remain comparatively primitive. But it is seriously to be questioned whether any appreciable number of people in the world ever will be content to live the simple, isolated life. There is little or no intellectual stimulus in the Shaker fashion of living, and none of the zest of individual enterprise. The dead level of mediocrity is unsuited to all but a very few.

New Australia was only one of the communistic failures of the not remote past. Captain John Smith had his troubles with the idlers of the Jamestown settlement, who tried for five years to govern themselves on the principle of giving to each according to his needs. The Harmonists continued in existence chiefly by employing outside help, and the Amana community in Iowa was a material success on so small a scale that it cannot be held to have demonstrated anything of permanent value.

The world is composed of many men of many minds, and the reformers of the type of the founder of New Australia fail to realize the social necessity of mutual compromise. For some reason they believe that everybody ought to assent to the schemes that they themselves propose. But they do not set the example. For their own parts they refuse to concede a point to anybody.

THE LUXURIES OF YESTERDAY.

A striking illustration of the manner in which the luxuries of one age become the necessities of another is furnished by Donald B. Macmillan, leader of the Crockerland expedition, in an article on the food supply of the Eskimos in the American Museum Journal. Mr. Macmillan points out that no nation or savage tribe is so far from the scene of the present world-war that it will not feel the effects of the conflict. The Eskimos of Smith Sound, three thousand miles to the north, seem as remote and independent of civilization as any tribe in the world. Even in matters of diet, they are different from other people. They require none of the fresh vegetables, fruits, salt and sweets which scientists tell us we must have to live. They have not even heard of enzymes and vitamines. All they need for food is meat, and plenty of it. Yet with whales and seals and walruses all about them, they are threatened with destruction if the war continues long.

Conservation of cartridges has become the Eskimo watchword. Less than a century ago these tribes hunted with such primitive weapons as they were able to fashion for themselves, and made their living by it. If the white man had never gone North, the savage would still be independent of the white man's goods, but having become accustomed to them he cannot return to the old way. Mr. Macmillan says that for eighteen years—from 1891 to 1909—Rear-Admiral Peary kept the Smith Sound Eskimos supplied with what they now regard as essentials—ammunition, firearms, steel traps, matches, knives, needles, thimbles and similar articles. Now these commodities are almost altogether lacking because of high prices and the non-arrival of trading ships.

It would mean most severe discipline, extreme suffering and probably death, says Mr. Macmillan, to the present generation to be obliged to return to the stone-tipped arrow, the unwieldy harpoon shaft and to flint and meteoric iron knives. The tribe would soon dwindle to a pitiful few. Yet it cannot be said that they have deteriorated either mentally or physically. It simply would require more time for them to adapt themselves to changed conditions than their stores of food supplies would permit.

A few men, like Joe Knowles, have attempted to demonstrate that civilized men can wrest a living from the earth under pre-civilized conditions. All that they succeeded in proving was that a few men, with much previous study, could do so for a limited period. A very large proportion of the commodities which we enjoy, and which our forefathers would have regarded as luxuries pure and simple, are absolutely necessary to our present existence. We should be threatened with famine, for example, if our reapers and binders and threshing machines and looms were taken from us; and uncomfortable for a season without stoves and plumbing; and highly inconvenienced, to say the least, if our railroad trains and telegraph lines and telephones should disappear.

THE SONG AND THE SOLDIER.

In providing song leaders for the social entertainments at various cantonments, and in endeavoring to revive interest in singing for its own sake, the friends of our soldiers are giving recognition to the principle that singing is a potent factor not only in keeping up their spirits in the face of danger, but in relieving the tedium of life in camp and on the march. As a people we have not been much given to singing in recent years. The community festival has not been a feature of American life, as it has been in that of other countries. It is not that we have not been fond of music — we have paid cheerfully enough to have others do our singing for us—but that we have not cultivated the accomplishment for ourselves. And so it has come to pass that when some hundreds of thousands of our young men have been assembled in cantonments, with the inevitable long evenings to themselves —the time between mess time and taps—they have been found almost without resources. The phonograph, although better than no music, does not arouse enthusiasm like a chorus in which the crowd joins, for better or worse.

Our soldiers sang a good deal during the Civil War, but we are losing the singing habit. The British troops who held the line in the first few months of the present war were a singing lot, but this is not so true of the present armies. Attempts have been made to explain this. There is not so much singing of route songs as formerly, and an officer who is quoted in the Illustrated London News says that this is not because there has been a decline of morale, but is the result of a changing personnel. The "Tommy" of the old army was a different type. He was an adventurer born, quite often a man of no trade, always a happy-go-lucky fellow. But his place has been taken by the men of the draft army, taken from industrial occupations, the speeding up of which left no time for singing and inspired no inclination for it. It is true that the Welsh coal miners were a merry lot, but not so the factory hands. And E. B. Osborn, who is fostering a movement to promote singing in the armies, says that there is another curious factor—the conscientiousness of the British workman turned soldier. He will not open his mouth to start a song unless he is certain that he can sing it through to the end—and that would bar the majority in any company.

Meanwhile there has been a real dearth of songs suitable for marching—although there has been no lack of attempts to produce them. The Young Men's Christian Association headquarters at the various camps have literally been deluged with compositions. At one camp in an Eastern state it is said that there is a room full of manuscript. Most of them are wholly lacking in inspiration. More than half consist of "words only," the writers seemingly having regarded the air as a minor consideration. There are too many parodies, and a surplus of verses meant to be sung to tunes already current. The "Battle Hymn of the Republic" has suffered most in this respect. But the type of man who sang the "Battle Hymn" when the Tuscania was sinking is not to be satisfied with weak imitations. "Where Do We Go From Here, Boys?" would be frankly better than the anticlimax if a weak adaptation of a noble song.

A correspondent writes that one of the songs he used to sing in Civil War time, but which he has not heard for nearly half a century, offers the groundwork of a song for these times. It began:

> Come with your sabers and come with your guns;
> Our country's in danger and calls for her sons.
> Stay not for the harvest; turn back from the plow;
> Our country, in danger, is calling you now.

But it happens that the country in the present emergency is not calling on its sons to turn back from the plow. The world has changed since the times of Cincinnatus and Israel Putnam. We are not calling men from the plow if we can avoid it. And the sawtooth bayonet is a much more useful tool than the old-fashioned saber. These anachronisms would be trivial, however, if the songs of the Civil War type happened to take the fancy of the soldier of the present day, which they do not. We have no taste for the lugubrious. "Just Before the Battle, Mother," would stand no chance in the camps of France.

General Bell has said that "singing soldiers are the best fighting soldiers," but he has not been able to furnish his men with songs. Meanwhile they are doing the best they can, but are notably avoiding the tragic note. The little worriments of the soldier in camp are far more likely to make a subject for his sentimental outgivings than the more serious affairs. For example, the dribbling away of his thirty dollars a month is the theme of one ditty that recently has had wide currency:

> I gave ten dollars for insurance;
> For bonds I've fifteen bones more;
> To wifey and mother I allotted another
> Ten dollars, and then furthermore
> I ran up bills with the barber,
> And when finally payday was here,
> I went up for my dough,
> But the answer was "No:
> You've already drawn more than your share."

It is not the highest measure, but it, and songs like it, will serve in the interim of waiting for the composers to get their lutes and lyres in tune. "Tipperary," it seems, was not sung as much as it was said to have been, but it is still necessary to a collection of camp songs, along with some other current favorites, the compilation of which is giving really serious concern to those who have the happiness of the soldier at heart.

Failures of the writers of songs for soldiers appear to be due to two chief causes. First are the large numbers who venture without even a rudimentary notion of the requirements of either verse or scale, and who only clutter the waste baskets of editors and publishers. Second, come those who think they ought to "write down" to their conception of the popular level. They forget two things—that the average of the present American Army is the highest of any army the world ever has seen, and that there is an unerring sense, even among the unschooled, which leads them to differentiate the false note from the true. The man who whiles away the time with "I Owe Ten Dollars to O'Grady" will know the new battle hymn when it arrives, and it will need to be composed in deep sincerity. The vogue of most of our popular songs is due to the fact that their writers were not consciously condescending in their work. They did the best they could, and that is what the man or woman who writes the war song of the future must do.

CITIZENS AND TEACHERS.

Moved by recent disclosures of disloyalty in the teaching staffs of some of the public schools of the state, the assembly of the New York Legislature has passed a bill providing that all teachers hereafter must be American citizens. The possibility of working hardship in individual cases is reduced to a minimum by a clause permitting present teachers to continue in their employment providing they make application within a year from the passage of the act to become citizens, and press their applications within the limit of time prescribed by law.

It is generally believed that the bill will be passed by the Senate, and it is probable that the example of New York will be followed by other states. It would be useless to attempt to disguise the fact that disclosures of German propaganda in the schools precipitated the issue, and that the measure is aimed, first of all, at pro-Germans among the teachers, but the law is all-inclusive and it will exclude those of other nationalities who refuse for any reason to become Americans from teaching in the schools which are supported by public funds.

It will not be a cause for regret that enforcement of the law will, perhaps, have the effect of barring a few Russians from the school payrolls. The opponents of the bill in the New York Assembly mentioned Lafayette as one of the men who would have been barred, if he had chosen to become a teacher in the United States. Surely, these legislators theorized, Lafayette would have been worthy to teach American boys and girls. No doubt he would have been. But it is also probable that if he had so far decided to cast his lot with the new republic as to become a teacher, he also would have been willing to become an American citizen, if thereby his usefulness as a teacher would have been enhanced. And it would have been better to lose the services of an occasional Lafayette than to open the doors to many of the Bolshevik type.

If Americans are to rise to the emergency that confronts them, they need first to present a united front to every enemy. The spirit of enlightened nationalism needs to be cultivated first of all. We have been captivated by the "melting pot" phrase without stopping to consider whether, in fact, the melting pot has always accomplished all that was claimed for it. The heat of the melting pot at least needs regulating, and this should be done by Americans.

The movement does not argue that there are no foreigners from whom Americans can learn anything valuable. Some of these, specialists in their own fields, doubtless will continue to give instruction in the higher institutions of learning. But in the great body of the public schools there will be much to gain and little to lose by insisting upon American citizenship of teachers. Even this may not always accomplish the desired object, but it at least will be a step in the right direction.

RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES.

Miss Agnes Repplier, who is not a "feminist" in the modern sense of the term, although she advocates fair play for women, discusses in the Atlantic the false sentiment with which she says American women have enshrouded themselves. She attributes this at least in part to the help of the men. American chivalry she regards as a "strong article and equal to anything Europe ever produced," but she adds that there are two things an American hates to do—hold a woman accountable for her misdeeds and punish her accordingly. This point she illustrates with several occurrences in recent contemporary history.

There is the case of Governor Craig, of North Carolina, who set aside a death sentence passed upon a murderess. The Governor admitted that there was no escape from the conclusion that the prisoner was guilty of murder, deliberate and premediated. But he draws a contrast between the action of the Germans in executing Edith Cavell and the policy of England in refraining from executing women spies. He adds that the course of the military governor of Belgium was condemned by the conscience of the world, and that "the killing of this woman would send a shiver through North Carolina."

Edith Cavell, however, was not a spy, and her offense was one that in all the history of the world has never been so severely punished, whether committed by man or woman. This serves to emphasize rather than detract from the fact that the Governor of North Carolina "explicitly exempted a woman, because she is a woman, from the penalty which would have been incurred by a man." But the attitude of mind which this reveals may have been the result of the very denial of woman's rights which has been the practice for centuries. One of the things which men have learned as an accompaniment of their "rights" has been that these entail also certain obligations. It is to be inferred that women, perhaps, in time, will attain to the same plane. "The right to be punished is not and never has been a popular prerogative with either sex." There is an instance in English law on the contrary side which is remarkable enough for its very rarity, and which brings out the point. Miss Repplier says:

> There was, indeed, a London sugar-baker who was sentenced in the year 1816 to be whipped and imprisoned for vagabondage. He served his term; but, whether from clemency or from oversight, the whipping was never administered. When released, he promptly brought action against the prison authorities because he had not been whipped, "according to the statutes," and he won his case. Whether or not the whipping went with the verdict is not stated, but it was a curious joke to play with the grim realities of English law.

This "superlative complacency" of American women is, as has been suggested, blamed quite as much to the adulation of American men—insubstantial as it often is—as to any other cause. Candidates for office tell their audiences that men are weak and women are strong, that men are foolish and women are wise. They do not believe this and their hearers do not believe that they believe it, "yet the grossness of the flattery keeps pace with the hypocrisy of self-depreciation."

Miss Repplier evidently believes that it is not necessary for women to prove that they will accomplish many sweeping reforms once the ballot has been placed in their hands in order to justify their right to possess it. Women should realize that lack of citizenship is a material handicap. The writer quotes only to refute the words of Olive Schreiner, that "war will pass when intellectual culture and activity have made possible to the female an equal share in the control and government of modern intellectual life." Miss Repplier sarcastically calls it strange that when Germany struck her long-prepared, long-planned blow this cheap and simple measure was not thought of to stay her hand. The fact is, she says, that, on the contrary, "war will pass when injustice passes," and never before that day. But this is not a reason for withholding from women their right to be the allies of men in the building of the fine fabric of civilization. Flights of fancy as to the wonderful things women would do in the civic world if they had the opportunity are the outcome only of women's exclusion from political life. "There is nothing like a heavy crop of failures to enrich the soil of political life." "Rights and privileges are incompatible." The greatest day for women will come when it is realized that emancipation implies the sacrifice of immunity, the acceptance of obligation.

The outcome lies between two extremes. "No sane woman believes that women, as a body, will vote more honestly than men; but no sane man believes that they will vote less honestly," says the writer. The unimportant things do not affect the large question of enfranchisement. The point is that women have the right to tread the paths that men have trod in fitting themselves for their share in the great world task—even the right to learn by their mistakes, as men have learned. No one contends that men have progressed by unbroken series of moral victories. Women are gaining by political experience as men have gained in the past. The special immunities which women are no more loath to accept than men would be may be counted on to disappear gradually when women, as in the case of men, come to the point where "custom, not choice, has bowed their necks to the yoke of order and equity."

The sending of Field Marshal von Mackensen to the western front may arouse enthusiasm among the Germans, but it is no real cause for alarm among the allies. He won his fame by the drive against the Russians on the Donajec River, Galicia, but there he was fighting an army which had no aircraft, was short of artillery and still shorter of ammunition and in which many of the infantry were armed with iron bars, according to the statements of the Germans themselves. To defeat such an army with overwhelming artillery was no great achievement. He next commanded the Austro-German drive against Serbia, which was also short of artillery and was at the same time attacked on the flank by the Bulgarians. He then led the drive into Roumania, whose plans were betrayed by a traitor in their own camp and many of whose guns were made useless by the perfidy of Krupp. He was badly beaten by the Roumanians last Summer in their last fight before the Bolsheviki deserted them. None of the conditions which gave him victory in the east prevail on the western front, and there is good cause to expect that his battering ram will be smashed.

A new step in the direction of church unity is believed to have been taken by the Lutherans of the United States in their recent drive for funds which will be used to provide ministers to go to cantonments in France and in America, but particularly in the former country. The twenty separate synods that constitute American Lutheranism worked together under the leadership of a Y. M. C. A. expert, where formerly they almost all of them were conducting campaigns on their own account, and they raised $1,600,000, although they had set out to raise only $750,000. Thirty thousand canvassers were trained and put through their work in a month. Leaders predict that the result will be manifest after the war in new impetus to the movement for church union which is observable not only in the Lutheran but in other denominations, and which is regarded by many as absolutely essential if the church is to prove itself equal to the immense task that will then confront it.

The record of 494 automobiles in collision in March, with 77 persons injured and one killed, leaves much to be desired, and indicates that traffic regulations in themselves are not sufficient to curb a growing peril. One must not too hastily conclude that heavy fines, or even jail sentences, will be enough. There must be education of motorists themselves to the necessity of caution, tolerance of the rights of others, and even good-humored willingness to concede a point now and then. A street crossing is a poor place to insist on one's "rights" in comparatively inessential matters, especially when irremediable consequences to both parties to the controversy may ensue.

Germany is said to be putting its felons in the first ranks of battle, but the deeds committed by soldiers in Belgium and elsewhere would indicate that there are some bad Germans who never have been formally committed to penal institutions.

The Bolsheviki are already going in for culture, by bestowing upon the widow of Tolstoy a pension some three times as large as the allowance made to the ex-Czar. But they do not intend to have it spelled with a "k" if they can help it.

The states, one after another, are passing anti-loafing bills, and as industry becomes popular it is safe to predict that not all of them will repeal the laws when the war is over.

Those lynchers also should remember that there are Americans in Germany, and people over there who would welcome even the flimsiest excuse for reprisals.

One reason for withholding publication of the casualty lists seems to be to compel the "ambulance chasers" to go to France, where the ambulances really are.

The charge in Germany that tales of Teutonic victories are "enemy reports" is an entirely novel scheme for preparing the public for the worst.

Statements beginning "the average Russian thinks" miss the point. The trouble with the average Russian seems to be that he doesn't think.

Either Villa is really dead or the supply of German funds has become exhausted, judging from the peace and quiet along our southern border.

The new war flour furnishes a perfect alibi for a lot of bad breadmaking.

The Kaiser Ruminates.

By James Barton Adams.

The German Emperor sat in his den in deep reflection,
And also, it may be presumed, in state of deep dejection:
A cloud was on his royal brow, thereon likewise were wrinkles,
And in his downcast optic lamps were no apparent twinkles.
And as he sat his saddening thoughts might thuswise be translated,
As o'er the past and present he quite sadly ruminated:
"I really don't understand that Uncle Samuel person,
Whom nearly all the world applauds and Teutons all are cursin';
My every bombastic bluff he speedily gets onto
And calls it—heaven strafe him—yes, calls it poco pronto,
And when he says he'll do a thing that I regard as bluffin'
He does it, and from all my calculations knocks the stuffin'.
When I the Lusitania sent down with all aboard 'er
He shook his fist and told me I must stop such wholesale murder,
And I but snickered at his rage, not thinkin' he'd be darin'
To make a break; believed his words were Yankeefied hot airin'.
I drew a line o'er which no ocean craft must dare to venture,
And once again he fired at me another bunch of censure,
And said if I persisted in such hell-inspired doin's
He'd shed his coat and help to smash autocracy to ruins.
"Another windy bluff," says I, "he has no fighting army,
And if he had it could not cross the guarded sea to harm me,
And if he'd dare to go further than to shoot his windy thunder
What Germans over there would do to him would snow him under.
I sent hell divers to the zone to back up my restriction,
To enforce without mercy my imperial interdiction,
And great was the astonishment that surged within my noodle
To learn that Bernstorff had been canned and ordered to skiddoodle.
And greater yet was my surprise when Yankee Doodle minions
Were lighting on the shores of France as if they'd come on pinions.
And now they're in the trenches with the allies and are working
The guns that find my men wherever underground they're lurking,
And my good watchful spies report by sly communication
That legions are in training camps in active preparation
To come, despite my submarines, and join the allied forces
And strew the torn-up battleground with damp, unpleasant cirses,
The swine I thought would only grunt and squeal beneath my shell fire
Are giving me an unexpected dose of cannon hellfire,
And when across the top they hop my boches have diskivered
They stay right on the job until the goods have been delivered;
In their daredevil way they turn the trick they've undertaken
And whistle Yankee Doodle while they're totin' home the bacon.
I pray to Gott to strafe all who in those camps are training,
And strafe Uncle Sam who o'er the Yankee swine is reigning,
And strafe all in trenches who in France have made a landing,
But much I fear with heaven I have lost my august standing,
And that my partnership mit Gott has been abruptly ended
And I must fight for spread of German kultur single handed,
And if that kultur fails to spread, as fails the frozen butter,
And foes should nab my royal crown and toss it in the gutter,
And banish to a land remote my once imperial person
I'd spend my solitary days in exile madly cursin'
That snowy-whiskered Uncle Sam in heated imprecations
Who butted in and knocked the whey out of my aspirations.

RICH THINKIN'.

What's the use a wishin' that you was a billionaire;
What's the use of sighin' for your crown that's "Over There?"
Just get busy thinkin' that you are a millionaire;
Keep right on a drinkin' Portland's good old balmy air;
Peep into your pockets, can't you see the pennies there?
Set your face to grinnin', you've got riches ev'rywhere.

No detectives watchin' when you're sinkin' down to sleep;
Nor paid guards a-keepin' vigils where the shadders creep—
Nor there hain't no grievin' just how long your coin will keep
After you've departed, leavin' treasures in a heap.
Hain't nobody howlin' 'cause you made your will too cheap;
In the end you're ownin' soil that's good and six feet deep.

Get your clothes to pressin', shine your shoes and slick your hair,
Quit your hon'ry knockin,' now and then think up a prayer.
Start yourself to pushin,' treat your comrades fair and square;
Think and work like blazes, don't sit still and fume and swear!
Best forget, quite often, such a word as "billionaire,"
Just you be contented thinkin' you're some millionaire.

ALYCE ROSALYEE RUSTUNG.

THE SERVICE FLAG.

Dear little flag in the window there,
Hung with a tear and a woman's prayer;
Child of Old Glory, born with a star—
Oh, what a wonderful flag you are!

Blue is your star in its field of white,
Dipped in the red that was born of fight;
Born of the blood that our forebears shed
To raise your mother, the Flag, o'er head.

And now you've come, in this frenzied day,
To speak from a window—to speak and say:
"I am the voice of a soldier son
Gone to be gone till the victory's won.

"I am the flag of the wives who wait
For the safe return of a martial mate,
A mate gone forth where the war god thrives,
To save from sacrifice other men's wives.

"I am the flag of the sweethearts true;
The often unthought of—the sisters, too.
I am the flag of a mother's son
And won't come down till the victory's won!"

—William Herschell, in Indianapolis News.

LEARN TO PROTECT YOURSELF

It is almost as necessary to learn how to keep from taking cold as it is to be careful in crossing a railroad track. This is true because more people die from colds and pneumonia in the United States every year than are killed in all kinds of accidents. Write today for the official literature on this subject. Ask for the paper, "The Common Cold," inclosing a 2-cent stamp for return postage, and address The Portland Oregonian Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, director, Washington, D. C.