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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JUNE 23, 1918.

SALEM.

The Oregonian had a reference the other day to a proposed reunion of former residents of Salem, to be held next Saturday, June 29, at that city. It gave credit as inspiration for the affair to a compilation in The Oregonian a year or two ago, by the late Elmer E. Mallory, of former male residents of the capital city for the decade of 1880-90. Let us modestly disclaim now any such important voice in so interesting an event, though assigning to Mr. Mallory all his due. It was a remarkable feat, being both a demonstration of the power of memory and an expression of friendly interest and sentiment toward individuals and community. The list included several hundred persons, and gave a record of their present whereabouts, so far as they could be traced. Many are dead. But of the living, it is noteworthy that the great majority are no longer at Salem, having sought other fields. This is no reflection at all on Salem, but it is the natural and usual phenomenon of the changing years, especially with the American people, whose habit from generation to generation it is to seek new homes. The drift, too, is inevitably from the smaller places to the larger. It is probably true that there were more names in the Mallory roster now belonging to Portland than to Salem.

It is fitting that there should be a home-coming day at Salem, or in its suitable time at any other place. Yet it may be said, without invidious intent, that Salem has more of historic and, perhaps, of romantic interest to offer to its sons and daughters than most cities of the Pacific Northwest. For at Salem, or thereabouts, is the seat of the earliest permanent American settlement, and the beginnings of the irresistible movement that assured the permanency of the American title to the great Oregon country. The first American settlers came into the distant and doubtful land to civilize and Christianize the Indian; they remained to build and hold a commonwealth.

The definite foundation of the town of Salem dates from 1840. The Willamette Valley had then only a few white people, and Portland was yet to have its start. It is said that the entire Willamette settlement consisted of not more than forty men, chiefly with Indian wives, and half-breed children, from what is now Wheatland for an indefinite distance toward the south. Rev. Jason Lee, superintendent of the American mission, who had labored against great odds for several years in the '30's to show the true way to the Indians, set out for the East in the Spring of 1838, and returned via Cape Horn, on the Lausanne, early in 1840, with a party of fourteen men and their families, and four unmarried women—fifty in all—to be a reinforcement to the mission. It was an event of lasting consequence to Oregon, for it gave great impetus and assurance to the colonization of the territory under the American flag.

The party, which consisted of five itinerant clergymen, two carpenters, one physician, one blacksmith, one cabinetmaker, one bookkeeper and four or more teachers (women), was for the most part located on the east bank of the Willamette River, a little way south of the site of Wheatland. What there was then of Salem and its vicinity was known as Chemeketa Prairie. During the Summer of 1840 it was concluded that the location of the mission school near Wheatland, on the bottom land, was unhealthful, and it was decided to seek higher and better ground. A sawmill was already under course of erection in what is now North Salem, and here was the nucleus of the future city, destined to become a great center of religious, educational, political and commercial influence and activity, capital of the territory and state of Oregon. Who that sees Salem today in its many aspects of physical beauty, and its numerous evidences of cultural and industrial progress, can fail to be grateful to the fathers of the Methodist church who had the vision and wisdom to choose such a site?

It is but fair to say that the germ of the Americanization idea did not rest with the emigration of 1840. As early as 1838, when the tenure of the Hudson's Bay Company, dating back many years, was still powerful, a petitoin, signed by L. L. Whitcomb and thirty-five others, memorialized Congress to set up a territorial government in the remote Northwest. It was taken East by Jason Lee. In 1839 another petition, signed by Rev. David Leslie and seventy others, and written, probably, by Robert Shortess, or by Shortess and Leslie, depicting the needs and condition of the country and "praying for the high privilege of American citizenship," was also offered at Washington. With real eloquence the memorialists described the "mountains covered with perpetual snow, pouring into the prairies around their bases transparent streams of purest water," and "the white and black oak, pine, cedar and fir forests," the "prairies convenient for farming purposes," the "various blessings of the delightful and healthful climate," the rich mines of coal, the quarries of limestone, sandstone, chalk and marble, and the salmon of the rivers. If these loyal, enthusiastic and courageous Americans of the early day overlooked anything of the natural resources of the country, it was because it was not then visible to any human eye.

The coming of numerous settlers in the early '40's brought logically a change in the purposes of the evangelists, and what had been a mission for the reclamation of the savage became a school for the education of white youths and maidens. "On the 17th of January, 1842, a meeting was called by the Rev. Jason Lee, at his own house at Chemeketa, now North Salem, for the purpose of consultation upon the subject of English education in Oregon, and to prepare the way for the establishment of a literary institute which would meet the wants of a growing community," is a note from a historical sketch of Salem. Thus the association of the trustees of Oregon Institute came into being. It was the forerunner of Willamette University, which has held its place as a dominant educational force in the West—long the dominant force—for seventy-odd years. The impartial chronicler of the course of events within this field must go back to this meeting at Jason Lee's home, and back of that to the humanitarian and patriotic conception of his mind and soul, and the minds and souls of his zealous associates, to find the well-spring of education and civilization in the entire Oregon country. There have been seventy-five annual commencements at the institute and university. Thousands of students and many hundreds of graduates have gone from its venerable halls to take an active part in the affairs of state or community. They have leavened the entire lump of progress and welfare in all the states of the West.

The other day at Salem there was a reunion of the class of 1868, being the fiftieth anniversary of their graduation. Out of the original fifteen, seven are dead, four were present, and others were unavoidably absent. No other institution, with a single exception, perhaps, has a history or a tradition like it.

At the risk of running counter to the opinions and superior knowledge of the local historians, it may be said that the early story of Salem divides itself broadly into successive periods, marked first after its settlement by the establishment of the town and of Willamette University, the location of the state capital, the construction and operation of the first woolen mill on the Pacific Coast, the establishment of steamboat service on the river, and the completion of the railroad about 1870. Let the present generation tell its own tale about the transformation of the city from the rough material signs of the pioneer community to the lovely and well-ordered city of today. But they should never forget the debt they owe to the far-seeing founders of the town, whose first interest was the mission and then the university, for the ideal of sound education which they there established, and for the magnificent plan of a real metropolitan center which they laid out.

Let home-coming day at Salem be a great occasion. It will be, undoubtedly. The call to come back, even for a brief time, makes a tender appeal to the sentiment of many minds and hearts long separated from their early environment, and apostatized by new duties and needs. It will be an opportunity for felicitation, for congratulation, for joyous remembrance, and, perhaps, for tears over names and deeds which have irrevocably identified themselves with the past.

STOP PROFITEERING; ON WITH THE WAR.

Proceedings by wholesale against men charged with profiteering by receiving and paying contingent commissions on war contracts are the Government's answer to those illogical persons who would stop the war with Germany because some persons profiteer. The Government, by its acts, says: "We will stop profiteering, but will go on with the war." That is the only logical, sensible thing to do, and if the people who raise an outcry against the war because there is profiteering had been honest or sensible, or both, they would have demanded this action.

Opposition to the war on the plea that some persons make excessive profits has not a logical leg to stand on. Almost invariably it springs from opposition to the war itself, inspired by desire to help Germany or to bring about the downfall of the United States Government. If we should stop the war because some men profiteer, then we should repeal the law against burglary because some commit burglary; we should abolish the police force because some policemen are corrupt; in short we should abolish the Government because some officials are corrupt or incompetent. The Socialist, I. W. W. and Non-Partisan League agitators howl about war profits in an appeal to those persons whose class prejudice has deposed their reason.

Their object is not to stop profiteering, but to foster their own political schemes by encouraging discontent, regardless of effect upon the Nation's cause. By bringing the profiteers to justice, the Government cuts the ground from beneath the feet of these agitators, stops waste of millions of money, sweeps a gang of parasites from the body politic and adds to the efficiency of war industry.

THE BODY FORGETS.

A British corporal who has long been attached to a London military hospital as orderly and who has made a study of the effect of war experience upon the temperament of the man, writes about it in the Nineteenth Century and After. In his opinion our fears of "our mentality being ominously modified by the war" may have been overdrawn. He says that hate and jealousy may alter a man, but that physical suffering, unless it is long sustained, leaves him in the long run much as it found him. "The body forgets," is the way he puts it. If this is true, it is plain that plans for the reconstruction of the wounded will be incomplete if they do not lay stress upon the mental phases of war effect. The surgeons have made wonderful progress in the physical repair of men and the alleviation of pain, and a hopeful outlook on life is the only remaining necessity to make the cure complete.

Corporal Muir makes some interesting observations upon the effect of blindness as the disability most likely to alter character. Personally, he has little patience with those who preach of the "spiritual discipline of suffering." He himself would rather have his sight than an ocean of spiritual refinement, but he finds that many blinded men have in some mysterious manner been genuinely benefited by their affliction. Of all those whom he has encountered, he does not know of one "of whom," he says, "I should not surmise that he is, broadly, a 'better' man than he was before." The corporal says that even in a material sense this improvement sometimes has been astonishing.

He cites the case of a man who before the war had "a certain small position in a business." When he lost his sight the usual efforts were made to teach him blind men's handicrafts, but he was dispirited and failed to learn. Then the commanding officer of the institution, who was a genius in his way, persuaded his former employes to give him back his old position, with a secretary at his disposal. The effect was magical. Where before the war he had been a hack worker at low pay, he "threw himself into the business with such zest, such sharpened intelligence, that he has risen to a far more important position." He is now drawing a salary to which in former days he would not have dreamed of aspiring.

The man is to all intents and purposes unchanged, except that his disability has caused him to concentrate more intensely upon essentials, and a really close-up view of work has shown him that there may be joy in it. In his new interest he has found an antidote for the bitterness of hopeless reflection. He is the same man he was before, plus an incentive for bringing out the latent talents that lay within him.

The incidents which Corporal Muir records relate to British soldiers. Other writers have given testimony to the fact that war has neither quenched the spiritual morale of the French nor fostered the spirit of unreasoning hate. It is altogether complimentary to these peoples to hold that war has not changed them, that it has only given expression to qualities which existed, more or less submerged, before. But what shall be said of Prussian character if all are to be measured by the same rule?

WISHING MISERY.

The fantastic stories of social conditions in America that are now being published in Germany are probably evidence of the same psychology that causes a drug addict, for example, to seek to carry others down with him by leading them to form the same habit. The offender feels that he would not despise himself quite so much if he could believe that there were others just as bad.

German newspapers only recently have printed statements that in certain parts of the United States "bachelor life is officially prohibited." Single women, the account goes on, have the privilege of demanding a husband, while no single man is permitted to refuse so long as it can be shown that he is able to support a family. "In desperate cases a compromise may be made, by which the man, instead of marrying, may support three orphans or two cripples for the duration of the war."

Knowing as we do how far these stories are from the mark, we can only surmise that they arise from a state of mind which is ready to go to any lengths. But the alternative to forced marriage of bachelors last mentioned would seem to be pitifully inadequate.

POTENTIAL MATHEMATICIANS.

The statement of a noted astronomer that it is "utterly impossible to give the faintest conception in lay terms of Einstein's theory of relativity" seems only to have whetted the appetites of laymen for more knowledge of the subject. One of our correspondents insists that we explain the Einstein theory, regardless of the fact that the masters of the higher sciences have confessed their inability to convey an idea of it to the common mind. The fault, it appears, is not with the scientists, but with the public, which has not kept pace with their language. This same correspondent furnishes us with an illustration of the astronomer's point in the course of his letter, when he says: "Philosophy is the Sisyphus stone which the speculative thought of man has always been trying to push to the summit of infinitude, but just before it reaches the top, down it rolls again."

If the writer of that sentence will attempt to translate it, for example, into Chinook, so that it will be perfectly intelligible to the Indian, he will apprehend some of the difficulties at which the astronomer hints. Teachers of mathematics are familiar enough with the problem, through their handling of pupils who have studied their rudimentary mathematics only when they could think of nothing else to do, for the pupil who has slighted his early steps is under a perpetual handicap. The language through which the higher sciences are handed down must be studied diligently and constantly. It is hard to tell a layman about the import of the Einstein theory of relativity for the same reason that it would be next to impossible to explain the workings of a steam engine to a Choctaw. Certain preliminary understanding would require to be assumed, which neither the layman in the one instance nor the Choctaw in the other would possess.

Still another field of speculation is entered, however, by another correspondent who, while he agrees that it may be desirable that the study of mathematics shall be made more comprehensible and more popular, goes on to say that he doubts that the number of mathematicians could be much increased by another system of teaching. He assumes that "Providence does not produce enough potential mathematicians" and that no school or college can supply innate capacity. "Perhaps not 5 per cent among the male population, and certainly not more than 1 per cent among females, have what are termed mathematical minds," he adds. And this brings us to a concrete proposition which is easier to comprehend than the Einstein theory. If the latter theory does, by being sustained, confound all our present notions as to the law of gravity, it will cause no more profound disturbance in some quarters than will a showing that women are "innately" less able to understand mathematics than are men.

Professor J. H. Minnick, of Columbia University, has contributed an enlightening article on this subject to the School Review. He remarks that "the assertion is frequently made that mathematics is peculiarly adapted to the minds of boys," and he proceeds to analyze the result of an investigation of the work of 150 boys and 243 girls, pupils of the Bloomington, Ind., high school during a full course of four years. It appears that the average grade of the boys was 81.3 per cent, and of the girls 81 per cent, certainly a negligible difference in favor of the boys. But there were offsets. Of all the boys who took mathematics, 49.9 per cent were retarded by that subject—that is, at some time failed in mathematics—while only 46.3 per cent of girls, once they elected mathematics, failed to pass every examination. There is a curious table showing that of all the pupils retarded for one cause or another, the retarded girls did better work in mathematics than the retarded boys. The conclusion of an intricate series of operations is that, "taking the entire student body into consideration, the boys and girls do about the same grade of work in mathematics." The same writer also compares the mathematical work of boys and girls in college, concluding that smaller percentages of girls are conditioned and fail in mathematics, while on the other hand the girls as a group do not maintain their standing in the university quite as well as boys. It appears not to be true that "the achievements of girls in this subject are decidedly inferior to those of boys," which was the statement which Professor Minnick set out to investigate.

It probably is true that there are more "born mathematicians" in the world than we are at present aware of. The United States Commissioner of Education, in his report for 1911, reviewing the educational progress of the first decade of the present century, said that "geometry is gaining, and algebra occupies a large share of time and is steady." It already had been observed that there had been a remarkable advance in the study fo mathematics during the nineteenth century in most, if not all, of the civilized countries. There has been a good deal of what Sir Oliver Lodge has called the "shameless ignorance" of the average person as to mathematics, but this has not been due, as a matter of fact, to lack of appreciation of the value of mathematics or to lack of capacity for that branch. It has been rather a pose. The man who boasts proudly that he cannot "add two figures, one on top of another," usually does not mean quite all that he says. He does, however, exhibit a reflex of the feeling for which his schooling may have been responsible, that mathematics as a study is bound to be dry as dust and cannot possibly be made otherwise.

As for the law of gravitation, the world will run on even if our conception of it is revolutionized by the Einstein theory. It will not be the first time Sir Isaac Newton has been shown to be wrong. He had a misconception as to the proposition that a continuous curve always must have a tangent at every point. But we are in a sad plight when momentous theories are being developed, and the world at large has no language in which it can be told about them. We refuse to believe that there is anything "innate" about the common deficiency in this respect. It is more likely to be a defect in the system of education.

IMMEDIATE BENEFITS.

It is not easy for one who reads the letters written by our young men in the training camps and at the front to escape the conclusion that the life agrees with them. One letter after another tells how the writer has gained in weight, or has recovered from some minor malady that used to vex while it did not disable him, and it is worthy of especial remark that almost all letters from soldiers are optimistic.

These are all good signs. They also furnish justification for a policy of universal military training in time of peace. Purely as a health measure it would be worth all that it costs, not to mention the social value of the mingling of all classes of men, and the educational advantages to a certain number who are in need of rudimentary education.

This biggest mobilization in our history has been big in more senses than one. It has done a great deal to make America safe for enlightened democracy and has put end to all talk of class war after the war.

"NON-ESSENTIAL" SPORT.

The ruling by Provost Marshal-General Crowder that a professional baseball player is engaged in a "non-essential" occupation within the spirit of the work-or-fight order will be accepted by the country, whatever may have been the views of individuals in the past. It probably is true that in the National crisis the husky young men of draft age who make a living by playing the game can do greater direct service in other fields of endeavor. But this is not saying that at other times the ballplayer is non-essential. As the exemplification of a form of sport which has both grown out of our National character and at the same time helped to mold that character, the ballplayer in peace is distinctly a producer. There are other things in life than food and clothing. There is education, for example, of the moral senses, and there are the imponderables which we call the "refinements of civilization." Baseball as we play it in America is an educational institution.

The point is made by William Heylinger, a writer of boys' books, that the unfairness, the cruelty, the almost total lack of humanity in the German method of warfare is due in no small measure to the fact that Germany has no national sport. "Consider," he says, "that German boys have no books dealing with fair play and with boyish standards of competition. Perhaps that is why Germany stands convicted today of the foulest crimes against decency and fair play." There is in the German tongue no counterpart for the Anglo-Saxon cry: "A fair field and no favor."

Mr. Heylinger might have gone on indefinitely to contrast the German conception of "honor" with that of Germany's present enemies. The world has not quite forgotten the Zabern affair, in which it was brought out that an armed German officer considered himself disgraced if he permitted a civilian, though an unarmed and crippled one, to lay hands on him. The sword was made to be wielded against the adversary, no matter how puny. There was no consideration of the evenness of the contest, of the relative equipment of adversaries, no allowance of a "handicap," no notion that there might be possible dishonor in the physical triumph of an armed soldier over an excited shoemaker. The gymnasium and the athletic training which German youths there receive do not take the place of a national game in which the spirit of fairness is absorbed. The college duel was the nearest thing the Germans had to a national sport.

Mr. Heylinger makes an ingenious point of the German lack of conception of the real meaning of the unplayed last half of the ninth inning. "They can't understand," he says, "that the last half of the ninth is often unplayed, not because it would be no use to play it anyway, but more because the victors have no desire to rub in the defeat of their opponents."

To a nation of sportsmen—employing the term in its best sense, and including fair play and realization that the adversary must be worthy for the triumph to be worthwhile—there is something extremely pitiful in the spectacle of a people whose boys have no opportunity to learn the rudiments of the game. If this had been included in the system of "kultur," the story of this war would have been different, if, indeed, there had been a war. It is true that some of the soldiers now in the German army have played Anglo-Saxon games, but they began too late. They lack understanding of the genius of clean sport, as events have shown.

The professional baseball player, as has been said, is a symbol of our sport. Our people are given to playing the game themselves; they pay admission to the ball parks to see it in its best form; and everybody knows that no player, and no nine that habitually played "dirty ball" could draw a crowd. Our insistence on fairness extends also to football, and, in the case of our British friends, to cricket. There undoubtedly is a good deal to be said in favor of the ballplayer as a moral force.

This is not to say that the husky young men of the diamond cannot be spared to the Army. It is now a question of using men where they will do the utmost good. But in any event it will be hoped that good luck attends them. We are going to go right on playing baseball after the war is over, and for the sake of the world's future it is to be hoped that the German people will adopt this or some other form of clean sport for the education of their boys in the amenities of civilization.

A LANGUAGE IN FLUX.

The facility with which our language seizes upon new words or fragments of words representing a new shade of an old idea, or giving a novel twist to the thought that we often have heard expressed before is likely to be illustrated again when our men come home from war, bringing not only new experience but new elements of a language with them. Americans even more than the English are prone to indulge the whimsicalities of slang, but there are other factors than slang which enter into the change. The word "Hun," already fixed in both England and the United States as the most appropriate term by which to designate the German soldier, is an example. "Hun" was a wholly good word before this war began. It was the name of a people who once had actual existence, and who under their barbarian leader, Attila, gained undying notoriety by their ruthless cruelty. But it was the Kaiser himself who fastened the word upon his people when he urged them to emulate the Hun, and the British were quick to seize upon the word. It is said that sensitive Germans now resent the appellation, but they are too late. Newspaper headline writers, ever on the lookout for the short and expressive word, have aided in the taking of it into the language, and it is safe to predict that it is there to stay.

As we got "Hun" from the British, so we have adopted "boche" from the French. One of the interesting features of this word is the mystery of its origin, although it is not necessary that the mystery be solved to guarantee the word a long lease of life. One explanation is probably as good as another. A plausible one is that made by a French writer, who goes back to the very beginning by saying that the French word for German is "Allemand," and that the men corrupted this to "Alboche," taking the first syllable from "allemand" and seizing upon the second in the pure spirit of derision, because it chanced to rhyme with such words of contempt as "caboche," "Moche," "bidoche" and others. Then by a process familiar to philologists, but not always worked out so quickly, the first syllable was dropped and only "boche" remained. The French meanwhile find less use than ever for their "allemand," but it has entered into English in a few songs, such as that quoted by Coningsby Dawson:

I love to hear the music of the old whiz-bang,
Playing in the trenches of the Allemand.

Even though the explanation of "boche" seems fantastic, the word has come to stay, too. "Boche" and "hun" represent the contributions of two nations to our home language, the one depicting the stupidity, the other the barbarism, of our enemy.

The purely technical words of the service are quite likely not to survive the occasion for them, but there are a host of others that will. It would be altogether rash to attempt to pick the survivors now. "Slacker," which had its first currency in England in this war, is doing full duty in America today, and is covering a wider field than ever. We have food slackers and work slackers, as well as slackers in the exclusively military sense. For our part we have contributed "hooverize," which is beginning to have a special meaning in England, and we have passed along "hike," which was good American a century ago, but dates its present meaning probably from the Spanish war. Kipling made use of it before that time, and those who like to go back to the beginnings of things may see an analogy between "hike" and the Scotch word "hitch," employed to convey the idea of walking jerkily.

There is merit in the adoption by our men on the other side of the French "tout de suite," which is not slang at all in French, and is the equivalent of our "immediately," except that our soldiers have adopted it in the spirit in which they would say "in a jiffy," when "immediately" would seem too stiff and formal. Incidentally, it is said that they have anglicized the pronunciation. And that wholly good French phrase, "allez-vous-en," translated as "Be on your way," is also going through the process of transition, while "je m'en fiche," which is slang even in France and means that the speaker doesn't give a "something-or-other" about the matter under discussion, is already in the mouths of a number of Americans, which cannot be stated without violating the precautionary injunction of our Secretary of War. Our men who had seen previous service on the Mexican border occasionally use the word "hombre," but only among themselves. The French have showed no taste for it, probably because it filled no want. As has been noted before, we have worked "camouflage" to death, and it is quite likely to go the way of greatly overplayed favorites. It has been made to serve too many purposes. It is neither the equivalent of "bluff," nor "front," although it is in a very special sense the designation of that which seems to be something which it is not. There are signs already that it will soon lose its picturesqueness and become an entirely respectable and reputable military term.

There are persons who deplore slang in any form, but they are the type to whom Volapuk would be a godsend because of its immutability. That large middle class who more wisely keep eyes on the linguistic side lines until they are sure which way the ball is going, and then root heartily if the play deserves it, will not be disturbed by the turn of events. One thing is reasonably certain, and that is that our new words will form a bond which will help unite every section of the country. For the North and South and the East and West are learning them together. And the American soldiers are also acquiring the verbal peculiarities of one another—or else dropping their own provincialisms. It used to be true that a budding dialect writer needed only to sprinkle his books with "I swan," or "we-uns," or "put her thar, partner," to give a sufficient hint of the geography of his tale. But this, it may be "guessed," to use another provincialism, will not work well after the boys have come home and have had time to make an impress upon local means of thought-communication.

Interesting revelations of the attitude of the German mind toward agreements which it were not profitable to keep are made by Dr. Clarence D. Ussher in a recently published book, "An American Physician in Turkey." Dr. Ussher tells how, in 1905, there came into his field at Van several German missionaries, with whom a compact was made as to division of the work. This satisfied the Germans and for a time they kept it, but after a time they broke it, and in answer to protests replied, as if it were all a matter of course: "Oh, you cannot expect us to keep that agreement, now that it is no longer to our advantage." This agreement, which thereupon became a scrap of paper, was made, not by members of the Prussian military caste, but by missionaries presumed to be teaching morals, and under no kind of obligation to the military authority. Dr. Ussher mentions the incident apparently to show that the doctrine that the end justifies the means is quite generally accepted in the country with which we are at war, and that it crops out in places where it would be least expected.

The quality of desperation may be added to the present Austrian offensive by the fact that the people of Austria are finding it impossible to obtain Summer clothing and are compelled to fall back on their heavy Winter garments, such as they are. Where a whole suit used to cost about $8.75, now the coat alone of the same quality, when it can be procured at all, costs $40. The authorities are unable to comfort the citizens with promises of paper substitutes, since the paper clothing fiasco in Germany became widely advertised. The paper textile in question lacked the single quality of resistance to water. One exposure to a shower ended its usefulness, and this vastly limited its scope. Indeed, it would be difficult to imagine its extensive use by a people not entirely given to indoor living.

The first Government shell-filling plant began operation June 8, the second will begin before the end of June, the third in July and the fourth in August, and they are expected to load daily nearly 200,000 shells of various sizes from seventy-five millimeters up. Twelve private plants are also loading shells, three are loading fuses, a fourth will soon begin and four Government plants will be added. Five plants are loading a total of 75,000 shrapnel a day, machinery having replaced hand labor in many operations.

One example of speeding up war work is that the new Government powder plant at Charleston, W. Va., has begun operation two months ahead of time. This plant and the one at Nashville will make sulphuric and nitric acid, and will produce as much smokeless powder as all other American plants combined. A new town of 9000 buildings was erected and 30,000 persons will be employed at Charleston.

One of the undiscoverable things is why an officer imperils his standing by indulging in petty graft. Few do, but the instance is cause for wonder. The latest sold empty flour sacks to civilians, what in ordinary civil life would appear a harmless transaction; but as the transgressor probably kept the money, it made all the difference. It's one out of a hundred thousand—may be more; not a bad record.

A boy of 12, who arrived here in February, four months ago, not knowing English, won the essay prize offered school children by a local bank. The subject was "Thrift." He had opportunity in Russia to become familiar with the necessity for thrift. With such material as this boy Halperin going into the melting pot, the Kaiser is a fool to think he can beat America now or any time.

Salvage work in the Army is estimated to reduce issue of new clothes one-third and of shoes 40 per cent. Vegetable gardens are planted in the camps to supply soldiers, saving 80 per cent of the cost of production as figured by farmers, and they use much of the manure produced, the rest being sold.

Portland has a glory roll from the Indian wars, the Civil and the Spanish, and it will be greater in the present conflict. Some day will arise a memento with the names graven in stone, testifying that each shall not have died in vain.

There will be nothing of the "slow music" character about that wedding march that John Philip Sousa has promised to compose. It will be especially appropriate for the bridal ceremonies of old maids.

Deporting anarchists to the countries of their origin looks like a shabby trick on those countries, but in times like these we must expect one another to settle family affairs at home.

It is a good plan to pledge oneself to buy as many war savings certificates as he thinks he can afford, and then to try to exceed the limit as much as possible.

The new Army boxing regulations, putting a penalty on sidestepping, ought to result in a new brand of politicians after the boys come home.

The women who are now wearing their furs in the Summer time may be storing up calories so that they can conserve food and fuel next Winter.

The corset industry, it seems, is menaced by shortage of steel, and as most of the women seem to be going to work it probably doesn't matter.

Bread is quoted nominally at around a dollar a loaf in some parts of Austria, but actually the people are lucky to get a piece at any price.

No doubt there are a good many German soldiers who envy those Berlin civilians who made their getaway in airplanes.

"Speeders are warned," says a headline. It seems to us that we have seen those words somewhere before.

The Red Cross salvage bureau proposes to show that every little inconsidered trifle has a value of its own.

Even the most confirmed purist would rather be called a patriotcet than a profiteer.

The Peripterous.

Peripterous—A Structure Having Rows of Columns on All Sides.—Dictionary.

(Synopsis of preceding synopses.)

The Oregonian, a great morning newspaper, employs a distinguished literary architect to construct a peripterous.

He does it. It has rows of columns on east, west, north and south.

The Peripterous becomes a Free Auditorium for the expression of incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial opinion, new verse and anecdotes.

THE DEVILS MAN A LOOSE.

When the war whoop struck the wigwam
The pipe of peace smoked out,
Get in your braves for Uncle Sam
Says Rain-in-the-Face, the scout,
Here comes the blood gorged Tyhee from Fatherland
To murder squaw and dear pappoose,
He'll gas our Tillicums kill of the band
For he is the Devil's Man a Loose.

He will desecrate our totem poles
With his Prussian tanned shoes,
He will shell our tepees full of holes
And torpedo our canoes;
He will poison the lovely fishing streams,
Grab all the buffalo deer and moose,
For blood and brigandage is his dream
This Devil's Man a Loose.

He will never camp on our grand old plains
While I wear my American eagle claw,
No Prussian kultur, no imperial chains
Will ever shackle a brave or a squaw,
Will tomahawk his crown upon the scalp
By the shades of war clouds vamoose,
And will dance around the Kaiser's scalp
For he is the Devil's Man a Loose.

EDWARD KILLFEATHER.

(Passed by the National Society for the Suppression of the Metric System.)

War Menu Hints.

The decision to establish herein a department of domestic science has been received with particular approval by those who have viewed with alarm the vanishing quality of cafe menus, and by others who enjoy variety.

The following novel and dainty suggestions will be considered a welcome addition by the hard-pressed house wife and all restaurant keepers.

Walnut Ice Cream—Put a leaf of lettuce or a paper doily in a plate. Serve any flavor of ice cream in as near the size and shape of a walnut as possible. This is now very popular at all ice cream parlors—that is with the proprietors.

Jam Sandwich—Procure a good, strong hack saw. Cut two thin slices of war bread and jam them together. Eat when v-e-r-y hungry.

Holothurian Soup—This recipe cannot be given in full as it was sent from Shanghai and the compositor has run out of Chinese characters. But it is made of trepang, which in turn is made of sea urchins. Like bird nests and snails, it is said to be found delicious by those who do not know what they are eating.

Useful Hint—Enterprising restaurant keepers now provide after dinner coffee spoons with strawberry shortcake. Thereby three bites are possible in place of two.

Sartorial Bug Discovers the Amorette.

Professor Josh Allguyer, who is continuing his sartorial and other scientific investigations, reports again from Astoria as follows:

"Hotel Halco, Astoria, Or., June 13.

"Dear Peripterous—In re the Amorette bug, we find it is one of the first discovered microbes. It has such virility and is so prolific that it cannot be controlled or exterminated. Its sting peculiar, the effect is often delightful and beneficial, and again it may be most disagreeable and harmful.

"It affects both young and old, one way or the other; some get wise after being stung once, others seem to be indifferent and make no effort to avoid being stung repeatedly.

"This bug works day and night, 365 days in the year, Sundays, holidays and all; but is most active in the Springtime and the rare days in June, affecting the young man especially, whose fancy lightly turns to thoughts of "Mary's Ankle" or to cohtemplation of Georgette waists.

"This waist is not supposed to cause a total eclipse—only partial. Persons gazing long at heavenly objects should use smoked glass. There is danger of contracting astigmatism or something, in straining the naked eye, too continuously."

Business as Usual.

Among all the threatened famines brought about by war conditions, a palm-leaf fan famine is to be expected, according to a report from Consul-General George E. Anderson, Hongkong, China.

Also there is a shortage of lemons and sugar, yet circuses come and go.

Terrors Yet to Come.

Of all smoke nuisances, I consider tobacco the vilest, most villainous, unnecessary, unhealthy on earth. The average user of the weed is a hog of the most hoggish character. If he would only crawl into a hole, pulling the hole in after him, never coming out again like the opium fiend until the beastly smoke had killed him, no honest person would object.

Speed the day when women gain the right to vote. Perhaps enough of them will remain honest to help the decent men wipe out or send to the rear a few villainous vices of civilization. Rum, tobacco, gambling, horse-racing, dancing and lying.—Missouri Traveler.

Many women despise rum, tobacco, gambling and horseracing.

TOBACCO WORM SQUASHED.

The rain was falling thick and fast,
The walks were very wet,
A gray-haired mother stood upon the curb,
She watched the crowds go hurrying past
And every one she met
Was accosted by this rather plaintive blurb:

CHORUS:

I didn't raise my boy to be a salesman,
I never let him see no railroad maps,
I wanted him to be
From care and trouble free—
A copper or a motorman, perhaps;
I didn't raise that kid to carry samples
And spend his dear young life in Pullman cars,
I'd give up every cent
If never he had went
And got a job a'selling them cigars.

'Twas at the King Street station,
The trains were coming in,
Her son was coming back from far away.
At last he came and they did meet
And he was pale and thin,
Observing which she then to him did say:

CHORUS:

I didn't raise you, kid, to be a salesman,
For they are bold and naughty, too, I think,
I want you, if you can,
To be a livery stable man,
And not a flirting, perfumed drummer gink;
I didn't raise you, kid, to ride the brake beams
And breathe the dust from rattling railroad cars,
So please, kid, if you are able,
Go and buy a livery stable
And throw away your cabbage-filled cigars.

Robert Watson Boyce in Seattle Argus.