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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JULY 28, 1918.

WHAT IS GOVERNMENT FOR?

The Oregonian has from a frequent contributor a letter on the public and its attitude toward government, which it reproduces here in order that it may make some observations of its own. Any discussion as to whether the American people are fools would of course be trifling and offensive and that phase of the Barzee offering may be dismissed with the remark that if the men and women who for over one hundred years have maintained the republic are fools, it would not alter their essential character, nor improve their condition, if a Socialism of the same fools, controlled and sustained by them, were to be substituted. The Barzee letter is:

Portland, July 26.—(To the Editor.)—Using the milder and most common definition of the word fool—i. e. buffoon, quack, etc.—expressed in The Oregonian's comment on the 6-cent fare editorial of another paper, we beg to differ radically with your conclusion that "the people are not fools," and back up our opinion by axiomatic facts fully established.

Our President and Congress have been compelled to enact emergency laws that possessed the Government of all public utilities and National resources. We say this test for National efficiency, which forced the Government to put aside laws the people their made through representatives, disputes your estimates of their intelligence. That we are legislative failures sustains the milder definition of the word fool.

When we who have for centuries lived under laws made by chosen legislators are compelled to reverse every common practice with regard to our public affairs in order that we may bring our Nation into a state of actual efficiency, we belie our exercise of previous intelligence. It is not a matter of judges and courts, but is that by which these authorities must decide questions of differences. It may not please the conceited fool voter to be told this fact, but he has only to open his mental vision and view the situation as it exists today to prove that what we say is true. A band of monkeys would not knowingly deprive themselves of their common necessities.

We further beg to note that in all ages those who profit through the ignorance—even candidates for office—have always praised their constituents for their superior intelligence. Surely it must be a fool who will catch at such baits in these times of "road as we run" exhibitions of our previous exercise of intelligence.

C. W. BARZEE.

What this writer wants, or thinks he wants, is a Government which controls the necessities of life, their production and distribution, for individual benefit. No definition of Socialism on which all will agree can be made, for the reason that Socialists do not agree. They do not agree because they do not know exactly what they want, except that they want what they do not have and evidently cannot get except through some agency apart from their own special enterprise. Public ownership and development of natural resources is Socialism. Co-operative action as a substitute for individual action is Socialism. Common control of public utilities is Socialism. Nationalism of industry is Socialism. A government where nobody owns anything and everybody owns everything is Socialism. Surrender of the usufruct of capital or labor by one individual to supply the deficit in another's capital or labor, whether due to his inertia or incompetence or misfortune, is Socialism. Evidently, then, Socialism is another society, a dreamed-out Utopia, where there is a new humanity, made out of the old human nature. Socialism will do it all.

The present argument for abandonment of democracy is that nationalization of all war industry and its related enterprises, both of production and manufacture, with public control of distribution and consumption on many articles, is proof that Socialism is the perfect government. Where private capital and labor built ships, the United States Government is building and operating ships. Where corporations mined coal, the Fuel Administration is directing its allotment. Where railroads were privately owned and operated, under a scheme of general public regulation, the Nation has taken over their direct control. Where telegraph and telephone service were provided by individual corporations the public has set them aside, and is now in full authority over such instrumentalities of intelligence and information. The essential general commodities of sugar and wheat, needed by our allies, are taken over as to price and allotment, and many other articles are put under partial or even complete regulation. The pay of the laborer is affected by the higher cost of living, and here, too, there is an arbitrary assumption of the right to determine both wages and conditions of work in many employments, with result that the scale in every employment is affected.

In many directions the Government has asserted its sovereign authority over industry and over its citizens, revolutionizing former methods and affecting profoundly all ways of life and schemes of livelihood.

The peril of the Nation and the absolute need of greater efficiency in every project for the National defense and welfare are the reasons for these monumental changes.

General realization and understanding of their object, and common acquiescence that such things must be done for the common benefit, have made the new methods easy of acceptance everywhere. Let the fact be emphasized that nationalization of effort and work and service and resources has been effected by the Nation to save the Nation, and not to socialize it. If there are resultant benefits to the citizens, they are incidental, though inevitable. But the primary design is to preserve the Government and its structure. To that end every other policy and interest are subordinated and subjected. Working for itself, and for itself alone, the Nation does its duty to itself by taking a direct hand in every agency which will serve its ends. When the National existence shall be assured, Government as an end will give way again to Government as a means or agency for the individual welfare.

Here is where your Socialist is confused as to the movements of the time and their meaning. If a thing is good in war it is good in peace, he says. If there is enormous centralization of resources, of wealth, of authority in war, the same public control will serve society in peace. Yet men and women for hundreds and thousands of years have fought to make themselves free from aggrandized power, which inevitably takes the form of dominion by the few over the many. A Prussian autocracy through a militarism would rule the world. A republic, resisting its schemes of conquest, finds it necessary to use the same weapons. But they may never be employed for the subjugation of its own people.

Doubtless there will be a different era after the war. There will be new processes, new ideas, new understandings, but the same ideals, the same goals, for a people dedicated to freedom and determined to be free. Just now every individual makes himself an arm of the Nation for its good; but after the war he will expect that the Nation will again be made an agency for his good. The people are greater than their Government, and must be; but now the Government is, and must be, greater than the people.

Government is not a destination; it is a road. The highest duty of the citizen now is to do his bit in keeping the road free and open.

HARVEST AND THE FOOD SUPPLY.

With harvest well under way, visions of a billion-bushel wheat crop have vanished. The total is likely to fall somewhat below 900,000,000 bushels, but it will certainly be far in excess of that of 1917. The drought and heat of June are estimated to have cut 12,000,000 bushels from the yield of Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri and Oklahoma, but even then it will be double that of last year. A similar situation exists in the Pacific Northwest, and the contribution of this section will be far larger than that of last year if weather should be favorable and the labor supply sufficient.

Much preparation has been made by the railroad administration to move the crop. A supply of cars and engines has been gathered in the West, and interchange between roads will be so prompt as to prevent shortage in any particular field. Farmers in the Southwest are selling wheat much faster than expected, and it is greatly needed in Europe and the East. Thus all conditions work together for a heavy early movement.

This will fatten the farmers' bank accounts in time for the fourth liberty loan campaign in October. They were well educated in bond buying by the third campaign and may be expected to swell the total of their subscriptions above that of the third loan. They will not at that time have realized on their corn crop, but payment for the bonds will be spread over several months, during which their corn money will become available.

There has been an immense increase in food production in Great Britain this year and France and Italy have better crops than in 1917. With steady gain in the war on the submarine, loss of food and ships at sea may be expected to diminish, while tonnage will rapidly increase as the output of the great fabricated shipyards goes into the water. There is every ground to hope that the food crisis among the allies will end this Fall.

NEW RICHES.

Among the legends concerning the sudden prosperity enjoyed by English munition workers is one that has become a sort of stock classic. It is told with many variations, but the original version is that a munition worker went to buy a piano and, having put down sufficient treasury notes to pay the price, went on counting. "Stop," cried the shopman, "that's enough." With an impatient shake of the head the customer went on counting. Then, on reaching double the cost of one piano, he triumphantly exclaimed, "I'll take two pianos. We've got two rooms."

The story is improbable, but it is true that countless persons in England have lately acquired the means to enjoy long-suppressed ambitions and that they are enjoying them to the extent that government regulations permit. Pianos, it is said, are no longer manufactured in England, yet there is a thriving trade in the instruments. The stock comes from the homes of the salaried class, who have not appreciably prospered from the war, and on the other hand have acquired new obligations to purchase government securities and thereby help the progress of the cause. The munitions workers are the chief customers for these second-hand instruments.

We now hear extravagant stories of the uses to which shopworkers and others engaged in war industries in America are putting their newly-acquired prosperity. The Oregon Voter quotes an unnamed Portland citizen as remarking that our highly-paid shipworkers are throwing their Fords into the scrap heap and buying high-priced cars with which to joyride to daily employment, meanwhile demanding that the landlords build marble palaces that the workers can buy for dwelling places at $50 down and $1 a month. The speaker, remarks the Voter, was indulging in a penchant for biting humor, yet others applauded his remarks as if they represented their own opinions.

One is indebted to the Voter for the estimate that fewer than 10 per cent of the shipworkers own automobiles and that most of the cars owned were bought second-hand by men of mechanical turn of mind and by their own hands put into serviceable condition. There is related, for purposes of contrast, the story of three boys, all under draft age, who are working in a shipyard, "batching" in an unventilated room within walking distance of their work and saving $60 a month each for the purpose of ultimately buying a farm. It is properly remarked that they are making a mistake by attempting to save too much, even though it be for a worthy purpose, because they are endangering their health.

We know of another instance. This young shipworker, who is married, tried living in ill-ventilated rooms within reasonable distance of his work. He soon tired of his living arrangement, but he did not seek a landlord who would sell him a marble palace at $50 down and $1 a month. He went into the Mount Scott district and bought a lot on which stood what passed for a house but was little more than a shack. The whole purchase price was $300. Then he set about making the house habitable, put in a garden and built a chicken-house and he also bought a second-hand automobile. With him the last is a prime utility. It enables him to get to and from work, although the distance is several miles, as quickly as he did when he lived in a crowded, unhealthy tenement. And in his spare hours he and his wife are having the best sort of fun fixing up the home place.

There are, perhaps, a few shipworkers who have squandered more than they can afford on expensive cars. But there are many others to whom the cheap automobile has been a salvation. It has enabled them to have real homes. To the casual observer the young man mentioned may appear, as he rides up to the plant in his car, to be in the extravagant class. But he is not. It is carrying him every day nearer to a permanency in health, prosperity and happiness. Circumspect investment in and circumspect use of automobiles by shipworkers will aid materially in solving the housing problem.

It is wise to utter a word of caution against extravagance in days of plenty, for famines in industry occur with annoying regularity. There are always those who, figuratively speaking, think they must have two pianos for two rooms. But it is unwise to judge everyone by superficial appearances. One man's luxury is often another man's necessity.

OUR OWN FUNERAL.

It is proposed that the City of Portland invest approximately $400,000 in a transportation system for the purpose of serving the suburb of Linnton. It is proposed that it engage in this business over a route where a private company has already failed.

The primary cause of the failure of the private company was lack of patronage. To overcome this difficulty it sought permission to charge a 10-cent fare. This was refused on the ground that a "contract is a contract." So the company pulled up a portion of its tracks, and abandoned the field.

The people of Linnton, it appears, established the strength of a moral principle. But that they received any material benefit does not appear. Ever since then, transportation service between Portland and Linnton has been intermittent and generally hazardous. Moreover, the 5-cent fare vanished with the electric railway.

There was a stiff-necked determination in Linnton not to assist any transportation company to get out of a hole. It has had annoying consequences, yet there are those who would have had the entire City of Portland put in the same distressing situation rather than yield the principle that a contract is a contract.

But regardless of ill-advised action of the past Linnton is entitled to the aid of the city in securing a regular and adequate service. But it is also proper that some inquiry be made into the merits of the scheme, and inasmuch as wages and costs of materials have greatly increased since the United Railways made a failure of operating at the 5-cent fare, the municipal line plainly could not hope to operate successfully on that basis. Linnton is within the city limits. Elsewhere, throughout all of Portland, the transportation rate is 6 cents. Is it the intent of the city, after doing all in its power to prevent establishment of the 6-cent fare, to charge more than 6 cents on the Linnton line?

There is a comparatively scant traffic to depend upon, and the city has let in the jitneys. They are running on a wild-cat basis over the Linnton boulevard. Six cents has less purchasing power today than 5 cents had when the United Railways operated. In addition is the wild-cat competition mentioned. The city, if it invests nearly $400,000 in the Linnton railway, must either sacrifice the jewel of consistency and charge more than 6 cents or it must face a constant and ever aggravating deficit.

Purchase of a railway line, when there is a level, paved boulevard extending all the way to Linnton, seems a preposterous proposal. Investment of $50,000 in automobile buses would provide more than ample transportation facilities. Why spend $400,000 for rails, and ties, and road-bed, and somebody's cast-off street cars? Whatever the city does regarding Linnton there will be a deficit to be met by the general taxpayers, whether fares be 6 cents or 10 cents. We are about to pay handsomely for the demonstration that a contract is a contract. But let us make the loss as small as possible.

And if we would be really sensible, the first thing to be done if the city must go into the transportation business is to exclude the jitneys from competition with the municipal line. Let the people and the council remember that this is not a case where we have a real or fancied upper hand on a corporation. It is our own funeral.

A BRITISH OFFENSIVE NEAR.

Though the British army is taking a minor part in the present battle of the Marne, we may expect it to play a major part whenever General Foch gives the word. It bore the brunt of the German onslaught from March 21 to April 17, when French troops came to its aid in Flanders, and it met the attack of 102 out of the 127 German divisions engaged during that period. It suffered such terrible losses that all of the three months which have passed since the Flanders fighting died down have been needed to renew its strength and fill its ranks. Its main force is still massed along the northern front to block the road to the Channel ports against the great German army which still holds that line. Withdrawal of German reserves from that section to the Marne may soon create a situation favorable to an allied offensive, in which American troops would have a hand, for many of them are brigaded with the British and possibly a full army corps has been organized to act with the Britons.

There is abundant, valid reason why no major operations by the British have been undertaken during the last three months, but the ever-busy German propagandists spread the opinion that they were loafing and leaving their allies to do the hard fighting. The fact is that they have done the hardest and most continuous fighting since the first battle of the Somme began. Their casualties in 1917 were 800,000 and are believed to have exceeded those of the French by 500,000. They have certainly been heavier so far in 1918. The British empire, including the colonies and India, has contributed about 7,500,000 men to the war, of whom nearly 500,000 are in the navy and auxiliary naval forces, and 900,000 were drawn from the Dominions.

Another piece of German propaganda designed to cause dissension among the allies has been the statement that England left Scotland, Wales and the Dominions to supply most of the men, to do the hardest fighting and to suffer the severest loss. The truth is that one in seven and a half of the population of England is in the armed forces, the same ratio as for Scotland, while Wales has sent one in ten and two-tenths, Ireland one in twenty-six and three-tenths and the Dominions one in fifteen. The English troops in the battles of 1917 numbered about three-fourths of those engaged and bore about the same proportion of the loss.

Already the British are taking an active hand in the fighting west of Rheims, and they may soon extend the active battle line to the north, taking advantage of the transfer of German reserves to the Marne. When they do, American troops will be found fighting shoulder to shoulder with them.

ONLY THE BEGINNING OF SUCCESS.

There is one danger to the allies in the success which they have now gained—that, through taking a superficial view of things, the American people may imagine that the war will soon be over and may, therefore, be tempted to relax their efforts. Already the remark is heard that the German reverse on the Marne is the beginning of the end, and that another year will see the end of the war. That view, if it were to guide our action, would prolong the war indefinitely and would give Germany any number of openings for an inconclusive end.

The fact is that the allies have only just begun to win, and that they have a long, hard road to travel before they can reach the goal at which they aim—the destruction of Germany's military power and the dismemberment of Austria and Turkey. They have the two oldest military monarchies with back against the wall, fighting for their existence.

Let there be no doubt that the dynasties of Hohenzollern and Hapsburg will drive their people to the slaughter so long as they can muster even a bodyguard, and will force conquered peoples by the million to work for them as slaves in order to save their crowns. This is not the first allied success which has been hailed as the beginning of the end. That was said of the German repulse before Verdun, of the smashing of the German line on the Somme two years ago and of the Franco-British victories last year. Germany has sprung one surprise after another in this war; we cannot see whence the means for another can come, but it may be in store.

As a pugilist redoubles the force and rapidity of his blows when his antagonist begins to weaken, so should America, which is the allies' chief reserve, intensify its effort in order that, having got Germany going, we may keep her going, allowing no breathing spell. Our war preparations have been on too moderate a scale, huge as they seem to a non-military people. The impetus for each added burst of energy has come from some emergency produced by the enemy, not from our own conception of the immensity of the struggle. Hence the exasperating deliberation with each part of our armament, the narrow age limit of the draft law, the reluctance to extend it and the postponement of action on that matter until after an inexcusable recess of Congress. The consequence will be exhaustion of the present eligible list before an additional list can be made, hence an unavoidable hiatus in the training of men at a stage when we should be equipping to throw the largest of all the armies into the war next Spring.

The way to economize military power, to save lives and to hurry wars to quick decision is not the hand-to-mouth plan of drawing on our resources which the Administration and Congress have pursued, and for which the people are ultimately responsible. It is to provide at the outset for the development and exertion of our maximum resources, and to use them to the utmost when the enemy begins to show the first signs of weakness. Under that policy, it may not prove necessary to use all the power we provide, and our expenditures for a single year may run to astounding figures, but the total power exerted and the total expenditure incurred are likely to be much less than if they were spread over several years.

CENTENARY OF GOUNOD.

It is not too late for American music lovers to celebrate the centennial of Charles Francois Gounod, which falls in the year when we are busy in other ways in cementing the friendship of our own Nation and France, which began before the great composer was born. The reminder that for at least half a century we have been dominated by the German influence in music and the demand in some quarters for a boycott upon German music for the duration of the war suggests that it is at least timely to give consideration to the cultural claims of our allies. French music has suffered from neglect with us rather because of aggressive German propaganda than lack of merit of its own. There probably will be no boycott of German music, but there need be, on the other hand, no further slavish dependence upon it. We can continue to hold Bach festivals and to honor Wagner, Mozart, Mendelssohn and Beethoven, and at the same time honor the composers of France. The argument, recently revived by the opponents of the proposed boycott of German music, that "music is international," is plausible enough; the opportunity is presented now for them to show their sincerity. Sentiment is quite likely to stimulate new interest in the relatively neglected works of such composers as Bizet, Saint-Saens, Massenet and of Cesar Franck, who, although a naturalized Frenchman, was a native of Belgium, as well as in the compositions of Gounod. It would not be true to say that the French composers are ignored in America, but it would be interesting to know the degree in which their merits have been obscured by the weight of influence of musical Germany in America, with its choral societies, its orchestras and conductors, who, however much they may have conceded the internationality of music, with consistent loyalty to the fatherland nevertheless gave first place to the productions of its own composers.

Of all the French composers Gounod lends himself most readily to popular appreciation. The fact that he wrote a great many songs to English words will help to revive interest in him. "Maid of Athens," "Oh, That We Two Were Maying," "There Is a Green Hill Far Away" and "The Fountain Mingles With the River" are his. His "Faust" is remarkable for the number of its detachable songs, as well as for the ability the composer has shown in treating the Goethe theme as a whole. It is significant of Gounod's genius that his "Faust" was an immediate and lasting success, notwithstanding that the human interest of Goethe's masterpiece had previously inspired such other masters as Spohr, Schumann, Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner. The measure of his work, as well as the popular musical taste of France in the last half of the nineteenth century, may be gauged by "Faust."

A melancholy historical interest attaches to his "Sapho," which failed to produce a lastingly favorable impression when it was first presented in 1851, eight years before the production of "Faust," and again in 1884, when it was revived, with certain additions to the original score, because it has served to reveal the philosophy of his attitude toward his public, and his belief that it is the first duty of the composer to make himself understood. These are revealed in his "Memoirs," in which he records the circumstances that "Sapho" was played only nine times in all in 1851, and that in spite of the warm commendation of Berlioz it was not accepted by the people. Far from feeling bitterness over any supposed lack of understanding by the audience, or seeking to maintain, as subsequent critics have done, that he was in advance of his times, Gounod himself found in it prima facie evidence that he had not done the full duty of a composer. He said:

> It may be set down as a principle, I think, that a dramatic work always has, or nearly so, all the success it deserves with the public. Theatrical success is the result of such a combination of elements that it suffices for the absence of any one of these elements, sometimes of the most accessory, to counteract and compromise the effect of highest qualities. The stage setting, the ballet, the scenery, the costumes, the libretto, so many things contribute to the success of an opera! The attention of the public needs to be sustained and satisfied with the variety of the spectacle. There are works of the first order in certain respects that have gone under, not in the admiration of artists, but in public favor, for a lack of the condiment necessary to secure their acceptance by the public.

He made no special plea of these considerations in behalf of "Sapho," but went on to argue the public's cause. The composer, he held, did not have the right to expect or demand of the public the special knowledge by which the technical value of a work of art is decided, but the public had on its side the right to expect and demand that a dramatic work "should respond to the instincts for which it seeks nourishment and gratification at the theater." He continued:

> The public of the theater is a dynamometer. It seeks not to know the value of a work from the point of view of taste; it measures only the power of the passion and the degree of the emotions excited; that is to say, what makes of it really a dramatic work, and expression of what goes on in the human soul, individual or collective. From which it results that the author and public are reciprocally called to instruct each other in matters of art—the public instructing the author by showing its discernment and approval of the true, and the author teaching the public by initiating it into the elements and conditions of the beautiful.

Gounod was highly capable in expression of the romantic in music. The "Jewel Song" in "Faust" is typical of his insinuating method. His second greatest success was an operatic version of the Shakespearean tragedy, "Romeo and Juliet." To those who endeavored to elicit from him an estimate of the relative merits of "Romeo and Juliet" and "Faust," he replied cryptically: "'Faust' is the oldest, but I was younger; 'Romeo' is the youngest, but I was older." Despite the compliment paid to an English author by the composition, England did not accept the opera at first, but its success is now established there.

Gounod's work in the field of sacred music was hardly less noteworthy. His oratorio, "The Redemption," has been especially popular in this country. He also composed an enormous number of beautiful songs. It is an interesting coincidence that one of the vocal pieces which have most contributed to his popularity is the "Mediation on the First Prelude of Bach"—Bach, whose festival in Bethlehem, Pa., last May stimulated the movement for the boycott of Teutonic music. The "Meditation," better known as the "Ave Maria," hardly needs introduction to Americans. But many others of Gounod's compositions are almost equally meritorious, and the suggestion that they should have increasing consideration in the preparation of concert programmes, out of compliment, among other reasons, to our ally, France, is worth listening to.

Reprieve of Mooney postpones decision in his case at least until the rule of his Bolsheviki friends in Russia will probably have ended and may thus dispose of it as international political issue. The confusion to which the labor unions were put by the confession of the McNamaras should warn them not to go to extremes in behalf of the San Francisco dynamiter. If he or any of his confederates should confess, the unions would once more be in an embarrassing position.

There is some merit in the plea for mercy on behalf of the newborn American doll and toy industry, but it would be shortsighted policy to keep labor and material employed in it which were needed for war industries. The manufacture of toys could be kept alive on a reduced scale, and the capacity of the factories which was not used for that purpose might be applied to some war purpose until the war ends.

The most pricely problem which has ever been set before Congress is the levying of a tax on luxuries, and an inconsiderate President calls for a solution just before election. No matter what is taxed, Congressmen will make many enemies, for every man or woman believes his or her luxuries are necessary, and that only other people use luxuries.

The unqualified endorsement of the Kaiser should decide the people of New York as to Mr. Hearst's candidacy for governor. William has not been in doubt about the value of Hearst's incitement of ill-will toward Great Britain and Japan, and his opinion will go farther than the publisher's late protestations of loyalty.

A waterfront belt line would go far to end all traffic difficulties for shipworkers as well as docks and shipbuilders. Its formation should be much easier under Government control of railroads than when rival companies had control.

American food should be a strong persuader with those Swiss and Swedes who have leaned toward Germany. A natural instinct will incline them to favor the party that feeds them.

There is more ground for hope of a great air fleet to be derived from John D. Ryan's temperate confidence than in all the rosy promises of his predecessors.

"Every man his own brewer" is the wet reaction from prohibition, but some of the amateur concoctions may not even be near beer.

American forces in Italy will be in time for the next Italian offensive.

When you hear a man talking peace, spot him for a near Hun.

With Oregon Poets.

ANALYSIS.

There leads to truth one long and straight and narrow road,
With reason-stations all along the line;
And those whose minds need naught of urge or goad
Follow unfalteringly that straight, sure line.
But many more, yea, countless thousands, fall
To see the path that leads to truth always,
And turn aside to try the wayside trail.
Then wander on—in aimless mental haze!
Yet these are always asking why and how
That clearer mind is ever sure it's right;
These argue with a perplexed, frowning brow,
And ever doubt the logic and the light.
We call that gift analysis, which guides so straight
That traveler who can see through fog and mist;
Who makes no mental landing, small nor great,
Except by careful process, void of twist.
As two and two are four to every mind,
So can that brain foresee beyond the hours
The natural sequence of events that find
Their real foundation in dependent powers.
But to attempt an explanation of this gift or trend
To those who reason not, and judge in haste,
Would cause that same analysis to end
And find itself a-grope in barren waste!

—GRACE E. HALL.

LONELY.

Since you have gone,
The beauty of the day is spent;
The ingle-nook where together
You and I thrilled with the first kiss
Is dark and empty.
Beside it I kneel
In tenderness and quiet,
My thoughts of you—
Brooding heart-broken things.
Eyes wearied with tears—
Would that I could smile . . . I can't;
I'm lonely, too.

The days slip by—
I'm living along somehow,
Wandering here and there
Impatient like a vagrant wind
Blowing from the sea.
I must not be blamed too much,
My weakness is your going—
The trumpet's blowing—the heart-break—
Your eyes are clearer than mine,
I try to see
But gray dust blows . . . and you—
That's the ache.

And yet it seems you must return—
I'll try and still my heart's complaining,
Watch the clouds trail by
Until the sky is blue
And sorry things smile.
The bars of selfishness are down,
No more the broken look.
I too will fight, undaunted,
Like women the yesterdays knew,
Working and waiting with ancient patience
Through dawns, noons and dusks—
Because of you.

—HELEN WAY-CRAWFORD.

Eugene, Or.

THE AMMUNITION TRAIN.

When the fronts are full of Yankees, say about three million men,
Driving Fritzie from his dugout, his strong cache and den,
And the doughboys are assembling, with their bayonets striking home,
Or shooting leaden pellets into the heartless Dutchman's dome,
And the trench mortar lads are lofting their deadly missiles overhead,
To break the German trenches, and pile up countless dead,
And the steady strong Artillery, the brave front it supports,
Is belching out its shell fire, that smash the Hun's best forts;
The Cavalry is waiting, holding hard on trusty steeds,
To dash among the enemy, to do some noble deeds;
Will you ever stop to ponder, amid the gripping strain,
Of the lads who bring it to you—the Ammunition Train?
From the rear they start at evening, and on roads dark with night,
All shell torn, Motor Calssons, wheels abumping as they ride—ride without a light,
Peering into darkness, driving through the mire
Many noble hearts are beating, as they face the Boche's fire;
A load of fifty shells apiece, and powder boxes four,
Enough to blow a regiment up to Heaven's door.
The shells come singing overhead, and as they whistle by,
They jab the spurs and shoot the gas, its a case of DO—or DIE,
For the Dutchman he is firing range reflections on the road,
To get the Ammunition Trains and their priceless load.
Dugouts! They haven't any. Protection! They have none,
As they ride the blood bespattered ways, where fell many a mother's son,
A race with death, each trip they make, and no matter what befalls,
The shells and powder MUST be put behind artillery walls;
So when you speak of outfits, why make it very plain,
That the slacker is an absent one in the Ammunition Train.

(The foregoing was received from Pvt. J. F. Walsh, with the First Ammunition Train in France. It was composed by one of the boys and is as he asserts, "founded on the truth.")

WHO'S WHO?

Who shot the Lusitania down
With fifteen hundred people?
Men, women, children, all to drown—
Was pretext e'er so feeble?

Who said: "You'd better watch! Look out!
For when the war is over,
For shelter you will cast about,
I'll make you run for cover!

"For sending food across to France,
And many a helpful missile,
I'll smite you hip and thigh; you'll dance
To every tune I whistle!"?

Just now he sees the Stars and Stripes
Straight toward his palace blowing.
Hurrah! You Yankees, hit the heights!
We've got the Kaiser going!

—S. D. MARTIN.

MY SHIP.

Time was I dreamed of a fairy ship
All laden down with wonder things;
Rubies as red as lovers' lips,
Gauzes as fine as elfin wings,
Gold worth the ransom of countless kings;
Pearls like the tears of holy men,
Laces and silks in gay array,
All that a heart desires. And then
Your ship sailed off for France one day.
And now I know no gold there'll be
But what lies hidden in your hair;
No jewels save your smile for me;
No gems or silks or perfumes rare;
No pearls (unless perhaps a prayer).
And so I wait all trustfully
And watch for that high moment when,
In calm or storm, at dawn or dusk,
Your ship comes sailing home again.

—GERTRUDE ROBINSON.

Dallas, Or.

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.

NEWS FOR A MILLION MINSTRELS.

The Statistical Bureau of the Society for the Suppression of War Poetry has performed an inestimable service for the country by classifying the various kinds of verses dedicated to the Nation by our hot-blooded minstrels in lieu of other war work.

The classifications are as follows:

Kaiser poetry, 30 per cent.

Hurrah-boys-hurrah poetry, 30 per cent.

Made-over songs, 20 per cent.

Sob poetry, 20 per cent.

When these percentages are reduced to other figures, it is shown that the Kaiser has, according to the poets, held converse with Satan, by telephone and otherwise, to the ultimate envy and discomfiture of Satan, 16,436 times.

He has had dreams and visions in which world ambition has in the end been overthrown on $221 occasions.

Kaiser poetry is considered fairly easy of construction by those who have a talent for versification. All that is needed is the original pattern. The standard form is for the Kaiser to sit in his blood-soaked den recounting his atrocities, whereupon the devil abdicates in his favor. It is a sure shot if the editor doesn't weaken.

The hurrah type is full of vim and vigor and has more variety of incident but is not true to form unless the Hun is thrown across the Rhine or the Yanks march into Berlin.

The made-over song is considered easiest of all for amateurs. All that one needs is a copy of "Marching Through Georgia" or "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Change a word here and there and you have it. The reason that not more of this type of poetry is written is because there are now so few amateur war poets.

Sob poetry is the most difficult of all—both to write and get printed. The successful writer of this type must have either indigestion or a morose disposition. There has been a marked diminution in the supply since the food regulations went into effect.

The Statistical Bureau recognizes that there are other types of war poetry, chief of which is the Sweetheart variety. Other percentages will be given from time to time, in spite of the fact that the totals already run to 100 per cent. The bureau sagely remarks that 100 per cent is an inadequate estimate of the total supply.

The Vicious Front Lawn Habit.

An interesting paper has been presented to this department by Colonel Meddler on methods of meeting the well-known food shortage.

Colonel Meddler rejects as imperfect and ill-advised the proposals to convert tobacco lands and golf links into wheat fields. He calls attention to the great wastage of land, effort and money in maintaining front door yards after the habitual manner.

It is estimated that there is as much land in 350 city lawns as in a golf course, and that the money spent for watering alone is $1000 each Summer. No utility is served, he asserts. The idea that grass is prettier than potato vines is merely born of long-established custom.

Colonel Meddler urges enactment of a law to compel the growing of potatoes in front door yards. To prove that he is personally disinterested and actuated only by patriotism in this proposal, Colonel Meddler calls attention to the fact that his own lawn is mowed not by himself, but regularly by the attractive and accomplished Mrs. Meddler.

Maybe One Man's Food Is Another Man's Poison.

An inquisitive correspondent has directed the attention of the Pacifist Board of Scientists to an interesting phenomenon.

It is that Colonel J. N. Teal, long famed for his lean and hungry look, has returned to the city from a protracted absence with an astonishing rotundity, while Colonel I. N. Day, heretofore known as one of our best examples of the benefits of nourishing food, has likewise returned from a protracted absence but minus a large proportion of the person he carried away with him.

The Pacifist Board will at once institute a scientific investigation into the effect of protracted absences upon adipose tissue and report as to whether they may be considered on the whole beneficial or otherwise.

It will also conduct a side excursion invited by the theory that the Food Administration is turning things topsy-turvey.

Kaiser's New Job.

They say his gun is good for seventy miles,
To kill the children going to mass.
On the agonies of the helpless the Kaiser smiles,
Like a malamute biting the grass.

His guns will be silenced and his Royal Bloods
No more at Democratic nations scoff;
His sceptre will be an axe in the Siberian woods,
Along with the once-great Nicholas Romanoff.

To end autocracy's bloody thrall,
And to bury it by the shadows of Berlin gates,
Goes forward the mightiest nation since the Roman fall,
Marshaled by humanity's patriot, the President of the United States.

The blood that's now shedding is not in vain.
'Tis for Liberty's life and man's god-given right.
It breaks the last link of autocracy's chain,
And gives the world rule by the plebiscite.

This war won't be won by the dreamers,
Or waiting for revolution in Germany to start.
'Twill be by the courage in trench and dash on steamers,
And giving up for Old Glory the last throb of the heart.

She will carry the day
If all Hell's in the way.
Inspired by the peerless chivalry
Of her glorious past,
For Columbia's heroes will show the Kaiser's plumed Nero's
That free nations and free men are on earth to last.

—EDWARD KILLFEATHER.

P. S.—The Statistical Bureau of the Society for the Suppression of War Poetry will also apply the percentage system to Untrammeled War Poetry, War Vers Libre, Gas Meter Poetry and other poetry that delights the hearts of those opposed to the metric system.