

The Oregonian

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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, AUGUST 11, 1918.

AN EASY ELECTION.

It would be hardly safe to assume from the number of measures on the ballot in one year that the initiative and referendum are on the road to disuse. And if it be assumed that our indulgence in direct legislation is on the decline it would be far from accurate to blame it upon a waning public interest.

The number of measures on the ballot in the past has been a witness of a public desire for their submission. A few there were upon which the people welcomed a chance to express their opinions, but the product in the main was that of experimenters and hobby riders, or else of multiplicity due to conflicting views of various groups as to the form laws should take concerning some principle which all the groups approved.

In the former class were the single tax measures and the bills and amendments on other subjects which the single tax group supported. These measures brought out opposing views, and the ballot was burdened.

Of the type that produced conflicting measures upon the same subject the road problem was once prolific. In one election there were seven road measures—eight of them if there be counted a proposal to use prisoners in road work.

This year the law givers have almost let the public alone and the road and several other issues that produced measures are settled. Prohibition, woman suffrage, the uniform tax rule—all formerly appeared in one or more forms. Happily, they have been disposed of.

Of the old friends of the ballot two remain. There is the fisheries issue with its several ramifications. Through the recent ratification of the Columbia River fisheries treaty, legislation on the main river has been a matter for joint action by Oregon and Washington, and this action must be approved by Congress.

The normal school measure, another old acquaintance, remains in the form of an amendment submitted by the Legislature. The Legislature has also presented a proposal, carrying an appropriation, for a home for dependent children.

The sole representative on the ballot this year of the law-giving type are the two expressions of an antipathy between a Portland publisher and the country newspapers. They pertain to legal advertising. Like many other measures that have been presented in the past, they are on the ballot solely because their sponsor had the money to pay for circulating the petitions and was willing to spend it for that purpose.

From thirty-seven, the high water mark in number of measures presented, to six is a long stride. But those who believe that the machinery of direct legislation should be used only for real emergencies, should, before they felicitate themselves upon the apparently declining number of measures, recall that had it not been for the special election held last December, there would have been sixteen measures on the ballot this year. Seven of the problems were disposed of at that time.

SALVAGE.

The important part played in the war by technically educated men is nowhere better illustrated than in the reports now being compiled of the success of salvage engineers in recovering vessels which have been sunk by German submarines. For oceanographic reasons, they have been most successful near the coast of Great Britain and along the shores of France.

Here in many places the sea is comparatively shallow. The deep waters of the Mediterranean, unfortunately, have kept their secrets. But success of the British Admiralty, with the assistance of American experts, has nevertheless been surprising.

Vice-Admiral Sims, U. S. N., reported last December that the British had reclaimed more than 200 ships, of a total tonnage of more than a million. The rapid progress made in this science is shown better in later reports, which indicate that between January, 1915, and May, 1918, 497 vessels had been recovered, and that in the first five months of the present year. This is the equivalent of a ship a day, and it has been estimated that the time required to build the same vessels under ideal working conditions would have been 558 months.

If it be accepted as approximately accurate that the toll of the submarine between the declaration of war and May 31 last was a little more than thirteen and a half million tons, it will be seen that marine salvagers have restored more than 11 per cent of the loss. But the figures do not do justice to the efforts of these engineers, since salvage has been organized on an effective basis only about half of that time, and is only now beginning to get into stride.

Comparison of ships recovered with the time it would take to build an equivalent in new tonnage also falls to tell the entire story because in many instances cargoes as well as ships have been restored. Raw materials of the metal industry and many other products not

seriously affected by their sojourn on the ocean bottom have added immensely to the account of the marine salvagers.

The methods employed have been technical, and have reflected much credit upon the highly educated engineers who developed them. Unskilled labor has played a relatively insignificant role in accomplishing the results. But for the inventive genius and the skill displayed, these ships would still be resting on the bottom of the sea. And the world is still calling, more and more insistently, for trained men.

PREPARE FOR WINTER.

One kind of forehand man is the one who has the furnace repaired in August, a duty that is all the more urgent this season because of the shortage of fuel and the probable greater shortage of labor later in the season. There is nearly always a rush to have the furnace repaired in August, a duty that is all the more urgent this season because of the shortage of fuel and the probable greater shortage of labor later in the season.

The average American family keeps its dwelling warmer than is needed for health or comfort. Sixty-eight degrees is more than ample; sixty-five is better, and those who have tried sixty will testify that when they have become accustomed to it it is quite enough.

ERRORS RUN INTO BILLIONS.

The need of a budget system is clearly shown by the huge discrepancy between appropriations and expenditures by the Government in the last fiscal year. Senator Smoot puts the whole case in a nutshell when he says in an article in the New York Sun that "the total payments for the year were \$12,691,625,471, while the appropriations have only \$21,000,000,000."

A similar miscalculation is likely to develop as to appropriations and expenditures in the present fiscal year. Appropriations are about \$24,000,000,000, exclusive of loans to the allies, and Mr. Smoot estimates that expenses will be \$15,000,000,000 or \$16,000,000,000, leaving a difference of eight or nine billions between the amount of actual and expected expenditures. In providing for loans to the allies Congress has erred in the other direction. Though the total for last year was nearly five billions and though that for this year may be expected to be as great, Congress has appropriated only \$1.5 billion for that purpose, and will be called upon to pass a new bond bill in December.

The consequence is that the Government raises a higher proportion of its war expenses by taxation than it intended to do. For the last fiscal year the percentage of all payments provided for by taxes was 36 per cent, while, if loans to allies are excluded, it was 54 per cent.

The effect of this discrepancy between actual and expected expenditures of the Government is that the people are misled as to the sums which they must provide and are prevented from making proper provision for both their future war obligations and the business of the country.

The financial operations of the Government have attained such magnitude and have such a bearing on our present and future prosperity and on our ability to bear war's burdens that they should be reduced to system before those burdens have grown much heavier.

WOMEN AS SHIPBUILDERS.

On reading of what Mrs. Margaret H. Harrison, of Baltimore, has done, the question arises: "What cannot a woman do?" Mrs. Harrison may be assumed to have been brought up in ease and luxury, for she is a daughter of Bernard N. Baker, the great Baltimore business man, and she proved that the work of a shipyard is not too hard for a woman, she worked for a week as a helper in various departments of the Bethlehem Steel Company's plant at Sparrow's Point, Md.

She had some difficulty in obtaining permission to work at the New York Sun tells the story, being informed that "it is very rough and very hard," but she answered: "Women have been doing it in England for three years, and I guess I can stand it for a week."

After the first few rivets one man found that she had "struck another dressingmaking proposition, combined with the use of mathematics such as any high school girl knows," and both jobs were "suitable and interesting for her."

She was called upon to drive rivets with a pneumatic hammer having a pressure of a hundred pounds to the square inch, and was "a bit appalled," but "about fifty men were watching me and I never would take a dare." After the first few rivets one man said: "She sure can do it," and the foreman made her keep on till she had driven twenty-five. She helped to camouflage a ship and she passed rivets. All kinds of aches were the penalty, she had housemaid's knee from kneeling in the mold loft, the noise made her stone deaf for twenty-four hours, and she had difficulty in climbing the frames of a ship. She tried her hand at adjusting the panning, furniture and fittings to the sheer and curve of a ship, and a fore-

man told her he thought "women could easily learn the trade and make good shipbuilders."

Prevailing impressions that certain occupations are closed to women are founded on the necessity of lifting, moving or holding great weights, but much of this work requiring "main strength and awkwardness" is now done by machines, which men merely guide, and women can do that as well. Long periods of standing are injurious to women, but men sit at many mechanical occupations, while at others they change posture so frequently as to develop their muscles generally and escape especial strain from standing.

The objection to woman's performance of much work that is now done by man is not that she is physically or mentally incapable of doing it, but that she can only do it by neglecting her higher duty as a mother, while it falls in with a man's duty as a father. In times of emergency like this it may be necessary for woman to do much of man's work, but after the war it should be made the exception rather than the rule for woman to do her proper part in filling the gaps in the population which war will have made. Women can build ships, but they cannot at the same time do the nobler work of mothers.

LUCY STONE.

Observance on August 13 of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Lucy Stone reveals a good many incidents of the movement for the emancipation of women which are happily in the past, but which suggest that the world has made real progress in tolerance within considerably less than a century. There is in Mrs. Stone's case the example of a woman who led as a speaker against slavery in Boston was once herded from a fashionable suburban orthodox pulpit of that city in these words: "I am requested to say that a hen will attempt to crow like a cock this afternoon at the town hall. The bird is not to be invited to music will attend." This was in cultured Boston, and in a time when that city was not unresponsive to anti-slavery propaganda. The unchivalric prejudice implied was wholly due to feeling against the appearance of women in the streets, and not to any presumption of usurping the places of men. The suffrage cause as such had not then gained great headway, but women's efforts to gain recognition, even simple justice, were passing through the stages of ridicule and mob violence.

The life of Lucy Stone is deeply interesting because of the contrasts which it brings to mind. There were at the time when she was born no public high schools for girls in the entire country. Girls were not admitted to colleges. The professions were closed to them. In time for her to enjoy its advantages Oberlin College was founded, a pioneer in educational freedom, making no distinction of sex or color in admission and instruction. At the time when she was born the right of women to vote was not even a remote possibility. Her graduation in 1847 progressed to the point of permitting female graduates to read their own commencement essays. Mrs. Stone was so imbued with the spirit of resistance that she declined to prepare her essay, since she would not be permitted to do it in person. She was one of the first women in the country to insist upon retaining her name after marriage, and, despite her altogether happy union with Dr. Henry D. Blackwell, she continued to be known as Mrs. Stone until the day of her death. This resistance to a custom which involved little more than a mere social convenience at best did not find many imitators, however, and it has been noted that the name which she would not be permitted to had been "imposed by her father upon her mother." The name of her husband recalls also the work of other noted women reformers of the period. One of her husband's sisters was Elizabeth Blackwell, the first woman to take a medical degree in America; she started practice in 1849 in New York was forced to buy a house because no "respectable" boarding-house would harbor a woman doctor. Another sister of Mrs. Stone's husband was the Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, D. D., the first woman to be ordained a minister. There are now, according to the census, more than 5000 women doctors and more than 3000 women ministers in the United States.

The incident of the refusal of New York boarding-house keepers to give asylum to a woman doctor is also a reminder of the obstacles encountered by the eloquent woman reformer, Abby Kelley, one of those who prepared the ground for the work done by Mrs. Stone and others, and whose appointment as a member of a committee with two male members of an abolition convention caused the editor of the Christian Mirror to protest against the disrespectableness of such a "closeting." The committee nevertheless prepared a report which was rejected by the Rhode Island Congregational Association on the ground that it came from an unscripturally woman-ruled convention. All through the early developments of the woman's movement the affinity between the abolition of negro slavery and the demand for civil rights for women was emphasized. It is again brought to mind that women have made their way by demonstrating their indispensability in co-operating with men in humanitarian enterprises rather than in the more prosaic everyday work of the world.

Mrs. Stone was not a pioneer in the sense in which the famous Grimke sisters were pioneers in the cause of slavery, nor was she first to take part in the definitely organized movement for woman suffrage, but she performed a part very nearly akin to that of the pioneer both great national efforts. The Grimke sisters, as is known to students of the anti-slavery movement, were South Carolinians who freed their slaves nearly thirty years before the opening of the Civil War. It is again brought to mind that women have made their way by demonstrating their indispensability in co-operating with men in humanitarian enterprises rather than in the more prosaic everyday work of the world.

It is surprising how some of the old favorites endure in some sixty-eight lists in ten books, each one confronted with constant repetitions of the names of Kipling, of Stevenson, of Stockton and Conrad and Joseph C. Lincoln. "Vacationists" are catholic in their predilections. Sometimes there is system in the reading and often there is not, but there is no narrow boundaries of prejudice. The writers of several nations are represented. There is a healthful inclination toward outdoor subjects. The great American desire for travel is manifest everywhere. Quite frequently the lists in ten books have a westward direction. We are reminded by another of the lists that this part of the United States is at last beginning to win the recognition that we believe it deserves. Mrs. Strahorn's "Fifteen Thousand Miles of Stage" will remind us of a period which has almost vanished, but it will give the right kind of background to Effie P. Gladding's "Across the Continent by the Lincoln Highway." The two books ought to be read together. Washington Irving's "Astoria" is a Western book and a vacation book, too. Clamptett's "Echoes From the Rocky Mountains" recalls a romantic age the memory of which ought never to die. There are Bret Harte and Owen Wister, of course, and Zane

the instrument he employed was a stick no larger than his thumb, prevalent in the West.

These contrasts are a testimony to the progress of the world, and are also highly suggestive of the possibilities of the future. There will be no such struggle to complete the victory for women as marked the initial battles in which women like Mrs. Stone played so important a part. But it would be interesting if one could visualize conditions in 2018 if women continue to advance as they have done since Lucy Stone was born.

A NATION OF SKILLED MEN.

What sort of people the Americans will be after all able-bodied men between the ages of 18 and 45 have undergone military training and experience of war is indicated by a contributor to the Infantry Journal, who says that "this army training has raised the efficiency of every able-bodied man within its confines about 100 per cent." This is true because after the war we won't be too proud to work, will he too proud not to? also because:

The old days when a soldier was an automaton, composed of two arms, two legs and a pair of sharp ears, have passed into the past. The modern soldier is still the tritite artillery, grenade, gas trenches and high explosives have changed warfare.

The army not only teaches men to fight; it gives them technical training in numerous lines which will prove valuable in civil life, and it combines with this teaching the habit of obeying orders, the habit of work and the habit of working in a team. For example, at Camp Humphreys, Va., 30,000 men are undergoing rigorous training as engineers. They are being led to build railroads by building their own five-mile spur to camp with all its bridges and culverts, and they have built their own sewage and drainage system and rifle range.

There is another type of vacation reader who needs no guidance, whose delight it is to employ this period of leisure in renewing the literary acquaintances of his youth. There is nothing to be said against the practice. There are men and women still who regularly read "David Copperfield" and others who go through the "Three Musketeers" or "Les Miserables" every year. They find real joy in it, which is enough to justify the practice. For the pleasure of the reader is, after all, a matter of the state of his mind.

The disposition of the Government to cause the least possible disturbance to industry while conducting the war is shown by the compromise effected with manufacturing jewelers, to whom has been returned a portion of the stock of platinum which had been commandeered, yet it will be well to observe extreme conservatism in the use of this important metal. Platinum is highly important to the manufacture of sulphuric and nitric acids, without which a modern war could not be waged successfully; it is used in the manufacture of ignition points for airplanes, and big guns cannot be made without special apparatus for gauging extreme temperatures, into which platinum enters. The plea of the jewelers was that the business employed so many people that its sudden discontinuance would work a real hardship. The Government is now said to have a supply of 25,000 ounces of platinum in the mines and to have 15,000 ounces more under control, but if the domestic supply should become exhausted the situation would be serious. Little platinum is produced in the United States.

There will be more than academic interest in the order of the War Industries Board, the same youth, if he is looking upon any sort of horse boy as a thing to be used only on bad roads. It is a luxury no longer, but only something to be tolerated impatiently until the dawn of better days.

The Munich Post's exasperation over the patronizing attitude of Prince Henry toward those who have suffered from the war is easy to understand. We wonder when the whole German motor world will resent the Kaiser's hypocritical expressions of sympathy for those who have lost sons in the war, while his whole precious family is safe and likely to be for some time to come.

After nearly five months, the German soldier's cry of "On to Paris!" has been changed to "Back to Berlin!" And when the allies really get started on to Berlin there will be no going back to Paris until the job is finished.

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Those seven million letters received from boys in the trenches show that our boys have been doing their part toward keeping up the correspondence. Are the folks at home doing as well?

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What a howl there would be if the allies should commit a title of the deprivations of which the Germans have been guilty, after the allies have crossed the Rhine.

Let us hope also for the speedy arrival of the day when the grand old ruin of a cathedral at Rheims will be out of range of the German guns.

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Pity the situation of poor little Holland, which fears even to offer mediation for fear of giving offense to one of the participants in the struggle.

The population of Poland is decreasing rapidly, another testimonial to the blighting effects of German rule.

Are you doing your duty toward the veterans who are to be Portland's guests?

Grey and Hamlin Garland and Helen Hunt Jackson.

There is a good deal of boy in the most of us, as we shall find if we analyze the kind of reading we like in our moments of relaxation. It is impossible to gather together a shelf full of books of adventure which might not as well be labeled "For Juveniles." For example: Conrad's "Nostromo" and Snaith's "The Sailor" and Franck's "Vagabonding Down the Andes." Or almost any of the works of W. Clark Russell, and anything that Joseph Conrad ever wrote. We would like to see a revival of interest in George Borrow, who is peculiarly a vacation type, but has been wholly neglected by the Chicagoans.

It is encouraging to be able to note that, although the long list, in the aggregate, contains very few of the so-called "classics," which goes to prove the sincerity of their compilers, there is, on the other hand, nothing at all which would be classified as rubbish. Our modern writers, upon the whole, are doing creditably. Those who like to mourn over the decadence of literature will do well to revise their opinions. It is true that a vast deal is being produced that does not deserve to survive, but the number up to standard is still large.

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With Oregon Poets.

A CHANGE IN VALUES. There was a "big" man in our town when I was young and small; Among the wisest he stood first, in fact, he knew it all. And all I worshiped him afar, as one above my class, And stood in reverent silence as he chanced my way to pass. But I went back, the other day, and looked this idol o'er; The years have wrought a difference in the scenes I knew of yore; It is strange that man had shrunk un-til today he seems A dwarfed and comic pigmy, to that creature of my teens!

There was a "river" near our town, when I was but a boy; It rushed and roared, so angrily it thrilled my soul with joy. And oft I felt that same were mine if once I bravely crossed, But always fear my efforts stayed, 'til I was impaled, lost, gone. I wandered here that other day, and viewed that stream once more, And found that I could leave a rock being produced that does not deserve to survive, but the number up to standard is still large.

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The Peripterous.

Peripterous—A Structure Having Rows of Columns on All Sides.—Dictionary. (Synopsis of preceding synopsis.) The Oregonian, a great morning newspaper, employs a distinguished literary architect to construct a peripterous. The does it. It has rows of columns on each, west and east. The Peripterous becomes a Free Auditorium for the expression of incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial opinion, new verse and anecdotes.

AT THE STATION. Mister Kaiser with the auticate, what's your hurry? Must go, sir, Mister Kaiser, tell us whither. You are leaving? Well, I guess the world should worry. Can't you tell us where you think you'll come back hither? This is your train, is it, waiting at the station? Step aboard then, wave your kerchief as the wheels roll. Time is hustling you away, sir, with elation. And you bloody flags of battle all are furled. Where's the friends that should be keeping here about you? Where's the Crown Prince Hindenburg? Both dead, you say? Gone like smoke, you say, your armies? I don't doubt you. Every dog, you know, must have his little day. Swing aboard this waiting train if you must go, sir. Hark, the porter says you cannot take your crown. Cast aside your royal robe. Don't be so slow, sir. Hear the whistle! Fling your gilded sceptre down! When this Special halts beside the platform, And the ancient boatman waits you over yonder, Maybe claims of your divinity will give you a chance to show. Maybe God won't be in that place where you'll wander. But the ghosts of old Sennacherib and Sargon Will chat with you of the Belgian babes you slew, sir; Doddering Nero will demand in mania that his throne; That his "Lazantia" joke to hear from you, sir. You can tell old Nebuchadnezzar in the gloom there, That his fiery furnace was a poor invention. Show him earth ablaze and guns of death that boom there. Streams of living fire, red-hot gases mention. Spanish Philip will be glad to hear your story. Caesar Borgia, Caligula, Robespierre, Pontius Pilate, still with hands unwashed and gory, Herod, drenched with blood of children sweet and fair. Tell them how you shook the grounded world with thunder. Tell them how you scattered corpses through the desert. All your barbarous deeds recount, Agape with wonder. They will hear you, or applaud with fiendish mirth. But your train, sir! Here's your hat. You must have dropped it. Speak up, Kaiser—Are you asking who am I, sir? I'm conductor of this train. For you I stopped it. Fate, they call me. Now we're off. Wave your good-bye, sir. —EVERETT EARLE STANARD.

Running Harder Than Ever. Mr. Heehawtery, the well-known candidate who has been running for Congress for several years, announces that his election is now positively imperative. Mr. Heehawtery calls attention to the fact that inasmuch as he is the only simple pure representative of the common people of the district, the common people are likely to be deprived of even the satisfaction of having a candidate by the operation of the new draft law, if they do not now vote in their own interests. It should be distinctly understood that Mr. Heehawtery is not thinking of himself as the winner. For a long while he has had on file in the office of the Secretary of War an offer to serve his country as Brigadier-General or anything else.

The truth is that Mr. Heehawtery feels that he could be of more value to his country in the halls of Congress than on the battle field. He has even though a distinguished service medal and a cross of war undoubtedly there await him. The working man who wants a home of his own with a piano in the parlor and an automobile in the garage, is reminded that his hope lies only in Mr. Heehawtery's election and that this is his last chance. "Every man must now work or fight," says Mr. Heehawtery, "and I'd be an awful lot better in either than the chance that has been so long denied by the plutocratic press and the unscrupulous corporations."

Missing On the Field of Battle. The Society for the Preservation of Titles by Courtesy has become alarmed over the continued absence from the public prints of Col. House and Governor Harley. It is disturbed in only a less degree by the strange disappearance of Private John Lind. Any information regarding these distinguished members will be gratefully received by the Society, and will lead to the competition of the Government training camps, only the closest cooperation by all interested will preserve the pleasing memory of our distinguished titles for distinguished civilian service.

The Post Laureate of the Peripterous, having dared to advocate the feeding of green apples to children in order to harden their tummies, now peeks through the bathroom keyhole, which all will admit is even more daring: Oh, I heard his heels loud clicking. Far above the vacuum's ticking. Just inside the bathroom door. Then I fell to thinking Of the cause of such a clicking. On that new-tilled bathroom floor. To the door I hastened, creeping softly, lest I hear the creaking. Of my slippers on the floor. With a heart fast leaping. At the keyhole, I stood peeping. But ah, never! never more!

For the eight appalled my seeing— I found refuge in swift fleeing From that hateful bathroom door. While I felt the freezing. I refrained from even sneering At his antics on that floor. Military tactics trying— Yes, I heard his heels loud clicking. (Though his age is full two score) Nipped all thoughts of dying. Or his wife's future crying. While he practiced on that floor. On the wall in fiendish floating. Near the latest draft bill floating. "Female help aids" hung galore. While I felt the freezing. With high degrees of heat I glowing. Bade him speed to yon French shore. —ALICE ROSALYEE RUSTUNG.

When Criticism Hurts. Washington (D. C.) Star. "It kind of riles a man dat prides his self on seem' how much work he kin do," said Uncle Eben, "to hear some man braggin' cause he doesn't have to do no work at all."

Good-bye, you lucky stiffa, good-bye, You're off to fight the Hun; To follow next we'll surely try, And put them on the run. Oh, woot that we are go along, Right now, to meet their fury; For surely give it to them strong, For "we are from Missouri!" Just show them what we're here for, see