Sunday Oregonian

ESTABLISHED BY HENRY L. PITTOCK.

Published by The Oregonian Publishing Co., 135 Sixth Street, Portland, Oregon.
C. A. MORDEN, Manager. E. B. PIPER, Editor.

The Oregonian is a member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news published herein. All rights of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

Subscription rates—Invariably in advance:
(By Mail.)

Daily, Sunday included, one year	$8.00
Daily, Sunday included, six months	4.25
Daily, Sunday included, three months	2.25
Daily, Sunday included, one month	.75
Daily, without Sunday, one year	6.00
Daily, without Sunday, six months	3.25
Daily, without Sunday, one month	.60
Daily, without Sunday, one month	1.00
Weekly, one year	2.50
Sunday, one year	2.50
Sunday and weekly	

(By Carrier.)

Daily, Sunday included, one year	$9.00
Daily, Sunday included, one month	.75
Daily, Sunday included, three months	2.25
Daily, without Sunday, one year	7.80
Daily, without Sunday, three months	1.95
Daily, without Sunday, one month	.65

How to Remit—Send postoffice money order, express or personal check on your local bank. Stamps, coin or currency are at owner's risk. Give postoffice address in full, including county and state.

Postage Rates—12 to 16 pages, 1 cent; 18 to 32 pages, 2 cents; 34 to 48 pages, 3 cents; 50 to 60 pages, 4 cents; 62 to 76 pages, 5 cents; 78 to 92 pages, 6 cents. Foreign postage, double rates.

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

DR. ANNA HOWARD SHAW.

Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, who died last Wednesday at Moylan, Pa., will be associated most intimately in popular estimation with the woman suffrage movement, but she was also a pioneer of her sex in two professions—the ministry and medicine. She was born a year before the Seneca Falls suffrage convention, the first of its kind in America, was held, so that her life was practically coincident with the suffrage movement in this country. She did not, however, enter this field actively until about 1886. There will be in Oregon a deep sentimental interest in her career because it was during the term of her presidency of the National Woman's Suffrage association that women in this state won full suffrage.

Large as was the suffrage movement in Dr. Shaw's plans, there were other phases of her career which were as interesting. Some of these she has described in her book, published only four years ago and entitled "The Story of a Pioneer." It is indeed the tale of a pioneer in many senses of the term. Although she was born in London, of Scotch parentage, she came to the United States when only four years old and imbibed in comparative infancy the spirit of Americanism. At twelve she went to live in a log cabin in the woods of Michigan, 100 miles from a railroad. Her life in that period corresponded to that of so many of the pioneers who made the west. Parts of Michigan were then to all intents and purposes as much on the frontier as was Oregon, the only difference being that the journey from the railroad was a little shorter.

Dr. Shaw's father was of a type not uncommon in the wilderness. "Like most men," she says in her autobiography, "my dear father should never have married." The statement seems too inclusive, somehow, but in making it Dr. Shaw evidently meant to convey the idea that the dreamers who saw the future empire in the wilderness of the west were not always equal to the immediate task of providing bread and butter. "If," she says of her father, "his mind turned to practical affairs at all, it was solely in their bearing toward the great developments of the future. To him an acorn was not an acorn, but a forest of young oaks."

Dr. Shaw's own story is a story of fighting. As recently as 1876, when she earned her vacation expenses by acting as substitute minister in country pulpits, there was an atmosphere of distinct hostility toward women who preached. Some of the most interesting passages of her "story" deal with these adventures, and with the experiences she underwent after having been graduated from a theological seminary, in obtaining ordination by her conference. Her wit was equal to every emergency. For example:

"Paul said, 'Wives, obey your husbands,'" shouted one. "Suppose your husband should refuse to allow you to preach. What then?"

"In the first place," I answered, "Paul did not say so, according to the scriptures. But even if he did, it would not concern me, for I am a spinster."

"You might marry some day," he predicted cautiously.

"Possibly," I admitted. "Wiser women than I have married. But it is equally possible that I might marry a man who would command me to preach; and in that case I want to be all ready to obey him."

Those were the days when people delighted in theological hair-splitting. The examination proceeded with frequent quotations, as was the custom, from the Bible, at which Miss Shaw was herself an adept. It must have been an unpleasant session on the whole, yet it makes good reminiscence. Another passage illustrates the spirit in which the examination was conducted:

Another man, a bachelor, began to draw from the scriptures. "An elder," he quoted, "shall be the husband of one wife. How is it possible for you to be the husband of a wife?"

In response I quoted a bit myself. "Paul said, 'Anathema unto him who addeth to or taketh from the scriptures,' and added that a twisted interpretation of the scriptures was as bad as adding to or taking from them, and that no one doubted that Paul was warning the elders against polygamy. Then I went a bit further, for by this time the absurd character of the questions was getting on my nerves.

"Even if my good brother's interpretation is correct," I said, "he overlooked two important points. Though he is an elder he is also a bachelor; so I am as much a bachelor as he is."

These incidents, and many like them, are interesting as giving a true picture of the time in which Dr. Shaw labored, and also as furnishing the keynote of her success. She was militant in the larger sense that she enjoyed the fight and probably never avoided an opportunity to measure weapons with an antagonist, but she relied primarily on intellectual resources to gain her point. She followed the earlier pioneers of the suffrage movement, such as Mrs. Stanton, Lucretia Mott, Martha C. Wright and Mary A. McClintock, and enlarged upon and developed their methods, but did not introduce any striking innovations. Her success in entering and graduating from the Boston Medical school in the early eighties was due to the work of others who had previously pioneered the way, but she encountered much prejudice against women in that profession also. Her work as a physician was done largely in the Boston slums, without pay. It intensified her conviction that there were certain social problems that could be best solved with the help of women. So the three years which she spent at medical school gained for the suffrage an able advocate, if they did not permanently enrich the medical profession. She was living during all of the period beginning with the granting of suffrage to women in Wyoming in 1869 and including submission of the national suffrage amendment to the states. The most daring would not have predicted in 1848, at the time of the Seneca Falls meeting, that this would be accomplished within a century.

The goal of the suffragist leaders now is ratification of the amendment in time for women to participate in the presidential election of 1920. Eight states have acted favorably thus far. They are Wisconsin, Michigan, Kansas, Ohio, New York, Illinois, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. Florida's legislature adjourned recently without acting, but failure to act is regarded as due to the law requiring that one election must intervene between submission of an amendment and its ratification. Suffrage leaders pin hope on the calling of special sessions in several states to meet reconstruction problems. But it is practically conceded that the fight had been won at the time of the death of Dr. Shaw. Whether the details are completed in 1920, or a little later, it is not seriously believed that the result will be anything else than victory for the cause.

THE TOLEDO BULLFIGHT.

In Mexico the national sport is the bullfight, which is neither a sport nor a fight, for the bull never has a chance. The various news descriptions of the so-called sporting event in Toledo on July 4 are quite reminiscent of Mexico's glorified rendition of a common packing-house incident.

It was not a championship fight in the real meaning of the term. A man who is 6 feet 7 inches tall and weighs 245 pounds after he had eliminated all surplus flesh is not representative of anything. This human ox became the white hope of other days only because of his sheer monstrosity. He was never much of a fighter. Johnson, the colored champion of the time, now avers that he sold out. Either he did or he was scared yellow by the bulk of his opponent.

Quite likely there is some science in properly polling a steer. There have been other men than Dempsey who by repute could fell an ox with a blow of the fist. But in spite of both comparisons it may be that Dempsey is a real fighter, and a fit holder of pugilistic honors, such as they are. But they are yet to be cinched. His title as world champion as a pugilist now rests chiefly on his supremacy over a man whose qualifications were nothing more than those of a dozen or so men who are now either playing Sampson in the movies or edifying gawping youth as sideshow attractions.

The throng that sweat in the sun for a few minutes at Toledo should have a lasting respect for the promoter. And let the packing-houses take notice that Rickard has given a hint on a sure way to reduce the high cost of living. The primeval surge that produced $400,000 in sweltering Toledo ought to do as well at any skilfully advertised and properly embellished slaughter-house episode.

A CONGRESSIONAL ROW AND ITS CAUSE.

Hostilities between senate and house have been barely averted, the cause being profiteering in rents in Washington. Representative Johnson, of Kentucky, made a speech denouncing extortionate rents, and accused "an eminent gentleman from the state of Ohio" of having fathered a bill prepared by the real estate men designed to head off effective legislation, which he termed "infamous legislation." He said that "a great statesman" from Kentucky, understood to be the late Senator Ollie James, was paying $77.50 a month for an apartment, that after his death the rent was raised to $85 and has again been raised to $145. He said that 1100 persons went to Washington in one week to do war work and 1000 of them went away again because of high rent and prices. He attributed this to the Ohio man, whom he called "the worst internal enemy that America had during the war."

The Ohio man in question was easily identified as Senator Pomerene, and on the following day Senator Robinson introduced a resolution naming him, declaring Johnson's charges "unwarranted, unjust and untrue" and that "said language constitutes a breach of privilege and is calculated to create unfriendly relations and conditions between the house of representatives and the senate." When this resolution reached the house, Mr. Johnson offered to substantiate his charges and asked for opportunity to do so, as he had been accused of stating untruths. So far diplomatic relations between senate and house have not been broken off.

All of this trouble, which has a serious as well as an amusing side, arises from the concentration of an enormous number of people at Washington to work for the government or to work the government. Their number was excessive before the war, and was growing as more bureaus and commissions were established, each with its staff of hundreds, but during the war it grew prodigiously. It was a physical impossibility for the housing accommodation to expand in proportion to this growth of population, and the landlords simply took all that the traffic would bear.

The truth is that Washington is the most un-American city in spirit in the United States. It is a great aggregation of parasites on the body politic. It is a tumor. It is a disease. Its residents assume that the United States exists to feed them; they do not imagine that they are in Washington to serve the country. The atmosphere atrophies the natural, healthy sentiments which they have formed at home, and puts them out of sympathy and touch with the nation. Only men of strong mind can withstand its evil influence.

This disease needs a radical remedy. The first step should be to discharge the thousands of government employes whom peace has made unnecessary. Then the number should be further reduced by making those who remain do an honest day's work. Then some superfluous commissions, bureaus and boards should be abolished, getting rid of more. After that as much as possible of the government work should be scattered about the country, not too much of it in one place. There it would come in contact with the people and with real public opinion, not with that substitute which is generated in the unhealthy atmosphere of Washington. For example, the interior department should be in the west, where its business is, and the agricultural department could function much better at some middle western city like Kansas City than on the banks of the Potomac.

If all this were done, there would be less opportunity for profiteering by Washington landlords, and there would be less occasion for rows between a senator from Ohio and a representative from Kentucky.

CANCER MORTALITY AND WAR.

Statistics compiled for England and Wales, which make it appear that the death rate from cancer was greatly increased during the war, illustrate the care which is necessary in interpreting figures based upon population only and in which age details are not known. This is pointed out by Dr. Francis Carter Wood, director of the George Crocker special research fund of Columbia university, in a summary of recent cancer research, and its importance is heightened by Dr. Wood's prediction that the "same phenomena will be noticed in this country in the next few years." That is to say, there will be an apparent increase in cancer mortality in the United States, but we should not be unduly alarmed because of this. Our equanimity will be preserved by study of the reasons why the increase is more apparent than real.

One of the few facts about cancer which scientists have been able to determine is that its incidence is greatly increased with the average of the group reported. The death rate from this cause among men in England in the three years before the war was 91 for every 100,000 of the population, while in 1916 it had risen to 96 per 100,000. In the same periods mortality among women was, respectively, 99 and 101, a much slighter gain in the latter instance, which tends to confirm Dr. Woods' statement that the seemingly enormous increase for men is due "solely to the fact that that proportion of the male population below the age of 45 had been largely removed to France and Belgium, and the old-age groups therefore predominated in war time."

The point is also illustrated by similar distortion of cancer death rates in the New England states which has been observed for many years. Particularly in Vermont and New Hampshire the distortion results from existence of a predominating old-age population. Vermont in 1917 had the highest death rate in the United States —109.9 per 100,000. The rate for Montana in the same year was 51.6. But it must not be concluded from this that cancer is a disease influenced by locale, or that Montana is more than twice as healthful as Vermont in this regard. Instead—

There is not the slightest reason to suppose that cancer is more frequent among people of the same age in Vermont in Montana. The explanation lies in the fact that in the latter state the population is mostly the young pioneer type, whereas the inhabitants of Vermont are distinctly older, the young people having largely emigrated to the manufacturing cities of others states, which offered greater opportunity. Actually there are no more cancer deaths in Vermont between the ages of fifty and fifty-five than there are in Montana, although the crude statistics (which cover the whole population) show a double rate in one state over that of the other. This is shown by the fact that when the crude mortality of Vermont from 1908 to 1912, 191.2 per 100,000, is corrected on the basis that the population of the ages of forty-five and over is 27.7 per cent for Vermont, while for Montana it is 12.2 per cent, the revised death rate for Vermont falls to 70 per 100,000. The corrected death rate for Montana rises on the other hand to 53.7 and would be higher if the number of physicians of the state permitted the medical examination of every person dying. This shows the care necessary in judging statistics based upon a population of which the age proportion is not known.

False and unduly alarming impressions may easily be obtained by the uncritical from uncorrected cancer death rates. Dr. Woods' report is worth while for this reason. There is some probability, as he suggests, that later publication of vital statistics based upon deaths from various causes while a measureable proportion of our most vigorous young men were in Europe will show a seeming rapid growth in this dreaded disease. Although it is true that not much progress has been made toward discovering a remedy for cancer, the facts are serious enough as they are, and it is some comfort to know that they are not becoming appreciably worse.

Scientific research is going on. The circumstance that in the last academic year, for the first time in the history of the Crocker fund, no cancer "cure" was sent in for test indicates that "the quacks during the war turned their attention in other directions," yet the fight goes on unremittingly—or will now that the war is over. It has been handicapped in several ways by our preoccupation with war matters. A considerable number of scientists joined the military forces or were engrossed with the work of the draft boards, and others had to sacrifice some of their time otherwise given to research in helping in hospitals which were short of physicians.

In another and a curious way investigations were held up. There was an actual shortage of mice, which are employed by thousands in cancer research, the available supply of these being absorbed for use in the trenches in testing for poisonous gases, in submarines and also in identifying the different types of organisms in the blood of pneumonia and influenza patients. Because of this, cancer research temporarily suffered a setback, but it will now be resumed and mice will be sacrificed in vast numbers in the hope that some day this scourge will yield to man.

A SILENT REVOLUTION IS ON.

The sale of English landed estates by the old aristocracy has attained the proportions of what the London Times calls "a silent revolution." The old lords cannot pay the back-breaking taxes and death duties, and they prefer to turn their fortunes into liquid capital, which they can invest where they please. They then escape the social obligations of lord of the manor, which are not light, the necessity of keeping up houses in both London and the country, and they may live where they please.

There are as ready buyers as sellers, for many old plutocratic families have grown richer and many new ones have grown rich, some without effort, like shareholders in shipping companies. Every ship that Germany sent down sent their stock up. Many of these men see a good business opportunity in land under the new dispensation, and buy not merely that they and their wives may play Lord and Lady Bountiful to the villagers. The government has extensive schemes of allotment for small farms and suburban gardens, for which the estates may be sold, the owner retaining the mansion and a small park or home farm. Many houses with small gardens on the Garden City plan are to be erected in and around the big cities, and there may be a profit for a shrewd man in carrying out one of these schemes himself instead of turning over his land to a county council. There are opportunities to increase production by scientific agriculture, and there are 5,000,000 acres of waste land in England which can be reclaimed.

Change of ownership is not confined to farm land and suburban holdings. Even Mayfair, the choicest residence district of London, has been sold by the earl of Berkeley to Sir Marcus Samuel, a former lord mayor. That is one of several London estates which have been sold.

Both England and Scotland may be converted into a land of peasant proprietors like France, with here and there a big farm managed on strictly business principles by some magnate. The British people have had a terrible warning against too great dependence on imported food. One of the many "never agains" which they have said during the last few years has related to food. Support by their own farm and garden has become a sort of passion with them, and government policy will stimulate that passion where it is not.

What will become of the aristocrats, especially the younger sons and collateral branches of great families? They will be foot-loose, crowded off their old ancestral holdings. They have always been great globe-trotters, and they may go wandering. Many of them may go to the British colonies or come to the United States, and engage in farming, stock-raising, fruit-growing or go into general business. These things are "not done" openly by men of their class in the old country, but in a new country one is freed from all such restraints on what a gentleman may do. Some of these landlords who have sold out may bob up in a few years as active members of an applegrowers' association in Oregon or as exhibitors of blooded stock at the live stock exposition at Portland.

BEEFSTEAKS AND SHOES.

It is to be hoped that the packers and the shoe manufacturers will get together for the purpose of enlightening the public on the relationship between plenty of beef and continually rising prices of footwear. The uninformed people have always supposed that the more plentiful beef animals became the easier it would be to obtain leather, and that following the law of supply and demand, there ought to be a similarly declining tendency as to beefsteaks and shoes.

But at the same time that we are being told that there is plenty of beef and that we must eat more of it to prevent a glutted market, predictions are made that shoes will be higher than ever during the coming winter. What is the matter with the "natural laws" about which the economists like to tell us? Either they are failing to function or the common understanding of them is all awry.

The world has just begun to find out that it could get along comfortably on a little less than its old-time meat ration when this new complication arose. But it will be perfectly willing to eat a few more beefsteaks if in doing so it will bring a price of a pair of ordinary shoes within the purchasing capacity of the man with an ordinary income.

OLD SONGS.

By erecting a statue to Stephen Collins Foster, the Kentucky community which once knew this old-time song writer as friend and neighbor, has paid honor to the memory of a man who gave us more simple songs that have withstood the test of time than perhaps any other American. Yet Foster's name is all but forgotten. Kentucky has a deep sentimental interest in "My Old Kentucky Home," which Foster composed, yet it would be safe to venture that not one Kentuckian in a hundred associates the name of the author with the song. As a song writer, he was in his time what George M. Cohan is to the present, but without the advantage of the Cohan genius for advertising. Yet it is a question whether Cohan will be remembered seventy years from now, although it is possible that some of his songs will survive.

But the remarkable fact in connection with Foster is that not one, but a score, of his melodies are known today, although his last well-known song, "Old Black Joe," was written in 1861. His "Suwanee River," perhaps better known as "The Old Folks at Home," had the honor of being used as an encore by such singers as Jenny Lind, who was the first European singer to make an American tour, by Christine Nilsson, Adelina Patti and others. "Uncle Ned," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Nellie Bly," "Nancy Tile" and a few others are still heard wherever crossroads singing is indulged in. Foster had a knack, which would serve present song writers in good stead, of appraising correctly the popular capacity for singing as well as the middle-class taste in music. He may have caught this trick from the negroes of his adopted state, although he was reared and educated in a city in Pennsylvania. It is related of him that, showing an early aptitude for music, he rejected the advice of friends that he cultivate his talent, fearing that education would injure his originality. It was a curious notion that is sometimes encountered nowadays, but from which Foster fortunately recovered in time. The education which he subsequently received did not prevent his writing such plaintive and popular, and certainly not classical, productions as "Nellie Was a Lady," with its "barber shop chords" which have made it irresistible wherever three or four ambitious young male voices could foregather with a musical instrument among them. It is said of him that his range of invention was limited, his harmonies simple, and his accompaniments easy, while the voice parts ranged within limited compass, yet this may have been the reason for his success. Americans possess no great range of voice, as the doleful failure which they make of the "Star Spangled Banner" shows, but they have a national fondness for certain harmonies, not too exacting, such as characterize all of Foster's songs, and they have not even yet gotten over their leaning toward the plaintive note in their community music.

We have made undoubted progress in the higher realms of music in the last half or three-quarters of a century, but it is doubtful if our "popular songs" have showed much improvement over those of Foster's time. The latter was a contemporary of John Thomas Rogers, whose "Fond Hearts at Home" deserves to have been preserved but has not been, and about whom it is related that he refused an offer to permit Foster to print his name on the title page of the song with the intention of making it a companion piece to "The Old Folks at Home." But "The Cottage by the Sea," which became known all over the world and established Thomas' reputation was equal in merit to Foster's best production, "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," and neither has been excelled by any later day song of its class.

We may yet have need of the old favorites, if the community singing movement continues to develop as it gives indication of doing. The new songs do not seem to hold the people as the old ones used to do. Back in the early sixties, when "Whoa, Emma," held the boards, the whole people joined in the chorus when the circus clown mounted his pedestal and led off. Only the other day a New York audience in a Cohan theater tried "Whoa, Emma," with surprising success. And then, just after the Franco-Prussian war, "Twinkling Stars" was the rage. It, too, has more recently been revived with some signs of renewing its original popularity. "The Wedding of the Lily and the Rose" was another favorite; perhaps it came a little later. "My Best Girl" had a lilt that song writers of today seem to seek in vain. Some of the older residents of Portland can remember the time when even the Chinamen on the streets were whistling "Baby Mine," and it will be agreed that it takes a rather popular song to catch the musical ear of Chinatown. These, and the good old "Mulligan Guards" and "Never Take the Horseshoe From the Door," and perhaps a score of others had a hold on their public which the newer compositions do not seem to be able to acquire.

Notwithstanding that his name is forgotten by many who sing his songs, Foster has a place in popular affection similar to that held in Ireland by Thomas Moore, with the difference that Moore was a poet and that Foster depended upon his melodies for his popularity. It will be granted that Foster's verses had little merit, but he atoned for that by his musical gift. He had an unerring instinct, as one of his panegyrists has said of him, for the "singable and pregnant phrase, in words which, when united to his poignant melody, make their way straight to the heart and to the divination of the soul alike in pictures that stand forth as vivid as paintings." This may seem extravagant eulogy; yet the persistence of the songs that Foster wrote speaks for itself.

SPENDING WITHOUT RESTRAINT.

The story of Camp Benning, Ga., as told in the senate is an example of the consequence of entrusting to the executive department authority to expend money without restraint by congress. In cases where the war department sought express authority from the 65th congress, that body was so meekly submissive to the will of the president and his cabinet that they had only to ask in order to receive, and in consequence that anything they might do would be approved they often acted first and obtained legislative sanction afterward. The result was that the secretary of war and his bureau chiefs practically had the free run of the treasury, and spent billions without check of any kind.

The Camp Benning scandal shows how this system works. The scheme began on a modest scale on August 30, 1918, with preparation of estimates for an infantry school of arms on that site for 31,000 men. On September 21, 1918, expenditure of $100,000 on temporary tent accommodations for 1200 men was authorized. This work was completed on October 8, and then the scheme began to grow by these stages:

October 9, 1918, the acting secretary of war authorized construction work to the amount of $1,569,875 based on a personnel of 3305 men.

On October 18, 1918, the chief of the real estate section reported in regard to acquisition of 115,000 acres of land for maneuver ground.

On October 30, 1918, the assistant secretary of war authorized increase of the project to accommodate 25,000 men. Up to that time little work had been done.

November 15, 1918, four days after the armistice was signed, Secretary Baker approved the purchase of land.

January 7, 1919, Secretary Baker and Assistant Secretary Crowell testified before the senate military committee that the department had in progress three camps, at Fort Bragg, N. C. Camp Knox, Ky., and Camp Benning, Ga., and wanted the judgment of the committee as to whether they should be proceeded with. They were asked whether they regarded all three camps as necessary, and Senator New, relating the proceedings, said:

Both replied that they thought them desirable, but as to Camp Benning they did not think it necessary, and as between the three Camp Benning was certainly the least necessary, and they thought we might very well get along without it.

February 1, 1919, with the full knowledge and approval of the secretary and assistant secretary, the committee voted not to proceed with Camp Benning.

March 4, 1919, motion was made in committee to reconsider the action of February 1, but was lost by a tie vote. Senator McKellar, the strongest opponent of Camp Benning, was not present and said to the senate: "I was not notified or, if I was notified, I did not receive the notification." Senator New said of this meeting:

Every possible effort was made to induce the committee on military affairs to reserve its action. Personal requests and every means that could possibly be employed were resorted to to induce the committee to reverse itself, but without producing that result.

March 12, 1919, eight days after congress adjourned, work was again authorized by Mr. Baker and was resumed with great energy. C. C. Minter of Cusseta, Ga., wrote to Representative Mondell that on November 2 the war department began condemnation proceedings against 130,000 acres of land in Chattahoochie and Muscogee counties, Georgia, having a population of about 8000. It had bought about 30,000 acres at an average of $42 an acre, but much of the most expensive land was yet to be purchased. Immediately after congress adjourned, construction with 4000 or 5000 laborers was rushed.

A memorandum of the war department to the senate committee showed that to June 7 the government had expended $3,232,222 and had incurred obligations for $793,068, and that the estimated additional cost of completion would be $3,129,596, making the total cost $7,154,887. An official of the war department had testified in January that it would then cost the government $300,000 to $400,000 to abandon the project. The work done against the judgment of the senate committee and in violation of the promise of Mr. Baker has increased this loss in the event of abandonment to more than $3,000,000.

While incurring this great expense on a new camp, the government already had a good camp of 56,000 acres at Fort Sill, Okla., on which it had expended $2,300,000 to equip it for infantry practice. Adjoining it is a forest reserve of 65,000 acres which can be annexed by a simple act of congress without expense for land and without evicting any residents. Representative Scott Ferris pleaded with Mr. Baker for its retention and, though an ardent supporter of the Pinchot policy of conservation, said:

That entire reserve is barren of timber. It has a little herd of buffalo on it, but they only consume a small part of it that is negligible, and the rest is only used for grazing cattle.

The condemnation of the Camp Benning project by the republicans was exceeded in severity by that of the democrats. Senators Gore nad Owen were naturally indignant, as their state is a loser, but Senator McKellar of Tennessee moved the resolution in committee that Camp Benning be abandoned, and Senator King of Utah called the conduct of the war department a flagrant abuse of power. Mr. Owen recalled that in July, 1917, he introduced an amendment to the food bill providing for a joint committee on expenditures in the conduct of the war. It was passed by the senate, but was stricken out by the house, he said, "because of the hostility of certain representatives of the executive department, who did not wish to be restrained and who denounced and ridiculed the proposed committee as a 'smelling committee' and as equivalent to a vote of 'no confidence' in the president."

The servile cry, "Stand by the president," reduced congress to submission to the executive and thus temporarily suspended the function of the legislative body as a check on the executive. Having been given a free hand, the executive department is the more responsible for all misdeeds and should be held to strict accountability. There is more than one Camp Benning in the country—the south is spotted with them—and the congressional committees now at work should turn the light on all of them.

An officer of the Young Women's Christian Association who has been in France on business connected with the welfare of war brides has given the first definite information as to the number of marriages contracted by American doughboys in that country. She estimates the number as "not far from 10,000," which is somewhat under the worst fears of the pessimists and a little over the ideas of the skeptics. But the Y. W. C. A. is going into the subject in a practical way, knowing its American boys if not their French brides, and one of the first things it is doing is to teach the latter how to cook American dishes. If the French girls are wise they will learn the lesson well. It is one thing to eat foreign cooking under the influence of love's young spell, and quite another to put up with it all of one's life. Without doubt the course will include pies of all sorts, particularly pumpkin and mince; also real doughnuts and buckwheat cakes. They do not have the things in France, and an average American would be likely to get lonesome without them. The Y. W. C. A. is on the right track in this as in other respects.

The British peers are selling their jewels to buy victory bonds, they are selling their land to get from under taxes, and Americans are the heaviest buyers. Soon Americans will own the country, and the British with their war bonds will hold a mortgage on it.

That scheme of the government to sell its surplus canned vegetables to municipalities for sale to the people at cost sounds good, but what has become of the canned meat? Some people would like to buy beef at reduced prices, if it is only bully beef.

Those American soldiers who are anxiously awaiting the proclamation of peace so that they can marry German frauleins have another period of anxiety coming to them—when they arrive among the girls of their home towns.

Belgium is going to cut down expenses. The need is obvious. It would be just as wise a policy in every country, but not every nation is fortunate enough to have been unfortunate enough to learn the lesson.

With the formal proclamation of peace the status of enemy alien will be abolished, but it is safe to say that anti-American propaganda will not be popular after all the boys have come home from France.

Not another holiday until Labor day, but there is nothing to prevent taking advantage to the utmost of the fine Saturday afternoons and Sundays that we are sure to have between now and then.

Indianapolis has just concluded observance of a "better speech week," following which we may expect nothing but classical English to emanate from the great literary center of the United States.

A good many men are listening to the demand of the Russian bolshevists for the release of Mooney who would resent it bitterly if any other country should attempt to dictate to our courts.

The Russian fleet is said to have been ordered to attack the ships of the allies, from which it would appear that the Russians are being weaned from German influence.

Jess Willard's wife is happy because her husband is only a "private citizen again," doubtless realizing that there is no privacy so absolute as that of a beaten champion.

If prices keep up, those farmers who killed daylight saving will be able to move to town in another year or so and demand that the law be put back again.

Here's hoping that the other South American republics may feel as Argentina's spokesman does about the United States being "godmother" to them.

Thus far no one has tried to start a Conscientious Objectors' Legion, but there will be an organization for about everyone else in the country to join.

We haven't heard a word thus far from the weather prophet who says that "it always rains on the Fourth of July in Oregon."

No matter what happens, it will be some time before Germany ranks among the first naval powers of the world.

Of course the luxury tax may be repealed, but it is unwise to postpone buying necessities on that account.

Minority in His House.

Yonkers, N. Y., Statesman.

Dearborn—"Say, old man, do you know who is the minority leader in the house?" Bensonhurst—"Sure, I know, if you mean my house; but, to tell the truth, I'm ashamed to tell you."

Injustice.

By Grace E. Hall.

Upon a casting smooth a bit of grit,
Grinding the deeper when the wheel revolves,
Defaces slowly, yet the work of it
Goes on destroying; and 'till man resolves
To find the cause, removing it forever,
There shall be ruin wrought which mars each lever.

Thus does injustice, gnawing at the brain,
Which sees its havoc, yet demurs in vain,
Grind on; and deeper sink as days speed past,
Until the soul grows morbid, and at last
Resorts to measures sterner than the cause
May seem to warrant, judged by common laws.

To sense each hour the constant bite and sting
Of petty trifles small to other eyes,
To know the ruthless power of each small thing,
Which acts as contradiction worse than lies;
A brief denial, couched in deed, not word,
But stronger far than voices that are heard—
Thus bitterness is born and grows apace,
Showing itself in signs the blind may trace.

Oh, how they rankle, how they creep and crawl,
Like maggots of unrest that sap the nerve—
Those rights that are your own in spite of all,
And yet withheld by those your brain must serve!
I marvel not that, maddened by the grind
Of particles of grit upon the wheel,
Men nurse in bitter hatred of the mind
The base injustice they are forced to feel.

Oh, mighty grows the power with which men try
For right, and all the world must heed their cry,
Lest deep within each brain the hurt shall grow
To madness, adding bitter, unseen woe;
Until unrest, which shall not pause nor shrink,
Descends and sweeps us onward o'er the brink!

RECONSTRUCTION.

When we look down into the abysmal hell
Of misery into which war the people hurled,
And listen to the agonized griefs that well
From out its depths so variously unfurled,
A sickening horror overcomes the mind
And sense of criminal guiltiness and shame,
That man could be so inhumane and blind
To indulge himself thus and disgrace his name.

You let us close our eyes to it—close them tight,
As nothing can be gained by dull despair;
But vow that henceforth we will mind the light
And ne'er again shall so haphazardly fare;
That we'll put no more trust in blinded chance,
But shall take positive safeguards after this,
And not indulge idealistic trance
In matters that have tendencies amiss.

That not again we'll let o'er zealous group
Of people gather up momentous force
To threaten others and attempt to scoop
Up all advantages and world resource.
That singly and unitedly we'll feel
Henceforth responsible for peace and law,
And bind the nations as with hoops of steel
To rectitude and mutual faith and awe.

—PETER FANDEL.

NIGHT, DAY'S PROMISE, NIGHT AGAIN.

Through dreary years night 'com passed me
And stars alone did lighten up my way
Until at last thy dawn mine eye did see,
Which rose-colored to the light of day.

Then thou camest to my hungry soul apart
And filled it with thy tears—
Tears of love and sweetness from thy heart
With promise sweet of love beyond the years.

But e'er our day had started with its light—
E'er love had scarcely touched us heart to heart—
There came at once, at mid-day such a night
As tore our souls asunder and apart.

And now the night that gathers o'er my sea
Has darkened in and out life's whole—
There is no hope but nothingness for me;
Night, memories and my empty soul!

—M. A. YOTHERS.
Medford, Or.

MY ROSEBUD.

We were friends together,
I and my budding rose,
In fair and in foul weather,
From morn till daylight's close.

And many a hard-fought battle
'Twixt the rising and setting sun
'Tween enemy bee and his buzzing tattle.
But my rosebud always won.

Then one night in stormy weather,
As the mighty wind did moan,
My rosebud—torn, like a beggar—
I found broken and all alone.

'Twas a broken rosebud only.
But it snapped a tender cord.
And I felt as miserable and lonely
As a miser that's lost his hoard.

Ah, little rosebud so tender,
With the troubles and the discord,
Though dead, forsaken, I'll remember
To live as loving as thee I adored.

—SAM SIMMONS.

TO THOSE WHO RIDICULE.

Of worth the least, the cheapest of all trades,
Peddling of idle rumors; he whose time
Is held so little worth, who feeds his soul
On obscene thoughts, behind another's back
To point the finger of gross ridicule—
Mayhap he deems it manly, but I say
He lacks somewhat the measure of a man.
Out of pure springs foul waters do not flow,
Nor mockery and foul language from pure hearts.
Then let who will elect to wag his tongue;
Let him continue in his own conceit
Till he grows weary quite. I answer not.

—SGT. CLAUDE WEIMER.

THE PASSING BOLSHEVIK.

Old John Barleykornikoff
At length has wheezed his last hickoff;
The vicious Red we knew is dead
And gone to pay the deviloff.

—MARY AGNES KELLY.