

GIRL WHO GOT LOW ENGLISH GRADE NOW FAMOUS AUTHOR

Professor W. F. G. Thatcher at University of Oregon, Who Conditioned Opal Whiteley, Criticizes Diary.



Opal Whiteley Perched in That Most Tall Tree

EUGENE, Or., Nov. 20.—(Special.)—After giving Opal Whiteley, author of the "Story of Opal," which created a literary furor in America and England, a condition in a short story writing course while she was in the university in 1917, W. F. G. Thatcher, professor of rhetoric and former associate editor of the Pacific Monthly, has written a highly interesting appreciation of her work. The real name of Opal Whiteley, according to the library of congress, is Opal de Vere Gabrielle Bourbon de la Tremolle Stanley Whiteley. This name, it is understood, was sent to the library by Opal herself.

Professor Thatcher considers himself in a rather peculiar position, and that there is something of poetic justice in writing a review of Opal Whiteley's diary since he conditioned her in a course and afterward her "Diary," famous throughout the English-speaking world, is placed on the shelves of the university library, and Opal Whiteley's name shines lustily among the literary luminaries of the year. Her book is published and vouched for by one of the most fastidious editors in America—Ellery Sedgwick of the esoteric Atlantic Monthly, appearance in whose exclusive pages is an achievement denied to hundreds of professors of English," said Professor Thatcher.

Jordan Sponsors Book.
The American edition is sponsored by one of the best-known university presidents of the world—David Starr Jordan, honorary head of Stanford University. The English edition is published with a preface by Viscount Grey of Fallodon, one of the world's greatest statesmen. These facts were quoted by Professor Thatcher to show the acceptance by literary men of Opal's diary.
"The readers of this appreciation will look for a resumption of the controversy which raged so hotly at the time of the first appearance of the diary in the Atlantic. If so, they will be disappointed. The writer, for this occasion at least, has exercised his will to believe, and has accepted the book at its face value. It is no present concern of his whether Opal wrote the diary as a child or in later years, or whether her curious belief in an angel father and mother is a matter of fact or fantasy. Those skilled in investigation and with the evidence close at hand have failed to reach a definite conclusion. And certainly Opal is entitled to be believed innocent until she is proved guilty. The discussion is in the realm of the out of its ethical implications. But the book remains. Shakespeare may not have written Hamlet. Who cares? The man who wrote Hamlet is the Shakespeare. In this manner Professor Thatcher treats the controversy.

RED CROSS WORK FORGOTTEN WITH SIGNING OF ARMISTICE

Pete, Paladin of Montenegro, Tubercular Circus Hand, and Mothers and Widows Yet Seek Aid and Counsel.

A TRIPLE over two years ago, when all the world was weary of war, peace came with the armistice. When they spoke the name of the American Red Cross in those days, here at home or on the battered turf of battle, there came a mental picture of compassionate service among the boys who saved American honor. The past dwindle in even two years, the vision of service grows vague, and with the fourth Red Cross roll call sounding in Portland today, for a membership of 100,000, one hears the public query:

"What is the Red Cross doing now?"
Perhaps it is the query itself which has served to retard the progress of the roll call in Portland and bring it face to face with failure. Or it may be that the same lack of understanding regarding the present activities of the Red Cross has created an apathy that results in a diminished number of roll call workers. In any event the fact is that response to the appeal of the Red Cross is not fraught with the cheerful spontaneity of those times when the casualty lists were daily news.

Home Service Recalled.
"If the people of Portland realized how unselfishly and unremittently the Red Cross has given its service to the boys who returned from France and Siberia," said H. E. Witham, chairman of the roll call campaign in Portland, "I am sure that both workers and memberships would overwhelm us, as they did when the Hindenburg line was an unbroken menace to civilization."

At roll call headquarters, where the

dollar memberships are yet far from the allotted quota, they know that Portland has never been without the quiet, unostentatious aid and comfort of the Red Cross, and that the records of the local chapter for the past year show that almost 11,000 calls were made on loyal errands for ex-soldier men and their dependents, and that privation and suffering have been banished from hundreds of homes.

Facts Not Known.
"The public does not know the facts," say the workers. "For if it did, the Red Cross would not be tardy."

Into the Red Cross offices in the Platt building, where the Portland chapter directs the mending of certain lives broken by the great war, came two Montenegros a day or so ago, swarthy fellows of quick gesture seeking word of a cousin, caught in the whirl of war and borne away under the flag of the adopted land. Time and again they had called on the same quest, but this day there was word of the vanished Pete.

"Your cousin is in Walter Reed hospital, at Washington," explained Miss Doyle, "and it may be some time before he comes home."

"What's the matter of Pete?" pursued the cousin, said Miss Doyle, tapping her forehead.

"Ah, crazy! For why is he crazy?" "It was the war, shell shock, that made him so."

"Ah, Pete not afraid for war?" exclaimed the Montenegro, his eyes kindling. "Scare? He scare? Ah, no. He would not scare to jump through

this window. I bet you no man in this state could handle Pete, my cousin."

Mother to Be Informed.

War must have been rough with Pete, the paladin, sought out by the Red Cross from the wreckage of armies. There is a mother in the hills of Montenegro, where crops are scant and a silver piece is always a rarity, who will in due time through the efforts of the Red Cross, the Portland chapter, if you please, receive her portion of the compensation allowance that the federal government is holding in trust for her shell-shocked son. He served as an American, as loyally as though New England nurtured his youth, and his cousins will tell you that his prowess was not all brawn and bravery, but that he had mastered the difficult English language when he went to Camp Lewis.

Circus Hand Is Charged.

There was a circus-hand, bred to the life of the canvas, who came with the draft to the tents of the national army and who discovered new depths of mud and rigors of winter winds. In time he developed a cough, not en-

tirely occasioned by cigarettes, and the medical examiner gave him his discharge for the sufficient reason that tubercular soldiers are poor material for the trenches. There was no war risk insurance in those early days of the war, nor was there time to pause for the rescue of the unfit. So the ex-soldier, ex-circus hand, drifted across the country, seeking the big tents again and coughing with profane variations. But the circus was always one jump ahead of the slow freight, and it had folded its canvas and leaped southward when he reached Portland—and the Red Cross.

Two Years of Care Described.
For almost two years the Portland chapter has paid the sanitarium expenses of this patient, arguing with official Washington to prove that he met the white plague while in uniform. Last week an official message was received admitting his right to federal compensation, dating from discharge, and entitling him to \$50 monthly until the cough quits him. His sanitarium expenses will be de-

frayed by the public health service until a cure is effected.
A case to intrigue the alienist was that of the fretful applicant with loose lips and nervous, agitated hands, who brought his discharge papers to the Red Cross and pointed to the offensive word "undesirable" curtly traced across the document.

"Twice I joined the army," complained the young man. "Other fellows were going and I wanted to be where the fighting was. I told them I could fight, but each time they sent me home and the last time they wrote this on the paper. I don't like it, I tell you. What right have those men to say it?"

Wounded Feelings Soothed.
His friends of the Red Cross calmed him with the assurance that they would have the word erased, and they worked through the army records until they came to proof that he was mentally disabled and hence disqualified to serve. And with tact and patience they persuaded the military authorities that to be touched with madness does not impugn the patriotism of a volunteer, and that offi-

cial brevity is sometimes cruel. The erasure is now of record.

In a north end brawl the police arrested a wild, incoherent, two-fisted fighting man, not past the middle twenties, who relapsed into sullen apathy when the cell door closed and who mumbled oaths over and over.

"He's nuts," said the discerning jailers, and within the week the state asylum for the insane had received him. The Red Cross found him there. Why and how? Because his incoherence at times fell from him and he spoke clearly of matters that do not pertain to the sordid lodgings houses and soft-drink shops of the slums.

Ex-Soldier Reasoned.
"Turn out! Fall in!" he ordered briskly, his face flushed about the haunted eyes. "Three o'clock here they come, the ridge to the right! Look out! Look out!"

Washington said that the finger prints of this man, duly forwarded to the proper department, would reveal his regiment and company and thence his family and friends. It may be that his is a paralyzed case to that of Pete the Montenegro, who was once the best man of his inches in

all Oregon, and that there are folk who are waiting for him. The Portland chapter has attended to the matter of finger prints and is awaiting reply.

Widows and Mothers Aided.
There is an endless procession of cases on record at the Portland chapter of mothers and widows whose keepsake is the formal military announcement of death in action or on the road to France, and who had not heard of war risk insurance or the incommensurate benefits that the government extends to those who lost their breadwinners under the flag.

The home service department of the Portland chapter has acted as counsel to these bereaved women and has seen to it that the \$10,000 insurance sum is arriving in its monthly installments. And this work, in its wide variety, is but one task of the many during the year ending October 1 the local chapter's activities made possible the following reports:

Number of cases handled 2,990
Number of calls made 10,255
Number of office treatments 9,754
Number of telegrams 833
Number of telephone 10,324

Number of letters 10,779
Dental cases 158
Visits made to patients in homes and hospitals 3,240
Number of certificates issued in home care of the sick classes 70
Number of members of housing corps when organized May, 1920 18
Number of members of housing corps when organized May, 1920 12
Number of lives saved 39
Number of events 7

When America was at war an inspired headline coined the apt descriptive phrase, "The Greatest Mother in the World," typing never more truly. The current revision is "Still the Greatest Mother in the World."

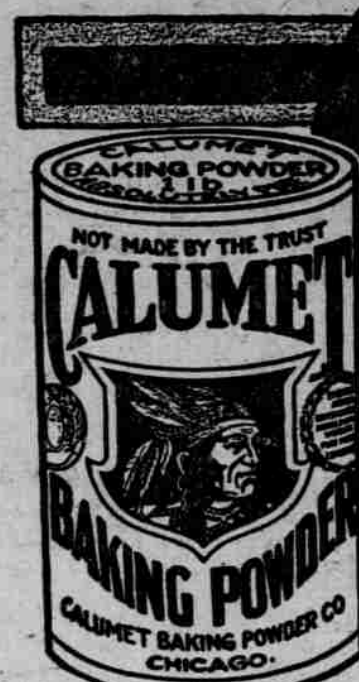
Portland has abundant proof of the right by which the Red Cross won and holds this tribute.

Winter Stops Aviation.
AMSTERDAM.—Winter weather in Holland, Germany and Denmark has been judged too severe for commercial aviation. The daily aerial mail service between Holland and England and Holland and Germany will be discontinued until next spring.

Read The Oregonian classified ads.



ALWAYS MAKES MOST PALATABLE AND SWEETEST OF FOODS



BEST BY TEST

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

You Save Materials it is used with
Never fails No waste

You Save When You Use it
More than ordinary leavening strength
Therefore you use less

You Save When You Buy it
Moderate Price

