THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. JACKSON .....Publisher.

Published every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning at The Journal Building, Broadway and Yamhill sts., Portland, Or.

Entered at the postoffice at Portland, Or., for transmission through the mails as second class matter.

TELEPHONES—Main 7173; Home, A-6051. All departments reached by these numbers. Tell the operator what department you want.

FOREIGN ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE Benjamin & Kentnor Co., Brunswick Bldg., 225 Fifth Ave., New York, 1218 People's Gas Bldg., Chicago.

Subscription terms by mail or to any address in the United States or Mexico:

DAILY.

One year.....$5.00 | One month.....$ .50

SUNDAY.

One year.....$2.50 | One month.....$ .25

DAILY AND SUNDAY.

One year.....$7.50 | One month.....$ .65

If Europe should ever be ruined, it will be by its warriors.—Montesquieu.

THE ASSEMBLY BILL

THERE are honest people who oppose the direct primary. There are honest people who prefer the assembly.

But they are wrong. They have forgotten the things that were.

They have forgotten the shotgun politics.

They have forgotten conventionalism.

They have forgotten the corruption.

They have forgotten the "$15,000 of Simon money and $20,000 of Lotan money" spent in a single afternoon in Portland to control one county convention.

They have forgotten the voters "delivered in gangs of ten" who were taken to the polling places and voted at $1.50 per.

Dr. Withycombe said in La Grande last week that the direct primary costs too much in its present application, but he did not say what the change should be.

No matter what the cost, no matter what the price, we must uphold the direct primary. Nothing would better satisfy the politicians and the field marshals of privilege than a change that would scuttle the direct primary.

The assembly bill on the coming ballot is an indirect movement to supersede the primary system with an assembly system. It is based on the assumption that the people need to be advised. It presumes that the people do not know a fit candidate from a sorrel mule.

It is the same old assembly of four years ago. It is the same old endeavor to substitute ward politics for people's politics and sinister control for people's control.

Even were there truth in Dr. Withycombe's charge that the direct primary costs too much, the expenditure is a mighty small price to pay for the privilege of self government.

GRIEF BY TELEPHONE

AFTER eleven years of effort, some busybody has perfected a device by which to locate the third party that takes down a receiver and listens to a telephone conversation. The same attachment is mean enough to cruelly ring off the gossipers at the end of a fixed number of minutes.

Added horrors in new telephone inventions is a "seeing-by-wire" attachment which is reported to place the parties in full view of each other. Where is the foolishness of these intrusive invasions on the privacy of the telephone to end?

Gwendolyn can no longer leap out of bed when Alfonso rings her up to engage in a "seeing-by-wire" conversation.

Henrietta can no longer butt in on Tommy's and Angelina's telephonic tete a tete. The old stall with which hubby reports to wifey that he is detained at the office by pressing business and cannot be home until a late hour is to become a desperate, if not a doomed deceit, and the bewhiskered gag of going to lodge when, in fact, Willie dear is out for an evening is apparently to become a fleeting memory.

What grief seems in store for those whose frolic and fun has been so accelerated these many years by the old fashioned telephone!

DEFENSES OF ANTWERP

THE fortifications of Antwerp are regarded as among the most modern and most impregnable in the world, but against them are being brought to bear the latest product of the gunmaker's skill.

If they fall before the siege mortars of the Germans, additional support will be given to the theory of some military writers that permanent fortifications as applied to large cities and camps are of doubtful value.

Antwerp has always been a fortress and its history is full of fighting and sieges.

Its fortifications of today were designed and built by General H. Brialmont, the Belgian engineer, who planned and constructed the defenses of Bucharest, Liege and Namur.

The feature of the fortifications is the peculiar turtle back turret forts, made of Gruson armor plate.

The dome-like shape of the fort prevents the shell of the enemy from striking under an angle of impact greater than 45 degrees. Instead of striking on its point the shell strikes on its side and glances off, leaving the turret practically uninjured.

Major Piorkowski, an ordnance expert, writing in the current Scientific American, expresses the opinion that it is quite doubtful whether the fortifications will prove formidable and make the siege a long one for the reason that modern gunnery and ordnance have made great progress in the last thirty years. The range and power of penetration of guns are far greater than at the time when Antwerp's ramparts and forts were built.

SMITH AND CHAMBERLAIN

THROUGHOUT George E. Chamberlain's term as governor, there was in the state senate a man who was his co-worker, ally and friend. That man was Dr. C. J. Smith, and in the struggles for enactment and defense of the Oregon system, they were intimate and active associates. Nobody is in better position to tell of the life and work of Senator Chamberlain advisedly, and no man will tell it more accurately than Dr. Smith.

Dr. Smith's testimony bears directly on the assaults made on Senator Chamberlain by the Geers, the Hustons, the Oregonian and their satellites. In the absence of Senator Chamberlain at his post in Washington, Dr. Smith has taken up the cudgel in his behalf. In an address last Friday night, Dr. Smith said:

> Let me speak a word in behalf of the man who honors me with his friendship, and who is also a candidate for your suffrage, George E. Chamberlain, who is being subjected to unjust attacks and he is not here to defend himself.
>
> I knew Senator Chamberlain intimately when he was governor. As a member of the state senate I was honored with his confidence. I believe I know his innermost feelings on all questions affecting the public interest. As governor he was always on the side of the people. His first message to the legislature of 1903 contained stirring language defending the right of labor to organize. The fight for popular government could not have been won without him. He is wise, strong and faithful to a cause or a friend. He is truly representative of Oregon, the Oregon spirit and the Oregon system.
>
> I have campaigned most of the counties of the state and I am certain that he will be reelected. He ought to be reelected. He must be reelected.

EXEMPTIONS

THE Oregonian continues to slyly leave the inference that the $1500 exemption measure on homes would double or perhaps triple the taxes on land. It does not give any figures, and writes with a view of deliberately deceiving the uninformed. The measure does not exempt any land, franchises, business buildings and railroads, which values on the assessment rolls will run over 85 cents on the dollar, and in some counties over 90 cents on the dollar.

It is likely that the tax rate in Multnomah county for 1915 will be 24 mills if this measure does not pass, and perhaps 27 if it does. A poor widow, or a rich one, for that matter, with a bare lot assessed for $250 would pay an increased tax of 75 cents. If she put even $50 improvements upon it she would be, under present laws, fined (taxed) on a 24 mill basis $1.20.

It is not the poor widow the Oregonian is in sympathy with, but the man with 1000 bare lots, or one lot worth $250,000, practically bare, who would have $750 more to pay, while workingmen with little homes would pay less than they do now.

CHICAGO WAKING UP

AN EFFORT is being made in Chicago to prevent the mulcting of the school board in the purchase of sites for schools. A rule recently adopted by the board provides that hereafter no property will be bought until it has been reported upon by two real estate experts as to its value and by a building expert as to the value of the improvements on the property.

In addition there must be considered a list of the transfers in the neighborhood for the past five years and the last assessed valuation of the site offered for tax purposes.

This is in line with what The Journal has always advocated.

Why should not the same methods be used in buying land for public use as are employed in buying for private use?

Why should the public pay three or four times as much as the assessed valuation?

LET CHAMBERLAIN COME

TAKING advantage of his absence of nearly two years at Washington, denying to him all credit for what he has achieved, resorting to every means, fair or foul, to misrepresent and asperse him, the Oregonian continues its hounding of Senator Chamberlain in behalf of its private candidate for senator.

This morning, it invents the fiction that Chamberlain should have secured more reclamation for Oregon. But it doesn't attack Congressman Hawley, though, if Chamberlain is at fault, which he is not, Hawley is equally at fault. The mere unfairness of the Oregonian's method will not escape public notice, and with the great Oregon public which loves fair play, this unfairness will not escape condemnation.

Meanwhile, though Chamberlain has never been accused of one dishonest act, though on his merits he has risen in five years to as high a position of influence and power at Washington as was ever reached by any Oregon senator in a far longer period, though his work at the capital is commended in the highest terms by his own colleagues and by the president of the republic, not one word of commendation has been given him by the Oregonian, but on the other hand, it and its clique are now circulating publicly and secretly every kind of abuse and slander to which they can lay tongue or hand.

Senator Chamberlain ought to take time, if necessary, from his public duty, to return to Oregon and face his calumniators. There is little left for Congress now to do, but complete the war revenue measure which is already agreed upon. He can pair with a standpat senator, and in answer to urgings of his friends as well as in justice to himself he should come to Oregon and fling back into the faces of his detractors their unfair and unjust attacks.

LINCOLN REPUBLICANS

THERE are 65,000 to 100,000 Republicans in Oregon who believe as La Follette and his type of men believe.

They are Lincoln Republicans. They believe in popular government. They helped establish Statement One. They helped to enact the direct primary. They helped create the Oregon system.

They are not Taft Republicans. They are not Penrose Republicans. They are against standpatism and reaction wherever found.

Like Lincoln they are patriots before partisans.

In his speech to the Progressives, Dr. Coe eulogized these great forward forces. As proof of their number he used the late candidacy of Charles Ackerson for national committeeman. On Monday, Mr. Ackerson was a registered Progressive. On Tuesday, he was a registered Republican. The next day he announced his candidacy for national committeeman.

Ackerson was little known. Every odd was against him. Over 200 newspapers were used in denouncing him as a renegade. The standpat chieftains spent money and vast energy to beat him. The most the rank and file knew of him was that he was a late Progressive, and that he was opposed by a standpatter, Mr. Williams.

In spite of all these handicaps, Mr. Ackerson received more than 32,500 votes, with but half the Republicans of the state voting. If all had voted, his total would have been 65,000. A change of but 4000 votes would have elected him.

The Ackerson vote was a great vote of protest. It was the voice of thousands opposing standpatism and reaction. It is a great army of Lincoln Republicans, and they are against the old order, against Penroseism, against Bourbonism, against conventionism, against inner-circle government, against domination by the brigadiers, against corrupt politics, against legislative machines, against the rule of the many by the few, against the oft recurring attempts to assemblyize this state.

Unhappily for these men, the ticket they are asked to support, and the campaign for that ticket are in the hands of the field marshals and generalissimos of privilege and reaction.

There, for instance, is Mr. Booth, who voted in the State Senate against the direct primary, there is Dr. Withycombe who says there ought to be an assembly "to eliminate candidates," there is Pat McArthur who championed a bill in the legislature to make the taking of Statement One a crime, there is Mr. Geer who went to Arizona to tell the Arizonans that the Oregon system is rotten, and there is Ralph Williams who voted for Mr. Taft at Chicago when the vote of the people instructed him to vote for Mr. Roosevelt. Such is the ticket, and such its managing brigadiers.

EAT APPLES

TUESDAY, October 20, is "Apple Day."

To properly celebrate the day every man, woman and child is expected to eat at least one. If this is done a big pile will be consumed. An ordinary person cannot eat more than four or five large apples at a sitting, be they baked, stewed or made into dumplings and pies. But if made into cider the capacity of mankind is greatly extended. If every school district were provided with a cider press, the consumption would be enormous. The supply would not sufficiently meet the home demand.

The apples should be ripe, however. There is an old myth to the effect that the real cause of Niobe's weeping was the stomach ache that followed the eating of unripe fruit. Then there is the sour apple which is often referred to as the apple of discord. Another kind of apple is the one the young lover has in mind when he refers to his divinity as "the apple of his eye."

Although the apple that bloomed, budded and grew in the garden of Eden brought a great deal of woe into the world its descendants have since made full reparation.

Apples are more or less associated with weddings. According to an ancient tradition when Zeus met Hera on Mount Ida in a golden cloud fragrant flowers sprang up around them.

A tree bearing golden apples grew up at their marriage feast and streams of ambrosia flowed past their couch in the happy isle. It is asserted by some that the ambrosia of the gods was really cider from apples.

Apple day is the revival of an old festival in which Karpo, the goddess of the harvest and fruit appeared with a basket of apples and grapes in company with Pomona who wore a wreath of grapes on her head and carried in her hand a cornucopia filled with apples. The houris danced before a dish of golden apples.

There is a peculiar significance attaching to the celebration of apple day this year. They are plentiful, of good quality and cheap in price. In consuming our share, we will not only benefit the grower, but ourselves.

Letters From the People

(Communications sent to The Journal for publication in this department should be written on only one side of the paper, should not exceed 300 words in length and must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender. If the writer does not desire to have the name published, he should so state.)

"Discussion is the greatest of all reformers. It nonplusses everything it touches. It robs principles of all false sanctity and throws them back on their reasonableness. If they have no reasonableness, it ruthlessly crushes them out of existence and set up its own conclusions in their stead."—Woodrow Wilson.

Taxing Equitably.

Corvallis, Or., Oct. 7.—To the Editor of The Journal—Ever since St. Matthew sat at the seat of Customs and extracted two doves out of ten for the emperor, and according to his humor or his necessity other doves for himself, has the subject of taxation been the one eternal question upon which no two men could ever perfectly agree. One man wants everything in sight taxed; another wants to add things not in sight, like money, notes and accounts, as our present day law has it. Another wants to exempt his household goods, another his money, and another class all personal property. This last named class, for want of a better name, are called single taxers.

There ought to be a golden mean in the imposition of taxes, so that the public burden will fall equally upon all men. The burden does not fall thus at this time. In every city there is a class of citizens who pay no taxes, and yet another class who pay much less than other equally endowed citizens. The man who rents his living rooms and enjoys a salary, pays no tax, and yet he enjoys the improved streets, the electric lights, in Portland, the sparkling, absolutely pure snow water from the glistening sides of Mount Hood, the fine churches, the extensive, free, public libraries, his children the unrivaled schools, for his outing a solid road bed under his car, and many advantages and seductions which the modern city afford him, and yet he pays no tax. God did not furnish these advantages free. Nature is far from doing so, notwithstanding there are many nature worshipers. Some one paid for these privileges and advantages, and that some one is the man who has something in sight which in the nature of things cannot escape the assessor's observation.

Would it be possible to find a "golden mean" in taxation by taxing only the real property, including buildings, and applying to each industry, business, vocation, etc., a municipal license, and for the benefit of our extensive class of people who pay no tax, who reap where they sow not, apply a just, uniform and equal county income tax upon every income in the United States, little and big, man, woman and child alike, employing tax sleuths or agents who ferret out every income in the land, and take the income out at the time the service is paid? No man could object to paying 1 per cent tax on his income. He who earns $500 a year ought to be willing to contribute $5 to the public tax, and the man who earns $1500 would hardly miss $15.

J. H. WILSON.

The Aeroplane as Lifesaver.

Portland, Oct. 8.—To the Editor of The Journal—In regard to my recent suggestion in the Journal relative to the employment of aeroplanes in conjunction with lighthouses and lifesaving stations, I am in receipt of the following from the register of the United States land office in one of our coast cities:

"I have just read in The Journal your suggestion that aeroplanes become a part of lifesaving equipment at all stations.

"This is certainly something worth while. Concerted action should be directed to secure this addition to the service. Some three years ago at Coos Bay, the steamship Czarina went ashore and 21 men were lost. One by one they dropped from the rigging into the sea. The lines provided were too short to be fired over the vessel. The weather was fine and an aeroplane could have dropped a line which, attached to the shore apparatus, would have saved them all.

"As one whose life has been spent on the coast, I can recall many instances where the aeroplane would have saved hundreds of lives and much property.

"I shall be very pleased to aid in any way to get your suggestion before the proper department."

So it would seem that there is some merit in the plan I offered. What is the reason that Portland and The Journal could not put this matter up to the proper people at Washington?

O. G. HUGHSON.

The People's Trend.

Sumpter, Or., Oct. 5.—To the Editor of The Journal—Kindly permit me to offer some observations as to the trend of events concerning at least two of the candidates before the people—Senator Chamberlain, for reelection to the senate, and Dr. C. J. Smith, for the governorship—as it stands in this part of the state.

People are not paying much attention to party lines; in fact, one hardly ever hears "Democrat" or "Republican" mentioned. But nearly every one who expresses himself at all, and many of them have, does so to the effect that Chamberlain will be indorsed at the polls by the greatest majority he ever had, for the reason that he has made good, that he has become a national figure, and of commanding influence among the big men of the senate, and that to replace him with a new and untried man who would at the very best be without influence for at least two years to come and perhaps during his whole term of office of six years, is something that is not going to be done, for sound business reasons.

As to Dr. Withycombe, the position he holds upon certain public matters has eliminated his chances entirely. He has declared himself in favor of cheap Chinese labor. He has declared himself in favor of the old time corrupt assembly. He has declared himself to be in harmony with extravagant legislative appropriations, and against the veto power of the governor. He has declared himself in favor of the Taft administration, which was rebuked and turned down by the greatest majority ever given against an ex-president. In fact, Dr. Withycombe seems to be against the people and in favor of the system in about everything now demanded by the people, while Dr. Smith stands firmly in his defense of the people's rights and is opposed to the abuses that Dr. Withycombe seems determined to bring on if he is elected, so we are just going to leave Dr. Withycombe out of consideration as a suitable man to govern the state of Oregon.

GEO. E. ALLEN.

Home and Foreign Statistics.

Scappoose, Or., Oct. 6.—To the Editor of The Journal—How much more of that Dr. John Koren report of the committee of fifty on conditions in Maine is W. J. Bishop of McMinnville going to give us? What is Mr. Bishop trying to show us, anyway? If it is that prohibition does not prohibit and that there is equally as much if not more liquor sold in dry territory than in wet, then he and the liquor people in general should help us make the vote in Oregon practically unanimous. For liquor dealers, like other dealers, like to do business where they can sell the most goods. The logical conclusion from Mr. Bishop's and other wet writers' arguments is that it behooves them to get upon our prohibition wagon.

By the way, as to this Dr. John Koren: I have the names of this famous committee of fifty before me, published in the September Everybody's, on page 344, and his name does not appear in the list. But what have this investigation and this report, made 10 or 15 years ago, got to do with present day needs of Oregon? If Mr. Bishop is so anxious to enlighten the Oregon voters, let him go to the transportation agents in Salem, Albany, Eugene or any other city in Oregon, and get the amount of liquor shipped in during this present year of 1914, and also the figures for the same time for any year prior to the city's going dry. That will give us something right up to date and something that will count. These statistics from Maine and Kansas are too far away, most of them too stale, and as presented, too uncertain. C. L. HATFIELD, M. D.

Liquor Evidences.

Portland, Or., Oct. 7.—To the Editor of The Journal—Those who are crying about the eastern agitators attempting to deprive Oregon citizens of their "personal liberty" should realize they are wasting their powder. Most of us have never heard these "agitators," but we read the daily papers, and consequently are very conversant with the fact that the saloon is a menace. All the "paid advertisements" and expensive bill posters cannot make us forget the things we read and observe.

The daily papers of Oregon are doing more, by publishing the causes of suicides, deaths, divorces, robberies, murders, etc., for the cause of Oregon dry, than the many acres of billboards throughout our city can counteract. We see the evil effects of whiskey with our own eyes every day, and what we don't see, we read about.

In conclusion, the attention of voters is called to the interview given by Warden Lawson of the Oregon penitentiary, in The Sunday Journal of September 27.

MRS. D. C. GRISWOLD.

People Not to Be Deceived.

Portland, Oct. 8.—To the Editor of The Journal—The Oregonian of October 6, in its praise of R. A. Booth, says many things which it can never succeed in inducing the voters of Oregon to receive as true. A reasonable amount of flattery is all right, but when it comes to slopping over, as the Oregonian has done in the case of Mr. Booth, it turns people against him and causes some to vote against him who otherwise might have voted for him. The people know what Mr. Booth is and are familiar with his methods, and are opposed to sending such men as he to the United States senate. This will be proved and settled very decisively at the polls the third day of November. O. I. C.

No Belief in Prayer.

Portland, Oct. 7.—Stop the great war by prayer? Didn't the whole Christian or civilized world try to save the lives of Grant and Garfield by prayer? And did they do it? And didn't all the fathers and mothers and churches try to pray the Civil war to a standstill? And did they succeed? Not a bit, or not until Lee concluded to quit. I am an old man and have watched this prayer business closely, and I am satisfied there is nothing to it. The way to stop it is to catch a lot of crowned heads and decapitate them. And about how soon may we expect the Lord to act in the matter? My experience is that He is about as slow as some of our so-called courts of justice, at least when we pray for rain. But let us proceed.

R. R. BRATTON.

A FEW SMILES

"In some of the provincial theatres the arrangements and construction are absurdly old-fashioned," remarked a conceited actor. "Last week, for instance, I was playing 'Hamlet' at Seaport. There was an alarm of fire and it took no less than 10 minutes for the audience to pass through the doors."

"The poor fellow was lame, I suppose," was the cruel comment.

There is a certain young man who used to be notoriously egotistic. Some of his acquaintances were one day speaking of him before an old lady who was not "up" in the slang expressions of the day.

The next time she met him she put out a congratulatory hand. "Oh, Mr. Smith," she cried. "I am so glad you are better! I heard last week that you had a swelled head."—Lippincott's.

Pat, who was staying for the night in a common lodging house in Liverpool, was told by some of his fellow lodgers that the room he was about to sleep in was haunted. Therefore he took the precautionary measure of arming himself with a revolver, which he placed under his pillow. On retiring for the night he took off his shirt and hung it on the end of the bed and went to sleep. Wakening up in the middle of the night out of a dream and seeing the white figure at the end of the bed, Pat took out the revolver and fired six times. On getting up and seeing his shirt riddled with bullets, he exclaimed:

"Begorra, wasn't it a good job I wasn't in it?"

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Greatness that is thrust upon men soon evaporates.

Even a deadbeat is always willing to pay an old grudge.

Some women put on airs and some others try to whistle them.

Brain food was invented for men who like to feed their vanity.

But a man's friends seldom work overtime on the friendship job.

Yesterday was a fact, today a reality, but tomorrow is visionary.

But a man never goes around looking for trouble in the guise of a creditor.

Say, did you ever meet a man who was rich enough to enjoy paying taxes?

Most women have a mania for the kind of garments that are more ornamental than useful.

If only sensible women were permitted to marry there would probably be more old bachelors in the world.

With all its horrors, football, at all events, isn't played in a trench four feet deep in cold and muddy rainwater.

A girl may tell the truth when she says she has never kissed a man—but that has nothing to do with the number of men who have kissed her.

A distinguished example of race suicide is reported from a southern city, where Mr. Stork in a mood of despondency ended his life with a revolver.

It need surprise no one to read almost any day that the renowned General Etaion had gained great additional distinction for masterly strategy at the battle of Shrdlu.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

The Democrat reports a 12.5 per cent increase in Baker's high school enrollment this year.

The mayor of The Dalles has proclaimed tomorrow a public holiday in that city, so that everybody may quit business and go to the Sherman county fair, at Moro.

That Indian summer weather in Oregon is as near paradise on earth as anyone needs to get, is the incontrovertible view of the matter taken by the Eugene Register.

British agents have placed orders for 10,000 of the mules that Missouri has made famous. And now, how about orders for a few hundred teamsters who can speak the Missouri language?

"Pendleton is still suffering from a dearth of houses," says the East Oregonian, "and is losing people regularly because they can find no places in which to live here. What will we do when the freight terminal is established?"

The Wingville correspondent of the Baker Herald reports as a notable event that Frank Landreth, a young farmer of Pocahontas, has settled the question of the visibility of Mt. Hood as it relates to the Elkhorn range. Landreth, from the summit of Mt. Blaine, saw Mt. Hood plainly, without a glass.

Marshfield Record: As the Record predicted, the big street paving contracts are going to be completed this fall. The Myrtle Arms is almost ready, the Noble theatre is rapidly nearing completion, the Smith terminal docks have been finished for some weeks, the new Times building is getting the last touches of the contractor, the Carnegie library is seeing its rounding into a handsome edifice, and scores and scores of residences and smaller buildings have been built.

THE SUBMARINE IN ACTION

From the London Morning Post.

So much has been written concerning what the submarine, by a flight of imagination, may achieve, that most people are somewhat uncertain as to what the submarine actually is and does. To begin with, she is shaped like a cigar and she carries a tower on her back. Inside the tubular steel hull, valves and tubes and pipes line the walls; aft, in a space so low that the engineers can hardly stand upright, are the internal combustion engines and the electric motors which drive the vessel when she is under water. Below the floor or deck of the inside of the hull, are petrol and stores. Forward are the torpedo tubes. Amidships there projects downwards from the ceiling a thick brass column ending in a brass cross piece. This is the base of the periscope. When the boat is submerged and the officer desires to see what is going on above, he sets a hand on each arm of the cross-piece, which is level with his face, and rotates the column, while he looks into the mirror.

In the mirror, he beholds an image little and bright, of a section of the sea and horizon, and by swinging it round he can scan the whole circle, reflected in the periscope above, which is the eye of the steel fish. Alongside the periscope is the upright steel ladder leading through two hatches to the deck of the conning tower, which is raised five or six feet above the top of the hull. It is about four feet in diameter and is protected by a breast-high rail lined with canvas. Here is the wheel and here, when the vessel is running awash, stand the captain and the quartermaster. In fine weather those of the crew who are not required below, are grouped on the little half-deck below the conning tower, just above the steel hull itself. Officers and men are dressed in seaboots, sweaters and rough clothing.

The submarine running awash forges sullenly onwards with a heavy grinding noise, the water lifting and dripping from the gills which project on either side of her snout. Below, the hull is filled with the crashing of the furious engines cramped into the narrow tube of steel. The engineers squat placidly among the racing rods and pistons, in the thick atmosphere tained with fumes. Should the seawater enter the hull and mix with petrol gas, the fatal chlorine gas is formed and the crew are suffocated.

The method of the submarine is to cruise at economical speed, 10 knots or less on the surface, until she sights a hostile vessel. As she is so small she can see another vessel before the other vessel can see her. Then she sinks. The captain and the crew go below; the hatches are closed; and the captain, swinging his weight upon the cross-piece from the periscope, his eye upon the mirror, gives his orders. The crew are lying along the sides, ready to turn valves on or off. The internal combustion engines are stopped and the propeller shaft is connected up to the electric motors. There is a sudden silence.

The process of submerging is a process in the brain of the captain. He has a mental picture of what each tank contains and how much weight is driven out forward or aft at each order, and what will be the effect upon the vessel. He communicates this process to the vessel itself. He must first dip her bows slightly, then her stern, then bows again, and so on. If he makes a mistake the submarine may dive down and then all is done. The process is reflected in the brain of his lieutenant, who stands near by the captain. In ordinary vessels, if an officer faints or makes a mistake, there are a dozen people at hand who can put it right, because they know what ought to be done.

Not so in the submarine. The only person besides the captain who knows what is going on is his lieutenant; but the consequences of a mistake would follow so quickly that the lieutenant could not rectify it. Nor would he know in all probability that a mistake had been made until the consequences began. The men lying beside the valves know nothing except how to do what they are told. Nor is there any sensation of motion as the boat sinks. It seems to be as still as a drawing room on shore.

The periscope, which is about the size of a saucer, remains about 18 inches above the surface, and, viewed from the deck of a ship, all that is seen is a fitting pennant of white spray as it cuts the waves like a seabird's wing. In any ripple it would be almost imperceptible at two or three hundred yards. Upon approaching to attack, the submarine sinks lower and submerges her periscope, so that her captain, looking in the mirror, sees his little and bright picture washed out in green—the green of the water. And from above nothing is visible at all.

The submarine is now blind. She cannot see through the water, but she can steer a course. Her captain has made his calculations before he submerged his periscope. And the range of a German torpedo is about 3000 yards at 25 or 30 knots. The submarine can fire her torpedoes, go about, presently rising until her periscope is above water, then herself continue beneath the surface until it is safe to rise, and like a whale, to breathe again.

PRACTICAL WORK BY THRIFT BOOSTERS

By John M. Oskison.

Thrift is going to be taught in the public schools of New York city.

In Chicago a citizens' thrift committee has probably been formed by this time.

Milwaukee and Houston have already completed the makeup of thrift committees from their active citizens.

Pittsburg, St. Louis and Spokane are going to have similar committees just as soon as the thrift boosters can get them together.

What to do in the way of practical work after the committees are formed is the question which must be met now. In Chicago the American Society for Thrift, which has been behind the movement to form committees in the various cities, has been cooperating with the city's new municipal markets to popularize them and make them known to as many housewives as possible.

This society advises housewives to buy food supplies which will keep in large quantities, and so get them cheaper; if possible, buy enough of the keeping vegetables in the fall to last all winter.

That is mighty practical advice. To go back to that plan would be a long step toward establishing the family on a basis where the pinch of high living costs would not be felt. To adopt such a plan would be to lift the financing of a family, in repect to its food expenditures at least, to a level with the most successful of the great manufacturing plants, where the practice of buying supplies in quantity when they are cheap and holding them for use when they are dear is so well established that no one doubts its wisdom.

Take this matter of cutting the cost of food supplies for the family and figures out for yourself how the principle can be extended in your own family. Will it apply to clothes? Can you save money by making payments on a home of your own rather than pay rent?

Any further suggestions?

The Ragtime Muse

Method and Matter.

Turn the hose on "mournful numbers,"
Calling life an "empty dream."
Dismal thought the mind encumbers,
Blanketing its every gleam.
If you have a message solemn,
Tell it in a manner gay,
Never use a solid column
When three lines will say your say.

If you have a song or sermon,
Or a great uplifting thought,
That to publish you determine,
Heed advice with wisdom fraught;
Seek ye fame or seek ye money,
Or reward of any sort,
Make your incubration funny,
At the same time, cut it short!

If you're conscious of your virtue,
If you've learnin' in your clutch,
Do not look as though it hurt you,
Be not righteous overmuch."
Then the world may heed your preaching
If it be at all worth while,
And may profit from your teaching
Sugar coated with a smile.

"Thorough" the Watchword.

"Girard," in Philadelphia Ledger.

A fortnight after that great Englishman died, Thackeray said of him: Macaulay would read 20 books to write one sentence, and he would travel 100 miles to write one line of description in his history.

But literature is not the only thing enriched or benefited by complete knowledge. A railroad engineer who didn't know quite all the details of his job stopped his train a few days ago in a tunnel, and by so doing sacrificed his own and his conductor's life.

A miner not thoroughly equipped ignited gas and snuffed out a dozen lives. As the result of haphazard navigation a ship went down in the St. Lawrence with over 1000 people.

"Ready is my best general," said the great Frederick. Goodness knows how much one or the other army now in the war has lost for lack of generals who are ready.

Old Mr. Preparation brings home in Athletic uniform another baseball pennant.

At a luncheon on board ship I heard Henry Irving once tell an amusing story of a stage hand who was suddenly called to play the part of a servant who spoke only one word.

"I made him walk out on the stage 50 times, before he did it perfectly," said Sir Henry.

But, if reading 20 books to make a sentence, or walking 50 times across the stage, pays in literary and dramatic art, equal care in ordinary affairs of life should also "cop the dough."

IN EARLIER DAYS

By Fred Lockley.

As the life history of the three-toed horse, the camel and other forms of life long extinct can be read by the geologist in the fossilized bones found in the John Day beds in eastern Oregon, so the historian can read the history of old Oregon in the names of our rivers and streams, our valleys and mountains. In the same way the names of our towns and counties are rich in the history of the early days of Oregon.

Baker county perpetuates the memory of Oregon's gallant soldier, United States Senator E. D. Baker, who fell at the head of his regiment in October, 1861. Baker county was organized September 22, 1862, the long vanished mining town of Auburn being its county seat.

Benton county is one of our older counties, having been created on December 23, 1847. It was named for Senator Thomas H. Benton of Missouri, one of Oregon's earliest and best friends. It originally embraced all the country west of the Willamette river to the coast and from Polk county south to California. Marysville, now called Corvallis, was its original county seat.

Clackamas county was named for the Clackamas tribe of Indians, whose home was not far below the Willamette Falls. It was one of the four original districts, as the counties were then termed, into which original Oregon was divided by the legislative committee of the provisional government in 1843. Oregon City, founded by Dr. John McLoughlin in 1842, was its first county seat.

Clatsop county was established June 22, 1844, in answer to the request of the pioneer missionary, J. L. Parrish. It is named after the Clatsop tribe of Indians. Astoria, its county seat, is more than a hundred years old, having been founded by Astor in 1811.

Columbia county was cut off from Washington county on January 23, 1854. St. Helens is the county seat, and when it was founded by H. M. Knighton in 1838 it was called Plymouth Rock. Its name was changed to St. Helens and it was a serious commercial rival of Portland in those days.

On December 22, 1853, portions of Umpqua and Jackson counties were combined to form Coos county. It is named for the tribe of Indians who made their home on Coos Bay. Empire City, now but a memory, was its first county seat.

Crook county was taken from southern Wasco county on October 9, 1882. It was named after General George Crook, who fought Indians all over that district in the early days. Barney Prine's blacksmith shop, saloon and stage station grew into the town of Prineville and became the county seat.

Curry county, which was organized December 18, 1855, was named in honor of Governor George L. Curry. Its first county seat, chosen in 1858, was Ellensburg.

Douglas county takes us back to the Lincoln-Douglas debates and the days when Stephen A. Douglas had a large and enthusiastic following. The county was taken from Umpqua county on January 7, 1852. Umpqua lost its last acres in 1864 and now exists only in the maps of half a century ago. In 1853 Aaron Rose's place, later called Roseburg, on Deer creek, where it empties into the South Umpqua, was chosen as the county seat.

Gilliam county was carved from Wasco and Umatilla in 1885. Its first county seat was Alkali, now called Arlington. It is named for Colonel Cornelius Gilliam of Polk county.

Grant county was carved from Wasco and Umatilla counties October 14, 1864, and was named for the nation's hero, U. S. Grant. Canyon City, a typical western mining camp, was its first county seat and one of its first county judges was Joaquin Miller, afterward famous as the Poet of the Sierras.

Jackson county was named for President Andrew Jackson. It was created on January 12, 1852. Jacksonville was established as the county seat on January 8, 1853.

Josephine county was taken from Jackson county January 22, 1856. It was named after Josephine Rollins, the popular daughter of the discoverer of gold on Josephine creek. Kirbyville, a prosperous mining camp in 1852, but long since given over to the squirrels, the blue jays and the cotton-tail rabbits, was its first county seat. Kirbyville's name was changed to Napoleon by the legislature in 1858, but the new name wouldn't take, so two years later the legislature had to change it back to Kirbyville.

Klamath county takes its name from the Klamath Indians, whose home is in that district. It was cut out from western Lake county on October 7, 1882. Linkville was its first county seat. It can trace its lineage back to that mother of counties, Wasco county. Originally what is now Klamath county was part of Wasco county. The southern part of Wasco became Jackson, which in turn was cut up to form Lake county, which lost part of its territory to form Klamath county, so that without moving his cabin some pioneer may have lived in Wasco, Jackson, Lake and Klamath counties.

HOO'S HOO

By John W. Carey.

By John W. Carey.

Who came to Philadelphia some 14 seasons back and sought a chance to show his line of curves to Connie Mack?

Who ever since the fateful day a fancy game has twirled and still is called the marvel of the Champeens of the World?

Who sees 'em come—and shine a while—and duly get the hook, while he goes on forever like the poet's well known brook?

Whose magic southpaw seems to hold more mystery today than e'er it held in days of yore when he was young and gay?

Who ever toys with Father Time and hands him out a blank as with his scythe he comes to bat? Eternal Eddie Plank.