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

What sunshine is to flowers, smiles are to humanity. They are but trifles, to be sure; but scattered along life's pathway, the good they do is inconceivable.—Addison.

OVERALLS WEALTH

FROM overalls to wealth often makes a wholesome wealth. Sometimes it tends to make wealth grateful.

The days in the overalls and jumper are a splendid anchor for riches. They mellow the viewpoint. They temper mentality. They carry into affluence a knowledge of "the cots where poor men lie and the chores that poor men do."

It is a safer wealth than that which is to the mannor born. With the exception of the pork rich, wealth that started with the shovel, the axe and toil with hands has vision of the good uses to which wealth may be turned. It is a more yielding wealth, a more generous wealth.

Men of former overalls are often more grateful for what the community does for them than hereditary wealth. The Benson fountains about the streets of Portland are example. There was real service in the gift of those fountains. Millions of times they have slaked the thirst of tired human beings on a burning summer's day. Many a time, the cooling draught has brought to the lips a spoken thought of large wealth that was not all wasted. It was overalls wealth.

Nor is there less of desire to give back to the community some benefit for the wealth it gave, in the Benson thousands spent in building roads. The thousands are a distinct sacrifice for the public good in the greater facility for human locomotion and transportation. It is gratis employment of wealth in a great constructive purpose for service of mankind.

Nor is there less of public service in the Yeon gift of a year of effort as roadmaster of Multnomah county. Back of this gift is the desire to do something to help the community that afforded opportunity for Mr. Yeon to make his way from overalls to wealth. It is an honest and purposeful endeavor to enrich the county by making a dollar's worth of expenditure bring a dollar's worth of benefit.

Unhappily, such instances are over rare. Not many men of riches offer their experience, their talents and their best personal endeavors to the public for a year or years, as a free gift. Generally, a public has to pay heavy salary and take the chances on getting an incompetent, for often it is those who fail in private endeavor who want public position.

But, with the proof of his powers and capacity in full sight, Mr. Yeon offers to continue to serve the public without salary or compensation of any kind in the exacting and important duties of roadmaster.

It will be interesting to observe whether or not the offer will be rejected.

NOT A HOLY WAR

HERBERT TEMPLE, London correspondent of The Journal, says that no holy war has been proclaimed to the Musselman world. The sultan of Turkey called for such a war, but the conflict entered upon by the Ottomans is a political, not a religious affair.

A holy war can only be started by the raising of the sacred flag of Mohammed by the chief of the Islamic faith. This has not been done, which explains why a deputation of Moros from Jolo and Mindanao islands of the Philippines called upon Governor Carpenter the other day to assure him that the Mohammedan Moros would refuse to obey the sultan's summons.

It is claimed that the sultan's call was not in accordance with the teachings of the Koran, as it directs an attack upon only a part of the infidels and an alliance with another part. If the call had been genuine it would have provoked a revolt against the Germans in East Africa, against Austria in Bosnia and Herzegovina, against Italy's possessions in Africa and against the United States in the Philippines.

Since the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks in 1452 the sacred flag of Mohammed has been raised but once. This was when the present ruler's grandfather resolved to be rid of his household guards. It is a point of Mohammedan law that the sacred flag, once unfurled, cannot be furled until 70,000 heads are forfeit.

Missionaries are taking heart in the fact that a large part of the Mohammedan world has repudiated the sultan's call to a holy war. They say that the refusal of so many Mohammedans to recognize the sultan's spiritual authority will, in the end, destroy it altogether. As a result the missionaries see greater opportunities in many places for modern ideas and the entrance of the Christian religion.

NOT EXPENDITURE, BUT EXTRAVAGANCE

BEFORE I close may I say a few words upon two topics, much discussed out of doors, upon which it is highly important that our judgments should be clear, definite and steadfast?

One of these is economy in Government expenditures. The duty of economy is not debatable. It is manifest and imperative. In the appropriations we pass we are spending the money of the great people whose servants we are—not our own. We are trustees and responsible stewards in the spending.

The only thing debatable and upon which we should be careful to make our thought and purpose clear is the kind of economy demanded of us. I assert with the greatest confidence that the people of the United States are not jealous of the amount their government costs if they are sure that they get what they need and desire for the outlay, that the money is being spent for objects of which they approve, and that it is being applied with good business sense and management.

Governments grow, piecemeal, both in their tasks and in the means by which those tasks are to be performed, and very few governments are organized, I venture to say, as wise and experienced business men would organize them if they had a clean sheet of paper to write upon. Certainly the government of the United States is not.

I think that it is generally agreed that there should be systematic reorganization and reassembling of its parts so as to secure greater efficiency and effect considerable saving in expense. But the amount of money saved in that way would, I believe, though no doubt considerable in itself, running, at may be, into the millions, be relatively small—small, I mean, in proportion to the total necessary outlays of the government. It would be thoroughly worth effecting, as every saving would, great or small. Our duty is not altered by the scale of the saving.

My point is that the people of the United States do not wish to curtail the activities of this government, they wish, rather, to enlarge them; and with every enlargement, with the mere growth, indeed, of the country itself, there must come, of course, the inevitable increase of expense.

The sort of economy we ought to practice may be effected, and ought to be effected, by a careful study and assessment of the tasks to be performed; and the money spent ought to be made to yield the best possible returns in efficiency and achievement. And, like good stewards, we should so account for every dollar of our appropriations as to make it perfectly evident what it was spent for and in what way it was spent.

It is not expenditure, but extravagance that we should fear being criticised for; not paying for the legitimate enterprises and undertakings of a great government, whose people command what it should do, but adding what will benefit only a few or pouring money out for what need not have been undertaken at all or might have been postponed or better and more economically conceived and carried out.

The Nation is not niggardly; it is very generous. It will chide us only if we forget for whom we pay money out and whose money it is we pay.—From President Wilson's Message.

THE CANE IN HISTORY

THE Smithsonian Institution at Washington has issued a bulletin on the cane's history. This document is interesting, if not especially valuable, for it is there said that anthropologists and ethnologists believe the cane found its way into the families of nearly every race, as a defensive weapon or as a staff, before history was recorded.

One theory is that the Roman cane derived its name from the fact that it was used to beat off the savage dogs of the street; "cani," "for a dog," a substitution of cause for effect. But the cane's general use was soon prohibited in Rome, for the people began to employ it as a weapon in their quarrels, and also because too many dead dogs began to litter the streets. An imperial edict forbade all except patricians to carry canes, a privilege which came to be popular among the nobility, and eventually a distinction.

The cane appeared in England as the badge of aristocracy in about the fifth century. But after serving this purpose for some time it came into the hands of the lower classes, and was dropped by those of higher social standing. It was reestablished in its true form by the Pilgrims and soldiers returning from the Holy Land in the Crusades. Later it was used among the gentry during a period of decoration, canes of great value and elaborate design resulting.

During the seventeenth century canes lost their significance as a badge of nobility. The gentlemen took up the small sword. At the close of the American revolution the cane came into its own again in this country and in England. People were tired of war and its accompanying side arms.

Today the cane is carried for various purposes. Some men consider it an adjunct of their plug hat. Others find it useful in keeping their hands out of their pockets. Still others carry canes for the reason that the Pilgrims carried them.

WOMEN IN PROFESSIONS

A RECENT census bulletin is interesting because it shows to what extent women are displacing men in the professions. In 1910 there were 1,825,127 persons of both sexes engaged in professional occupations. There were 1,151,709 males and 673,418 females, the males constituting 63.1 per cent of the total and the females 36.9 per cent.

In the preceding decade the proportion of males decreased from 65.8 to 63.1 per cent, while the females increased from 34.2 to 36.9 per cent. In 1910 there were four women to every seven men in professional service.

Women were found in all the professions. The most remarkable increase was in architecture, where the number of men increased by 110.5 per cent, while the number of women showed a gain of 200.7 per cent. This showing is taken as evidence that women in the future will have much more to say in the designing of American homes.

The increase for literary and scientific persons was, men, 102.9 per cent; and women, 126 per cent. Women showed a greater increase than men in all the professions except that of actors. In this calling the male increase was 95.6 and the female increase 88.1 per cent. In the practice of law the male increase was only 6.5 per cent, while the number of women lawyers was 33 per cent larger.

The figures are four years old, but they show the changes which are going on in this country. Women are now common in all the professions, when only a few years ago a woman clergyman, lawyer or doctor was a rarity. Now professional women are to be found in practically all communities. It may be that the coming generation of men will be engaged principally in washing dishes.

THE WAR PRAYER

IN an address at St. Louis Dr. Henry Neuman, leader of the Ethical Culture society in Brooklyn, recalled an unpublished article by Mark Twain, called "The War Prayer."

The story tells how a regiment on its way to the front stops at a church and prays for victory. A white robed stranger enters and says he has been sent with a message that the petition will be answered if the soldiers care to repeat it after understanding its full meaning. Their prayer, he tells them, asks for more than they seem to realize, and he asks them to listen while he gives interpretation to their desire:

O Lord, we go forth to smite the foe. Help us tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with our shells; help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale forms of their patriotic dead; help us lay waste their humble homes with a hurricane of fire; help us to wring the hearts of their unoffending widows with unavailing grief. For our sakes, who adore thee, Lord, blast their steps, water their way with their own tears.

Mark Twain never printed the story. It has found wide publication in the papers recently, because it is a powerful word picture of war, phrased with the subtle power and magical touch which the humorist was so able to give language.

In the satirical prayer of the white-robed stranger, there is the practical thought that Diety takes no hand in wars. It is not unlike Shakespeare's more flippant stab at war when Pericles is caused to say:

What would you have me do? Go to the wars, would you? Where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

It is easier and more reassuring to think of Deity as an instrument of peace, for "Hate hath no harm for love; so ran the song; and peace unweaponed, conquers every wrong."

BOYS IN THE WAR

COPENHAGEN dispatches say that 12,000 boys between the ages of 15 and 17 have enlisted as volunteers in Berlin. In the province of Brandenburg, which includes Berlin, there are said to be 60,000 boy recruits who will enter the war as soon as they are trained and equipped.

Even if these reports are accurate, there is little occasion for surprise that the European war is demanding the services of youths who should be in school. There were many mere boys in our own Civil war.

According to statistics, 2,778,309 men and boys were enlisted in the Union army and navy from 1861 to 1865. Of these it is asserted that 817,000 were under 17 years of age, 1,151,439 were 18 or under, and 2,159,798 were 21 or under. The figures have been questioned, but it is said that only 618,511, or less than one fourth of the enlisted men, were past 21 years when they entered the Union service. No figures are available for the Confederate army, but it is known that many mere boys fought for the South.

It is said the allies have not admitted youths to their armies to the extent the Germans have. But there are many boy soldiers fighting with the French, and it is certain that if the war continues any great length of time the youth of all the fighting nations will be called into service more and more.

Destruction of their young and vigorous manhood will be one of the penalties which the European nations must pay for this useless war. One of the demands of militarism is that a nation's best and most promising shall be sacrificed. It is a denial of every economic principle governing a nation's greater welfare.

THE ALABAMA BANKERS

GEORGE W. PERKINS, apostle of the trusts, has written an open letter to Attorney General Gregory and Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo. Mr. Perkins directs attention to resolutions adopted by the bankers of Alabama in convention, in which they pledged themselves not to give financial help to any 1915 cotton grower who does not agree to curtail his production of that staple.

Mr. Perkins wants to know whether the Alabama bankers are not engaged in a conspiracy in restraint of trade. He also asks whether Secretary McAdoo's official statement advocating such a policy does not make him one of the conspirators in an attempt to restrict output and increase prices to consumers.

The questions qualify Mr. Perkins as an able technical lawyer. He should be given authority to practice in any court where sophistry is more effective than logic, where privileges of the few are placed above rights of the many.

There is nothing in the questions except evidence of asserted rights of privilege. The trusts which Mr. Perkins has been identified with were organized and operated for the benefit of exploiters at the people's expense. Those are the sort of combinations in restraint of trade which the law prohibits. If the Alabama bankers are engaged in a conspiracy, as Mr. Perkins suggests, it is a conspiracy for the benefit, not of the conspirators alone, but of the entire people of a large section of the country.

While Mr. Perkins has qualified as a technical lawyer, he may find some trouble in locating a court in which to practice. The time has passed when form entirely superceded substance in the dispensation of justice.

MAKING FORESTS PAY

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE HOUSTON has incorporated in his report a suggestion made by United States Forester Graves during his visit to the northwest last summer that the national forests be administered in undeveloped sections so that they will yield at once revenue that can be applied to local development. Under this plan instead of waiting until the timber is actually sold it is to be made a credit against which the government will advance money for local improvement, being reimbursed after the timber is sold.

The money advanced can be used in the construction of roads both outside and inside the reserve to not only develop the country, but to make the forests more available, thereby increasing the sales of matured timber. The forests will be made to bear their share of the pioneering expenses of a new country.

WHAT NEXT?

NOW that tight skirts are rapidly going out of fashion, what will the self appointed censors of morals find to condemn in woman's attire? It is certain that they will not cease in their self imposed task of uplifting humanity. They are those who say retire instead of going to bed and limb instead of leg.

They would have us believe that morals are a matter of clothes altogether. There never was a fashion that was not held up to scorn and there probably will never be. All denunciation will prove vain though. Men will dress to please the women and the women will dress to please the men as well as themselves.

Statues will not be draped or the nude cease to exist in paintings.

There will always be also the "unco guid."

Heavy purchases of wheat and other supplies by the Italian government in the United States have for other signs of possible Italian entrance into the European conflict the heavy majority of 413 to 49 by which the war cabinet was recently sustained. The preponderance of war sentiment in the chamber was attested by loud cheers for Belgium. Italy has been busily arming ever since the war began, and there are many other circumstances which augur for a further widening of the European zone of warfare.

It is proposed by joint resolution in congress to extend American sovereignty to the North Pole, and by priority of discovery to claim the region thereabouts as the territory of the United States. Here is a splendid opportunity for the multitudinous gentlemen with itch for federal jobs to get an appointment and go north to grow up with the country.

KULTUR DEFINED

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

An old story tells of an American naval officer who stumbled upon an uncharted island in the south Pacific. Ordered to send a brief account of the customs and manners of the inhabitants, he replied: "Manners none, customs beastly." Now, these people were deficient in Kultur. They were what the Germans call a Naturvolk, instead of a Kulturvolk, living in a state of nature instead of starting up the rungs of the ladder which we call social evolution. By this time the American public is pretty well aware that when the German people speak of Kultur they do not mean what we describe by "culture"; but what Kultur really means is still a subject of speculation. An approach to an exact definition was attempted the other day by Mr. F. J. Mather Jr., in a letter to the Times. Kultur, according to him, "means the organized efficiency of a nation in the broadest sense—its successful achievements in civil and military administration, industry, commerce, finance, and in a quite secondary way, in scholarship, letters, and art."

This definition is but partially adequate, though it does get away from the abstract notion of "culture" and seeks the concrete things which enter into the conception of Kultur. But Mr. Mather is still concerned with such generalizations as efficiency, administration, commerce, finance. Nor is he able to rid himself of the ideas of administration, discipline, "regimentation," drill, which he puts to the forefront in the scheme of German Kultur. But the ordinary German citizen, and for that matter, the extraordinary German professor, when he speaks of Kultur, refers to a complex of homely things, which we can approximate with fair truth in our own phrase, "the standard of living." Take, for instance, the following definition of Kulturgeschichte: that form of history which is concerned with "the social life of a people, racial characteristics, habits, food, shelter, hygiene, clothes, furniture, domestic utensils, morals and customs, legal conceptions, religious creeds, superstitions." Note the order of topics: material conditions first, political and spiritual conditions second. In Kultur the idea of the state is on the whole of less importance than the idea of soap.

We really have a number of very satisfactory translations for Kultur. "Civilization" is good; so is "progress." So is the phrase "social evolution." We are concerned less with Kultur in the abstract than with individual Kulturs. The Germans do not assert that they have Kultur and the Russians have none. They simply maintain that their Kultur is higher than the Russian, that the progress they have made to a fuller, cleaner life, to a completer mastery of tools and the forces of nature, to a solution of social and spiritual problems, is much more rapid than that of the Slav.

For a study of the idea of Kultur, the social conditions in the region where German and Slav dwell side by side are instructive. In East Prussia or Russian Poland, in any Hapsburg land where the German lives side by side with the Slav, the most prominent men in the professions, the most skillful artisans, the best gardeners and farmers, are German. The cleanest homes are the German; the best schools are the German schools. German efficiency in the development of the arts of orderly life is recognized by the Teuton race as a whole. In the Russian writers, in Tolstoy, in Dostoievsky, there is constant satire against the methodical, disciplined, effective German; qualities which the Slav acknowledges while denying their ultimate value in the scheme of life.

It is in this sense that the Germans speak of their superior Kultur as against the Slav. They do not imply that the Teutonic race has produced greater novelists than Tolstoy or Turgenieff, but that it has, as a whole, attained the higher level of civilized, orderly existence. An example of Kultur is contained in the dispatch from across the Pacific which mentions the forests planted by the Germans on the bare hills around Tsing-tau as having served for a model to the Chinese. This talent for reducing nature to the uses of man by the application of labor and thought and discipline is Kultur. The development of discipline, both self-control and state control, to a higher pitch than elsewhere, has been accepted as synonymous with German Kultur, whereas it is only one of the elements in it. It may be that the German race has carried discipline of the state to an excess; from the Anglo-Saxon point of view, from the Slav point of view, it seems so. It may very well be that the material conquests made possible by discipline will not atone for more valuable spiritual qualities that do not flourish under a system of drill. But there can be no question that discipline counts, and the material progress of mankind enters very largely into the Kultur idea.

Where the defenders of German Kultur err is in implying that the possession of the highest Kultur is the predestined portion of the Teutonic race. They overlook the very argument which they advance in defense of their aspirations towards world-power, namely, that empires have risen and must fall, that there is no law of nature by which the British empire must go on forever, or why it should not pass to make way for the Germanic world-empire. Then neither is there a reason why the Slav peoples should be condemned to a rural, clownish, unhygienic, and alcoholic existence. Their turn will come. If the Germans in the Slav lands are in control of the professions, of the arts and crafts, it is partly because they are the dominant race by conquest, partly because the German people had several hundred years the start of the Slavs in the development of a sturdy, industrious, disciplined, and cleanly Burgertum.

Rightly understood, German Kultur is very much like the good old Anglo-Saxon virtues—industry, order, filial obedience—and a love of soap and water. The German Hausfrau is one of the great standard-bearers of German civilization. It would probably hurt Mr. Kipling to be told that he is a fervent believer in German Kultur. But the fact is that his attitude towards the subject races, his doctrine of east and west, his portrayal of the Englishman in India, is only an exaggeration of the German attitude towards the Slav. Mr. Kipling will not deny to the Hindu his ancient civilization, rich philosophy, literature and art; but, in the last resort, the Englishman bathes and fights and subdues nature to the uses of man, whereas the native's customs tend to be "beastly" and lazy. In a milder form this is the Teuton's view of his own Kultur as against that of the Slav.

Next Branch.

From the Boston Transcript.

Young Lady—How is it you don't come to Sunday school, Katie?

Katie—Oh, please, miss, I'm learning French and music now, and mother doesn't wish me to take up religion till later.

THE STORK—A CHRISTMAS BALLAD

(This ballad, reproduced in the December Atlantic and written probably in the middle or latter years of the sixteenth century, was found by Mrs. Mabel C. De Vona in an old house on the edge of the Yorkshire wolds, written on the flyleaf of an early edition of the first prayerbook of King Edward VI, published in 1549. On the reverse of the flyleaf were several notations referring to the death and marriage of members of the family. The page was unfortunately in a mutilated condition, and in several places, particularly the closing lines of the fourth and last stanzas, it was necessary to supply several of the words.)

The storke shee rose on Christmas eue
And sayed unto her broode,
I nowe muste fare to Bethleem,
To vieue the Sonne of God.

Shee gaue to eche his dole of mete,
Shee stowed them fayrlie in,
And fare shee flew and faste shee flew,
And came to Bethleem.

Now where is he of Dauid's lynne?
Shee asked at house and halle.
He is not here, they spake hardiye,
But in the Maungier stalle.

Shee found hym in the Maungier stalle,
With that most Holye Mayde;
The gentyle storke shee wept to see
The Lord so rudelye layde.

Then from her pauntynge brest shee plucked
The fethers whyte and warm;
Shee strawed them in the Maungier bed
To kepe the Lorde from harm.

Now blessed bee the gentil storke
Forevermore, quothe Hee,
For that shee saw my sadde estate
And showed suche pytye.

Ful welkum shal shee ever bee
In hamlet and in halle,
Ald hight henceforth the Blessed Byrd
And friend of babyes alle.

GHENT: 1814-1914

From the Review of Reviews.

It was the Christmas season, 100 years ago, in the old Flemish city of Ghent—not an ordinary Christmas, so far as the municipality itself was concerned, for neither the mayor nor any other of the town's officers could remember when their ancient burg had been so honored as it was now. On Christmas eve commissioners from England and from the strange new nation across the ocean, who had conferred together in Ghent for nearly five months, had signed a treaty that would put an end for all time, it was hoped, to strife between the two countries. This was indeed a great dignity for Ghent—that an issue so momentous should be decided in this quiet place, remote, as distances were measured in those days, from the world's capitals.

The event was celebrated in proper form, with toasts to the king of England and the president of the United States, the bands of Ghent playing "Hail, Columbia" and "God Save the King" alternately, and everybody rejoiced that "peace on earth" was becoming something more than a sentiment. Yet it is the bitter cruelty of fate that while America and Britain are commemorating a century of peace dating from that Christmastide in Ghent, the Belgian city itself pays tribute to the Prussian conqueror. The fortunes of war are at this moment dealing harshly with her citizens, and for them the Christmas of 1914 may be recalled in later years as a somber contrast to that of 1814.

When we are reminded by Professor Dunning that there have been "more tempting occasions for misunderstanding and armed conflict between the British empire and the United States than between the United States and all the other nations of the earth combined, the points of contact being many and each one a point of possible friction," and yet there has been 100 years of peace, we yield willing assent to his conclusion that "there has persisted in the consciousness of these two peoples, often enough obscurely, but none the less certainly, the feeling that some special fiat of God and nature enjoins enduring peace among those whose blood or language or institutions or traditions, or all together, go back historically to the snug little island of Britain."

Things have been said that both nations would gladly forget. At times there has been bullying on one side and bluster on the other, yet the big outstanding fact is that for 100 years we have held that 4000-mile frontier without a hostile shot, or even the challenge of a sentry. This has been our object-lesson for a century—in contrast to the bristling line of armament along which are ranged today the armies of the kaiser and the allies.

Humorists of Another Day.

From the Cincinnati Times-Star.

The recent death of Robert J. Burdette removes one of the last of that famous old line of platform humorists who were faithful interpreters of our native tendencies. Burdette, with the late Bill Nye and Bret Hart, was in the lecture hall what Mark Twain was in the field of literature. In the places of these men there are today no others of equal capacity.

Indeed it would be very difficult for any humorist to follow in their footsteps, inasmuch as our national style of humor has undergone a marked change. Instead of that subtle and unctuous form which had a true literary quality as well as true humor, our style today runs more toward the crisply epigrammatic. Our humor is linguistic rag-time—a measure of slang and clever phrases. We seem to have lost the capacity for delicate satirization and humorous analysis. The observations which the present day humorists insist on making are like our age, belligerent and hard. Our humorists, as funny as many of them may be, are no longer quaint; they are aggressive and keen. The passing of the old style of humorists may not be accepted without regret, for they were true interpreters of a national characteristic which is rapidly changing.

Is Greed to Have Next Inning?

From the Pittsburg Press.

An observant student of humanity writes as follows: "You will hear less in the next five years about movements for the suppression of traffic in women's bodies and souls, less about the abolition of the city slum, less about more humane methods of dealing with prisoners being punished for crime, less about the improvement of industrial relations." Why? Because, owing to the war and its business opportunities, we are about to "elevate again the god of material gain and lose sight of the rank abuses that will flourish while we are grasping." In proof the fact is cited that, following every great war, greed springs into the field to reap the harvests of reconstruction; and against its fury the forces of reform make little headway. It must be confessed that there is a good deal of history to support this view. But are you satisfied to have things go that way this time; do you want good causes to half so that no energy may be diverted from the pursuit of gain? The decision does not rest with history, remember; it rests in this instance with you.

A CHRISTMAS CARD

(To be cut out and sent to your friends.)

By Dr. Frank Crane.

(Copyright, 1914, by Frank Crane.)

My Friend: What do I mean when I call you My Friend?

I mean that in some way in this world that seems so full of chance, yet through which I am persuaded there runs a deep and intelligent purpose, you and I have been thrown together. We came to know each other.

And when we touched, you and I, two human atoms in this big universe, we took fire a little: I liked you; you liked me. Why, none can tell; it is just one of those wondrous miracles that happen in this wondrous life.

That fire still burns in me. I want you to know I am still your friend. The sight of you this day, the sound of your voice, the touch of your hand, would make me happy.

I don't like to grow away from my friends. Life is so crowded and necessary business so absorbing that well beloved faces drift into the gray fog of forgotten days.

But Christmas comes and reminds me that the best part of my life consists in its friendships. So I send this to you, in the hope that you may kindle a little today at the thought of me, that you may have a little wish that I were near you, and that you and I may meet, at least in thought.

I am not sending you any "present." I am sending you what is better—genuine heart-throbs. They are through and through these lines. If you hold the paper close to your own breast, I am sure you can feel them.

The days when we were together, I have not lost them; they are with me now, walking through my memory, not like sad ghosts, but like smiling angels, to remind me that once I stood soul to soul with one who liked me and whom I liked, and we marched bravely and blithely a few steps in this untoward world.

Think of those days when you read this, and reach out your hand and touch mine across the distance of years and miles.

I meet enough people who do not like me nor what I do. The world has plenty of the destructive forces of envy, misunderstanding, and antipathy. Nobody gets along with everybody. But you and I belong to that great Invisible Order of Friends. We stand against the world. We feel eternity. If we do not meet in this life again, we will surely meet in the next, and on some peaceful star our laughter shall ring out free there, where there is no shadow of parting.

Then hail to you, my friend! And the best of life for you! Contentment and love be yours, and plenty of good work to do! May your heart be always brave! May your nature grow richer in all that happens to you!

And may we meet again, and let it be soon and often, to "knit up the raveled sleeve" of friendship!

The Kansas Way.

From Collier's.

What follows is from the county correspondence of the Topeka (Kan.) Farmers' Mail and Breeze:

"Kansas produced 116,000,000 bushels of corn this year. Last year the yield was 23,500,000 bushels. The farmers of Kansas have 77,000,000 bushels of wheat more than they had last year. The oats crop is 25,000,000 bushels larger than last year; barley, 4,000,000 bushels; rye, 360,000 bushels; potatoes, 1,500,000 bushels; sweet potatoes, 300,000 bushels; hay, 1,000,000 tons, and apples, 400,000 bushels larger than last year. Why shouldn't Kansas give generously to the starving people in Belgium?"

Kansas has responded. One of her first gifts is 100,000 barrels of flour, ground free by Kansas millers and put in canvas sacks for shipment direct to starving Belgium. This is a gift of rich men and poor men alike, and the railroads carry it free. A mechanic gave a day's wages—four sacks of flour; a picture show man gave the proceeds of one performance; a merchant, one day's profits; a little group of women, a large portion of the money they ordinarily spend on Christmas gifts. That is the Kansas way.

The Ragtime Muse

Cost of Living.

A man may earn the wherewithal
To keep his walks in order,
To patch his roof and paint his wall,
And trim his lawn and border,
To prune his trees, have gas of nights,
Keep city water running,
Insure himself, electric lights,
And still find room for funning.

A man may spend a lot of cash
For cloth and felt and leather,
For hose and garter, tie and sash,
For furbelow and feather,
For shirt and collar, hat and cap,
For trouser, belt and buckle,
For coat and vest, for cloak and wrap—
And still serenely chuckle.

But where is he, the iron man,
Whose heart gives not a flutter
When with a whoop his childish clan
Attack the bread and butter,
Surround potatoes, do for meat,
With griddlecakes play whaley,
Make way with condiment and sweet,
And do it thee times daily!

OREGON In Earlier Days

By Fred Lockley

"In the latter part of 1855 General Joseph Lane appointed me a cadet to the military academy at West Point" said Colonel John Adair of Astoria. "I was the first cadet to be appointed to West Point from Oregon. I entered the military academy in June, 1856. Before going there, I went to Fort Vancouver to prepare myself for West Point.

"Colonel Bonneville, of whom Washington Irving wrote so delightfully, was commander of Fort Vancouver. I met a good many military men there and at the custom house in Astoria. Among others whom I had met were Captain Brunt, Captain Augur, Lieutenant U. S. Grant, Lieutenant Alexander Piper, Lieutenant Willis, and Lieutenant Philip Sheridan. One of the army officers that my father was particularly fond of was Lieutenant George H. Derby, who was surveying a military road from Astoria to Salem. His survey went across Saddle mountain. When father asked him if he could not have avoided that mountain, he said, 'I'll tell you, colonel, I took a lot of pains to go over the summit of every mountain and hill between Salem and Astoria, and I certainly could not afford to miss Saddle mountain.' He was a great wit and humorist.

"My father went with me to San Francisco to see that I got aboard a ship for Panama safely. I arrived in New York, where I stayed two weeks, and from there I went to Washington, D. C., where an uncle of mine worked in the United States treasury department. Uncle Ben could not take me to the White House, so his daughter, took me to see the president. President Pierce was exceedingly cordial. He asked me all about Oregon, and we had a nice long visit.

"Colonel Butterfield was in charge of the military academy. Our class was graduated May 6, 1861. Some of the class at once resigned, and went south to become officers in the Confederate army. Believing, as I did, that negroes were property, it was a hard thing for me to decide what course of action to pursue. I was very much prejudiced against Abraham Lincoln. As soon as I reported to the authorities in Washington, they assigned me to have charge of the president's guard of 20 men. This involved my staying at the White House and seeing President Lincoln constantly.

"In spite of my best endeavors to hate Lincoln, I found that it was impossible to do so. He was one of the biggest men physically that I had ever seen, and I soon realized that he was also the biggest man mentally and morally that I had ever seen. After I had been in charge of the guard about six weeks, an orderly came to me and said: 'President Lincoln wishes you to report to him at once.' I went to the president's private office. When I entered the room, President Lincoln was sitting with his long legs crossed. He looked up as I entered and said:

"'You are the young man from Oregon, are you not?'

"I said 'yes.'

"'What part of Oregon do you come from?' he asked.

"I answered, 'Astoria.'

"'Are your father and mother living?' he asked.

"I said 'yes.'

"'How many brothers and sisters have you?' was his next question.

"'There are 9 of us,' I said.

"'Have you been back to visit your people since coming to the military academy?' he asked.

"'No, sir. I have been here four years without seeing them.'

"President Lincoln seemed to fall into a brown study for a moment. When he looked up he said:

"'Your name is John Adair, isn't it?'

"I said, 'yes.'

"'John, you come from Kentucky, don't you?'

"I told him I did.

"'I also come from Kentucky. I knew your grandfather well. Your grandfather was one of the pioneers of our state, and just as your grandfather pioneered in Kentucky, so your father and yourself have been pioneers in Oregon. John, how would you like to go out to Oregon?'

"I told him I would like to go.

"'What military establishments are there out in Oregon?'

"I said, 'Fort Vancouver. I stayed there before coming to West Point.'

"'Well, I might not be able to send you to Fort Vancouver,' said President Lincoln. 'It might be that you will have to be assigned to the fort at The Dalles. You will probably have to fight the Indians if you go there.'

"'Send me there,' I said. 'I would rather fight Indians than have to fight my own people.'

"Lincoln got up, walked to where I stood, shook hands and said, with the saddest look that I have ever seen:

"'So would I, John. So would I.'

"He said, 'That is all. You may go now. I'll arrange the matter.'"

A Matter of Powders.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

The value of the new powder that stops the flow of blood would be materially minimized if the nations would cure themselves of the bad habit of putting the other kind of powder in their guns.

SOMETHING NEW in the YEAR'S REVIEW

The Sunday Journal for December 27 and January 3 each will contain an illustrated section setting forth the achievements of the twelve month at home and abroad and the prospects for the year to come.

In the preparation of these sections, the aim is to present the story of the year in a brief, yet comprehensive fashion that will appeal to the busy reader and to chronicle what the new year holds in store.

Representative citizens are contributing special articles on subjects on which they are qualified to write with authority.

Striking photographic display will be a leading feature of these two special sections. Careful selection has been made of the best photographs available of subjects in Portland and the northwest.

Bear in mind, the dates on which these two sections will appear are December 27 and January 3. Order extra copies early.

THE SUNDAY JOURNAL