THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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Occasions do not make a man either strong or weak, but they show what he is.—Thomas a Kempis.

AN ABUSE REBUKED

THE emergency clause farce, as performed in Oregon, is rebuked by a decision of the supreme court in the state of Washington. That body holds that the legislature cannot attach the emergency provision to a new law to make it take effect immediately unless it is actually necessary for the public peace, health, safety or the preservation of existing state institutions.

The suit was brought at the suggestion of Governor Lister to test the validity of the emergency clause in a bill changing the personnel of the state land board. The court holds that the emergency clause was improperly attached, and the bill will not take effect until ninety days after adjournment. The court was divided, five to four, in the decision.

Referring to former decisions which give the legislature the right to declare when an emergency exists, Justice Chadwick, in the majority opinion, says the law must be progressive; and that the courts cannot longer be bound by precedent that is based on obsolete conditions. He says the people have reserved the right to use the referendum upon all bills except those limited to public peace, health, safety and the preservation of existing institutions, and that this reservation cannot be overstepped by the legislature.

This is perfectly sound doctrine. It ought to be the position of the supreme court in Oregon, where a different conclusion was reached. It is not impossible that such a position would be taken were the issue squarely presented to the Oregon tribunal under the light of present-day conditions. If not, then a court ought to be elected that would so hold, or a constitutional amendment ought to be adopted to end legislative abuse of the emergency clause.

The high handed use of the emergency clause at the late Oregon session shows the danger. Almost every appropriation bill, by use of the emergency pretext, has been kept beyond reach of the referendum. Bills creating new judges and new courts in which the Senate machine was particularly interested were kept out of the reach of the people.

What the next legislature may do in extending this abuse, is a problem if not a peril.

IF HE ONLY KNEW

"SIX hours in Portland." This is the way the itineraries of many western bound tourists are being made up.

What can the tourist see during six hours in Portland? He can leave his train at the depot, take a streetcar and ride to the Heights, or he can take a sight-seeing bus and ride over the city, or he can walk through the main streets and look at the shop windows and sky scrapers, or he can go to a hotel and sit in the lobby. There is no novelty in most of these things. He can see them at home. All cities are very much alike in a general way.

What would be novel and a delight to the traveler would be the beauties of nature just outside the limits of Portland. These are something he cannot see at home.

He cannot see smiling fields cinctured by snow covered peaks. He cannot motor through shaded foothills and forests of fir and cedar along a rushing river, or bathe in the mist of a spraying waterfall. He cannot wander along the ocean's shore and forget the world of men in the surge and roar of the sea. He could have this experience near Portland but it would take more than six hours.

If he only knew what he could see his itinerary would read "Portland six days."

PIKE COUNTY WOMEN

PIKE county, Kentucky, recently achieved notoriety through the indictment of many of its citizens on charges of selling their votes. Some of the newspapers said 700 men and 200 women had been indicted, whereas true bills had been found against only three women.

It was a wholesale slander on the women, and the Pike county district attorney promptly refuted it. On behalf of the truth and in defense of womanhood, he sent telegrams to the newspapers asking that they call attention in the most public manner to the facts. Many newspapers are doing this.

It was a stupid blunder, for any editor of ordinary intelligence ought to have known that something was wrong with the figures. If only 700 men were indicted, there could not have been 200 women, provided the sexes are evenly divided in Pike county. The proportion of 700 to three is about right. It might be 700 to four, but hardly 700 to five.

The average woman will resort to many expedients to secure pin money. She will pay ten cents car fare to save a nickel at a bargain sale; she will coddle her husband into unconscious generosity; she may even go through his pockets at night. But when it comes to selling her vote—never! The ballot is woman's priceless possession—and, besides, it is coming to be fahionable.

ELLIOTT SUSTAINED

THE State Highway Commission, which is composed of Governor Withycombe, State Treasurer Kay and Secretary of State Olcott, is to be commended for refusing to discharge Assistant Highway Engineer Elliott, who is in charge of highway construction in Hood River county, on the complaint of the contractor, the Newport Land & Construction Company. The evidence introduced at the hearing last Friday showed that the contractor had no valid cause of complaint and that Mr. Elliott, in insisting that the work be done according to specifications was protecting the interest of the taxpayers of Hood River county.

While the controversy in many of its details was a petty one, an important question was involved. That was whether contractors on public work are to have a free hand, without restraint, or whether the public interest is to be protected by an honest inspection and an insistence that the work shall be performed according to the terms of the contract.

It would be a serious situation if a contractor could, on a slight pretext, when he found that the engineer in charge was not a pliant one, secure his dismissal. There would be no need of an engineer to supervise and measure the work. It could all be turned over to the contractor. He would look after it to his own satisfaction if not to that of the public.

Many contractors take public work at a low figure in the expectation that they can make a profit through the favor of a friendly engineer.

In keeping Mr. Elliott on the work the State Highway Commission gives notice that the honest engineer will be sustained.

THE DRUG MENACE

A WASHINGTON dispatch says physicians are predicting a crime wave throughout the country as a result of the new federal regulations regarding the sale of habit-forming drugs. It is argued that victims of the drug habit will be driven to excesses of various kinds which will demand extraordinary efforts by the police to check.

If these dire predictions are justified, they are startling illustration of the necessity of ending, once and for all, a trade that has filled the jails and insane asylums with its victims. It is time that the "dope" menace be removed, even though there may be a temporary increase in crime.

Statistics show that of the general criminal population very nearly fifty per cent are addicted to some form of the drug habit. More than twenty per cent of fallen women and their hangers-on are said to be drug users. The drug habit has been increasing at an alarming rate in recent years.

The international opium commission reports that Italy, with 33,000,000 people, imports and consumes only 6000 pounds of opium a year. Spain uses so little that imports are not separated in customs returns. Five European countries, with a combined population of 164,000,000, use less than 50,000 pounds a year. The United States has been using over 400,000 pounds a year.

The new federal regulations are expected to cut down this enormous consumption. Because their supply has been suddenly cut off, a few users of the drug may be driven to crime or insanity, but the benefit to the large number of drug users will be incalculable.

IT IS EVER THAT WAY

JOHN MACADAM was the father of the modern good road. His experience was somewhat similar to that of the good roads advocates of the present day. After years of study and travel he was virtually made roadmaster of Great Britain. He had many obstacles to overcome but the strongest opposition he encountered was that of his fellow Scotchmen of Ayrshire and elsewhere.

They believed his scheme impracticable and they did not want any of his "parlor highways" run through or even alongside their farms. But for the fact he held a commission from the crown and was a man of consequence and authority he probably would have been driven out of Scotland.

After the first road was built the doubting Thomases were convinced and neighborhoods began to fight over the question as to who was to have the next road. Before the death of Macadam it is said that out of over 25,000 miles of highway in Great Britain, all but about 250 miles had been macadamized.

John Macadam may not stand as high on the roll of fame as Caesar or Napoleon who also built many roads, yet he did a great work for human betterment.

The discouraged road enthusiast of today can take heart from the experience of John Macadam.

A STAGGERING APPEAL

THE Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor says the deaths of babies are in inverse proportion to the earnings of the father. This statement is made in connection with statistics on infant mortality at Jamestown, Pennsylvania, for the year 1913.

An examination of living conditions in that city disclosed the fact that babies whose fathers earned less than $10 a week died at the rate of 256 per 1000. On the other hand, those whose fathers earned $25 or more a week died at the rate of only 84 per 1000. Insanitary environment was largely responsible, for in the most inadequately drained ward the rate rose to 271, or more than five times that of the choice residential section of the city.

The part played by housing is shown by the fact that in well-ventilated homes the rate was 28.1, and in poorly ventilated it was 170. In houses where water had to be carried in from outdoors the rate was 198, as against 118 where water was piped into the house.

Heavy work by mothers is also shown to be a contributing cause of a high infant mortality. In one group of nineteen mothers whose babies all died, fifteen had been keeping lodgers, the women generally doing the washing and ironing for the lodgers besides preparing their meals.

Conditions in Johnstown are said to be typical of many industrial cities.

The facts here stated constitute a staggering appeal to all people to have thoughts about the wage and life conditions of those on the lower levels. They mean that an inadequate wage is death, and that those responsible for inadequate wage stand under a terrible indictment.

MARIAN B. TOWNE

IS WOMAN to be an agency in elevating legislative standards in Oregon?

Are the high purpose, the conscience and the presence of woman in legislative bodies to exercise a regulative influence to raise the honor level of male legislators?

Women, whose intellectuality have brought them to the front in public life, have invariably shown a decided proneness to support the better side of public questions, and to stand for that kind of moral standard that applies to public affairs as well as to private affairs. They seem to offer a home, if their high purpose turns out to be the rule among all women who use the ballot, that a further purification of politics may result from equality between the sexes as to the franchise.

An example of what could come to pass is the record of Miss Marian Towne, representative from Jackson county at the late session. She will be called upon to make no explanations to her constituents of her acts as a member of the legislature. Without exception, her vote and her voice were for those measures and those purposes that an impartial and honorable public never fails to commend. Miss Towne is a splendid example of the possibilities of woman in public life.

STILL EXPLAINING, BUT —

STILL explaining the spoilsmen's law, the Oregonian, speaking of the removal of state employes, says: "There has been no time in the history of the state when it might not have been done by the appointive power."

Then why was the spoilsmen's act passed?

Why it was passed, the peculiar manner of its passage and the desperate methods employed to drive it through the unwilling House are what nobody can find out about.

Senator Moser has explained. Senator Thompson has explained. Senator Day has explained. The Oregonian has explained. There has been a voluminous and, multitudinous and uproarious explaining of the spoilsmen's law. Its so-called virtues have been ponderously asserted and elaborately elucidated.

But what the public really wants to find out goes unelucidated. The real and satisfying explanation can be made by answers to four simple questions propounded and several times re-printed by The Journal. These questions are:

First. Why did the Senate stand ready to beat the compensation bill if the House refused to pass the spoilsmen's bill?

Second. Why was the spoilsmen's bill kept out of the reach of the people by attaching the emergency clause to it?

Third. Why did the Senate bosses demand this measure even at the personal sacrifice by the governor of signing the bill after he had promised the grange that he would veto emergency clause bills not necessary for the immediate preservation of the public peace, health or safety?"

Four. If the spoilsmen's bill is such a masterpiece of legislation, why is every civilized government in the world, Oregon excepted, extending and perfecting civil service as a means of getting rid of spoilsmen and spoils?

Six dead and twelve wounded was the blood harvest of pistol practice by Monroe Phillips, who went insane and ran amuck at Brunswick, Georgia. He thought H. F. Dunwoody, a lawyer, responsible for his financial losses, and he went out with his revolver to get him. Six slain, including the maniac, lay prostrate in the shambles of the lawyer's office when the shooting was over. However, that is what pistols are made for.

It would not alter conditions in the slightest if the United States government should attempt to stop the shipment of arms to European belligerents. The warring nations would get the arms, just the same. Shipment would be made to agents of the belligerents in some other neutral country and a transfer there would land the arms where they were wanted.

THE JOURNAL NATIONAL EDITORIAL

THE REAL MAN BEHIND THE GUN

By WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT, Managing Editor, The Scientific American.

A 42 centimeter howitzer, back of the German 42 centimeter howitzer, back of the French infantryman's rifle, back of the explosives that hurl a British superdreadnaught's shells ten miles against a Bluecher, is an invisible genius whose conscience must smite him when he contemplates the devastation wrought by his work. He is found in the Krupp works in Essen, in the Creusot gun factory of France, in the universities of Russia and England—this invisible bespectacled, narrow-chested, high browed genius who has made war more unutterably horrible by making it more mathematical and mechanical.

W. Kaempffert.

In the chemical laboratories he has worked, devising new and more diabolical fulminating compounds; over drawing boards he has bent, designing guns that will fire a ton of metal at a time; in foundries he has experimented with alloy steels which will make a more resistant armor; and on proving grounds he has noted the effect of shell fire on earthen and concrete protections. He is the real man behind the gun—not the poor creature who stands entrenched in mud, waiting for a Joffre or a Hindenberg to give the order to fire.

• •

In the ten years that have elapsed since the Russian-Japanese war was fought, the scientist and the engineer have done more to improve field artillery than harvesting machinery. Physicists know more about ballistics than physicians know about pellagra. More money has been spent in the last twenty years to find out how the life of heavy naval guns may be prolonged than to discover a cure for cancer.

Surely science is as paradoxical as a Shaw play. It seems ludicrously blind to its own reactionary trend. What form of rifle bullet can be projected through the atmosphere with the greatest possible velocity, with the least possible amount of explosive, with the shortest possible barrel? A pretty problem, this, thinks the scientist, and forthwith he proceeds to its solution with a curious, child-like simplicity. He who has done so much to explain the mysteries of the universe, to unfold new and undreamed of beauties in atoms and stars, to make this earth a little more like heaven—he must needs ally himself with the barbarians, tear down his own edifice and assist in the task of plunging us into hell, simply because it is an interesting scientific matter to discover a more effective way of killing a regiment at five miles.

• •

And it is done with the same unselfishness that marks all scientific investigations. The enthusiasm that inspires a Koch to brave the perils of African jungles in order to discover the cause of sleeping sickness, spurs a Maxim to invent a machine gun which will spew bullets from its mouth like water. While Carrel shows how tissues may be kept alive in an icebox for years and then grafted on the animal organism, a brilliant engineer designs a submarine torpedo boat. With one hand science leads us on the way to happiness and light; with the other she helps to cast us into an abyss of despair and gloom.

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Perhaps, when the war is over, the scientists of the world, the fact gatherers and truth purveyors, may make amends for the part they have played in this appalling drama. The statesmen and generals of the world have both used and abused scientists. Until the biologist, the chemist, the engineer and physicist are heard in the councils of men, until they become something more than mere tools in the hands of less gifted politicians, we shall continue to see them misdirecting their intellectual energy by creating implements of destruction and perpetuating a system which finds it necessary to cure a murderer of a disease in order to hang him on a specified date.

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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 rationalizes 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 sets up its own conclusions in their stead."—Woodrow Wilson.

Portland Sharply Reproved.

Portland, March 6.—To the Editor of The Journal—Mr. Kerr's opinion of Portland and her slow going people, expressed in The Journal of March 5, is certainly worthy of more than passing attention. In a few words he describes your city and people to a nicety. May I now have the privilege of expressing my opinion?

With a party of friends I arrived here Monday last, from California, with a view to looking over the field for investment.

Well, my visit here carries me back to the most doleful time of my whole life—back to the day when my good father lay dead in one room of our once happy home, while my mother in another room sobbed out her sorrow. Leaving this sad sight, I looked for my two older sisters and found them in their room, their arms around each other, fairly frantic with grief and fear, not only over our real loss but the thought of what might happen to mother if she did not calm herself and pull herself together—brace up, as it were. All this sorrow was terrible to a little chap of 9, so I rushed to the nursery, hoping to find comfort there. But alas! here sat the nursemaid with baby brother tightly clasped to her breast and fairly raining tears down onto his curly little pate. To me she said: "Oh, come to me, Bobbie; put your head on my shoulder and cry all you want to; for this is a terrible time."

Ah me! how I have tried to forget that time! Let me say, however, that since my arrival Monday, every day spent in your lovely city has seemed like the day of my father's death. Every one of your people seems to be weeping, fairly sobbing on one another's shoulders, over what has been, present conditions, and what worse may yet come to pass—never once counting your blessings.

What city might have more resources behind it? What state has more resources? With all your great and wonderful timber, your stock country, your fine farming lands (much of this area idle, it is true), your irrigation projects, not half appreciated—task Balfour-Guthrie what their project has done for a part of our beautiful California and for themselves), your rich mineral resources—in fact, you have many wonderful resources behind you, yet never and nowhere could you find a more unnerved people.

Can't you see your own opportunities and improve them?

Then your bankers. Maybe being described as "closely conservative" is a polite way of expressing an opinion of them. Perhaps banks bursting with money will offset bankruptcy.

We came here seeking investment and have certainly come up against the queerest line of talk we ever heard from business men. Still, we do see your opportunities. I am glad, however, that today's Shasta will carry us away from your city of gloomy people, back to a place where we spend our days trying to do things, instead of weeping over what happened before the war, and what may yet happen.

Loosen up, oh ye bankers and millionaires of Oregon. Develop your own resources! Put your unemployed to work and have the banner state of the union for your own. A land fairly oozing milk and honey should know no hungry people—not gloomy ones, either.

A. POPPY.

The People and the Ship Bill.

Portland, March 6.—To the Editor of The Journal—After reading your editorial of last evening on the accomplishments of the Wilson administration; I should like to show my appreciation of this great, conscientious, hard working president.

The thought has come to me that I couldn't do it better than by procuring signatures to a protest to be sent to the senate against its recent high handed methods in handling the ship purchase bill, but the most I could do would be a trifle, considering what must be done to be at all effective.

Would it not be possible for The Journal to start such a campaign and enlist the support of newspapers throughout the United States that are favorable to the ship purchase bill? By the time the next congress convenes a few million signatures would help remind the senators and congressmen that they are there to do the will of the people and that the president always has the people behind him whenever he is proposing laws for our benefit and the good of the country.

STANLEY CHARETTE.

Will Help Themselves If Helped.

Lents, March 6.—To the Editor of The Journal—I notice several plans are being offered to help needy families get upon pieces of land. There is a family here at Lents who desire very much to go on on a place. There is a tract near Mount Scott they can rent for $20 a year. But the man has been laid up with a lame leg all winter and has had no work. They have six bright children. They have a few chickens, and if they could be put upon a place they would soon have a garden and chickens to keep up expenses. Now they just have to get help from here and there, and are often needy. Why cannot those who wish really to help people to self respecting, useful lives give this family a lift? I suppose there are others just like them. It would pay any city to help such families in this way, instead of giving out old clothes and a few groceries now and then so they can barely exist. Will some one take an interest in this man and give him a lift, right away, so he can make his garden and fix his chickens so he will have an income?

It is all right to take care of Belgium, but this case is as urgent as Belgium. The writer of this letter may be addressed at Lents, Or., for further information.

PHEBE HAMMER.

On Recreant Representatives.

Hillsboro, Or., March 6.—To the Editor of The Journal.—I wish to indorse heartily recent letters by A. F. Mackley and "A Woman of 62." It fairly made my blood boil to read the utterances of that creature who stood in the state house at Salem and uttered such brutal remarks. Let us hope that he will be returned no more to a place representative of the people.

A. F. Mackley's remarks are O. K. The trouble with so many people is they are bound by prejudice and never take the trouble to form opinions of their own. They think, "As it has been, so should it be." Unemployment, poverty and deep discontent are increasing year by year. Do our congresses, either national or state, appear to take heed of the fact? Apparently not. Why do we continue to send to our legislature bankers, lawyers and "big business" men? Don't we know they are interested only in making all they can for themselves, from what we toiled to produce? Instead of bread, we are handed a stone in the shape of various exhortations to be thrifty and saving of the small amount we receive for the fruits of our labor.

Let us as voters, try some hard thinking between now and next election.

JOHN DUBB.

To Cure Unemployment Now.

Portland, March 5.—To the Editor of The Journal—A striking letter, headed, "Blames Democrats," by George Seby, appeared in the Telegram March 4, which, while alluding rather unkindly to the present administration at Washington, yet gives much food for thought regarding the scarcity of employment throughout the nation. If any branch, or combined branches, of government can do anything more to immediately furnish every willing worker a job, it seems that our statesmen would be pointing out the way. I am being convinced, however, that good progress is being made along those lines, and that an important work remains for the private citizen to do now.

We have done much good voting, and now let's do some good cooperating. I will start with myself. I have 20 acres of almost idle land and am working in town. The land has been held at $200 per acre, but will not bring more than $125—all it is really worth. I will sell a part of it and use the money that I thus bring out of its hiding to improve the balance, and also to remodel my old house in which I now live in Portland. For this work I will not employ one man at $3.50 for 12 hours, but two men at $3 for eight hours.

Thus we can see how a man of moderate means can contribute to a wave of industrious activity, if we are not too selfish. And if men of wealth will do this in proportion the disemployment problem will be reduced to a minimum. If we can't do this to a good degree, we might as well turn it all over to the Socialists, to try their schemes.

A. Z.

Under the Preemption Law.

Portland, Or., March 4—To the Editor of The Journal—I wish you to let me know how long a man has to live on a preemption before he has to pay for it, from 1880 to 1890, and you will do me a favor to let me know in your paper.

D. R. C.

[Six months was the required term of residence in the period mentioned.]

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

A strong headed man may be weak-minded.

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Gossip is the ammunition used in the guns of knockers.

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A man who buys a blind horse should also consult an oculist.

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Nothing worries some women like troubles that failed to develop.

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But a man who rushes the growler is never in a hurry himself.

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If it were not for politics lots of lazy men would starve to death.

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Man proposes, woman accepts—and the neighbors all say: "I told you so!"

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After a woman has been married five times you can't tell her anything about men.

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If a young man is really in love he never hesitates to propose because the girl has money.

• •

It's difficult to convince a woman that gambling is wrong if her husband keeps ahead of the game.

• •

When a cheap man drops a penny in the contribution plate he figures on getting a through ticket to glory in exchange.

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It might be well to remember that good advice has a monetary value. It is the other kind that is handed out by those running a gift enterprise.

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One of the crying needs of the country is a company that will insure a man against making a fool of himself. Then it will make no difference how often a fellow gets mad.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

A movement is in progress at Redmond looking to the improvement of the residence streets of the town by grading.

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Sutherlin's council has passed an ordinance prohibiting bill posting and the painting and tacking of signs on buildings or fences within the city limits.

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The installation of the incandescent street lighting system at Dallas is well under way, and the manager expects to have the new service in operation within a short time.

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A band to include the best talent of Roseburg, Oakland and Sutherlin is in process of organization. It is proposed to qualify for handling a better grade of music than is undertaken by the average band.

• •

Newberg Enterprise: It is evident that Oregon is cutting the widest kind of a wide swath at the San Francisco exposition. Let us hope that Oregon visitors are getting on to the San Francisco instead of "Frisco."

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Newspaper anniversaries of the past week are those of the Dallas Observer and the Molalla Pioneer. The former is 26 years old and the latter, two. Editors Cates and Taylor express supreme satisfaction with the manner in which their respective publishing enterprises are flourishing.

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Salem Messenger: The wail of the slide trombone and the rattle of the snare drum was heard in Salem for the first time in a good while Sunday when the Portland, Eugene & Eastern streetcar lads sallied forth with their instruments. The car boys are getting in trim for the summer concerts and they promise the Salem music lover something fine before long.

SEVEN MONTHS OF THE WAR

From Collier's Weekly.

The gigantic deadlock of the armies in the west still stands, from Switzerland to Dover straits. The Germans are about 50 miles from Paris, and though both sides emphasize daily the microscopic advantages gained at this point or that, other topics are getting a foothold on the front page of our newspapers. Both sides have endured as best they might the beastly caveman life of the trenches—the dysentery, neuralgia, frozen feet, vermin and other miseries that do not get into the dispatches and form no part of glory. For the modern soldier fights at any and all hours and under any conditions. His lines are entrenched, fortified, barb wired and dotted thick with carefully screened cannon. Every range is known to the last inch. Behind this hard shell frontier both sides are getting ready to move as soon as there is clear weather overhead and firm ground under foot. The French, English and Germans are all busy drilling reserves, building roads, railways, bridges and automobiles, laying up huge stores of ammunition, and strengthening their artillery. Any advance will probably be won by blasting the opponent out of the way with a heavier, more accurate and more concentrated artillery fire, and then rushing in fresh troops. It will be the deadliest fighting ever seen. Defense is now the easier task, but time is on the side of the allies. Perhaps March or April will see a tremendous effort by the kaiser's forces to resume conquest where they left off last September, to break through to Paris and Calais before the new armies of Joffre and Kitchener can take the field. For the invaders it is either this or peace, and there will be no peace while the Germans are in France or in Belgium.

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Sea power is still England's. The famous policy of wearing down the opposed fleet works both ways, and so far the German naval losses are the heavier. Submarine exploits and Zeppelin projects do not even up the score. Meantime the great armies of Nicholas and Von Hindenburg alternate weeks of desperate trench fighting near Warsaw with great offensive campaigns that sweep forward and back through East Prussia and Poland. That land of the broken heart is now ruined beyond power of words to express. Suffering and famine are worse there than in Belgium, for neither side holds the country. The Poles are drafted into both armies, and the senseless cruelties of race hate are piled on the miseries of war. Russia fights on three fronts: Against Germany, against Austria and against Turkey in that land of mythology between the Black and Caspian seas. The prize here is the Dardanelles exit into the Mediterranean and the great oil fields of Caucasia. Germany has assumed heavy burdens in her effort to keep the eastern war abroad. German officers are said to be in command against Russia in all three fields, two German vessels are the backbone of the Turkish navy, and German troops take the brunt of the work in the Austrian crisis. Even so, Austria is failing in her part of the task, and the expert political geographers are busily carving and recombining the Austrian territories—just as they did after 1848. Much depends on the part played by the Balkan states, and all the forces of finance and diplomacy are at work to line them up. In the east, as in the west, the end may come through exhaustion.

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Germany is making what use is possible of Belgium and of some 3.7 per cent of French territory, but the kaiser's government has had to take over all gasoline and motor tires, has reserved all stocks of copper, tin, aluminum, nickel and lead for the army's first call, and is issuing bread tickets to citizens of Berlin and other cities. The price of meat has so risen that the government may at any moment seize and administer Germany's flocks and herds, her cold storage plants and her packing houses. The Frenchman's definition of Prussia as "an army in possession of a country," is now literally true. The official control of the food supply has as corollary Britain's extension of the doctrine of contraband goods. Perhaps the submarine threat directed against merchantmen was only a desperate effort to worry a more liberal policy out of England through the cooperation as neutrals. For Germany sorely needs foodstuffs from overseas—now that Russian wheat no longer overflows into her granaries. Germany was once an agricultural country, but in 1907 some 56 per cent of her population was industrial, and this year much of the farm land in East Prussia will be out of cultivation. Against this must be set the facts that Germany has long been organized for war, that modern methods enable a relatively small part of the nation to do the essential work, and that the soldier in the field has no chance to be extravagant. The loss of fighting men will probably decide the war i. e., deaths and wounds. As European finance is highly centralized, strongly organized, and altogether in the power of the war makes, it is certain "success" will be shown by all the governments in all their financial operations up to the very point of collapse. This struggle will be drawn out to a bitter and inglorious end, and civilization will have to make what salvage it can.

INDUSTRIAL CHEMISTRY AND THE FAKER

By John M. Oskison.

Already American industrial chemists have worked out wonderful economies, highly profitable new processes, and the shutting off by the war of many products and ingredients our manufacturers have been getting from Europe will stimulate our chemists anew.

Along with the genuine discoveries will come a new awakening among the fakers. Let me illustrate by reference to a recent article in the Northwestern Miller, a trade paper of excellent standing.

Recently the experts employed by that paper analyzed a substance advertised as the baker's panacea—something that would keep bread moist. The company putting this substance out was selling the right to use it in restricted localities for from $2000 to $5000. It surely ought to be a valuable thing.

Now the paper's chemists made their report, and the Northwestern Miller said:

"What do you suppose this wonderful substance was? A certain starch, gelatinized. Intrinsically it was worth about 2 cents a pound. The idea of preserving moistness in bread by the use of gelatinized starch is as old as any one feature of bread making."

Stimulated by the financial success of the company selling this ancient secret, others are preparing to sell something to the credulous bakers. "Even now," says the paper, "we hear rumors of various devices for increasing the moisture content of bread."

You and I as owners of spare cash will no doubt be offered the opportunity to buy stock in many companies organized to exploit new industrial processes. One thing is certain, however: Few of us will get a chance to put money into the meritorious projects.

The public cannot fairly be asked to finance experiments in industrial chemistry; the rewards of such experimentation are too problematical. Nor can the public expect to share in the profits of success. It is a safe inference that there's something wrong with the company which offers to let us in on such profits.

OREGON

THE OREGON COUNTRY

"IN EARLY DAYS"

By Fred Lockley, Special Staff Writer of The Journal.

Sixty-six years ago Colonel John R. Colton started from Galesburg, Ill., for California. Today there are but three survivors of the wagon train that started across the plains on April 9, 1849. Colonel Colton and two other survivors of the historic trip of the "Jayhawkers" have arranged to meet at San Francisco at the Panama-Pacific exposition. Like most of the party coming westward in those days they started from St. Joe, Mo. In place of taking the usual southern route via the South Platte river, they took the northern route and crossed the river at Council Bluffs to what is now the foot of Farnam street in Omaha. Asa Haines was captain of the train. At Council Bluffs the party hired a Mormon guide to pilot them across the plains. In talking of the incidents of the trip across the plains to California, Colonel Colton recently said to an eastern interviewer:

"After crossing the Elkhorn we met James Bridger, the scout. We came upon his famous old fort, where with his bands of Indians he ruled that portion of the world and was a thorn in the flesh of Brigham Young, who had established the Mormons in Salt Lake, two years previously.

"We spent several days with Bridger resting up. This was in July, 1849. In December 4, 1904, I held the skull of Bridger in my hands.

"But I had seen Bridger in the meantime in the flesh and blood and heard him heap a tirade upon Brigham Young that I shall never forget. It was shortly after we had left him in his mountain rendezvous and our arrival in Salt Lake that he visited that place. He made our camp his headquarters. Just before he got ready to return to his home he decided to call on Brigham Young about some grievance.

"Through boyish curiosity I went along. We rode straight to the tithing house and the Mormon leader came to the door. Bridger was loud and abusive, but Brigham Young was diplomatic. He showed his temper in his expression, but not in his speech.

"Bridger had been threatened by the Mormons, but he had complete control of the Utes, Shoshones, Piatheads, Blackfeet and Sioux, into whose tribes he had married. While Brigham Young stood pale and silent Jim Bridger raved:

"'If ever I catch sight of one of your Danites in my territory, otherwise than on a peaceful mission, I'll swarm up every Indian within 100 miles and come and reduce your place to ashes!'

"Bridger died in 1881. Major General Grenville M. Dodge of Council Bluffs, Iowa, decided in 1904 to erect a statue to his memory. He had aided the United States army, helped to survey the Union Pacific railroad right-of-way, and through his knowledge of the country had saved the company a large sum of money. General Dodge sought my services to secure the remains of Bridger.

"I found his grave through his granddaughter by one of his Indian wives and the body was exhumed from a small cemetery about 25 miles from Kansas City and the remains were placed in Mount Washington cemetery with the monument standing of many deeds, at the head of the new grave.

"Our party remained in Utah two months. Upon advice based on the statement of Kit Carson, Pegleg Smith, Joseph Walker and other scouts of the time, it was considered not early enough to start on the northern trail, and it was too early to attempt the southern route. The Donner party had perished in the past winter over the northern route and the heat was too excessive until October to undertake the Los Angeles trail.

"We moved out to Provo, where the Mormon fort stood and camped there until the first of October. Our company now consisted of 110 wagons and the owners of the wagons entered into a contract with Captain Hunt, a Mormon who had commanded a regiment of Mormons in the Mexican war, to pay him $10 for each wagon, to guide the party through to Los Angeles.

"October came on and the second day we started on the final trip. We had passed the last civilized habitation and the Great American Desert was before us. On October 30 we reached Little Salt Lake and here is where our trouble began. We were traveling by a route made by Fremont. According to it and the course we were traveling, we concluded that we would land 600 miles south of the mines for which we were heading. A straight western course would take us to the San Joaquin valley, which was within 300 miles of the mines. This route was marked 'unexplored' on Fremont's map.

"After much discussion the original 'Jayhawkers,' as we had named the Galesburg party, who were followed by a few others, struck out boldly for the west. Captain Hunt stayed with the main body. But a few days later we were overtaken by the wagon train under Captain Hunt, who was protesting vigorously. He warned us, but we wouldn't turn back. Water and grass kept getting scarcer, but we plodded on until the tenth day.

"Here we came to what was termed the 'jumping off place.' We were on the brink of an abrupt break in the mountain and below us, fully 1000 feet, lay an even, barren plain, which stretched out monotonously as far as the eye could see. The Jayhawkers were not of the turning back kind. We pitched camp and called it 'Poverty Point.'

"There was neither grass nor water. Members of the party descended the mountain and some of them returned with a poor quality of water from a spring at the foot. The stock had to go without water and were compelled to make out on small bunches of grass found growing among the crevices of the rocks.

"After two days of stubborn discussion all, except our party, the Jayhawkers," and a few followers turned back for the old Spanish trail."

The Ragtime Muse

He's Better Now.

The family moves about with stealth—
There's something wrong with Freddie's health.
A malady unkind and grim
Has made a howling pest of him
His temples throb, his tonsils swell,
But not too much for him to yell.

There's nothing that he wants to eat;
They've sought to tempt him with a treat.
It is no use. They can't decide
On anything they have not tried.
Poor mother thinks that he will die,
And there's a tear in sister's eye.

Will father never come? He's slow!
They called him half an hour ago.
They pace the floor and sob in fear,
And mother stops to whisper, "Dear,
Do take these drops the doctor left."
He spills them in a manner deft.

In piercing tones, he shouts: "Go 'way!"
But father comes and bids them stay.
As silence falls he says, "Sit up
And drink that mixture in the cup.
That's right. Lie down." He turns, and then,
"Don't let me hear that howl again."

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