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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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There is a true church wherever one hand meets another helpfully, and that is the only holy or mother church which ever was or ever shall be.—Ruskin.

CLASSIC GROUND

READING the account of the bombardment of the forts of the Dardanelles, by a newspaper correspondent who viewed the contest from the summit of Mt. Elias, on the island of Tenedos, takes one back to the days of mythology when the gods gathered on the summit of Mt. Ida to watch the ebb and flow of the struggle on the plains of Troy.

The attempted passage of the Dardanelles by the allied fleet stirs the imagination of the student of the classic ages and of ancient lore. There is no stretch of water that leaves shores so rich in glorious, as well as inglorious, memories as this famous strait that marks an eternal feud between Europe and Asia.

Its traditions run back to prehistoric times when mortals mated with immortals and when the dewy locks of the gods distilled ambrosia. It was through this strait that the pioneer Jason sailed in search of the Golden Fleece. On its beach Laocoon and his sons struggled with the serpents.

On its sands pressed the prows of the ships of the vengeful sons of Helas. Within sight of the allied fleet is the camp of Achilles and the Hill of Troy, the famed Ilium from the ramparts of which Helen looked out.

"The face that launched a thousand ships and burnt the topless towers of Ilium."

It was here that she took old Priam up on the walls and in the language of Homer thus described the leaders of the Greeks:

"Clearly the rest I behold of the dark eyed sons of Achaia. Two, only two, I see who walk not among the commanders—Castor the fleet of foot, Polydeuces, brave with the cestus."

And the poet adds "she wot not that they, her brothers, were at rest in the dark ground in the home country."

Ilium was destroyed. Byzantium loomed. Rome was divided and Constantinople arose. Romans, Greeks, Crusaders, Venetians, Christians and Turks have lived, loved and fought over the ground over which the guns of the English, French and Ottoman now echo. It is truly historic ground and today the civilized world from the mountain tops observes "the dark eyed son's of Achaia, wotting not that those who walk not among the commanders are at rest in the dark ground."

PALESTINE'S FUTURE

ISRAEL ZANGWILL has described conditions in Palestine. Jerusalem, he says, has been cut off from the world since August. The Turkish army has seized all available supplies, and it is said has treated the Jewish and Christian population with great cruelty. Hunger, disease and violence prevail in the city and throughout Palestine.

In Jerusalem, Mr. Zangwill says, 12,000 Turks are quartered. Twelve regiments block the road to Joppa; 120,000 soldiers hold the only road that has access to water. Thousands of Jews who fled to Alexandria are housed in cattle sheds. Many are following them—old men and women and helpless children, many dying by the way. What is more,

Mount Carmel, Mount Olivet and the Mount of Transfiguration have been converted into military posts, from which the Turkish soldiers keep watch toward the sea and over the land. If the allies bombard Joppa or any other Palestine coast town, the Turks have announced they will massacre both Jews and Christians.

What will happen when the war reaches the land where the Prince of Peace taught men to make love their religion? Zangwill, though a Briton, fears the jealousies of the allied countries and their Christian enemies will expose the Holy Land to a bitter and destructive strife. He says:

Russia holds more property at and sends more pilgrims to the sacred sites than all other nations. Russia will not abandon her dream of possessing Jerusalem while she has a gun in Syria. During 500 years France has been the protector of the Christians in the near east. France will surrender only to overwhelming force. The right of way across Palestine imperils Egypt, threatens Suez and the way to India. Great Britain will fight desperately for Palestine.

Germany appreciates the wealth of Palestine's mineral resources. Germans control the banks and railroads, and according to Mr. Zangwill the allies have yet to discover the strength of Jerusalem's defenses. He says a chime tower built on Mount Olivet is in reality a war tower overlooking every approach to the holy city.

Is the world to see the Holy Land turned into a shambles? Zangwill thinks so. He says possession of Palestine will be one of the great prizes sought by the belligerents.

FINING NON-VOTERS

GOVERNOR BRUMBAUGH of Pennsylvania proposes a new method for compelling qualified voters to use their franchise rights at election. He says there should be a tax of $2 imposed upon each elector, half of it to be returned when he votes at the primary and the remainder when he votes at the general election.

The New York Evening Post does not approve of the plan, saying:

It is not the formal casting of the ballot that we want, but intelligent choice of candidates. How much reason is there for supposing that such choice will be obtained by fining a man for not going to the polls? Is the vote of a person who is induced to cast it, not by a desire to exercise his privilege, but an unwillingness to lose a dollar, worth getting?

There is something to what the Post says, but the argument is not conclusive. The stay-at-homes as a rule lack neither intelligence nor morals. They are usually either indolent or thoughtless. It is not the vicious who refuse to vote, but those who do not take their franchise rights seriously, those who permit others to run the government and then spend their spare moments protesting because it is not run to suit them.

The votes of many of these people are worth getting. It is a peculiarity of humankind that duty is often shirked, but when driven to it the shirkers make good more often than not. It is so in other affairs of life. Why is it not so with the ballot?

The trouble with Governor Brumbaugh's plan is that the penalty is not severe enough. A $2 fine for refusing to perform one's duty election day is not commensurate with the offense. Men are fined more than that for small misdemeanors. Make the punishment fit the crime.

In Oregon, under a law passed at the 1915 session, a citizen who fails to vote at least once in two years, cannot vote again without registering. If he votes once in the period, his vote serves as his registration and excuses him from re-registering. It is a start toward rewarding the citizen for doing his duty as an elector. It may some time lead to the oft-proposed plan of penalizing non-voters by temporarily disfranchising them for absenting themselves from the polls a certain number of times.

Statesmen are groping for a plan to cure the non-voting habit, because they realize that non-voting is at the bottom of many governmental ills.

THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE

THE prison question, says Thomas Mott Osborne, warden of Sing Sing prison, has to deal with only one great problem—man.

The whole system of criminal law is based on the old barbaric theory which regarded the treatment of criminals as a matter of retribution, of punishment. It is gradually giving way to the civilized theory of reform.

What is needed is a more enlightened system of justice which shall include the administration of both county jails and state prisons, a system which shall aim at education rather than punishment, which shall encourage those unfortunate men who have broken the law to learn to adapt themselves to the proper conditions of organized society.

It is impossible for any human being or for any number of human beings to weigh and determine the exact guilt of each offender by the mere facts of his crime. It is also impossible to gauge the guilt of one as compared to another. These are things that transcend human power, resting with God alone.

Who can estimate the inheritance, the early training or lack of training, the effect of environment, the influence of others, the results of unforseen circumstances in order to determine the exact degree of blame. Psychological facts are more important than material facts in ascertaining guilt.

If Bill Sykes were set free he would probably return to his life of theft and murder.

If Jose should be liberated he would probably return to the cottage of his mother, his mad passion for Carmen burned out, and marry the faithful Michaela and settle down to a peasant's life.

According to Mr. Osborne's view three great principles lie at the base of true prison reform. They are: First—The law must decree, not punishment, but temporary exile from society until the offender has proven by his conduct that he is fit to return.

Second—Society must brand no man as a criminal, but aim solely to reform the mental conditions under which a crime has been committed.

Third—The prison must be an institution where every inmate must have the largest practicable amount of individual freedom because "it is liberty alone that fits men for liberty."

New York is learning from Oregon.

TO THE ENDS OF THE WORLD

NO WORD picture of business as affected by the war at different ends of the world can ever be adequately painted.

It is estimated that 450,000,000 people are directly under the influence of the European convulsion. It is claimed that an additional 450,000,000 are daily experiencing in some form or another the loss it entails.

A writer in the Review of Reviews says that one of the strangest consequences of the struggle is that the farther away one goes from the firing line the more complete demoralization there is of business conditions and the greater are the economic and social problems due to closed markets and excessive unemployment.

In the first month of the war, the world's trade dropped nearly 50 per cent. The exports of the United States dropped 40 per cent, and Great Britain's diminished 45 per cent. Austrian exports dropped from $43,500,000 to $6,000,000, while her imports fell 65 per cent.

French exports were cut 50 per cent and imports the same. Italian exports were reduced $14,000,000 and imports $22,000,000. In Argentina, Brazil and Chile, trade was cut an average of 50 per cent.

These are tremendous figures. They are a fearful background for the dreadful picture of blood and slaughter as daily enacted on the sickening fields of trench-seamed Europe. But here are figures far more momentous as to Germany.

American exports to Germany for August were $68,737 against $31,301,000 for August, 1914. It was almost the wiping out of trade. It was paralysis. Men were dazed by the sudden collapse of enterprise suspended while armies were mobilizing. Ports were crowded with ships without cargoes. Exchange in New York on London was quoted as high as $6.50, a premium that prohibited commercial transactions.

The fisherman in Labrador suddenly found his market cut off. The nitrate miner in Chile was without a buyer. The dealer in bristles in Siberia and the silk merchant in China looked vainly for purchasers. The cotton grower of the South saw his markets closed and his crop rendered worthless under its own abundance. The trader along the African coast was shaken by the great social convulsion and his business activities were reduced to paralysis. The business heart of the world almost stopped beating.

The Outlook is authority for the statement that 6,000,000 tons of shipping owned by belligerent nations have been destroyed, interned or otherwise removed from trade since the beginning of the war. This vast block of ships is 13 per cent of the earth's supply of seagoing vessels. It is part of the blight brought by European chancellories upon human affairs.

Happily, man is of magical resourcefulness. His enterprise cannot long be held in paralysis. Whenever there is a shifting of earth in Culebra cut, Goethals and his men and appliances clear it away. When the crew of Columbus was about to mutiny, the bold discoverer kept the prow of his little caravel resolutely westward.

Twenty million men in the deadly embrace of battle could not long keep the world in utter stagnation, and nearly eight months after the bugles called Europe to the colors, the earth is slowly recovering its equilibrium. Staggering under the colossal weight of the war, the United States is swiftly rallying its forces for restoration of the old enterprise and the conquest of new fields.

A striking advance is in the case of foreign commerce. This country is making herculean efforts to replace the 6,000,000 tons of shipping destroyed or interned during the war. We have eight million tons of merchant shipping, of which less than one-eighth has been engaged in deep sea trade. Hundreds of coastwise vessels have been put into the foreign trade. Not in a generation has there been as great activity in American ship yards. There are more orders, both in Atlantic and Pacific ship yards, than can be filled. It is said that 60 per cent of the coastwise vessels on the Pacific coast have gone into foreign commerce.

The scramble to get into the foreign business is due to the rich rewards in almost extortionate freight rates. Thus, the steel steamer Kanawha of 1906 tons, built 13 years ago on the Great Lakes, was recently purchased for $105,000 and immediately chartered to load cotton for Bremen for $100,000. Her initial trip lacked but $5000 of paying her purchase price. The Dacia is another vessel whose freight charges on her one load of cotton practically repaid her purchaser what the vessel cost him. A little steamer bought as a wreck on the Maine coast was for a time earning her owner $20,000 a month, carrying cotton from Savannah to Bremen.

Every old sailing vessel, every steamer that can be made to float, is being hurried into the new and extraordinary offshore trade. Two sailing vessels bought by New York men for $30,000 each were resold at $75,000 each, and the single cargo of American cotton carried by each to Europe paid the new owners for their outlay.

The American merchant marine never knew such halcyon days. It is one great activity that, aided by congressional legislation and the extraordinary events on earth, is reaping a gold harvest, although the enormous freight rates lay a heavy toll on the American producer.

COPPER IN THE WAR

SOON after the war began the United States protested against England's seizure of American shipments of copper to neutral European countries. But Great Britain insisted there was no guaranty that the copper would not find its way into Germany. No contraband article has caused so much friction as has copper.

The reason why the allies have defied neutral opinion in their embargo on copper is made plain by an article in the New York Sun. The writer is described by the Sun as "one of the first of living authorities on the statistics and use of copper." He discusses the pressing need of Germany for that metal for use in war.

He assumes that 4,000,000 men are under arms in Germany and 2,500,000 in Austria, and that fighting in which 1,300,000 men are engaged on the Austro-German side is going on daily. This authority figures that twenty rifle shots per man are fired every twenty-four hours, or a total of 26,000,000. Each cartridge shell contains 184½ grains of brass, so that the daily consumption of brass approximates 342 tons.

Thirty tons more would have to be added for Maxim gun fire. Brass is also used by the artillery, and a rough guess places the daily consumption by this branch of the army at 105 tons. The total daily consumption of brass, according to this authority's estimate, is 477 tons, of which 72 per cent is copper. That would mean 176,105 tons of brass in a year.

From this total, deduction is made for brass recovered from battlefields, but in the judgment of this statistician Germany must have 112,000 tons of the metal to fight a year. He says she cannot provide that quantity from her own resources, and hence the necessity of getting copper from the outside.

These figures at the best are only estimates, but they illuminate the whole problem affecting copper, and explain the copper embargo.

SWITZERLAND'S PLIGHT

GENERAL WILLE, commander in chief of the Swiss army, has the most ticklish job in Europe. He is expected to see that Switzerland's neutrality is not violated.

With Austrian guns on the eastern border of his country, German guns on the north, French guns on the west, and Italian guns frowning from the south, General Wille's job is not enviable. The fate of Belgium stares Switzerland in the face, and with the spring campaigns about to begin the world will watch this mountain republic's efforts to keep out of the conflict, hoping with the Swiss that they may be spared the horrors of war.

Switzerland was the first nation to mobilize. On the morning of July 30, when war was certain, but when no nation had as yet declared it, Switzerland began mobilizing her troops, and by August 4 she had 420,000 men ready for the national defense. Ever since that time she has kept this army ready for action.

It has been a tremendous drain upon the nation. Deprived of her usual sources of revenue, Switzerland has been obliged to spend lavishly to preserve her integrity. And now, with the probability of soon being surrounded by belligerents, Switzerland expects to be the storm center of hostilities.

Berne dispatches say that though Switzerland suffers almost as much as though she were at war, she bears it good temperedly. Life at Berne goes on much as before. There is no business for the tourist hotels. The war has stopped supplies of wheat by way of Amsterdam and the Rhine, Russia and Roumania, and Italy has stopped cargoes at Genoa. There is a real food crisis in the country.

What will be Switzerland's plight should Italy join the conflict? The little country that has taught the world much concerning representative government will be enclosed by a circle of bayonets. She will be in the dead center of the conflict, a brave little republic anxious to preserve the peace but holding her national rights sacred.

The Journal is asked if the proposed improvement of Multnomah county roads to be provided for by the pending bond issue is to be under the supervision of the state highway department. In reply The Journal will say no. The state will have no connection with it, as it is purely a county matter. The work will be under the direction and supervision of Roadmaster John B. Yeon.

Often That Way.

From the Washington Star.

Richard Le Gallienne, the poet, was lunching at a fashionable restaurant when a man lounged into the room in a velvet coat, soft black silk shirt, huge windsor tie, sandals and other such-like fripperies.

"Look at that!" laughed Mr. Le Gallenne. "Oh, look at that!"

"Hush," said a magazine editor, sternly. "Hush! That's Blank, the famous short story writer. You can't have genius, you know, without eccentricity."

"Perhaps not," said Mr. Le Gallienne, "but judging from what he writes you can evidently have a deuced big lot of eccentricity without genius."

THE JOURNAL NATIONAL EDITORIAL

THE EJECTION OF THE TURK

By WILLIAM E. LINGELBACH,
Professor of Modern European History, University of Pennsylvania; President of the Geographical Society of Philadelphia.

IS THE eastern question to be solved at last? Constantinople, after 462 years of servitude to the Asiatic, seems on the eve of being emancipated. Wonderfully situated where two continents meet, it stands in Europe; looks upon Asia, and is the intersecting point of the water route between the shores of the Black sea and the Mediterranean on the one hand and the land route between Europe and Asia on the other.

It was there that the Roman empire continued for a thousand years longer after Rome, the imperial city on the Tiber, went down before the Gothic invaders. The doom of the Christian city on the banks of the Bosporus was finally sounded, however, in the fifteenth century with the invasion of Europe by the Ottoman Turks. After conquering the surrounding territories they captured Constantinople in 1453. The city became the seat of an empire enormous in extent, Mohammedan in faith and autocratic and cruel in government.

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For two and a half centuries after the fall of Constantinople the Turk was on the aggressive, conquering all the lands of the lower and middle Danube and twice pushing his hosts on to the walls of Vienna itself. Since his last siege of that city, in 1683, the dominion and the power of the Turk have slowly but surely declined. Hungary first asserted her freedom. In the eighteenth century the fight was over Belgrade. In the nineteenth came the successive emancipation of the Greeks, Roumanians, Serbians, Montenegrins and Bulgarians, and in the twentieth of the Macedonians and Albanians. Only a little peninsula back of Constantinople is left of the once so formidable Turkish empire in Europe. Nor is this all. In Northern Africa the same process of dismemberment took place till the recent conquest of Tripoli by Italy deprived Turkey of her last territory in that region.

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The story of the rise and fall of this empire is fascinating in itself. But it has an additional element of interest in that it very early became bound up with the ambitions of the great European powers. Thus arose the long standing antagonism between Russia and England because of the push of the former toward the sea and of the fear of England lest Russia, by getting the straits, dominate the eastern Mediterranean. In 1877, Russia threatened Constantinople, and the dissolution of Turkey in Europe seemed at hand. But British ironclads steamed up the Dardanelles and called a halt on the Russian bayonets. Turkey was saved and the congress of Berlin restored all her south Balkan land.

At that time Bismarck declared that the eastern question for Germany was not worth the bones of a Pomeranian grenadier. A decade later a change began, which is usually associated with the kaiser's spectacular visit to Constantinople in 1889. Since then Germany has conquered the Balkan region economically, and with this there developed ambitious projects for an all-rail route to the Persian gulf and a connecting line through central Asia to Kai Chau. Hand in hand with this has come a powerful regeneration of Austro-Hungarian interest in her outlet to the sea at Trieste and Fiume, and, what is less known, at Salonika. The latter project involved a short cut to the great Mediterranean and Suez trade route from the Danube via the valleys of the Morava and the Vardar, with a saving of about 2000 miles in distance over the route via Hamburg and the English channel. But Servia blocked the way. The result has been that the diplomacy of the central European group has been definitely directed to keep her from becoming strong, as appeared conspicuously at the close of the first Balkan war in 1913, just as the diplomacy of the powers blocked the Balkan states from capturing Constantinople during the war. All this involved a redivision of the spoils, which led to the second Balkan war and made the Servian problem the focal point of the diplomacy of the two great European groups of powers.

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The reason for Turkey's entering the present war on the side of Germany is too lengthy to be discussed here. The outcome, so far as Turkish rule in Europe is concerned, is clear. But the ejection of the Turk will not solve the eastern question. An important and very difficult factor will be removed but others remain, some in more intense form than before.

Indeed, even now, new and dangerous complications in the Balkans are feared from the capture of Constantinople by the allies and the flight of the porte from Stamboul.

—Copyright, 1915.

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.

The Stable Fly.

Goodnoe Hills, Wash., March 10.—To the Editor of The Journal—The usual utter inefficiency of officialdom is sadly illustrated in the notice about the necessity of fighting the house fly, taken from a city health bulletin, which no doubt it fairly represents. In the first place, it makes no mention of the stable fly, or "biting" fly, which is responsible for the spread of that most dreadful disease, infantile paralysis. This variety does not suck up liquids like the house fly, but lives by "biting" horses, cattle and human beings, thus spreading this and, I fear, some other diseases. As it will not take ordinary fly poison, nor enter ordinary fly traps, and is not attracted by ordinary fly baits, its destruction must be accomplished by other means. It seldom frequents dwellings, but generally lingers around stables and barns and along public highways and city streets, where there is horse-drawn traffic. That Portland is not too "cityfied" for it is shown by the fact that Los Angeles is well frequented by it, as well as other cities in California and all across the continent, especially the southern part. It came to America about a generation ago and is still spreading. To give means for its destruction, if it comes to Portland, or if it is already there, as it very probably is, would require a half column, which I have not time to write, besides there are officials who are much better qualified. The extra travel occasioned by the fair will probably spread it well over heretofore uninfested territory, and if any specimens bring the germs of infantile paralysis with them, an epidemic is certain to follow, though of course a merely contagious disease can not spread like an infectious one, especially if dependent upon one of the less numerous insects.

To call attention to this danger in time is the object of this note. I called the disease "most dreadful." It is so because of its most terrible consequences and general incurability, at least under "regular" treatment, and while amenable to more rational modes of treatment, it is still an extremely formidable disease. R. STUEHCK.

Spring Water.

Portland, March 15.—To the Editor of The Journal—Some time ago a woman wrote your paper requesting information on good springs near Portland. Eleven miles out of the city, at the end of Oswego lake, there is a new summer resort springing up. There are many mineral springs about the lake. It is strange that so few Portlanders know of the place. It is literally at their door. RESIDENT.

Too Commonplace.

From the Pittsburg Post.

"So Lady Gladys is back from the front?"

"Yes, she couldn't find anybody interesting or romantic to nurse."

A PRAYER IN TIME OF WAR

By Alfred Noyes

THOU, whose deep ways are in the sea,
Whose footsteps are not known,
Tonight a world that turned from Thee
Is waiting—at Thy Throne.

The towering Babels that we raised
Where scoffing sophists brawl,
The little Antichrists we praised—
The night is on them all.

The fool hath said * * * The fool hath said * * *
And we, who deemed him wise,
We who believed that Thou wast dead,
How should we seek Thine eyes?

How should we seek to Thee for power
Who scorned Thee yesterday?
How should we kneel in this dread hour?
Lord, teach us how to pray!

Grant us the single heart once more
That mocks no sacred thing;
The Sword of Truth our fathers wore
When Thou was Lord and King.

Let darkness unto darkness tell
Our deep, unspoken prayer;
For, while our souls in darkness dwell,
We know that Thou art there.

DEVIL WORSHIP

(Copyright, 1915, by Dr. Frank Crane.)

Dr. Frank Crane.

Is it not a fact, asks a correspondent, that war has its good effects? Does it not promote manliness, courage, devotion to ideals, patriotism, and the like? Do we not need a war every so often to keep the race from growing soft and flabby?

Answer: The whole war business is a delusion. It is a sort of dementia that disorganizes the entire reasoning faculty. And these questions show it.

It is undoubtedly true that war gives opportunity for bravery, heroism, and other high spiritual qualities. It gives an opening for discipline, efficiency, and team play.

It is also true that cholera, smallpox and yellow fever furnish conditions where admirable human traits are brought out, where humanity's nobleness shines. But for that reason shall we introduce a bushel of germs into the community? Shall we sacrifice a thousand lives just to show how grand and noble we are?

This is insane logic. And it prevails among us a deal more than we think.

For example. Hardship and obstacles are good for children; hence, kick them into the street at an early age to shift for themselves. Give them no schooling, since the education they obtain by their own efforts is so much more valuable. Beat them, abuse and starve them, for many great men have risen from such treatment.

The truth about the matter is this: that obstacles and opposition do harden and develop men; it is unfortunate for any man that he is so placed that he has nothing to overcome; but nature, or destiny, or his own passions, or what not, always supplies the necessary testing of strength; and it is none of our business to oppress and hurt in order to help men.

To claim that we must bring on war in order to make men heroes implies that we should favor all kinds of tyranny to make men love freedom, all kinds of business fraud and unjust privilege to make men work, all kinds of temptation and vicious environment to make girls pure, universal drunkenness to make men temperate, general free love to make men loyal husbands.

Doubtless if hell reigned on earth some strong souls would remain heavenly and rise in grandeur among the common riot.

But all outside of a madhouse ought to see that it is the duty of society to abate evil conditions, in order that men's energies should be engaged on higher planes. The more we are relieved from the brute struggles where we fight one another with fists or guns, the more we fight for better excellencies, and find in civic contests, in wrestling against evil customs and intrenched fraud, in the competition of art, letters, education and public service, the better outlet for our forces.

If we are to have war to make us heroes, let us turn about and worship the devil, to whom we owe all the difficulties we overcome.

Every plea for war is a fantastic, twisted delusion; and none more than this.

WONDERFUL HISTORY OF TURKISH LANDS

From a Bulletin of the National Geographic Society.

In a paper telling something of the wonderful history of the lands over which Turkey has ruled for many generations, William Joseph Showalter, gives some interesting facts which ordinarily escape attention. He reminds the reader that except when Paul and his associates crossed the Hellespont to Athens and Rome, the entire Bible story, from Genesis to Revelation, was lived in what has been Turkey, and calls attention to the fact that the great empires of the east, the civilizations of the Egyptians and the Phoenicians, the glories of Byzantium—all were planted on what has been Turkish soil. He also shows how King Sargon, ruling at the very dawn of history, congratulated his empire upon his success in bringing down the high cost of living. He says, in part:

"No other people possess lands of such wonderful historic interest as the Turks. Occupying a region only a third as great in area as the United States, they have yet a territory within whose boundaries the greatest, the most influential events in human history have occurred.

"The Bible, with little exception, is an account of the doings of people who never got beyond what have hitherto been the confines of Turkey. From a single corner of the Ottoman empire arose the Babylon that in its day all but ruled the world. From that same region envy and famine conspired to send the children of Abraham into Egypt, which until recently was embraced in the empire of the Ottomans. Thence, as they marched back from Africa to Asia, through the wilderness of Sin to the promised land, they never once set foot off of what came to be Turkish soil. And when the star of Bethlehem arose it stood over a manger on land that is now Turkish soil.

"In Asia Minor once dwelt Croesus, whose name to this day expresses the last degree of wealth. Here was Pergamus, whose library in its period was the finest in the world, making such demands for papyrus that Ptolemy was led to prohibit the exportation of that commodity from Egypt. Under the reign of the Caesars, Asia Minor alone contained 500 populous cities, enriched with all the gifts of nature and adorned with all the refinements of art.

"The civilization of the Hittites, whose lands finally were occupied by the hosts of Israel; the civilization of Tyre and Sidon, the greatest colonizers of ancient times; the civilization of Egypt, rival of Persia and Chaldea in the value of the heritage it bequeathed to the future; the civilization of Constantinople and the Byzantine empire, in its day more gorgeous than any that had gone before—all found their home within the boundaries of what came to be the land of the Turk. Mohammed, and the religion which bears his name and now claims several hundred million adherents, were also born in the Ottoman empire.

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"The greatest of these ancient empires was the Babylonian. The Babylonians built their civiliaztion upon an irrigation ditch and made Babylonia a land teeming with people, the seat of magnificent cities, and the home of a world-conquering empire. Babylonia rivaled the valley of the Nile in production. Every Greek traveler who wandered that way marveled at the luxuriousness of the crops of Mesopotamia. Even Herodotus hesitated to tell the story of its fullness, lest the people for whom he wrote history might regard him as a nature faker. The hanging gardens of Babylon stirred the admiration of the travelers out of the west, so that they wrote them down as one of the seven wonders of the world. Nebuchadnezzar built them for his wife, Amytis, the beautiful Mede, to rescue her from her homesickness for her native Median hills.

"King Sargon, though he lived at the dawn of history, reviewed his reign much as a president of the United States or a great European sovereign might review his official career. He tells us that he restored ancient ruined cities and colonized them; that he made barren tracts of land fertile; that he gave his nation a splendid system of reservoirs, dams, and canals; that he protected the needy from want and the weak from oppression, filled the nation's granaries with corn, brought down the high cost of living and found new markets for the nation's products.

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"Babylon's fortifications are said to have had a circumference of 55 miles, the outer wall of which was 360 feet high and 85 feet thick. The palace of Sargon II covered about 25 acres, and its front was twice as long as that of the United States capitol. Forty-eight great winged bulls guarded its entrances, and upon its walls were more than two miles of sculptured slabs telling the story of the king's reign."

OREGON THE OREGON COUNTRY

"IN EARLY DAYS"

By Fred Lockley, Special Staff Writer of The Journal.

"The Whitman massacre occurred on November 29, 1847," said Mrs. W. F. Helm, an adopted daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Marcus Whitman, and a survivor of the Whitman massacre.

"On the morning of the massacre school was taken up for the emigrant children at the usual time. When I went to the kitchen some time after breakfast was over, my brother John was making a splint broom and was watching the meat that was cooking for dinner. He had just finished the dishes. As I went through the next room, Dr. Whitman and Mr. Kimball were sitting on a settee, talking. I heard Dr. Whitman say: 'Yes, things do look pretty bad. If conditions don't get better I am going to take my family to the valley.' My brother Frank and my foster brother David, my sister Matilda and Eliza Spalding were hurrying to be on time for school. The Hall children, the Saunders children, the Canfield children, the Kimball children and the others were gathering in the school room.

"I went back into the kitchen, where my brother John was. Mrs. Whitman came out to get some milk for my baby sister, Henrietta. Some Indian women opened the kitchen door and stepped into the kitchen. We thought nothing of that, because they often came in unannounced. When Mrs. Whitman started to go out of the kitchen to the front room where the sick children were, one of the squaws caught at her and tried to prevent her going. The Indian woman did not look as if she were joking; she looked sullen and angry. Mrs. Whitman avoided her, stepped into the dining room and locked the door. This astonished me, for I had never seen mother lock the door between the dining room and the kitchen.

"In a moment or two the Indian women went out, and Mrs. Whitman came to the dining room door, unlocked it and said: 'Come Elizabeth, it is time to take your bath.' She had poured the hot water into a large wooden tub near the stove.

"As I was bathing, Dr. Whitman came in and said: 'I can't understand why so many Indians are gathered around here this morning.' Some of the men were out in the corral killing a beef. Mrs. Whitman always had us children bathe about 11 o'clock every morning. When the weather permitted we took our bath in the stream near by, but at other times we had to bathe in the tub. Dr. Whitman picked up a paper from the table and began reading. He had hardly started when an Indian rapped on the door and said, in the Indian tongue: 'I want some medicine.' Mrs. Whitman looked up and said: 'Doctor, you are wanted.'

"Dr. Whitman went to his medicine case under the stairs, and got some medicine and started out with it. As he stepped into the kitchen he looked back and said: 'Wife, lock the door after me.' Mrs. Whitman stepped over to the door and locked it. This rather frightened me, because that was twice that morning I had seen an inside door locked. A moment later we heard the Indians' voices raised in loud talk and then we heard the report of a gun and heard the window glass rattle on the floor. Mrs. Whitman said in a low voice, 'The Indians are killing us.' I jumped out of the tub and was going to run out of doors. Mrs. Whitman said: 'Poor child! You must have your clothes on.' I ran to her and she began helping me to dress. Joe Lewire came to the sash door and Mrs. Whitman, looking up, said: 'What do you want, Joe?' Little Mary Ann Bridger climbed over the fence and, coming to the front door, said: 'They've killed father.' Mr. Rogers, our teacher, came running up to the sash door and Mrs. Whitman let him in. He was shot through the wrist, and the blood was running in a stream. Mrs. Whitman caught up some cloth and bandaged his wrist. In a moment Mr. Kimball came running to the door. Mrs. Whitman let him in and locked the door. One arm was broken and he was holding the broken arm with his other hand. He said: 'I don't know what I have done to the d——d Indians that they should want to kill me.' Mr. Kimball was a very religious man, and to hear him swear in front of Mrs. Whitman both frightened me and amused me. I wondered what Mrs. Whitman would say to him for swearing. He asked Mrs. Whitman for a drink. He said he felt too weak to go and get it. Mrs. Whitman hurried to Osborne's room and brought him a dipper of water. As he started to raise it to his lips some blood from his arm spurted in and he put it down and said he couldn't drink bloody water.

"Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Hays came running over from the mansion house, each with a baby in her arms. Mrs. Whitman opened the door and they ran in. Mrs. Whitman said: 'Will you help me bring the doctor in?' Mrs. Hall put her little baby on the floor, and she and Mrs. Whitman went out into the kitchen. The Indians were gone. Mrs. Hall came in carrying Dr. Whitman by the shoulders, and my foster mother, Mrs. Whitman, had him by the feet. They brought him in and laid him on the floor in the sitting room. Mrs. Whitman immediately hurried out into the kitchen and bolted the kitchen door with a big wooden bolt. My brother John was lying on the kitchen floor, still breathing, but he died in a few hours.

"Mrs. Whitman came in to where Dr. Whitman was lying on the floor and said: 'Can I do anything for you?' He said, in a low voice, 'No.' He had two tomahawk wounds in the back of his head."

The Ragtime Muse

Getting On.

Dey is some folks always seein'
Some one else's beat possession;
Dat's one way to git to bein'
'Way behin' in life's procession!
Dey keeps watchin' ebbery neighbor,
Always envyin' an' desirin',
Twel dey don't git time for labor,
Dey's so busy wif admirin'.

Laik er ol' fool in er waggin
Wif a lazy mewl hitched to it,
An' dat lazy mewl er-lagging
Same's he's skeerce got life to do it.
All de white folks spin past, sittin'
In dey autos, onward strivin',
While he watches, plumb forgittin'
Fo' to poke dat mewl he's drivin'.

Now, dey ain' no sawt o' knowin'
How folks 'spects to profit by it,
But along dis road we're goin'
Dey's a heap o' folks dat try it.
It jes' seems dey ain' no learnin'
Fo' some people—dis ain't jokin'—
Ef to git somewhat youah yearnin'
You jes' got to keep on pokin'!

Two Starts.

From the Kansas City Journal.

"Well, I see there was a baby born in the White House recently."

"Yes."

"Nice start in life."

"Very. I suppose about the same time there was a baby born in a log cabin somewhere."