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America asks nothing for herself but what she has a right to ask for humanity itself.

WOODROW WILSON.

A great war leaves the country with three great armies—an army of cripples, an army of mourners, and an army of thieves.—German Proverb.

PAYING THE PRICE

WHEAT to the value of $3,150,000 is being held by the farmers of Umatilla county for higher prices. The cash that sale of the stock would yield is equivalent to $150 for every man, woman and child in the county.

It is an unfortunate situation. So much money kept out of the channels of trade has a depressing effect on business.

It is caused by the ship trust. The trust beat the Wilson ship bill in the last Congress through the Senate filibuster, and thereby gained control of the ocean. It fixes the prices of wheat charters, and they are now four times as high as before the war on the Pacific Coast and ten times as high as before the war on the Atlantic.

Secretary McAdoo said in his Portland address that if Congress had promptly passed the ship-purchase bill last winter, it would have been easy to have secured plenty of ships, ships which would now be carrying American wheat to famishing Europe at reasonable freight rates with higher prices for the wheat of American farmers. The chances are that the supply of such ships would have been sufficient and the example of their reasonable freight rates so effective on privately owned steamers, that Umatilla wheat would all have been sold, and the $3,150,000 be in the channels of trade.

Secretary McAdoo charged in his Portland address that the subsidy hunters, who are of course the shipping combine, caused the defeat of the bill. He said:

What is the real fight in this merchant marine controversy? It is a fight for subsidies. What are subsidies? They are gifts from the United States to favorite corporations, firms and individuals who operate ships.

Why should we give away millions of dollars of the people's money each year to favored ship owners over whose rates and service we have no control?

Wouldn't it be more sensible for the government to spend these millions in building up a splendid naval auxiliary merchant marine which can be controlled and operated in the interest of all the people?

Every ship owner and every ship monopolist wants subsidies. They would profit by them and they are going to make a desperate fight for them in the next Congress.

They fought for subsidies and against the Wilson ship bill in the last Congress, and the Umatilla farmers and all other American farmers are now paying the price by holding their wheat or selling it at greatly decreased figures.

VERMONT IN THE LEAD

VERMONT is a small state not particularly wealthy and not remarkably progressive as far as politics is concerned. But it has some excellent ideas regarding the public health and, what is a great deal more wonderful, it has the courage to put them into practice. That class of diseases which the dramatist Brieux discusses in some of his plays has usually been allowed to lurk in dark places. Public mention of them has not been deemed polite. Medical treatment has been furtive. The afflicted concealed their trouble as well as they could and when the secret finally came out the culprit slunk away while his friends blushed for him. Physicians have often made light of these disorders. The danger of contamination has been belittled. The necessity for public protection has been slighted. It is only in recent years that the disagreeable subject has received anything like proper attention in the press and in the discussions of social reformers.

Those who believe that prevention is better than cure long ago took the stand that the same legislative precautions should be applied to these diseases as to others which are likely to be communicated from one person to another. They often poison the most intimate family relations and lead to the permanent impairment of health.

In recognition of these facts Vermont has required physicians to report cases of these diseases just as they do others of a contagious nature. And it is made a crime for persons who have acquired such maladies to marry before they have been cured. The same rules of quarantine apply to them as to smallpox. This law is a long step forward. Adequately enforced it will greatly increase the security of the public health in Vermont and remove one serious menace to the welfare of the family.

WOMEN AND DRINK

STUDENTS of English conditions have noticed among the curious consequences of the war an increase of drinking habits among women. Many working men are at the front. Their wives receive an allowance from the government. The allowance is moderate, according to American notions, but to these hard worked women it is opulence. Never before in their pitiful lives have they had so much cash in their hands, paid so regularly. They do not think of laying any of it up for a rainy day. That is not the mental habit of the English poor. The only question with them is how to spend their overflowing wealth, and the only indulgence that appeals to their imaginations is drink. So the grog shops are enjoying unparalleled prosperity. In the same way the Saxon peasants took to drink when coal was discovered on their farms, as Hauptmann depicts in some of his plays.

The English women are not alone in their growing predilection for liquor. Modern conditions seem to predispose some classes of women to that form of indulgence in our own country. While one area after another goes dry in the United States statistics show that women in the large cities consume more intoxicants.

The same economic changes that free suffragists from domestic toil for public agitation leave multitudes of their sisters stranded in apartments with nothing in the world to do. Untrained for useful vocations and often despising them, nothing is left to these unhappy women but personal indulgence. Fashionable frivolity claims some of their time, trashy novels claim another part of it, and in too many instances drink fills all other gaps. "The devil finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." If every human being were obliged to earn a living by moderate and well paid industry we venture to believe that the "drink problem" would disappear almost of itself.

THESE ARE THE CHARGES

HAS anybody heard that a Chamber of Commerce committee, in an official report after investigation, strongly condemned the methods of the Multnomah county board of relief? Have not the Multnomah county commissioners heard of it?

The report was made October 14, and was published in The Journal. It made definite and very important charges. It said that the board spent nearly $16,000 of public money last year with questionable efficiency.

The committee charged that due to "overlapping duplication and lack of proper organization and methods," the relief board is "undoubtedly spending more money than necessary." It charged that the board drifts along and follows the old beaten path of "charity relief."

It charged that "the record system is cumbersome," that the "records are not extensive or detailed enough," and are "without facts which give adequate knowledge of the case."

These and other damaging specifications are set forth in the report. The definite suggestion is made that the county could render more efficient charity at less expense by cooperating with regular charity organizations.

Twenty-nine days have elapsed since the report was made, and things go serenely on at the court house without a ripple on the quiet surface of public affairs.

Do the county commissioners propose to ignore the report? If so, why?

MORE ABOUT BILLY SUNDAY

WE HAVE heard many more or less plausible explanations of Billy Sunday's power over his audiences. Some people say he sets up "psychic vibrations" which affect other minds as a violin does a piano string tuned to the same pitch. Perhaps this explanation is as good as any. It leaves the mystery of the persuasive evangelist just where it was in the beginning, and that is a great merit in an explanation. Too many of them darken counsel and leave matters more perplexing than they were in the beginning.

Whatever may be the cause of Billy Sunday's influence, it is increasingly powerful. Today he is praised in circles which a few years ago spoke of him contemptuously. No doubt he is the expression of a profound national mood which seeks in the deep assumptions of religion a balm for the oppressive evils of life.

Billy Sunday is particularly interesting just now because his mentality seems to be transforming. Hitherto his theology has been abstract, and, as some saw it, a trifle antiquated. He has appeared to shun the urgent problems of the time and deal exclusively with celestial history and geography. But his thought is changing. For some time there has been a rumor that he was going to take up "social topics," and it has been justified by the facts.

Billy Sunday said at a meeting the other day, "many men will gladly draw their check for $10,000 to establish a children's hospital and see nothing wrong in the fact that the money came out of $200,000 made from a system of child labor which crushes more children in one year than the hospital can heal in ten."

When an evangelist has progressed to this point we can say of him that his spiritual state is more than hopeful, he is converted. Billy Sunday championing the oppressed and speaking for the helpless will be a potent force on the right side. More power to his elbow and more grace to his tongue.

IT IS UNFORTUNATE

MANY who bought Red Cross Seals in the holiday season a year ago, and two years ago, are surprised if not pained, to learn that $4000 of the money then procured remains unexpended in the treasury of the Oregon Federation of Women's Clubs.

Meanwhile, the trained workers of the Visiting Nurse association who go from house to house, nursing and giving relief, pointing out improper living conditions and carrying on educational effort, have been all along hampered by lack of funds in their ministrations to the incipient tuberculous.

While those in the early stages of tuberculosis were slowly but surely drifting into the incurable stages, $4000 of the money contributed for succor of the sufferers has not been applied.

It is unfortunate, unfortunate in its effect on future Red Cross sales, and unfortunate in the lives that have been allowed to pass on and out through failure to apply the saving agencies for which the money was contributed.

The State Tuberculosis Sanitarium is now overcrowded with those in the last stages, and there is a waiting list. Starting with those in the incipient stages, the great white plague relentlessly gathers in its recruits. There is constant need for every cent of Red Cross money that can be made available and it is very unfortunate that any of it has ever been permitted to remain idle.

THE PASSING SHOW

ONE of the revelations of the Land Products Show is the Tokay grape product of Southern Oregon.

In color and flavor California can not equal it. In size, the California Tokay slightly excels, but Southern Oregon will remedy this defect as its vines grow older. The lusciousness of the Josephine county Tokay is the marvel of all.

Strangely enough, though Portland has this year consumed sixty carloads of Tokay grapes, but three came from Southern Oregon, two from Josephine and one from Jackson. The other fifty-seven cars were California Tokays. The overwhelming sale of the California product is said to be due to the better organization of the California sales agencies, a defect that Josephine county will undertake to remove next year.

The very excellent display of Josephine Tokays at the Land Products Show has already done much to herald the advantages and wonders of Oregon grapes.

There are many fields in which the passing Products Show has rendered high service to Oregon industries.

EMERSON AND BROWNING

IT IS a sign of the times that another life of Emerson should be published almost simultaneously with William Lyon Phelps' new book on Browning. There is a growing demand for the older and graver authors. War literature has not been particularly satisfactory from any point of view. It is for the most part mere flashes in the air without much light or comfortable heat. It disturbs the mind without settling anything. Its reasoning is vain for the most part, its prophecies shallow, its arguments trivial. Torn from their accustomed anchorage by the ruthless violence of war and war rumors, many men seek for spiritual consolation which is not to be found in the superficial literature of the day. So for better satisfaction they turn to the authors of larger caliber and more serene philosophy.

It is more than commonly pleasant to believe that Emerson and Browning are winning new readers. Both of these writers were deeply concerned with eternal questions. Both of them passed over the trivial solutions which flow from personal or national interest and sought for truth in the bosom of changeless reality.

To Emerson the world is a chamber of justice where in the long run right shall prevail and wrong shall wither. His "Essay on Compensation" is the most uncompromising profession of faith in God that any writer has made. Browning was less mystical that Emerson but not less true to the great creed of the ideal.

Neither of these prophets believed that the world was ruled by physical force. Neither doubted that the universe is founded on everlasting justice. When Browning wrote "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world," he meant the same as Emerson does when he assures us that for every human account, by the very nature of things, an infallible balance must be cast. The old song has it, "Unjust gains are dearly bought, retribution sure will come." Emerson would not say "retribution." His word was "compensation." The main point is that the scale will swing even before the Almighty lays the case aside.

IS WAR NECESSARY TO PRODUCE BRAVERY

From the Boston Globe.

THERE are still in this world, especially in those parts of it which the war has not touched, a great many men and women who believe that warfare is an unnatural, international disease, and that the human race will sometime throw off the shackles.

They believe it is their solemn duty to combat influences which they consider unjustifiable, influences which tend to the enslaving rather than the freeing of mankind. And the most unfair charge which has been leveled at such persons is the charge that they are actuated by the basest and most selfish of impulses, that they treasure their own lives above everything else.

• •

From an intelligently formed public opinion which honestly holds that reasonable protection is necessary for this country, which understands just what such protection means, how it must be paid for and maintained, just why it is necessary and for what purposes it may justly be used, there is little danger.

From the subtle spreading of a spirit of uneasiness, which has its roots in the vague fear that Americans today are missing in some way a great moral uplift because they have no part in the horror across the seas, whose instigators intimate that peace brings moral perversion and degeneration and brand all who differ with them cowards, there is no end of danger.

• •

A less tactful, militarist philosophy has found expression through men like Bernhardi, and the common sense of the world has repudiated such nonsense with infinite disgust. But the very same doctrine in the hands of crafter teachers sometimes finds its way into our souls and rankles there.

It is absurd to argue that physical courage is so rare a thing, and that the war has resulted in the renaissance of heroic qualities in men which were smouldering to their death in peace. This war proves of course that men are not afraid to die; but every day here in America men die just as nobly, give up their lives for their fellows, and we pass it by with hardly a thought.

• •

A factory in Pittsburg is in flames. A young fellow, garbed in the uninspiring uniform of an American workingman, rushes into that dreadful furnace and comes out, carrying an unconscious young woman. He goes back six times, and each time staggers to the street—a human life saved. He goes back a seventh time and surrenders his own life. And in Boston, where because of distance the Pittsburg fire has lost something in news value, we read that "Peter Vallon lost his life after bringing six unconscious girls to the street."

In that horrible tragedy at Peabody small children risked their lives for others. No greater heroism is displayed on any battlefield than that which is so frequently displayed by the modest and modestly paid firemen of our American cities. They are heroes of peace.

• •

It is not the fashion to celebrate heroes of peace. The warrior is more often extolled in song and story, though it is safe to say that few children leave school without knowing John Hay's "Jim Bludso of the Prairie Belle," "a man that died to save men," clad in overalls and jumper at his post in the engine room of a lake steamer.

In war the gallantry of the men of one nation is pitted against the self-sacrifice and devotion of men of another nation. Human lives, enormous wealth, the concentrated intelligence of one country are devoted to crushing some other country which matches these self-same resources. But at home we hesitate about cleaning up "the dark places" because it costs money. How much good would result if these resources were used in as whole-hearted, as determined, as united a fight against evil and tyranny at home!

If men wish to risk their lives for humanity, to fight desperately for righteousness, there are unlimited opportunities in every country.

• •

William Lloyd Garrison hated war no less than slavery, yet the words "I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard" did not issue from the throat of a cowardly sentimentalist. He was assailed for "his lack of religious orthodoxy," he was dragged through the streets 'by a mob of gentlemen of property and standing," but he lived to see the cause he championed stir a nation to its very depths and to see the triumph of moral force. Here was a job at home for the hero of peace.

Wendell Phillips had the courage to wage his fight for human liberty, to face ugly mobs, and the sneers of his own people, to fight on, though, as he said, "every tile on Cambridge roofs were a devil hooting his words." Phillips was a hero of peace. There are heroes of peace today—and they are not all men.

• •

Self-sacrifice, devotion to a cause, physical and moral courage are noble qualities, but they are displayed in other struggles than those of nation against nation, and usually for higher and nobler ends. Peace is not degenerating. It is merely a harder test for men than war.

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.

Authorship of Good and Evil.

Salem, Or., Nov. 11.—To the Editor of The Journal—To one who is not wedded to the view that ancient writers, even of the Bible, had an infallible hold on knowledge, the controversy running in The Journal in regard to the authorship of good and evil is somewhat amusing.

I am not conceited enough to imagine that I shall be able to settle a controversy which has been troubling us for the last 6000 years or more; yet a little observation and thought should, it would seem, convince anyone that in nature, outside the mind of man and possibly the higher order of animals, there is no such thing as good and evil. Most of us regard it as wrong for one man to injure another, but few are so primitive as to brand the sea as a sinner if it knocks a rock into smithereens, or to regard plants as wicked on account of their death struggle with each other for existence. The idea of good and evil is a purely human conception. Moreover, we do not even agree as to what constitutes good or evil; for example, some regard Sunday amusements as good and some as evil. There is, of course, a fairly general agreement as to a few great principles of human nature, but these are purely conceptions resulting from human experience. This by no means implies that they are of no value. Man has made innumerable helpful inventions, and the idea of good and evil is one of these, even if men do not always agree about it.

The reasonable answer, then, to the question as to who created good and evil, is that man created both; and I may be allowed the observation that it is neither polite nor helpful to attribute our own ideas either to God or the devil. W. F. FARGO.

Evil Further Considered.

Ashland, Or., Nov. 10.—To the Editor of The Journal—If Messrs. Linscott and Greer will read Isaiah 44: 23 to 45:18, written about 210 years before "Cyrus, my shepherd" destroyed Babylon, they will learn how evil is the direct result of violating some law. He wrote, B. C. 708. Then read Jeremiah 50 and 51, written B. C. 595, and fulfilled B. C. 500, when the great city was leveled. Jehovah named Cyrus, and called him out. (Is. 55:1) "whose right hand I have held." He was a "war lord." For her sins the kingdom of Babylon was to be wiped off the map; so that only unclean beasts and birds could live there. It was war. This brings evil. Yet out of it came deliverance to the Jew. The war from 1775 to 1783 was the birth agony of a new nation. Up to 1812 we had wars. During 1812 to '14, we cut our incisors. In Mexico we got our eye teeth. God raised up Lincoln against Davis, Grant against Lee, Sherman against Johnstone, Sheridan against Jackson, Thomas against Hood, to wipe out this nation's sin, slavery. In this war we cut our molars, and two bites, Manila and Santiago, used up Spain.

"Without shedding of blood is no remission for sin." Heb. 9:22. Great sins require the greater punishment, and as a nation cannot be punished in the "judgment of the great day," it is punished here; hence war's horrors. In this sense God creates evil. The innocent suffer for the guilty.

Out of this awful hideous eastern war will come a higher humanity. In 1861 to 1865 this nation wasted $10,000,000,000 and over 800,000 men, and is today solidified and rich beyond compare. Yet horrid, awful evil followed in the wake of that war.

AMOS DAHUFF.

"The Great Hope."

Portland, Nov. 11.—To the Editor of The Journal—Dr. Chapman's article in The Journal of Tuesday under the title, "A Lovely Fight and a Great Hope," was inspiring. It stirred thought for the highest democracy. For democracy has not yet granted its greatest boon to humanity—just right living, in which all humanity must share, one with another.

If the masses did not suffer from grinding poverty would the politician, the banker, the lawyer, the doctor and the minister have the power they now wield in the destinies of the people?

And the soldier, whom we long have idolized in song and sentiment, glorifying his courage and his strength, and supplying him with weapons for destruction—are we not reaping results in this colossal strife in Europe? War lords fighting for control, for power, are the crowning evidences of war worship.

The Great Hope—freedom, the sense of justice and fair play—must be the outcome of Europe's rebellion, or it signifies greater destruction.

Life is our supreme effort. What is this gang spirit of boys? A liveliness that must be used, or they fight it out.

Does fining poor men for minor offenses or fining segregated women, lessen these evils? How must they procure more money to pay those fines?

I have heard it said that war is hell. I know poverty is hell.

M. A. BUCKLEY.

"Safety First" Discussed.

Portland, Nov. 10.—To the Editor of The Journal—It was proper that your editorial this evening should tone down the extravagant statement of the officials of the Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation company about the wisdom of the "safety first" propaganda. Recently I saw in an engineering journal the surprising statement, backed by figures, that of every 100 persons killed by accident on railroad property—stations, yards and tracks—87 are killed elsewhere than at road crossings. In short, for every person killed at a vehicle crossing, nine are killed elsewhere on or about the railroad tracks. But the safety first campaign covers—too thinly, however—a multitude of sins. Frequently I have seen Fifth street cars bearing the "Safety First" sign cross Taylor street while running at least 30 miles an hour. A train on this railroad sails into town at 60 miles an hour, hits a wagonload of passengers and knocks them galley-west without the engineer or fireman noticing the accident or knowing about it till informed later; and the management allays public sentiment by renewed stress on "safety first." Another engineer admits he did not blow the whistle when approaching a road crossing where he knocked a wagon and made a killing, but after he was interviewed by higher-ups he remembered that he had blown the whistle, and would swear to it. And the safety first movement was again limelighted. And yet, it would appear that notwithstanding such recklessness in the operation of trains, the common road crossing is relatively a very safe place.

While on this subject, kindly permit me to enter a protest through The Journal against the Oregon tax commission's allowing the Southern Pacific company to knock nearly $9,000,000 off the assessed valuation of its property in this state, because some of its small branch lines did poor business last year. Property owners generally did poor business last year, but taxes have to be dug up some way. Last year the Southern Pacific company had $137,000,000 in its repair and betterment fund, which it refused to expend, although that fund was increasing at the rate of $6,000,000 annually. One year of such increase would complete the Natron cutoff; but that would benefit Portland especialy and Oregon generally, and is out of the question with the Southern Pacific company. No. Treat all property owners alike. Let the railroad take its medicine along with the rest of the taxpayers.

W. S. CHAPMAN.

The Preparedness Issue.

Yoncalla, Or., Nov. 10.—To the Editor of The Journal—The letter in your issue of November 9 entitled "Lauds Mr. Bryan as a Pacifist," might have done well enough a number of years ago, say in the 50's or 40's, when the country had no particular interests outside of its borders as far as territory was concerned, but it seems a decided anomaly at present. As far as the future reputation of Wilson and Bryan is concerned, I for one am willing to hazard a comparison of the two 10, 20 or 40 years hence or any other time in the future.

The dictum, or advice, of Washington on the war or peace question, "In time of peace prepare for war," is good enough for me, and I believe it will be approved by the American people in the present circumstances. Mr. Bryan may be a good orator, but in practice he gets off on the wrong cue, brilliant as he is, in some ways. Wilson, a man of fine education and the capacity to reason, can get down to the facts on large questions—a man of statesmanlike quality.

The gentleman's argument referred to would be also a good one for doing away with the use of firearms or clubs by the police or sheriffs of the country, as also any police or other force at all for the protection of society against only "possible" dangers from lawbreakers or the unjust in general.

J. E. LUTZ.

Multnomah Falls.

By Luther Laurence Pratt.

In the wild western woodland, where nature is free,
Where Columbia rolls to its turbulent sea,
Where the mountains majestic are dazzling with snow,
And the blue hills are fair as the valleys below,
There's many a prospect to make the heart thrill,
The bosom to tremble, the rapt eye to fill;
But this scene is fairest, of lowland or high,
Where matchless Multnomah rolls down from the sky.

Thy waters, Multnomah, thy white misty spray,
Have fallen as age after age swept away.
A wilderness treasured thee deep in its heart
Long, long ere the Indian came near with his dart,
His taut, straining bowstring and sharp, cruel spear,
To kill his red brother or fell the swift deer.
But even the savage in awe hushed his cry,
Where mighty Multnomah pours down from the sky.

The red man has vanished; the white man, instead,
Looks up at Multnomah with uncovered head.
Though thousands below these white waters have stood,
With hearts gay or grieving, souls evil or good,
All, all see the work of an Infinite Hand
In this fair falling splendor, so peerless, so grand,
While to none does the rainbow its promise deny
Where mystic Multnomah flows down from the sky.

Portland, November 11.

The Occult Science of Law.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

Law—more especially criminal law—has usually been an occult science. It is still the practice in Burma, we believe, to give two disputants candles of the same size to be lighted at the same time. The one whose candle burns longest gets judgment against the other.

Less than a hundred years ago a defendant in an English criminal trial appealed to the ordeal of battle, and the court was more or less surprised to find that the ancient law on which he relied had never been repealed. Determining a man's guilt or innocence by his ability to walk on hot plowshares, or carry a hot iron, or drink a poisonous decoction, or by throwing him bound into water, has been practiced for ages among many peoples. The medieval method of letting accused and accuser fight it out with weapons was common over Europe.

Our modest ancestors confessed their inability to find the merits of the cause, and so relegated the whole affair to the intervention of supernatural agencies. The main differences is that we are less modest. Instead of the ordeal of battle or the old key-and-Bible test or the "sieve-witch," we have the defendant play a game of trip-the-court. If he can catch the judge putting down an I-dot over an e he wins, and is pronounced innocent.

INDEX OF ADVANCING TIDE OF PROSPERITY

Philadelphia—That the Pennsylvania railroad is straining every effort to put into operation every possible piece of equipment on the system to handle the record-breaking traffic moving eastward, is evidenced by an official report stating that the number of freight cars stored for repairs has been reduced 14,124, or 41 per cent., since April 1. On October 30 there were 20,132 bad-order cars in shops, compared with 34,256 on April 1. Of this number 8349 were on the lines east of Pittsburg, and 11,783 on the lines west. There have been no good-order cars stored on the system for a number of weeks, ever since, in fact, the heavy-freight movement set in.

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

When England comes over here asking for another half billion dollars, how about American financiers asking concerning the future treatment of our neutral commerce?

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Portland's dance hall inspector is wondering whether some of the new dances should be prohibited by ordinance. If he wonders a little longer the dances will probably go out of style.

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The Journal's photograph of wrecked street cars on Eleventh street showed "Safety First" standing out conspicuously. The warning survived the crash, but the cars didn't.

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A beauty doctor tells girls to eat more onions and fewer bonbons if they want to become prettier. The very ambitious might try something stronger—garlic, for instance.

• •

New York City is thinking of spending $385,000 killing off mosquitoes. If it costs that much to exterminate the small bloodsuckers, what would it cost to wipe out their financial cousins?

• •

President Wilson has indorsed apple pie—which is all right, but hardly necessary.

• •

Judge Gantenbein rules that cakes made with Chinese eggs must be so labeled when offered for sale. The bakers should not defy the law; let them use China eggs.

• •

Great Britain has put up the bars against Irish emigration. If the order had been issued earlier a lot of us would not be here.

• •

Umatilla county having raised $175 worth of wheat this year for each Umatilla man, woman and child, nobody should go hungry up around Pendleton.

JOHN HAY AND THE MELTING POT

From Collier's Weekly.

In these hyphenated times one is momentarily tempted to disbelieve in the possibility of transmuting all the metals into Americanism, even in a miracle-working melting pot. "Let us go slow from now on in this matter of welcoming to our shores all sorts and all nations of men," is what a good many people are saying, and are justified in saying. And yet transmutation is possible. Americans are the product of the mingling of many stocks. In the new "Life and Letters of John Hay," as composed and compiled by William Roscoe Thayer, we have just reread a fragment of one of Hay's addresses—spoken at a dinner of the Ohio society of New York 12 years ago.

"When I look back on the shifting scenes of my life," said our great secretary of state, "if I am not that altogether deplorable creature, a man without a country, I am, when it comes to pull and prestige, almost equally bereft, as I am a man without a state. I was born in Indiana, I grew up in Illinois, I was educated in Rhode Island—and it is no blame to that scholarly community that I know so little. I learned my law in Springfield and my politics in Washington, my diplomacy in Europe, Asia and Africa. I have a farm in New Hampshire and desk room in the district of Columbia." And Mr. Hay has this to say about his honest forbears:

"When I look to the springs from which my blood descends, the first ancestors I ever heard of were a Scotchman, who was half English, and a German woman, who was half French. Of my immediate progenitors, my mother was from New England and my father was from the south. In this bewilderment of origin and experience I can only put on an aspect of deep humility in any gathering of favorite sons, and confess that I am nothing but an American."

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How familiar, we wonder, are the words spoken on this text by St. John de Crevecoeur, in that fine old book of his, "Letters from an American Farmer?" Crevecoeur's book came out 133 years before this life of Hay, and in it he describes the American of colonial and revolutionary days as "either an European or the descendant of an European, hence that strange mixture of blood which you will find in no other country. I could point out to you a family [sic] whose grandfather was an Englishman, whose wife was Dutch, whose son married a Frenchwoman, and whose present four sons have now four wives of different nations."

• •

And the farmer letter writer concludes that:

"He is an American who, leaving behind him all his ancient prejudices and manners, receives new ones from the new mode of life, the new government he obeys, and the new rank he holds. He becomes an American by being received in the broad lap of our great Alma Mater. Here individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men, whose labors and posterity will one day cause great changes in the world. Americans are the western pilgrims, who are carrying along with them that great mass of arts, sciences, vigor, and industry which began long since in the east; they will finish the great circle."

• • •

The picture is enthusiastically but not, on the whole, untruthfully rendered. John Hay would have enjoyed Crevecoeur's "Letters" of 1782; one wonders if he ever knew them in all their friendly quaintness?

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

In one of the hottest and most closely contested elections ever held in Bay City, W. H. Gilmore has been reelected mayor for the fourth consecutive term.

• •

The Lane county court has ordered 50 iron road signs, to be placed at prominent crossings of the main roads of the county. The signs will be two and a half feet long by eight inches wide, with letters four inches high.

• •

"What is believed to be of no less importance than any of the many state conventions of which Corvallis has had the honor to be the host," says the Gazette Times, "is the 'Hort. Show,' which comes to Corvallis November 16-17-18. The convention is that of the State Horticultural society and combined with it will be the State Floral association."

• •

In an editorial on the Hermiston Hog and Dairy show the Pendleton East Oregonian says there are boys at Hermiston who have already learned more about how to judge stock than some practical farmers learn in a lifetime. Complimenting the grown-ups, the East Oregonian says: "There are settlers on the project who are taking every possible step towards securing efficiency in the selection and handling of dairy cows and hogs. Safe and gratifying profits constitute their reward."

• •

The Salem Journal reads a lesson of the Land Products show, as follows: "Eastern Oregon carried away four out of the five prizes for county exhibits at the Manufacturers' and Land Products Show in Portland. Polk, which took second place, was the only county west of the Cascades to get 'placed.' This is a showing of which the bunch grassers may be justly proud, and which serves notice on the famous Willamette valley that it has a competitor in the agricultural line that will keep it hustling to excel."

The Once Over

BY REX LAMPMAN

YESTERDAY AFTERNOON—out in South Portland—I was trying to find a man—who had moved away—or had changed his name.

—or they had changed the numbers on the houses.

—or something.

¶ Anyway—I was coming down Bancroft street.

—And I saw Keith Greenwood—aged six.

—and his little brother John.

—and their little sister Kathryn.

—and some other kids.

¶ And they were holding a small piebald dog—with a stub tail—under a faucet—in Greenwood's yard.

¶ And I said—"What you doing—Keith?"

¶ "Washing him" said Keith.

—and I asked what for.

"Going to take him to the Mut dog show"—said Keith.

¶ And I asked whose dog it was.

—and Keith said he didn't know.

¶ "Had a hard time to ketch him," he said.

¶ And it's that way—all over town—I guess.

¶ Every boy who has a dog—is going to take him to the Armory—tomorrow night.

¶ And some little girls have dogs—that they're going to take—too.

I know they are—because Dorr Keasey got a letter from one of them.

¶ Dorr is one of the doges—of the dog show.

—and there's Sam Hewitt—

—and young Phil Metschan—

—and Tommy Swivel—

—and John Mann—

—and Frank Watkins—

—and Charley Berg—

—and Ed Werlein—

—and Ivan Humason—

—and Bill Strandborg—

—and a lot of other Muts—

—who feel that the Mut dog—the dub of dogdom—should have his day—as the proverb hath it.

¶ And the little girl—who wrote the letter—to Dorr Keasey—is named Emma Vahlbusch.

—and she lives at 107 East Twentieth street.

¶ And this is what Emma wrote:

I am a little girl 13 years old and I want to know if I can enter my dog in the show, as the paper only said boys. I have a very dear little dogie that I would like to enter. His name is Patsy, which represents the names of the towns he has been in before he was two weeks old. He was born on the twenty-third (23d) of December, nineteen-fourteen, on the Willamette river just before the boat landed in Portland. The first letter of his name stands for the first city he was in "Portland." "A" the second stands for Astoria. "T" is the third for Tillamook. "S" the fourth stands for "Siuslaw" and "Y" for "Yaquina" the last city.

¶ And Dorr wrote to Emma—and told her to bring Patsy.

¶ And no dog—with any pedigree—can get in.

And Buddy and Jean have a dog—named "Pup"—out at Oak Grove.

—and we'd like to bring him in—except—

¶ LISTEN—We're afraid we'd lose him—and everybody — out at Oak Grove—would miss him so.

EMINENT WRITERS DISCUSS THE WAR in THE SUNDAY JOURNAL

ARNOLD BENNETT analyzes the economic aspect of the colossal struggle.

EDMUND ROSTAND, fresh from a visit to the French trenches, sees victory for the allies.

FRANK H. SIMONDS is impressed with the striking parallel between the experiences of Belgium and Serbia.

THOMAS B. DONOVAN writes of the splendid feats performed by the mountaineer soldiers that guard the Swiss frontiers.

A WOMAN'S PAGE PAR EXCELLENCE

In Section Four Next Sunday

Newest Notes of Fashion—By Mme. Qui Vive.

How to Avoid Winter Colds—By Lillian Russell.

Why Dancing Is Not a Mere Fad—By Louise Prussing.

An Embroidered Design for the Guest Towel.

MAGAZINE FEATURES OF RARE MERIT

"Tragedies of the Hapsburgs"—The story of Francis Joseph's mammoth opal.

"War's Bitterest Irony"—Anton Lang, of Oberammergau fame, killed in action.

"The Riddle of Memnon"—How it has been solved after 3000 years.

"Thieves Among Honor"—A novelette with a moral by Jack Lait.

"How Portland Removes the Hyphen"—An account of the Americanization school.

"The Housekeeper's Council Table"—Suggestions that make the day easier.

"Science and Near-Science Up-to-Date"—A page of interesting articles.

"Cartoonagrams"—For the boys and girls, by Charles A. Ogden.

"Tom Tit Tot"—By Georgene Faulkner, The Story Lady.

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NEXT SUNDAY