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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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

WOODROW WILSON.

Knowledge and goodness—these make degrees in heaven, and they must be the graduating scale of a true democracy. —Miss Sedgwick.

LINCOLN AND HEINE

IN A LECTURE at Birmingham, England, not long ago, Sir Herbert Tree enumerated some humorists who in his opinion had influenced the currents of history. Among them he mentioned Abraham Lincoln, Goethe, Heine, Charles Lamb, Emerson and Byron. Lincoln's humor was no help to him in his early political adventures. It was rather a hindrance. The starchy eastern statesmen and financial dignitaries could not make themselves believe that a man whose manners were so homely and who told such funny stories could be safely entrusted with the helm of the ship of state in stormy seas.

But it turned out in the end that Lincoln's humor was a rock of safety to himself and his country. His gift of seeing the grotesque in the tragic stood him in good stead on many a weary night watch at the White House, while the very homeliness of his mind brought him near to the people and finally made him dear to them. Humor is not much else than the capacity to understand the common man. It is the power to recognize with sympathy the universal in us.

Sir Herbert Tree may be mistaken in classing Heine among the humorists. Some would be more inclined to call him a wit. His satire is keen, his detection of humbug pitiless, but we dare say this was superficial in him. No doubt Heine's real nature comes out in the immortal Lieder and these are as tender as Lincoln himself. No modern has written such lyrics as Heine except Robert Burns, but these two poets, though they both sung the depths of the human heart, are as far apart as the poles. Burns is occupied with his own soul and its sorrows. Heine always sings a double tragedy. Was it because the Jewish nature is more inclusive than the Scotch?

JOAN OF ARC

THE Statue of Joan of Arc which has just been unveiled on Riverside Drive, in New York, is the fifteenth to be set up in honor of that wonderful woman. Thirteen of them are in France, the fourteenth in Philadelphia. The city of brotherly love and Quakerism was, strangely enough, the first in the United States to commemorate in enduring marble the splendid heroism of the Maid of Orleans, the poor peasant girl of Dom Remy who rescued her country from foreign tyranny and crowned her ungrateful king at Rheims. After the incapable and vicious Charles VII was securely seated on the throne that he never could have won for himself, he devoted his time to his mistress and left Joan to shift as she might. When the English finally took her prisoner, France had not a word to say in her behalf and the noble conspirators who held her fate in their hands were allowed to burn her at the stake as a witch.

The scene of her martyrdom, as the historians describe it, is the saddest in all the annals of bigotry, superstition and corruption. Joan was still only a girl and all unbefriended she was compelled to walk between rows of brutally hostile faces to the stake. When she saw the fagots which were to burn her to death, "she cried." Can you not hear her sobs after all these centuries? Do her tears not scald your racial conscience? Alas and alas that such things ever could have been.

Tardy justice has been done to the Maid of Orleans in these latter years. Schiller long ago told her tale, not without sympathy, in his lovely German. The church that did not intervene to save her has cannonized her and some day she will be enrolled among the saints of God, where she belongs. The first modern woman in the history of the world, Joan of Arc is the everlasting glory of her sex. We bow to the gracious splendor of her memory. We mingle our tears with those wept for the good and beautiful who have died as she did. We rejoice to see her winning the fealty of shining souls the whole world over.

THE BOYCOTT BANNER

HAS it ever occurred to those who are responsible for the carrying of boycott banners that their activity may do those attacked more good than harm?

Do they know that there are a great many people who do not approve of boycotts, who look upon boycott banners as bludgeon methods instead of reason methods, and who accordingly array themselves on the side of the enterprise or persons boycotted?

As generally understood, the boycott banner at the Lipman, Wolfe & Company store is carried about because the building was built under open shop. Lipman, Wolfe & Company are not even owners of the building. They are merely tenants, who are in no sense responsible for the manner of the construction.

Yet, it is against the Lipman, Wolfe & Company business that the boycott is directed. It is done in spite of the fact that every fixture in the store and every repair or improvement made since the structure was occupied, has been installed by union workers.

Organized workers of sagacity know that a boycott under such circumstances is inadvisable, and there is not the slightest doubt that many such are opposed to the plan. They know that success for organized workers is to be attained by always having a cause so just that it will, on its merits, be an appeal to the public.

Union labor deserves to always have its purposes so reflected, by its action that the cause cannot be misunderstood. Such workers and their dependents have an appeal so righteous that it is a bad mistake for that appeal to be made to appear unworthy through a boycott that is fundamentally unfair as in this case.

The organization should take stock and strike a balance. An organization founded on social justice should always be just.

TODAY

TODAY has been designated Anti-Tuberculosis Sunday and from church pulpits will issue appeals to purchase the Red Cross Christmas seals which are being sold throughout the state under the auspices of the Oregon Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis. The seals are on sale in two hundred towns and cities and ninety per cent of the proceeds are to be expended in Oregon.

While one of these seals individually is of but little importance as a weapon against the great white plague, the millions of them sold throughout the United States yearly constitute a force that is far-reaching and pregnant with benefits.

The money derived from their sale represents only a small part of their service. They have a great educational value. They carry a message of good will and a reminder of duty in assisting in the stamping out of a disease which it has been demonstrated can be eradicated. "We could stamp out even the scourge of tuberculosis within a very few years if only we could educate every one regarding it," said Dr. Van Hise, president of the University of Wisconsin. "Knowledge is the deadliest foe that can be fired against disease of any sort."

These little seals are a reminder of a prime duty, that of stamping out the most destructive of diseases.

They are a reminder that in this work the greatest weapon is fresh air, nourishing food and sanitary surroundings.

They impress upon those who are in some way responsible for the conditions that breed poverty and disease a deeper sense of their responsibility.

These little seals are harbingers of promise, bearers of light into dark places where lurk disease, born of ignorance and social injustice.

IMMIGRANT ARTISTS

THE war has set up a positive exodus of European artists to the United States. Some of them come because they cannot earn a living at home, others because they do not want to fight. They bring their genius with them and are likely when all is said and done, to give our art a substantial uplift. It needs something of the sort. Among the immigrants are both orthodox and heterodox artists, the latter including cubists, futurists and post-impressionists.

The cubists number in their migrant band Duchamp, Gleizes, Piccubia, Crotti and the like, men whose work was exhibited in New York at that famous cubist show of yesteryear. Gleizes is the man who painted the "Nude Descending the Stairs" which looked like a pile of old tin pans. It is interesting, therefore, to learn that Gleizes greatly admires the tall buildings of New York. From his taste in pictures one would have expected some such opinion. He says the sky-scrapers "equal the finest old world creations," such as the Parthenon and the Gothic cathedrals. We hope his compliment to the metropolis will help sell his pictures.

American art has been a good deal of a "fizzle" thus far because it has been so much occupied with Europe. At the risk of losing something in the way of technique it ought to forget the old world for a time and think in purely American terms. It ought also to forget those fascinating nymphs, goddesses and Greek temples and begin to paint American farmers and their wives and daughters. No art ever amounted to much that was not firmly attached to the soil of its country. Perhaps the immigrants from European studios, who know this lesson perfectly well, will teach it to our American artists.

THE YEAR'S BEST BOOK

AS USUAL at about this time of the year literary people begin to feel agitated over the question of the "best book" published within the last twelve months. The diligent and intellectual Evening Post, of New York, has collected the views of divers eminent authors upon this burning topic as far as 1915 is concerned and their opinions are as diverse as their predilections and habits.

Henry Mills Alden, who edits Harpers' Magazine, is inclined to think that Booth Tarkington's novel, "The Turmoil," is the best that has appeared. Among war books, which are in multitude as the sands of the sea and about as valuable, Mr. Alden awards the prize to Owen Wister's "Pentecost of Calamity." "The Turmoil" is a fascinating tale and it dips rather deeply into the sea of American life, that real life which lies below our social climbing and financial grubbing. Mr. Tarkington's books have exhibited an increase of serious purpose and literary power for some time back. There is nothing unlikely in the prophecy that he will some day rise above the ordinary "Indiana novelist" and become one of our bright and steady literary lights destined to shine forever.

Agnes Repplier, the witty and incisive essayist who writes so entertainingly for the Atlantic Monthly, puts the Bryce report on the Belgium horrors ahead of everything else for the year. It is a thrilling book and, coming from Lord Bryce's pen, its literary merits can hardly be mediocre, but the chances are that the brilliant Miss Repplier has missed the mark a good deal in assigning it to so high a place. We diffidently advance the opinion that no book on the war that has yet been written or that will be written for at least fifty years has any show whatever of winning immortality. Miss Repplier is a valiant pro-ally pen fighter and her zeal is quite likely to have warped her usually excellent judgment a trifle. For our own modest taste the most entertaining book of the year is Dr. Anna Shaw's autobiography.

HOUNDING MR. MANN

OREGON DAILY JOURNAL: I have been using your advertising columns for many years and I firmly believe you have the best advertising medium in the Northwest. An ad in The Journal always brings results.

The officers of the association and myself desire to thank you at this time for your great assistance to us and the breeders of this great state, in placing the poultry and pet stock industry in the high position which it holds at the present time.

You have done more for the advancement of poultry than any other newspaper in the Northwest, and by your continued work the people of Oregon will soon know that we have here at home better poultry both in show and egg producing qualities than they have anywhere in the world. The state of Oregon made the world sit up and take notice at the Panama-Pacific International exposition.

Yours truly,
JOHN M. MANN,
Secretary.

The above letter was published in The Journal December 5th. The next day, the Oregonian called Mr. Mann and demanded to know why he was "boosting The Journal's stock as you did in your letter yesterday?"

The Oregonian is now making attacks through its columns on Mr. Mann's printing business. It is trying to destroy Mr. Mann because Mr. Mann acknowledged in a public letter the service The Journal has rendered the Oregon Poultry and Pet Stock association, and the poultry industry of Oregon.

Is free speech dead in this country? What is the kind of conscience and what is the moral standard of the Oregonian when it seeks to hound a man out of business because he commends a rival newspaper?

STOP, LOOK, LISTEN

THE blame for accidents in the streets should not always attach to teamster, chauffeur or motorman. The contributory cause is often the pedestrian himself. There are traffic regulations to govern the crossing of streets by pedestrians but they are more honored in the breach than in the observance.

Intent on personal affairs the pedestrian darts across the street in the middle of the block, or at the first point of contact at all angles, in front of automobiles, horses and street cars in imminent risk of life and limb. It is not to be wondered at that there are so many accidents, but the wonder is that under such circumstances the pedestrian is never to be censured. Even the most careful and prudent of us will take a chance and try to cut the corners. If hurt in this we ought to find fault only with ourselves. In any instance we are to blame whenever we disregard the traffic ordinances.

There are many careful drivers and many careless pedestrians.

RAILROAD TAXPAYERS

YEARS ago to aid in the construction of a railroad to Yaquina Bay, the legislature gave to the company that was to build the line, all the tide and marsh lands in what was then Benton, now Lincoln county. The railroad accepted the grant and for more than a quarter of a century has claimed the granted lands and derived revenue from them. But not a dollar of taxes has it ever paid.

How long would the little tide land owner escape the assessment roll with his small holding? The small home owner who pioneers in the heart of the timber or on the edge of the sea, how often does he manage to avoid paying his just share of taxes?

It is instances like these, of gross discrimination in the administration of tax laws that cause to be brought forth radical measures that the railroads declaim against as vicious and unwise legislation.

It is all very well to talk about harmony of interest between the public and the great public service corporations, but so long as the utilities of the country are under the management of men who refuse to recognize for them the same obligations of citizenship by way of tax payment and otherwise that are accepted unmurmuringly by little business, there is apt to be restlessness for public ownership of these enterprises and the people will meanwhile count them to some extent, at least, as adversaries.

The Southern Pacific, by succession in interest is the owner of the Lincoln county tide lands. Through its representatives, this company is protesting today that in the disposition of the O. & C. grant lands, it desires to act in harmony with the wishes of the people of the state and promote those policies that will advance Oregon's best interests.

The law says that every taxpayer shall return a sworn statement of his holdings to the assessor. Let the Southern Pacific perform its full duties of citizenship and return these properties for taxation, which the public officials long ago, by their own initiative, should have put on the assessment rolls. Then will the people of Oregon have more faith in the sincerity of the railroad's claim to a partnership in interest with them.

SCOTCH THRIFT

PROFESSOR HENRY ROWLAND, one of America's great scientific geniuses, used to speak of electricity as "an imperial science." He meant that when we came to know all about electricity we should probably understand everything else. Both theory and practice in this realm of wonders are going ahead faster than the great prophets like Rowland and Edison dreamed twenty years ago. They foresaw many things but they had no vision of a town which should be lighted, heated and carried to and fro by electricity.

But there are such towns. One of them is Dumbreck, a suburb of Glasgow, in Scotland. The Scotch are pretty progressive in their urban arrangements. They are ahead of us in the matter of street cars, city planning, public lighting and so on. In the use of electricity they are far ahead, at least in some directions, though not in all. The town of Dumbreck has not a solitary chimney. There is no need of any because electricity makes no smoke. The canny citizens warm themselves by charming electric stoves which radiate heat and beauty at the same time.

The houses were designed especially for the use of electricity. They are of moderate size, economically arranged and well protected from the weather, which is often severe at Glasgow. The absence of chimneys gives the place a sightly air. The little parallelepipedons of brick and mortar with which we crown our dwellings add nothing to their loveliness. If we could get rid of them beauty would be enhanced and money saved. Most country fires begin in chimneys. In these model houses the people cook, warm themselves, heat water and so on, all by electricity.

How expensive it all may be we are not informed. In the United States we fear such luxuries would require long purses, but they manage things of that sort a little better in Scotland.

If a county official should invite you to go to lunch with him, please attribute it to the Christmas spirit. It's a long time to the primaries.

A simple, modest, courteous gentleman was Eben F. Wells. May the fragrance of his many good deeds hover above his eternal pillow.

THE VALUE OF THE COLLEGE

"W. J. C." in Detroit News.

THE statement credited to Henry Ford, that a college man has just as good a chance as one who has never attended college, is the whimsical expression of a certain point of view, and really says much better than many paragraphs could do that an exaggerated importance is sometimes attached to the higher educational training. Perhaps it would be better to say that the exaggeration exists with regard to the expectations held as to the effects of the higher training.

I am writing this in response to a letter I have received, in which the writer states that he is about to invest in a college education, contrary to the advice of his friends, and believing his position to be that of many other young men, he suggests that something of general interest might be said about it.

Now, at the outset I wish to affirm my belief in the college, although I entertain no illusions whatever as to what the college can do for the student. I think the first thing it does for him is to prevent the feeling that he is missing something by missing college. Many men have been handicapped all their lives, not so much by the fact that they have missed the fuller training of the college, as by the fact that they feel that somehow they are out of it by never having had the college experience. It is worth something to remove this possibility from any young man's life, and to free him from a sort of defiance he might otherwise feel. The college has become so regular a part of the common educational system that in future years the boy who has missed it is likely to feel it more keenly than boys hitherto have done. And all this without any reference at all to the inherent benefits of a college course.

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As to the advice against college which my correspondent has received, that is a very common circumstance. One of the most successful men I know, and one of the brainiest too, consistently advises young men not to go to college. He has assisted some who would not heed his advice, but he usually declares that their experience has spoiled them. And, in a way, it has "spoiled" them; that is, it has changed them from what they were, into something else. It has, perhaps, taken away some of their spontaneity and made them more deliberate. Or, where they were venturesome in their thought, drawing their conclusions out of the very air as it were, they now build more slowly and with more method and reach their conclusions more soberly and less audaciously. They have been tamed—for that is one thing that training does for us; it tames us. And in some respects the untamed, untrained vigor of the young is more attractive than a tamed or trained restraint and carefulness. At least it is more attractive to the man I have mentioned.

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But where a young man has earned the right to give the college a chance at him, and where he has thought out his path as clearly as he is able to do, I think the decision must rest with himself—and I think he need not be too unselfish about it either. There is an unselfishness that works harm all around—both to the young fellow who displays it and to the elders who demand it—and there is a sacred separateness about each life which permits the great decisions to be made by oneself. Certainly, if a young man seeks the higher education in order to be able to put more into life and get more out of it, in order to draw his share of the stored-up treasures of the ages, in order to train his faculties to efficiency and power, none of us can charge him with following a low ideal. And I should be inclined to say that the very desire, the very feeling of the need of scholastic discipline, is itself a determining factor which we can seldom frustrate without doing irreparable harm. If it were a case of a young man being forced into college against his will there might be two opinions expressed. But in the case of a young man who is himself exceedingly desirous to get to the schools, I think there is only one.

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"But what good will it do him?" ask the practical-minded. Unfortunately, the question does not usually mean what it asks. The "good" inquired about is sometimes a too material good. In the economic sense it may do him no good at all. That is, it may not enable him to wear broadcloth. In this city there are hundreds of men, who have their B. A. and M. A., working with their hands in subordinate positions, while untrained men of native power are their superiors.

But I do not personally know one of these college men who would trade the value of his college training for increased dollars. The "good" that they have received is measured by quite another scale of values. They have outlooks and insights which some untrained men do not have. They have become aware of their mental machinery; they "know their own mind" in a much deeper sense than others do; they know how to think—and if so be their thought does not coin itself into dollars, it is none the less valuable because of that. They have won citizenship in a wider world; their horizons have been extended; they are on speaking terms with the great and the good of all ages; they can go a little way into all the mysteries into which men have forced partial paths; the world in which they live is more alive, more wonderful and more enchanting, than it would otherwise have been.

They may not be able to have as many or as costly pictures as some others have, but such pictures as they are able to own will be choice ones. Nor may they be able to have as many and as costly bound books as others have, but such books as they own will belong to the aristocracy of letters. They may not be able to live in as beautiful houses and eat as rich food as others, but their lives will be more ordered and their plain fare will nourish a richer life.

This is the answer I make to the question, "What good will it do him?" In such a question I stress the words "good" and "him," but, after all he himself will be able, later on, to give the best answer to it.

And I must not omit to say that the boy who has the desire for college and is hindered in obtaining it, has been very considerably blessed in the desire itself. It is his certificate of brotherhood with the ongoing spirit of the race. It is his entrance qualification into the world of the ideal. Such a desire is never wholly balked. He may not see the college halls, but he will seek and obtain in other ways the discipline of his spirit and his mind. For these higher cravings never go unsatisfied. They are potencies in themselves.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

* * * * * * * * *

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away.

NO TIME FOR SELF-EXALTATION

From the Omaha World Herald.

In the gospel according to St. Luke is recorded a parable which, though it is one of the most familiar and oft quoted of all those uttered by the Savior, American citizens might with profit read over again:

"And he spake this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others:

"'Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican.

"'The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican.

"'I fast twice a week, I give tithes of all that I possess.

"'And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner.

"'I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other; for every one that exalteth himself shall be abashed; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.'"

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The temptation to self-exaltation is great. Across the waters we behold our kinsfolk at war. We see them the victims of the most destructive scourge that has ever befallen humanity. More than fifteen millions of the flower of their young manhood have been killed or crippled and scores of billions of their wealth—wealth they have been generations in amassing—has gone up in smoke. The awful process continues without sign of an end. Europe is a land half of madness and half of mourning, its homes are the abode of woe ad desolation, its men face extermination, its women and children cry unavailingly to a heaven that does not respond. And when we look at home we see peace—peace that is fat with plenty—peace that is actually thriving off the bountiful profits that spring from providing the material which war consumes. The American mother finds her sons, not in the trenches, but with her in the home. Little children behold their father at the head of the table. They are not waiting, as are the children of Europe, in an agony of dread, in a home on whose threshold the wolf is lurking, for news of their father at the front.

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But it is not ours to thank God that we are fortunate and blessed because we are not as other men; because we are better and wiser than our cousins who are dying in the lands where the cradles of our forefatthers were rocked. We are no better than they, and little different. Our deserts are no greater than theirs even though an inscrutable Providence has blessed us far more abundantly. And it is a spirit contemptible when it is not foolish that prompts the vaunting of ourselves as a people on having wrought so much more successfully for the happiness and security of our homes than our European cousins have done for theirs.

The advantage—the enormous, incalculable advantage—is all with us. God has been more than good to us and our praises should ascend to Him without ceasing, but they should be the praises of the publican who humbled himself and said, "God be merciful to me a sinner." It is to what He has done for us, not to what we have done for ourselves and with the opportunities he has given us that is due the startling contrast in conditions distinguishing this shore of the Atlantic from the other. The follies they have practiced over there we are practicing even now. The tasks they have left undone are the selfsame tasks to which our own hands have not been set. The conditions, steadily growing and hardening—conditions due in large part to glaring faults and evils in society, industry and government—that brought on their calamity, are the same that are becoming more and more noticeable and more familiar to us with each passing year. We scold them for what they have done. We presume to fix the blame, to name individual culprits, to make them the objects of our scorn and hate. Yet we have not one good reason to assert that, transplanted from our morning to their evening, from our vast spaces to their cramped quarters, from our one-ness to their many-ness, we would do any different or any better than they have done.

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George W. Perkins said recently, on the subject of preparedness for war, that this country is not even prepared for peace. Now George W. Perkins is a very wealthy man, he has been a very successful man in the world of big business, but when Mr. Perkins said that he told the truth, and it is a truth worth pondering. This country is not prepared for peace. In time, if present tendencies continue, it will be as little prepared for peace as was Europe in the early summer of 1914. And it is lack of preparedness for peace that brings on war. It was such lack of preparedness—a lack the statesmanship of Europe was unable to supply and that it found it impossible to cope with—that brought on this war. The fault was no more Europe's than ours, since we are traveling the beginning of the way of which Europe, groping now in blood and tears, is finding—let us hope—the beginning of the end.

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Let us be thankful for the blessings and advantages and immunities we enjoy. Let us humbly resolve to strive to do more in the future than we have done in the past to make the most of them. Let us not, in God's name, stand posing before the world with the boast that we are not as other men, 'for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased'—abased because he has lost wisdom.

Letters From the People

In the Dead Hand.

Portland, Dec. 9.—To the Editor of The Journal—Your editorial, "Mortmain," was greatly enjoyed. New thought is stirring today. New thought was the name by which our Reformation of a few centuries ago was known; and reformation is at hand today.

The benefactions to old monasteries were examples of mortmain. How they began in spiritual influence and ended in greed, history reveals. Monastic retreats were the romance of their day, and our admiration today.

In my travels I had opportunity to study the monasteries of two English counties. Some are in ruins and some have been turned into great houses situated in beautiful parks. There were 40 monasteries in Nottinghamshire and 20 in Leicestershire, of the greatest attractiveness, besides little parish churches, often one, two or three miles apart, of varied architecture. One is lost in admiration of the old church of 1100, and the reverence and respect back of it is greater than words can convey.

New England faces a war to the death. Will new thought be stronger than war? Bernard Shaw and Arthur C. Benson are two writers of new thought today, to let everyone have a chance to live. Capitalism is the congestion of the world's goods, and militarism is its power. M. A. B.

A Cord Is 128 Cubic Feet.

Madras, Or., Dec. 8.—To the Editor of The Journal—I want to know the standard of measurement for cordwood. I bought seven cords 16 inch lengths. It was not picked up and when I had hauled and picked it there were only four and three-fourths cords, allowing 128 cubic feet per cord (or 4x4x8). The man I got it from says that 118 cubic feet are allowed as a cord. Please let me know. SUBSCRIBER.

[Chapter 225, section 20, laws of 1913, provides "the standard of a cord of wood within the state shall be 128 cubic feet of wood, well piled."]

Mr. Carnegie's Address.

Portland, Dec. 5.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Could you publish in The Journal Andrew Carnegie's address? In what city in the United States does he make his home?

A READER OF THE JOURNAL.

[Mr. Carnegie's home is in New York city. His address is No. 2 East Ninety-first street.]

The Once Over

BY REX LAMPMAN

LAST SUNDAY—I wrote a letter to Santa Claus—about all the little boys and girls—who—in confiding faith—write him letters every year—and mail them at the Portland postoffice.

¶ And I told him—about the funny things they ask for.

—like ishoes and stockings—and warm caps—and mittens.

¶ And with Santa Claus' permission—wirelessed to me—from the North Pole—I am going to print some of the letters—that are waiting for him—already—at the postoffice.

¶ One boy writes

Dear Santa Claus I will try and write you a few lines to see if you will be as good to me as you was last year. I will not have any money to pay you as my papa has been sick in bed for nearly three years and mamma says perhaps you would bring me a few things, so I will tell you what I would like to have.

¶ And then he asks for a pair of high-top shoes—to keep his feet dry.

¶ And he says he needs a pair of overalls very badly.

—and he would like to have a pair of leather gloves.

¶ And he wishes his sister—6 years old—could have a hair ribbon and a hat to wear to Sunday school.

—and some stockings.

¶ "And if it isn't asking too much"—he goes on—"I wish you would bring my papa something good to eat and my mother a pair of stockings and a wrapper number 42 and I would like some nuts and candy."

¶ And his sister writes a letter like his—almost word for word.

¶ And each letter closes—"Hopping you will not forget me."

¶ And a little girl—named Louise—wants some stockings—and pink ribbons—and a little table and chair—and a set of dishes—so she can play house.

¶ And there are other letters—asking for stockings.

¶ And their writers are going to get them.

¶ I know they are—because last week—a merchant wrote me a card—and told me to tell Postmaster Myers—that he would help Santa Claus out—if he was short of stockings.

¶ And another letter—the back of which is all covered with drawings—that look like spiders—but which are labeled "sTalks"—runs like this:

Dear Santa pleas send me butter soup grapes flying machine and one thrashing machine Dear Santa so long merry X-mas.

¶ Another letter says:

Dear Santa Klaus I am Eva and I want a doll. I want it as big as a little baby with blue eis and red mouth with red slippers that will kom off.

¶ And they ask for kewpies—and darkey dolls—and handkerchiefs—and story books—and red wagons—and airships—and automobiles—and nuts and candy—and—oh—everything.

¶ And of course—some of these children need not worry.

—because their parents have written to Santa Claus—too.

¶ But a great many of them—when Christmas dawn makes gray the windows—will wake to empty stockings—unless—

¶ LISTEN—Unless quite a few people—go to see Postmaster Myers—and let him appoint them Santa Claus' deputies.

—which—Santa Claus writes me—he has full authority to do.

Skookum Heard From Again.

(Skookum Correspondence Lincoln County Leader, Lincoln, Or.)

The Skookums and the Dogs had a fool ball game Sunday. Some guys who could do nothing but breaking the Oregon Sunday law by playing on Sunday did the football but our boys got Mr. Hay's sofa pillow and tied it in shape with baling rope and kicked that. There were only seven inches of water on the ground and there were few real fights to mar the sport. Of course the Skookums won, or I'd not have reported the game.

Our Civic club took a straw vote for president at last meeting. Woodrow Wilson, Bryan, Debs, Andrew Carnegie, Burbank, Ford and Rockefeller each got a vote. Taft was not mentioned. If Skookum represents the country the house of representatives will have to say who shall be president.

Last Sunday was communion day at the Skookum church. Mrs. Hay, who is a Bryan Democrat, supposed she brought loganberry juice for the wine, but Ira B. Ira, changed the jar for one of jelly and marked "poison." On it, so Sourdough Smith got a jar of Evergreen blackberries which he tried to strain out. But they had fermented and our temperance people diluted the pills after they ate a lot to prove it was not poisoned. Ira feels sore over that trick now.

Elder Stewart preached an eloquent sermon on h—— that evening. He gave that place more future inhabitants than Billy Sunday did. Among other things he said there was but one Christian at our courthouse. Who is he—she, I mean? Don't know, do you?

Several Skookumites went to Toledo last week and ate too much of Al's popcorn, they intimate. They got lost in the forest between the popcorn and courthouse. Too much Scotch broom. We acknowledge the corn and the Scotch and hope they get the lessons when they reached their better halves at Skookum.

A Stranger's Tribute to a Portland Child.

Sir: A stranger, in a strange city, passing, and fearing he may "never pass this way again" wishes to drop a word of appreciation to a little Portland child, and to the glad, gay heart of childhood, the same the world over.

"Do you want a flower?"

So asks a little miss of six or seven, as she holds out a bright yellow flower.

O yes, little one, and who would not, when given by such an exquisite little human flower, so sweet a baby spirit?

Through the beauty of the little yellow flower "there beams a solicitude not its own," yet a far greater beauty beams from the immaculate Baby Flower with her elfin smile and her silvery voice, as she says, "Do you want a flower?"

Yes, baby, we all want your flowers, little spirit, and any one who did not would be indeed spirit blind, without soul, for with your flowers and with your little presence you bring into a land of shadows bright, bright sunlight.

H. STORER LEWIS,
East 1914 Morton ave., Spokane.

Speaking of Pirates.

Don Seitz of the New York World, an authority on pirates and piracy—that is, Seitz is—is quoted in the Boston Transcript as saying that Captain Kidd wasn't much of a pirate, after all.

• •

"Captain Kidd was sent out to suppress pirates, backed by some of the most influential men in colonial New York."

• •

That is, Kidd, not the pirates, was backed by some of early Gotham's leading citizens.

• •

"When he found success slow on his expedition, he began to pick up booty himself."

• •

"He was hanged in England, ostensibly for killing a mutinous gunner, but the great Kidd of bloody legend was really 'framed up' by his partners to keep their share of the profits quiet."

• •

Then Kidd, so to speak, was really made the goat!

• •

Is that the idea, Don?