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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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

WOODROW WILSON.

Teach self-denial and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.—Walter Scott.

IS IT FOR WAR?

DOES the Oregonian believe the United States should declare war against Germany and Austria?

Discussing the sinking of the Persia, it says "the slaughter of Americans continues and nothing is done to stop it; that is the disheartening, humiliating conclusion."

It says "will the president never realize that he and through him the American nation, have become objects of ridicule and contempt to the whole world?"

It says "words unsupported by deeds are impotent."

Just what "deeds" would the Oregonian have the United States perform?

Is it for war and afraid to say so? If not afraid to say so, why not come out openly and advise that an American fleet be sent over to bombard German and Austrian ports?

That would mean something. The vague references to "deeds" and the darkling insistence upon "action" mean nothing.

If "words unsupported by deeds are impotent" in the case of the administration, why are not "words unsupported by deeds impotent" also in the case of the Oregonian? Where has there been a more exhausting tirade of words without mention of one single deed that it would do than in the Oregonian?

There are two things and only two by which the United States can maintain its rights in the present war. One is through the tedious and often disappointing channels of diplomacy, and the other is by going to war. There are many Americans who honestly think we ought to enter the war on the side of the allies, and they are honest in their beliefs. There are others who would be glad to involve us on the side of the central powers and they too are honest. But the question is, should the whole country be drenched in blood and debt on the sympathy of these Americans for foreign governments?

We may disagree with the ideas of these Americans. But it is to be said of them that their criticisms of the administration are at least intelligible. We, at least, know what they are talking about.

But the Oregonian clamor is not intelligible. When it talks about "words unsupported by deeds," it gets nowhere. It is clamor that is afraid to explain itself, clamor that is intended only to muddy the water, clamor just to be clamoring.

What could be more contemptible in a great national crisis than deliberate effort to embarrass our government by persons who are too cowardly to propose a policy of their own as a substitute for that which the government is pursuing?

As stated, two courses are open to the United States—the cumbrous and clumsy process of diplomacy, and the open resort to war. President Wilson is trying to handle the situation by diplomacy. Nobody has a moral right to assail President Wilson's plan unless he is prepared to declare for war, is ready to advise the American people to declare for war and is prepared to himself shoulder a gun and go out into the trenches.

IN THE COLONEL'S TIME

COL. ROOSEVELT is more critical than ever. Nothing that the Wilson administration does is right. Everything it does is wrong, according to the colonel.

His latest explosion is a general indictment of the president in a current magazine. Among other things he refers to the Turkish indignities upon the Armenians as a "crowning outrage" and adds that "it is dreadful to think that these things can be done and that this nation remains neutral not only in deed, but in thought."

What happened during the Colonel's time as president? In 1902, the Boers lost their independence. In 1903 was the massacre of Kichineff. After that Macedonia ran red with blood.

In 1905, the horrors of the Congo were officially published and the world was staggered. In 1905, Corea lost her independence. In 1906, Morocco was parcelled out by the powers.

In 1906, the Russian government shot, hanged and massacred thousands of Russian subjects.

In 1909, 25,000 Armenians were slaughtered at Adana by the Turks. Theodore Roosevelt was then president. And he was president during the years in which all these troubles and tragedies abroad were enacted.

And while these crowning outrages were being committed Theodore Roosevelt never cocked a cannon, or fired a gun, or shot a paper wad.

Twelve thousand employes in eight mills at Webster, Dudley and Quinebaug, Massachusetts, have been given wage increases of five to 10 per cent. The mill owners explain that the increase is warranted by the prosperous year in business.

BUILDING A STATE

THERE is intelligence and practicality in the plan of the late Irrigation Congress.

There is proposal for a state guarantee of irrigation and drainage bonds and for a state system of rural credits. To that end an amendment of the state constitution is necessary, and it is planned to formulate the necessary legislation at a state-wide conference to be held probably at Salem some time in February. Early action is necessary in order to get the measure on the ballot at the November election.

A difficulty with irrigation movements in the past is that they have been vague and indefinite. When it was proposed at Salem last Winter for the state to make a loan in order to secure cooperation from the federal government with an appropriation of $500,000, the irrigationists were badly divided on the plan.

The present plan is understood to be unanimously favored by irrigation and drainage men throughout the state. With the merit of a harmonious backing by those immediately concerned, the proposed legislation will have a double appeal to the electorate and stand an excellent chance of adoption.

The reclaiming of idle land whether by irrigation or drainage is a tremendously profitable plan of state development. Every acre made productive goes on producing forever. It is an asset that never breaks down, a mine that is never exhausted.

A plan to bring such acres under production is permanent and intelligent state building.

We are now told that excavations on the new Portland auditorium will begin next week, or the week after. But seeing is believing.

VIRTUE'S REWARD

THE powers of evil stop at nothing when they have resolved to ruin a man. And they commonly resolve to ruin a man who is dangerous to them. The case of Warden Osborne of the Sing Sing prison in New York is directly in point. Mr. Osborne made himself conspicuous in the eyes of prison reformers by his intelligent interest in the welfare of criminals. So earnest and competent was he in this field that he was finally appointed warden at Sing Sing.

Then his troubles began. As long as he did nothing but speak and write against prison evils nobody cared to injure him. But the moment he was in a position to make his ideas effective he stirred up malignant enemies in every quarter.

Mr. Osborne discovered a curious state of affairs at Sing Sing when he took charge. There was, for example, a thriving trade in opium and rum between the prisoners and outsiders. The prison itself was filthy and unhygienic. The discipline of the prisoners was savagely cruel. If Mr. Osborne had tolerated these conditions like his predecessors all would have gone well with him. His misfortune was that he was an honest man as well as a humane one. He set about making the prison decent and Christian.

At the first sign of betterment the whole host of scalawags who profited by dirt, disease and vice began to howl. And their howls found a great deal of sympathy in high places, for the entire state and city government of New York is much like the management of Sing Sing before Mr. Osborne took charge and a great many persons saw their own graft menaced by the threatened reforms. Rotten officials are united by the strongest bonds of brotherhood. Nor was the war upon Mr. Osborne limited to howling.

Demands for his removal poured in upon his superiors and when these proved unavailing the next thing was to trump up a criminal charge against him and have him indicted. We need not say that a prosecuting attorney was readily found to help on the conspiracy. Nor is it necessary to say that the charge against Mr. Osborne is "personal immorality," of a statutory type. This charge can be brought against anybody, no matter how innocent, and it is extremely difficult to disprove. The unprincipled enemies of Mr. Osborne and reform have therefore chosen their ground astutely.

A wage increase of five per cent for 60,000 employes in the 33 mills of the American Woolen company is one answer to Mr. Bourne's attack on the new tariff. It means an additional weekly outlay of $175,000.

BACK TO PEACE

MR. FORD is back in his native land, far away from the noisy disputations of his quarrelsome guests on the peace ship.

He is said to have fled the ship because of illness, but it is not improbable that he left the Oscar II in order to get away from the din of the angry clashes of peace pilgrims who are uproariously and multitudinously pugnacious.

On two principal points, and on only two, were they harmonious. First, they all favored peace for Europe while retaining the right to be personally warlike, and second, they were unanimous in approving Mr. Ford's right to pay all the bills.

Seldom does a pilgrimage of peace consist of delegates so inwardly peaceable and so outwardly cantankerous. If the expedition should last long enough and the tempers of the pilgrims lose none of their respective edges, it is not impossible that instead of "getting the boys out of the trenches by Christmas," the Akeds, the Lindseys, the Joneses and the Schwimmers would ultimately be in miniature trenches and behind barricades in the real war to break out aboard ship.

As a man of peace, Mr. Ford knew when he had enough of a good thing among his fighting peace pilgrims.

Mr. Taft in a public statement makes it clear that the colonel as Republican standard bearer will not be acceptable to him. And yet, once they called each other "Will" and "Theodore."

CONVERTED TRUSTEES

WHEN the trustees of the Pennsylvania university dismissed Professor Scott Nearing they no doubt hoped that he would slip meekly away into obscurity, like a wounded deer, and make no trouble for them. If such was their expectation they have been sadly disappointed. The spectacle of a competent college professor dismissed because his teachings were not agreeable to a bunch of street railway and trust magnates aroused the whole country. Protests poured in upon the trustees from the faculty and students of the Pennsylvania university as well as from the country at large and they were finally driven to put forth such feeble defense as they could make.

Naturally the attempted defense of their action only made them appear all the more guilty. The best they could do was to confess their shame and continued criticism has finally forced them, however reluctantly, to come out for academic freedom. The recreant trustees have passed a resolution that henceforth teachers shall not be dismissed from the university except at the behest of a faculty committee and that there shall be no undue restraint upon the liberty of teaching.

College faculties everywhere hail this action as a glorious victory. It means that one autocratic board of university trustees has been moved by public opinion to concede just rights to the professors under their control. This is a great gain. But it is not gain enough. The trustees of Pennsylvania university can rescind their enlightened resolution whenever they please. The teachers are still under their sway.

For a professedly democratic people we tolerate an astonishing amount of despotism in our schools and colleges.

MR. FACING BOTH WAYS

SOME of our eastern brethren have a difficult road to travel this winter. It has not only a deep ditch on one side and a quagmire on the other, but it is beset with stumps against which they are forever barking their shins. Collier's Weekly is one of these troubled papers. It wants to oppose the LaFollette bill to protect sailors and the administration scheme for government owned ships at the same time. This desire lures our contemporary into terrible straits. To discountenance the LaFollette bill it has of course to maintain that American shipping is going to the dogs. The flag is disappearing from the seas, the shipyards are idle, ocean freight is piling up tremendously on the wharves waiting for transportation that is never likely to come unless the infamous LaFollette Act is repealed.

When Collier's turns its attention to the administration shipping scheme its tune suddenly changes pitch. It now has to prove that American shipping under private management is as prosperous as anybody could desire. This is the exact opposite of its contention regarding the LaFollette Act, but no matter about that. Consistency is the virtue of little minds. So we read that when the vessels now actually building are launched "the United States will have the largest tonnage of foreign trade shipping that it ever had."

This does not look exactly as if the LaFollette seamen's bill were driving the flag from the seas. It looks instead as if the flag were going to wave more proudly and more numerously than ever before in spite of the nefarious bill, or perhaps on account of it. It may be that justice and fair dealing to the helpless sailor and the innocent passenger are going to pay after all.

NOTHING THE MATTER WITH PORTLAND

(This tales continue. No. 8 of the series is devoted to a firm of iron workers who might be called pioneers in their line in Portland. The story is one of expansion and of rock-bottomed stability. This firm's manager is a glowing optimist regarding not only his own business but in respect also of the great future of Portland when its superior advantages are seized by all who can and should avail themselves of them. Let careful study also be given the lesson, set forth in this column today, of the auto signs.)

ABOUT 45 years ago—it's ancient history.

It was as long ago as that, however, that Smith Bros. & Watson established an iron works on Front street near Montgomery. It was a little institution then. Four or five men were employed—during the "busy" season.

That plant, now located at Front and Harrison, covers two acres of ground, and during "busy" times employs 150 men. It has not half that number now, because the management caters to the lumber interests, which have been "sleeping" since the people began to shoot each other over in Europe. Still, its payroll foots up $40,000 per annum at the present time, and it has had as few as 45 men at work. Business is picking up, however, and the force will be increased as there may be demand for it.

INCORPORATED IN 1885.

The Smith & Watson Iron Works was incorporated in 1885. Prior thereto the business was run on a partnership basis. A lot of "ginger," mixed with new blood, was infused into the enterprise, new machinery was installed, a foundry was added, and "new life" began to bubble. It has been bubbling ever since, and although these be considered "hard times," one will find Front and Harrison a noisy and busy spot at any of the working hours of the day.

"We cater largely to the logging industry," said A. F. Smith, president and manager. "We build logging engines, sawmill machinery and make any class of castings called for, except steel. We also do a large business in supplying new parts for farm machinery, and in the repair of farming implements. It is surprising how much of this class of work comes to us, and it is growing continually. Our principal field is Oregon and Washington, yet we fill many orders from Idaho and California. It may seem peculiar, too, but we have done some business as far south as New Orleans. Of course orders from such distances are rare.

TRANSMISSION MACHINERY.

"I had almost forgotten to say that we manufacture transmission machinery, and this constitutes an important part of our work. In this country logging is prosecuted differently from the old fashioned method of building roads and hauling timber to the skids. Logs are now picked up like matches and carried by cables across gulches, sometimes a hundred feet from the ground. We can supply the devices and implements for these purposes."

There is plenty of faith in Portland and Oregon at this plant, too.

"We have the best and most substantial city in the country," Mr. Smith declares. "It is as solid as a rock. There is none of the froth or the foam here. The city has abundant capital of its own, and 'when this cruel war is over' you will witness a growth in Portland the like of which the community has not heretofore known! The entire coast will make a gain in new enterprises of many kinds, and Portland will become more and more a manufacturing center."

The Smith & Watson Iron Works is the outcome of work and faith in Portland—the exemplification of a confidence which was born when the place was but a scattering village—a timber region where The Journal building now stands. Work and faith has built the city up. Work is what makes Portland—not speculation, or trying to get something for nothing. It is the thief that tries to get something for nothing. It never pays the individual, and it never pays the community to allow the individual to be any kind of a thief.

A Little Story of Signs.

The making of 35,000 automobile signs to be issued to automobile owners by the state is not in the big contract class, yet it is worth while to keep even the $8000 they cost at home. It put $1300 into the bank account of the Enamel Bake Ovens company, Fourteenth and Burnside, gave the Western Tool & Die Works, Andy Fritz proprietor, a $200 job in making the dies, and there was $6500 remaining for the Irwin-Hodson company, the concern which secured the contract from the state. The latter company conducts a printing establishment at Fifteenth and Glisan streets, and this contract required it to add a stamping press to its equipment, and it is the first to be brought to Portland. This transaction, therefore, has not only kept $8000 of Oregon money in Oregon, but has equipped the Irwin-Hodson company to do a class of work that could not be done in Oregon before.

HELPS ANOTHER ENTERPRISE.

The Enamel Bake Ovens were opened in Portland only a year ago. There had been nothing of the kind in Oregon before. Of course the great growth of the automobile business demanded such an institution, and it has prospered from the very first. And its prosperity is entirely measured by Portland's prosperity. It has grown and expanded because the requirements of an enameling plant have grown; still, every little helps, and Mr. Warnock, the manager, says he appreciates the fact that his institution is at least a trifle better-off because the state of Oregon, largely through the influence of Ben W. Olcott, secretary of state, decided to have Oregon people make those Oregon signs. And Andy Fritz says: "We made the dies, and although our part of the job was but a small one, it demonstrated the fact that Portland is prepared to do this work, and as well as it can be done anywhere in the country.

C. A. Whitemore, president of the Irwin-Hodson company, says that his concern had many opposing bidders to contend with, and that it secured the contract because its bid was the lowest, and the class of work it is doing cannot be surpassed. Already designs have been submitted for next year's signs, differing from those for 1916 in that white is proposed to be used in place of the red of the present season, which ends next fall.

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.

War and Greed.

Lyle, Wash., Jan. 2.—(To the Editor of The Journal)—As a reader of your valuable paper I wish to express my appreciation of the encouragement you give to freedom of thought and expression, through space given over to letters from the people. Such freedom is the only ladder on which a people can climb to liberty and birthright. Untrammelled thought and intellectual development are the great emancipators.

Ignorance, superstition and tyranny are the forces today that chain the human race in slavery and from which is born the world-wide hell of bloodshed and inexpressible human misery existing.

No one except a knave or one who should be in an insane asylum will attempt to deny that the bloody conflict now raging is purely a commercial war, and it is safe to say that 99 per cent of all the wars that have deluged the world with blood and misery have been promoted and executed through the same hellish spirit of greed and self.

This brings us to the great issue of preparedness and conscription now confronting the people of the United States, for which no sound argument can be made, except to enrich the few at the expense of the many and pave the way for the continued exploitation of the masses. It is a matter of congressional record that both Admiral Badger and Admiral Fletcher, ranking active officers of the American navy, testified before the house committee on naval affairs last December that in their opinion our navy was stronger than that of Germany or any other European power, except Great Britain.

Then why all this commotion?

It never seems to occur to these wiseacre statesmen who are in such mortal dread of invasion by some foreign foe, to attack the cause, and by changing the soul and body destroying dog-eat-dog system of commercialism and greed, war would end forever.

Why should the people longer tolerate this system that robs life, especially for the masses, of everything worth while, and spread the blight of all that the words "industrial slavery" imply?

Every man and woman who cares for the betterment and uplift of humanity should get busy on this question, and give the senators of their respective states and the congressmen of their respective districts to understand that they will not tolerate any further exploitation of the people for war purposes. D. L. MacLEOD.

The Struggle in Peace Times.

Portland, Jan. 4.—(To the Editor of The Journal)—England is fighting for her very existence, and so is Germany. France also is in the death struggle of nations. But what about the strife to live, for those who are in the fierce fight in times of peace, the poverty zone takes its toll in millions of all ages in the battle for life. The dramatic photoplays, "Destruction" and "Zaza," among others recently seen in Portland, make one ask why should the masses toil to their extinction to permit the mismated lives of a few men and women every extravagance that the power of money will give them? It is a monstrous indictment against peace. Yet there are those who blame the many for the folly and crime of rulers and the favorites of fortune who usurp world control in war or peace. It is the iron hand that grasps for power in evil days, and governs in periods of safety to the exclusion of blessings that should be common to all. Now is demanded a fairer reckoning of all the advantages in living conditions the world over. M. A. BUCKLEY.

In the Presidential Race.

Portland, Jan. 3.—To the Editor of The Journal—The Republican party appears to have a new game this year. All of the most prominent candidates are refusing to allow their names to go on the primaries. This will aid the nomination of "favorite sons" who will have no national strength, and leave the real selection of a presidential candidate in the hands of the convention when it meets. Thus it can dangle Roosevelt and Root and Hughes before the eyes of the public, and at the last moment nominate, say, —Weeks! This plan has but one danger—which is that a vigorous man like La Follette might capture so many of the primaries as to come into the convention with unbeatable strength.

That raises an interesting question: Why are so many conservatives like Taft eagerly telling us that La Follette is politically dead so far as the presidency is concerned? If it is true, why do they persist in lambasting the corpse? Perhaps the answer lies in a most unexpected place—in the plan of the Interstate Commerce Commission to get a physical valuation of the railroads, so that rates could have a real and just basis. It was La Follette who sponsored this idea, and now supports it. The railroads have a greater power of taxation than the American government, and they are not going to submit to an honest and scientific method of rate-making if they can help it. It is charged that the railroads were behind the outcry raised against the La Follette seaman's law. It was claimed that American shipping would be driven from the seas and that Americans could not get jobs as sailors. But every shipyard is being worked to capacity to turn out new boats, and American crews are ousting Chinese crews and Japanese, while the general public has a degree of safety never before granted them.

The Republican reactionaries appear to be playing an interesting but dangerous game. Like the railroads, they are not going to yield to the public any more than they have to.

DAILY READER.

Defends Dr. Loveland.

Portland, Jan. 3.—To the Editor of The Journal—I have read the letters which appeared in The Journal December 29 and 31, written disparagingly against the Rev. Dr. Loveland's famous sermon on "What Answer Will the Church Give to President Wilson's Policy of Preparedness?" After reading these I got the impression that surely the writers did not hear the sermon, otherwise there would be less confusion in their arguments. I am not a regular churchgoer, but I noticed the sermon advertised in The Journal, and not knowing Dr. Loveland, I went to hear him with an unbiased mind. And I can honestly vouch that Dr. Loveland dealt with the difficult problem in a most masterful, comprehensive and instructive way. The sermon was well received by the vast audience. At the finish the audience broke through the usual decorum and gave him loud applause, which I think was well deserved.

In his sermon he gave us some stern facts to consider. First, man belongs to the animal kingdom, and is endowed with their fighting propensities, especially the females, who are generally the most vicious. Fact No. 2 is: War has always been going on in the world, during its past history, and from all appearances it will continue to go on. Fact No. 3: The greatest, most deadly and destructive war in the history of the world is now going on, and its ramifications are affecting all nations, and though America is not one of the combatants, its citizens have been drowned, its commerce is being dislocated, even neutral ships are being scuttled, as well as being sunk by submarines, and we are apparently powerless to prevent it.

Regarding the policy of nonresistance as advocated by the pacificists, that if you are smitten on the one cheek, you should turn the other, Dr. Loveland said that if that principle as taught by Christ, could be put into universal practice, it certainly would make a heaven upon earth, and put an end to wars. "But in the meantime"—(and he put great emphasis on the word meantime)—"the nations of the world are not ready to adopt that principle, but the opposite. They are arming to the teeth, and the mighty and strong, who are supposed to defend the weak, are at present using their power and strength to extinguish and exterminate the weak." His conclusion was most pathetic and impressive, being a short review of the origin of America. "Late in being discovered was a purpose of God." "Born and emancipated by the power of the sword." Again, "Chastened and Consolidated by the power of the sword, and at present being sifted and fitted by experience to take an important part in the readjustment of international law, and the working out of an amicable settlement, to bring about international peace, as well as giving help and support to the weaker neutral nations who are looking to us for guidance. For this purpose, the church," he concluded, "must indorse the policy of preparedness."

The above are some of the points which the writers against Dr. Loveland would do well to digest, and not pick out a few texts and fling at him. Some "little Americans" no doubt, disliked the sermon, but the great majority who were there, like myself, felt much the better for hearing the same.

JOSIAH YOUNG.

The Cry of a Burdened One.

Silver Lake, Or., Dec. 25.—(To the Editor of The Journal)—"The mills of the gods grind slow, but they grind exceedingly fine." We have been married nearly 15 years. We have seven children, and the stork hovers near, and our eldest is not yet 14. I am not complaining. There has been sunshine as well as shadow, and the children are a joy. But life at best, as a farmer's wife, leaves something to be desired. We rise early, for winter time. There's breakfast, and we board the teacher. The children must be got to school; they walk a mile. Then baby is to care for. Dishes are to be done. Dinner is to get. There are sweeping and the beds, and it is afternoon. I get a few minutes to lie down with baby. Then the children are home from school. Supper is to get. The stranger comes with the dusk. Dishes to do. And then, to bed. Sundays, Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays, it is almost the same routine, with sewing in between. All this for board and clothes! There is no plan and no time for pleasure.

I graduated from high school. I belong to the Eastern Star and to the Baptist church. I used to have friends, but am isolated and have not had time or opportunity to cultivate friends. I know I would not say anything if I thought I could stand it. But my husband had to come to the church to meet me. Why is it he won't go since nor allow me? Surely my duty to him and the children is what I live for.

It has been so from the first. It is not a new thing of late years, brought on by circumstances or misfortune.

Perhaps someone has solved just such a problem. I want help.

I would not insist on going to church if I could go for a ride, to visit a neighbor, or to see a sister who lives near. I've never tried to walk so far. I have sometimes taken a team and gone when no one was at home to object, and no one inconvenienced. But there is no plan made for my pleasure, no convenience to lighten my labor, and my happiness is not given a thought. What is the answer? FARMER'S WIFE.

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Lafferty will run again. So will Pat.

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Prosperity item: The snow shovel industry has taken on new activity.

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Wonder whether leap year proposals will result in less business for the divorce courts?

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Your old friends will be disappointed if they don't hear from you letter writing week, January 17 to 22.

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Before getting too excited, it might be well to remember that we have Austria to thank for the wienerwurst.

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La Grande entered upon the new year with too few houses for its people, showing that prosperity brings worries as well as compensations.

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Whatever people may think of the Sunday law, there can be agreement that Judge Wolverton's refusal to decide the issue on technicalities adds strength to his decision.

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Fire Marshal Stevens says overinsurance is an invitation to arson and the cause of incendiary fires. But what do the insurance companies care so long as they charge up losses to honest people?

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The argument against Franklin T. Lane for appointment to the supreme court vacancy is that he is too strong a man for the interior department to lose. Thus Mr. Lane has honorable distinction whether or not he gets the appointment.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

A straw vote, by postal card, taken at Fossil on the question of changing the town's name, has resulted in the dropping of the proposal, 64 out of 100 voting against change.

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The railroad company has recently erected new stock pens near the freight depot at Newberg, and the Enterprise says the facilities now for shipping stock are excelled by no town along the line.

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The Klamath county court, in order to encourage the slaughter of coyotes, has raised the bounty for next year, according to the Klamath Falls Herald, until each coyote will mean $3.5 for the man killing him. Fort Klamath people have pledged themselves to pay an additional $2 per head for each coyote killed in that section.

• •

The new Christian Science church at Burns has been completed and the first service was held last Sunday. The Times Herald says: "This is a very neat and inviting little church and the members are to be congratulated. All the furniture has not been installed as yet but this will be done as rapidly as circumstances will permit."

• •

"This," says the Coquille Sentinel, "is the fifty-third issue of the Sentinel for the year 1915. We can remember the time when weekly newspapers whose publication day fell, as does ours today, on the last day of the year, took a week off, remarking that the subscribers had got all that was coming to them in the preceding 52 weekly issues."

THE ANCIENT SANCTUARY OF MOUNT ATHOS

From a Bulletin of the National Geographic Society.

Across the peninsula from the allies' fortified Balkan port at Saloniki lies fabled Mount Athos, today a holy mount to the Christians, the dominant physical feature of the Chalcidian region; and here, where the ancient gods are nodding down upon the mushroom growth of a wonderful military camp in the old port city, is situated a saintly monastic community peaceful, reflective, a religious republic through the dark ages of the Balkans.

Legend makes the rugged mountain holy in the eyes of all near eastern Christians and, moreover, the same legend has to do with some of the present day discomforts of life there high above the blue Aegean. It is recorded that the Blessed Virgin rescued the son of the Emperor Theodosius from shipwreck and brought him safely through the violent seas to the mountain foot. As they touched upon the shore the sacred companion of the prince commanded: "Let no other woman's foot tread this soil after me." And so it comes that no female beings are allowed upon the holy mount.

The strict exclusion of all female creatures from the mount, however, has certain disadvantages. Thus, no fresh eggs may be had on Mount Athos, and no milk, for the cow and the hen, under the ban of the legend, are kept from its area. It is a place of masculine independence and supremacy; a land "where all fowls are cocks; all sheep rams; all cats Toms; all housemaids men, and most men monks."

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The ascent of the holy mount to its realm of religious and masculine seclusion is a toilsome one. Above the monasteries and the hermit cells, the culminating, colossal, conical peak of the mount breaks into the clouds. This peak is so majestic that it is said to throw its evening shadow across distant Lemnos. Karyes, a city of quaint domes set in groves of hazel, is the capital of the community, and in Turkish times before the war of 1912, it was practically the capital of a monastic republic.

On the lower slopes, the olive, the cypress, the lemon and the orange form an outlying fringe of vegetation. The higher slopes are climbed by the oak, the beech, the chestnut and mantled by the fir. All manner of vegetables and fruits are grown in the monastery gardens; and the low, rambling buildings, accretive rather than planned, are picturesque, homey surroundings within which to pass away a calm, reflective life.

• •

The monks and hermits of Mount Athos have been named the lotos eaters. Nature around them is beautiful and impressive, and their ways are sheltered and through plenty. On the other hand, some writers find the lot of life upon the holy mount anything but enviable. One says: "Nature and history have combined in making Mount Athos what it is—a milkless, mirthless seat of superstitious meditation, where sanctity is hatched in sable folded idleness, where the spirit slumbers rocked in the cradle of medieval faith. No breath of skepticism wafted from the outer world ever reaches those lotophagian retreats, no aspiration of those that agitate the 'purblind race of miserable men' ever quickens the pulse of these melancholy anchorites." The monks of Mount Athos, however, have deserved well of the world by preserving much of the wealth of old Greek culture to modern times.

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Athos swells the tip of the eastermost of the three Chalcidian peninsulas. The mountain reaches a crest 6350 feet above the sea and plunges precipitously into the water. Monasteries were founded upon the mount in the early middle ages, some say as early as the time of Constantine. They preserved their independence under Moslem rule, even after assisting in a struggle for Greek independence, and for centuries they were the center of Greek learning.

The peninsula, on which Athos is situated is 40 miles long, and it is connected with the mainland by a neck hardly a mile and a half broad. The way around the peninsula was a dangerous one for sailors and Xerxes, as part of his plan for invading Greece, ran a canal through the narrow neck, which can still be traced. In classic times, there were several smaller cities here. Now 6000 monks, housed in 20 monasteries, constitute the life of Athos and its causeway to the mainland.

The Once Over

BY REX LAMPMAN

YESTERDAY AFTERNOON — I wandered forth—in the beautiful snow—to see what I could see.

¶ And I was going along.

—wishing I had spiked shoes—

—or rubber heels—

—or something.

¶ Because a lot of the beautiful had tarnished—and turned into beautiful slush.

—which had frozen—into beautiful ice—which was melting.

¶ And I saw Nick Pierong coming—with Tom Conlon.

¶ And just before they got to me—Nick stuck out his left foot.

—and tripped Tom.

¶ But Tom grabbed a lamp post—and held on.

¶ And I thought Nick had done it on purpose.

—except that he had such a serious expression—on his face.

¶ And he stuck out his right foot.

—and then tried to get them together again.

—but he couldn't make it.

¶ And both feet came forward.

—and then went back.

¶ And everybody slowed up—and watched him—to see what he intended to do—with his feet.

¶ And I said—"What's the matter—Nick—what are you trying to do?"

¶ And he glared at me.

—and almost sat down.

—so it wasn't a very good glare.

¶ And when he got them under control—he talked as though he blamed me.

¶ And he went on to say—that the clerk who sold him the rubber heels—was a liar.

¶ And I said—"Yes—but why do you act this way?"

¶ And Tom said—"Can't you see?—he's practicing some of those new steps—that Evelyn Nesbit is doing—up at the Orpheum.

—"and he wanted me to be Jack Clifford—and I wouldn't."

¶ And I went along—before Nick could say any more.

—and saw a lot of people—acting just like he did.

¶ And there was a man—pushing a sign on wheels.

¶ And the sign said—"Why have wet feet—and be uncomfortable—and catch cold—and be sick?"

¶ And it told where to get shoes—to keep your feet dry.

¶ And I looked at the shoes—of the man who was pushing the sign.

¶ And the heels were almost gone.

—and there were holes in the sides.

—and his feet were wet.

¶ And I went up Yamhill.

¶ And there were some kids—with sleds.

¶ And their cheeks were rosy—and their eyes shining.

—and they were shouting.

¶ And one of them—I don't know which—hit me in the ear—with a snowball.

¶ And as I watched them—I thought of the days—long ago—when I was a kid—back in Wisconsin.

¶ And I looked up—and a man—a lot older than I am—was standing beside me.

¶ And we both smiled.

—and looked at the kids.

¶ And a snowball whizzed between—and sprayed us both.

¶ And we laughed—and shook hands—and parted—but—

¶ LISTEN—I'll bet I know—just what he was thinking about.

The New Year Novice.

By Ben Lampman.

Doctor, won't you feel my pulse and stick around awhile? I fear me that this comely map will never wreath a smile. Blow me no bunk of glad New Year, nor grin your dreadful grin—the patient that confronts you, Doc, is slated to cash in. Last night at Charley's Down the Line, we watched the Old Year die, full four and twenty spending sports, and each as full as I. Our glasses jingled on the bar, our silver sought the till. O, many a toast and many a boast to Bacchus did we spill. Yet grief was in each gallant heart, though all undimmed each eye; we sought to souse our sorrow, Doc—the state was going dry.

Doctor, speak not of the sobs that wring the manly frame, when sorrow with a sickle cleaves the good old family name. The pain that pent within our breasts we held and made no moan, might wring to tears a Zulu chief or liquify a stone. Yet laughter lilted at the night and thundered through the door—we drenched the sadness of our souls and called for one round more. And, Doctor, chide me not that I was not the least of these—until the lights went round and round like merry Christmas trees. Who would not souse his sorrow, Doc, or bravely make the try? We all were mourners at a wake—the state was going dry.

Doctor won't you feel my pulse and stick around a while? I fear me that these youthful limbs will never limp a mile. Bid them cull me no fair flowers, when I am starward fled. Whoever pined for posies, Doc, and carried such a head? Last night, at Charley's Down the Line, we watched the Old Year croak—to song and quip and ribaldry the New Year yawned and woke. But, Doctor, in each gallant heart a secret pain abode—each man braced up, as all men must, and sought to bear this load • • • Why do you shake your learned conk and smile and softly sigh? I've got to have my bracer, Doc—the poor old state's gone dry!

"Talk is cheap," says one of Kansas' Grand Army of Candid Grouches, "except when you hire a lawyer."

Stories of Street and Town

Hunters Strike Wells.

WHILE dinner was served on board the steamer Hassalo on Christmas day to the homeless, a strange similarity of names among four well known Portland men developed.

W. D. Wells, agent for the San Francisco & Portland Steamship company, had been paying his respects to Ed Budd and his staff aboard the Hassalo. As he left the dock he saw H. P. ("Dad") Hunter, special agent for the O-W. R. & N. company, engaged in conversation with two policemen. He drew near and offered the usual "Merry Christmas."

"Well, I declare," said the amiable "Dad." "What do you think of this? Mr. W. D. Wells meet Mr. W. M. Wells." At the same time the Hunters exchanged greetings.

Wells is traffic officer at Fifth and Washington streets, while the second policeman was C. F. Hunter, traffic officer at Broadway and Washington street.

Neither the Hunters nor the Wellses are related.