Oregon Journal

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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Expedients are for an hour, but principles are for the ages. Just because the rains descend and the winds blow, we cannot afford to build on the shifting sands.—Henry Ward Beecher.

THE RICHEST NATION

BY MORE than a billion dollars, the combined resources of the member banks in the federal reserve system of the United States exceed the aggregate resources of the Bank of England, the Bank of France, the Bank of Russia, the German Reichsbank, the Bank of Italy, the Bank of Spain, the Bank of the Netherlands, the Bank of Denmark, the Swiss National bank and the Imperial Bank of Japan.

Such is the statement of Comptroller Williams in his annual report. It is a powerful reason for Germany not to desire war with America. It is a preparedness exceeded only by the preparedness of superior American strength in men. The war chests of Great Britain are a vital factor in the cause of the entente allies.

The primitive wars were an issue of sheer numbers and the quality of the fighting men. The present conflict is a war of machines, and they are machines that cost money. A projectile for a single shot from a heavy calibred gun costs several hundred dollars. Because of the cost of war machinery, the present conflict will soon be a hundred-billion-dollar war.

The United States now has more than one-third of the gold of the world. If the war continues much longer, this country will possess more than half the earth's gold.

When European monarchs and chancellors sit in war council and contemplate challenging America to combat, four tremendous facts will confront them:

1.—America can arm and sustain a force of fighting men not far short of 20 millions.

2—She can feed, clothe, arm and maintain them without importing from other countries.

3.—Attacking nations must transport troops across oceans, the narrowest of which is 3000 miles.

4.—She is the richest nation on the globe.

There was but one dissenting vote in the senate against the grain inspection bill. Presumably the house will take an equally favorable view of the measure. Agriculture in Oregon deserves every protection that is given the agriculture of other states.

HEREDITY IN CHEMISTRY

ONE of the oddities of current science is the effort of the law of heredity to force its way into chemistry. Everybody understands that living creatures inherit their qualities, or some of them, from their progenitors but it is strange to be told that the atoms share the same dubious blessing. Here is an instance. If lead is descended from thorium, as it may be, its atomic weight is 208.5. But if it is the son of radium its weight is no more than 206.

This is very human. It is like saying that the son of millionaire Tubbs weighs a ton in his town while the son of poor poet Jones weighs only an ounce, if he does that. This alarming intrusion of heredity among the atoms comes from the extremely modern discovery that they decay and are born again like animals.

Each apparently solid atom is a system of bodies revolving about a center. Its constituents may be scattered and then the atom perishes. Our roaming constituents may assemble and then a new atom is born. We dare say worlds and solar systems undergo the same vicissitudes of time and chance in infinite space.

Natural science is in a state of flux. The old axioms are under suspicion. It was a Pole who brought the Euclidean geometry to bar. The Frenchwoman, Madame Curie, began the inquisition of the atoms which may lead to their condemnation as impostors, if not as heretics. William James taught us long ago that truth is a relative thing.

In other words, truth changes from age to age. What was true for the nineteenth century in natural science, religion and politics, may not pass for truth now. The nineteenth century banked on democratic politics, the religion of sweet phrases and atomic chemistry. The atoms survive after a fashion, sweet phrases still pass current for reality in some quarters and democracy remains an ideal for which good men hope the world may some day be ready. But where is our complacent nineteenth century assurance that we "knew it all"?

In a spasm of economy they have put the city treasurer down at Waycross, Georgia, on a salary of $1 per year. Still, at that price, some public officials come high.

CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN

IT IS pleasant to notice that the School Bulletin reprints Walt Whitman's great Lincoln Song for the birthday. This is America's best lyric and one of the best in the world. The poet sang of the ship coming safe into harbor with the captain "on the deck fallen cold and dead."

"From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won," but the captain will never know it unless he can look down on the things of this world from some other. Walt Whitman comprehended Lincoln better than did most intellectual men of his generation. Some of them despised the great president because he was not classically educated and nurtured in rich men's clubs. Others tolerated what they called his "vulgarity" for the sake of his ability.

But Whitman loved him and felt his greatness. Perhaps the reason for it should be sought in the poet's own nature which was only secondarily intellectual. Primarily, like Lincoln himself, he was governed by the profound currents of worldwide sympathies.

On the whole, there is hardly justification for all the ugly talk going the rounds in private conversation about the legislature. The body has passed several very excellent measures, and seems intent on adding to the list. It has many excellent members and is a better body than the "midnight-resolution" legislature.

WALT WHITMAN

SINCE we are near Lincoln's birthday still it is appropriate to say something about Walt Whitman, whose fame is linked with the great president's. What we wish to say is this. Portland has a Browning club and a Shakespeare club. It has commemorated Tolstoi's birthday and Benjamin Franklin's. But we know of no Walt Whitman club and we do not remember that his birthday has ever been observed here.

Yet in his particular field Whitman is as great as Tolstoi or Shakespeare. Everybody whose judgment is worth hearing now classes him among the poets of the first rank. He is the one literary man our country has produced who can be mentioned with Goethe, Milton and Homer without blushing.

But we name no streets after Whitman as the Parisians would do. We build him no monuments. What will our grandchildren think of us for such neglect? What will they say when they learn that Whitman's poems are kept locked up at the library as if they were something pernicious? Whitman grows greater every year. His contemporary poets are sinking out of sight and sound.

The reduction in the cost of transporting insane patients is of record in the secretary of state's office at Salem. If any legislators have doubt as to the plan of transporting convicts by penitentiary attaches, let them consult the records of saving in the case of insane patients transported by asylum attendants.

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE

GOVERNOR BRUMBAUGH of Pensylvania says he wants "to make Pennsylvania the cleanest, sweetest, holiest place in all the world." In the course of his aspirations toward cleanliness, sweetness and holiness Mr. Brumbaugh has fallen foul of Boies Penrose and his gang, who smell more of sulphur than of flowers.

Their quarrel is over the division of the spoils. Pennsylvania has two Republican factions which agree in nothing but the principle that office is an opportunity for plunder. So Brumbaugh tugs away at one end of the swag basket and Penrose at the other. Brumbaugh's crowd say that Penrose is a "pledge-breaker," that he "is guilty of all the crimes in the calendar," that he is a "harpy, a sordid schemer, a pirate."

Penrose retorts that Brumbaugh is "a Michiavelli, an arch-intriguant," and that "he wears the stamp of inhumanity."

Whatever comes of it Governor Brumbaugh's viscid hypocrisy makes him appear at equal disadvantage with Penrose with his frank and brutal greed. If we must have spoils politics it seems desirable to avoid mixing too many pietistic phrases with it.

People who would naturally respect the formulas of faith naturally learn to look at them suspiciously when they are made to serve the needs of sticky politics.

With Chinese gunmen liable to break out in a reign of terror at any moment, it is hazardous for citizens to venture in the Chinese quarter, or for that matter in other places about Portland. If no other way can be found to end these recurring civil wars, it can be done by driving the whole celestial population out of the city.

GRAFT OR NO GRAFT?

MANY days have elapsed since the bill for eliminating publication of delinquent tax advertising in Multnomah county went to the house.

The measure passed the senate with only three dissenting votes. In the ordinary course of legislation, the bill was long since due for a report and vote in the house.

There are a great many house members who want to go on record in favor of the measure. Numbers of them want to make its application state-wide. A report of the committee should be made in order that these members in justice to themselves and vindication of the confidence of their constituents may have opportunity to vote for the bill, win or lose.

But a few days of the session remain. It is unthinkable that any serious attempt will be made to kill the measure by the worn out and clumsy process of chloroforming it to death in committee.

That method might be successfully worked on a bill which had received less publicity or that is less popular with the public. It could not be safely employed on the delinquent publication bill with which the whole population of Oregon is fully familiar, and which has the unqualified support of 99 citizens out of every 100.

The legislators are in session with pledges of economy on their lips. Here is a chance to relieve the taxpayers of the state, delinquent and non-delinquent, of a newspaper graft that in a few years cost Multnomah county $30,902 and 27 of the other counties, $73,775.

Refusal to cut away this heavy toll on taxpayers would be the equivalent of another "midnight resolution."

So far as known, this legislature has passed no bad bills. It has enacted a number of good ones.

HOSTAGES

ODDLY enough reads the story that American residents in Germany are to be detained until the kaiser feels sure that German life and property will be safe here. We know of no attacks on German life in this country. Americans feel most kindly toward their neighbors from the Fatherland and even when difference of opinion is marked there is no disposition to quarrel over conditions which all regret.

Nor has German property been injured except by the Germans themselves. We understand that the wreck they have made upon their interned ships foots up to several millions of dollars. But it is their own fault. They have done it themselves and done it needlessly. Our government has never intended to confiscate the interned ships, not believing in a policy of theft even from a possible enemy.

In all its conduct during the war the government of the United States has demonstrated that a great nation can guide itself in times of stress and passion by the code of an honorable man. And this is something gained for civilization.

THE M'CUMBER MENACE

IN THE senate Saturday, McCumber of Dakota said:

> Since February first, about 75 ships have been sunk by German submarines without warning, yet we are told now that we are to await an overt act. Certainly, if we are to await anything further, there will never be any cause for war.

The man is not honest in his intimation that the president should take more drastic action. If Mr. McCumber is dissatisfied with peace and really wants a conflict with Germany, why does he not rise in his place on the floor of the senate and offer a resolution declaring war?

The president cannot declare war. Under the constitution, congress alone has that power. The fact that McCumber delivers such a speech but does not himself move to have the war-making power of the government declare for hostilities exposes his hypocrisy.

It is this kind of pettifogging by men temporarily in places of influence and authority that is one of our greatest dangers of becoming involved in conflict. The McCumbers with their goading of the president would, were Wilson not a man of extraordinary moral courage, be a greater menace to the peace of America than all the kaisers and all the leaders of the German military party.

Only a man of iron as president, could avoid being turned more or less toward war by the taunts, gibes and goadings hurled at him in congress and showered upon him in the late campaign because of his efforts to keep America out of war.

German U-boats are scarcely more to be dreaded as a cause of war than are the dishonest politicians in and out of congress.

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.]

Mr. Gillmore on Tax List Graft.

St. Johns, Feb. 9.—To the Editor of The Journal—I wish to congratulate you on your fight against the delinquent tax list publication graft, and as I have come in for a good deal of notice on account of a delinquent tax of $1.21 being advertised at a cost of $4, I will say in regard to this strip of ground—which is 100 feet long and 11 feet wide at one end, tapering down to four inches at the other, instead of 44 feet, as stated in the paper—that I bought this piece about nine years ago in order to square up the lots on which my house was built. I have been paying taxes in this state for the past 23 years and have always paid them when due, and did so last year, but through oversight or carelessness this strip was not included with my other properties in Multnomah county and I failed to notice the omission. I did not read the delinquent tax list as printed in the papers, and probably would not have known it was advertised had not a neighbor called my attention to it. I lost no time in making another trip to the courthouse. In this case a postal card would have saved $3.99 to the county, and me the annoyance of having my property advertised.

I have been in the real estate business the past 11 years, and think a long delinquent tax list a poor advertisement for our state.

J. F. GILLMORE.

Encourages Tax List Fight.

Adel, Or., Feb. 4—To the Editor of The Journal—Keep after the legislature about the publication of the delinquent tax list. I have noticed that some of the smaller papers are doing all they can to prevent the repeal of the present graft. Their contention is, as we all know, nothing but a selfish one. Any man in the legislature that will get frightened at the papers should be remembered by the taxpayers, and I hope they will be.

Your fight is a good one. Strike hard and fast. Go after the legislators a little rougher. They need it, and it may bring them to time. If they cannot pass laws that the people need and want, for fear of what the papers will do to them, they should be relegated to the back woods and kept there. Stick to the point, and drive it in hard and deep.

T. A. CRUMP.

Rebukes Tax List Profiters.

Newberg, Or., Feb. 8.—To the Editor of The Journal—Why can't the country newspaper editors see the rosy dawn of progress that illuminates the western skies? They are trying to perpetuate an abuse that smells to high heaven, whereby they despoil the overburdened deliquent taxpayer by publishing the delinquent tax list, when every fair minded man knows that a mail notice would be so much cheaper and more effective.

There is one principle of government that a patriotic citizen must bow to: "The greatest good to the greatest number." While we admit that the printing of the delinquent tax list brings in much needed income, it is a wrong. We often have to laugh at one of the resolutions adopted at almost every meeting of the state association of editors, petitioning the United States postoffice department to discontinue the printing of return cards on stamped envelopes free in lots of 500, thereby asking the consumer to pay his local printer about $2.50 for what Uncle Sam does free. But Uncle Sam has ignored their request, and what a pity that our lawmakers at Salem haven't the backbone to ignore the petition of these same publishers and job printers.

It is also amusing to hear the country press admonish their advertisers, the local merchants, by railing at mail order houses, when they had better lecture the home merchant to try to give their customers as fair treatment as the average mail order house gives its customers, that they may hold their custom. O, ye Editors wake up! Get out of the rut.

A NATIVE SON.

Highway's Route Through Morrow.

Heppner, Or., Feb. 6.—To the Editor of The Journal—District Attorney S. E. Notson, representing the Heppner Commercial club, and W. R. Turner, representing the Farmers' union, were passengers Monday, for Salem, going to our capital for the purpose of protesting against the Columbia highway's following the sand country through Morrow county.

There is but one rational way of routing the highway through Morrow, and that is up Willow creek to Heppner, thence east and north to Pendleton via Pilot Rock.

The highway will undoubtedly be the first good piece of road built in the county. With short trunk roads built from the wheat sections into Heppner, Lexington and Ione, the highway, if routed up Willow creek, will give the farmers a means of moving their crops from the farms, by auto trucks, to the river, where they may have cheap water transportation.

If the sand country is to be irrigated, well and good; but why build a modern trail for the jackrabbits, when established civilization needs an outlet for moving their commodities so badly? When the sand is made to "blossom like the rose," then will be time enough to consider spending the state's money for building a modern highway through it. SUBSCRIBER.

A Protest.

Portland, Or., Feb. 12.—To the Editor of The Journal — The people of Lents had quite a surprise last Saturday when reading the Mount Scott Herald that the Lents Improvement club had already gone to see Mr. Griffith of the Portland Railway, Light & Power company to have the carline removed from Woodstock avenue to Foster road. The company has been running to Lents for 25 years, the old Oregonians giving land and money, and the company had all its own way, cutting through the property, the owners expecting the company to still continue on this line. The Foster road is a road that is used for general traffic. It would be a mistake to have it cut up by placing the carline there. The Woodstock property owners will put up a vigorous protest.

PROPERTY OWNER.

The Skillful Pilot.

Portland, Or., Feb. 12.—To the Editor of The Journal—It is very amusing to read some of the letters which have appeared in The Journal urging our president to keep this country out of war because Bryan has said this and Bryan has said that. Who rules the United States? Is it Mr. Bryan, or the people through the voice of the president? Our president has proved beyond doubt that he is not a man of war but a man of peace. But his faith, patience, good sense and cool judgment have been sorely tried, not only by outside lawless monarchs, but by some inside professed friends. And during his incumbency, when he has been called upon to face and deal with any serious crisis, instead of the country backing him as a united and solid people should do, some professed friends (and usually Mr. Bryan is one) do their best to propound their own petty sentiments and divide the minds of the people. During the late crisis in connection with the war Bryan was weighed in the balance and found wanting. President Wilson, thank God, was at the helm. He kept Old Glory flying and safely steered into calm and peaceful waters.

Let us have undivided confidence in our good president. He knows far better than we do the needs of the country. There are still breakers ahead, but with him at the helm we have no cause to fear. At the present crisis we should write less, speak less and pray more. He needs our prayers and confidence. He is not against Germany and in favor of the allies, nor against the allies and in favor of Germany, but is the champion of a good and great cause—the champion of international law as applied to warfare at sea, and, higher still, the champion of humanity. JOSIAH YOUNG.

Just Supposing an Embargo.

Shaw, Or., Feb. 10.—To the Editor of The Journal—In today's issue of The Journal is a letter in which our government is criticised for allowing food, clothing and munitions to be shipped to the allies while at the same time advocating peace.

Of course, we all realize that this has helped to keep the warring nations supplied so that the conflict may continue, and we all resent paying two prices for necessaries because of this condition. But on the other hand, supposing our government had placed an embargo upon shipping early in the war. None of us knows just what effect this might have produced in the allied nations and none of us can say exactly how soon domineering England would have found an excuse to engage the United States in war and in that event set her Japanese ally against us. How would we then have been situated? Let us consider.

Bounded on the north by Canadian enemies, on the west by the Japanese, on the east by the allies and on the south by Mexico, our situation could be vastly worse than it now is.

I believe our president is facing a grave and complex crisis, one which it requires almost superhuman power to meet. Let us be patient.

A government, in order to protect the people and their rights, cannot do justice in every case. Many times an important need must be sacrificed to the pressure of a bigger and more vital demand. B. L. G.

Artesian Water in the Valley.

Hillsboro, Or., Feb. 8.—To the Editor of The Journal—I have noticed that in your paper you sometimes mention artesian wells in central or eastern Oregon. There is a splendid artesian well on the G. S. Robinson farm, 17 miles south of Portland, at Farmington, flowing 200 gallons per minute.

MRS. G. S. ROBINSON.

Reply to a Non-Unionist.

Portland, Feb. 8.—To the Editor of The Journal—Please allow me sufficient space to reply to "One Who Has Seen," whose letter appeared in your issue of February 4.

It is the desire of labor unions that their membership be composed of good mechanics, but many times they are forced to admit inferior ones on account of employers being only too glad to take on those of very limited experience, in time of strikes.

It has been my experience and observation that, as a class, union men are superior to others. A man who is intelligent enough to think for himself and not be controlled entirely by orders from the boss naturally decides he cannot improve his condition wholly by his individual efforts, then resorts to organization, precisely as his employer does. In short, men are forced to organize, as a result of the one sided industrial conditions under which we live at present.

The writer stated: "When the man gets $7 per day, he soon decides that he wants $8 or $9." That wage would be satisfactory with living conditions as now existing, but when wages range from $2 to $5 per day, as at present, is it any wonder that men become discouraged? I have never known of a strike being called for any but a good reason, and never by the unauthorized edict of the leaders. Strikes are called by a vote of the individual members.

The writer also charged labor leaders with living in luxury from the dues paid them. When it comes to a matter of luxurious living, that is wholly confined to the wealthy owners and the money lenders, who collect more than they earn. The letter also states that closed shops ruin a town, when as a matter of fact open shops ruin a community, if either does, for then each man is forced to work for whatever his employer is willing to pay him. In many instances the small employer is fair minded but he finds it necessary to economize because of the grasping moneyed aristocracy to which he is indebted. It is true that some people do not know when they are well off, but generally they know when they are not well off enough to feed, clothe and educate their children properly.

OBSERVER.

Charles Prine's Address Wanted.

Monmouth, Or., Feb. 3.—To the Editor of The Journal—I would like the address of my uncle, Charles Prine, son of William Martin Prine, who left Selo, Oregon, with his parents about 1870 and moved to Coosa, California. The writer of this inquiry was formerly Mary Ann Powell. Address as signed.

MARY ANN LEE,
Monmouth, Or., Box 47.

PERSONAL MENTION

Soloist From Portland, Maine.

Ethelynde Smith of Portland, Maine, Apollo club soloist, is a guest at the Portland. She is accompanied by Mrs. George E. Smith.

F. A. Warner in Portland.

F. A. Warner of Berkeley, Cal., treasurer of the Coos Bay Lumber company, is a Portland visitor.

Chicago Packer a Visitor.

C. M. Macfarlane of Chicago, treasurer of Morris & Co., packers, is a Portland visitor. He is accompanied by Mrs. Macfarlane and Miss Isabelle Macfarlane.

National Banker a Guest.

Albert Newman, vice president of the Drovers' National bank, Kansas City, Mo., is a Portland visitor.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Adams of The Dalles are at the Nortonia.

G. Scott Anderson is a Wallace, Idaho, visitor at the Portland.

Thad Sweek, mayor of Tualatin, is at the Perkins.

W. L. Haskell, Cherry Grove lumberman, is at the Multnomah.

Mrs. J. W. Gerlinger of Colfax, Wash., is at the Corgelius.

M. A. Rickard, Corvallis auto dealer, is at the Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Myers of La Center, Wash., are at the Carlton.

J. H. Foster is a Dallas visitor at the Perkins.

H. J. McDevitt of Marshfield is at the Portland.

J. C. Livingston is a Pendleton arrival at the Nortonia.

D. C. Kerr of Silverton is at the Cornelius.

Guy J. Johnson of Junau, Alaska, is at the Multnomah.

Dr. M. P. Mendelsohn is a Salem visitor at the Oregon.

Mrs. A. Middleton and Miss Ruth Davis are Eugene arrivals at the Carlton.

R. A. Booth of Eugene, vice president of the Booth-Kelly Lumber company, is at the Imperial.

F. L. Houghton of The Dalles is at the Nortonia.

W. W. W. Ball is registered at the Multnomah from Seattle.

W. Hilton of Melbourne is an overseas visitor at the Imperial.

T. J. Hilley of Castlerock, Wash., is at the Perkins.

A. W. Stone, Hood River orchardist, is at the Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. H. McDonald are Eugene visitors at the Nortonia.

W. C. Barney of Lewiston, Mont., is at the Carlton.

C. B. McConnell of Burns is at the Imperial.

W. C. Holland is registered at the Oregon from Westport.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Ernst of Seattle are guests at the Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. John Easton of Dufur are at the Perkins.

Miss M. E. Buckingham of Kelso, Wash., is a guest at the Washington.

Ed E. Kiddle of Island City is at the Imperial. He is a former member of the state senate.

Scott S. Goode is registered at the Washington from Seattle.

J. A. Tormey is a Spokane visitor at the Multnomah.

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Do these new cigarette laws of ours include cigaroots within their inhibitions?

Speaking of following a profession, there are lawyers who get "profession" confused with "ambulance."

For a week or such a matter, the captain might get away with it by playing his ship is the one that has Von Bernstorff aboard.

"One for the master and one for the dame, and one," ordered the commander of the U-boat, "for that steamship that I see yonder, coming down the sea lane."

The Colonel asks to be made a general when he goes to war. But why not admiral? The sea is the likelier place for trouble. But if he still insists, why not make himself general?

In the operation of subtraction there are the minuend, the subtrahend and the remainder. In the sum the Germans are doing now, they will make their big noise about the subtrahend, and the allies about the minuend. Meanwhile, the rest of the world will keep its eye on the remainder.

We have not forgotten and shall never forget the 300-odd poor fellows who perished aboard of her, but we no longer "Remember the Maine." Nothing much has been said about it, but 20 years ago we were calling upon Uncle Sam to strafe Spain, and later he did strafe her. And now look at them both!

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Virgil Kelly of Keating has brought to Baker, for the bounty, his second black wolf skin. The Herald describes the pelt as "about four feet long and resembles that of a coyote, aside from its color."

Spring signs are noted and interpreted by the Sheridan Sun, thus: "The weather has got back to normal, and with the geese flying northward, the frogs croaking, robins chirping, larks singing and the doors and windows open we will be able to survive the balance of the winter."

What the winter has been like down on the coast of Oregon may be seen from this item, from the Coquille Sentinel of February 2: "We had something like a 'squaw' winter, here Tuesday, snow enough having fallen during the night to whiten the ground. It disappeared during the morning; but another lot sifted down in the evening, so that the only two snowfalls of the winter thus far can be credited to the same day."

The Astorian, describing, with comment, the reception of the break with Germany: "Loyal Astoria! No sooner was the news of a possible war with Germany spread broadcast about the city by the Morning Astorian Extra announcing the diplomatic break, than the Stars and Stripes began to flutter from one end of the business section to the other. There is not a store or a building in the downtown district of this city that is not graced by the Flag of the Union. We are with you, Mr. President."

THE STARVATION OF ENGLAND

From the New York Evening Post.

If Paris was taken in four weeks, it mattered little whether England came to the aid of France; she would be too late. If England can be starved out in two or three months, Germany is ready to take the "consequences." In other words, the United States might enter the war, but it would be all over before we could make ourselves felt. The question of English resources against starvation is of the essence of the problem. What does "starvation" mean, and how quickly can England be reduced to helplessness? It is a complex problem, and we can deal with it in only the broadest approximations. And since the degree of deprivation which a nation will endure before it collapses is impossible to state, the safest method of approach is to ask, what must the German submarines accomplish in order to reduce England to the condition which Germany herself stands in the matter of food?

Two arithmetical factors enter into the calculation. The first is that before the outbreak of the war England imported probably two-thirds of her food requirements. The second is that England imported three times as much food per head of the population as Germany did. That is to say, the respective food import needs of the two nations were 66 per cent and 22 per cent. The allied blockade has virtually cut off German imports. Such food as drifts into Germany from the Scandinavian countries, from Holland, and from Switzerland would amount to a very small percentage of her former imports. In other words, the German population has been deprived of nearly 20 per cent of its food requirments for more than two years—and it has not yet been starved into submission. For the English people to suffer the same percentage of deprivation, England must lose a little more than one-third of her food importations. Since food will take precedence even over munitions and troop transport, it follows that England must lose at least one-third of her shipping tonnage now available for trade purposes. At the end of 1916 British merchant shipping was approximately the same as it was at the beginning of the war, a little over 20,000,000 tons. Allow for the diversion of shipping to military uses, and it yet appears that Germany must sink something like 5,000,000 tons of English ships before England is as near to "starvation" as Germany is today. How many more ships England must lose before she cries for peace—before, that is, she acknowledges the loss of her supremacy on the sea and the end of her empire—is a matter the reader can guess for himself.

This, then, is the basic fact. In order to reduce England to the same pinch of hunger as herself, Germany must sink twice as many tons of British shipping as she has sunk during the first 29 months of war. Berlin's own estimate of Britain's merchant marine losses up to the end of 1916 is 2,794,000 tons. Germany must sink three times that amount of tonnage and more before she brings England to her knees; and she must do it, by her own account, in a few months. If she is to accomplish that object in six months, she must sink three times as many ships per month as she has been sinking during the recent period of intensified submarine warfare. If she is to accomplish it in a year, she must increase her submarine activity by 50 per cent. But when we speak of a year we destroy the very foundation of the German case. Even half a year would be fatal to the professed object with which Germany has flung her challenge to the world. As the months roll by and the German people see that process of shortening war by sea-ruthlessness stretching out even as the process of shortening the war by ruthlessness on land has stretched out for nearly two years and a half, what will become of the unalterable will to conquer? What they will see is that, just as the consequences of the law of necessity in Belgium was war with England, the consequences of the law of necessity may be war with the United States. The kaiser has staked everything on a sudden stroke. We see just what that sudden stroke must accomplish.

If German confidence is what it professes to be, we must imagine not a "considerable increase" in Germany's submarine strength, as Bethmann-Hollweg put it, but a stupendous increase; an effort and a surprise compared to which Germany's exertions earlier in the war, when she was stronger and fresher, would be as child's play. And we must imagine, on the other hand, that in England there has been no anticipation of the peril and no provision for it. We must assume that there is no basis to the stories of huge fleets of small anti-submarine craft which England has been building; that there has been no provision in the form of destroyers and light cruisers for convoy purposes; that there has been no preparation for putting guns on merchantmen. If, on the other hand, we visualize the details of England's probable action in this war to the death; the storing up of food supplies; the enforcement of a food ration; the opening up of new agricultural land; the arming of merchantmen; the maximum effort of a naval power and an empire fighting for existence, we can see what the kaiser's U-boats must accomplish to shatter England.

HOW TO BE HEALTHY

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SENSIBLE DIET.—The question is often asked: "Why not eat whatever we want as long as we feel well?"

The answer is: "How do we know our particular standards of 'feeling well' are the best possible standards?" Furthermore, how are we to know how we will feel in 10 years from now when the cumulative results of many of our mistakes in eating may be registered in our blood pressure, hearts, livers or kidneys. In the main, the eating habits sanctioned by custom have also been sanctioned by science, because the eating habits of the average individual have also been accepted as an index of his requirements.

Present scientific standards of diet are based not upon the habits of man, but upon exact and tested observations of the needs of his body.

Energy food is the most important requirement. No cell can live for a single instant without fuel. The fuel or energy for the human engine is comprised in the carbonaceous foods. Examples of these foods are sugars, starches and fats. The sugars and starches are called carbohydrates; the fats, hydrocarbons, but the term carbonaceous covers all. For the average person about six tenths of the heat or fuel units should come from carbohydrates, viz., sugars, potatoes, breadstuffs, cereals and vegetables. Three tenths should come from fats, butter, oils, milk or cream, and animal body fats, the last being the least desirable. These energy or fuel foods should be increased in quantity with more exercise and hard work.

The less important elements in food are the building and repair elements. These are the nitrogenous or protein foods. About one tenth to one fifteenth of the heat units should come from this source. Examples of these foods are the lean of meat, fish, fowl, game, all flesh foods, white of egg, cheese. Certain vegetables, as peas, beans and lentils, nuts, cereals and bread contain both carbonaceous and nitrogenous matter.

The mistakes of diet in the past have arisen from overestimating the amount of growth and repair material required by the human body.

"More work,—more meat" is a fallacy. True, a man engaged in hard work can burn up more meat, but the risk of damage is still there. The repair materials are very complex, and if we use them for fuel, the ashes are acid wastes that tax the vital organs and tend to under-decrease the reserve alkalines of the blood. In excess, that may constitute real body poisons, especially acted upon by bacteria in the intestines. Furthermore, flesh food is concentrated, and its lack of bulk and small amount of waste matter not only favor sluggish intestines, but tend to increase the degree of absorption and poisoning in the bowel.

To keep you warm and give you energy for work, eat energy or fuel foods, potatoes, bread, cereals, corn bread, sirup and other sugars. To keep your muscles and organs in repair, eat a limited and fixed amount of repair foods, meat, eggs, cheese, nuts, flesh foods, peas, beans and lentils. Do not increase the repair food with increase in work or exposure to cold; increase the fuel foods for further energy. Each day eat fruits. Canned fruits are good. Cooked fruits are often better than fresh fruit of doubtful quality, but some fresh fruit is essential. Eat fresh green vegetables whenever you can get them. Eat some vegetables of low food value, like carrots, parsnips, spinach, turnips, squash and cabbage, to stimulate the bowels and give flavor to the diet and prevent overnourishment. Eat slowly. A glass or two of water at meals is not harmful if you do not wash your food down with it.

Tomorrow—Planning Good Health.

Rag Tag and Bobtail

Stories From Everywhere

[To this column all readers of The Journal are invited to contribute original matter—in story, in verse or in philosophical observation—or striking quotations, from any source. Contributions of exceptional merit will be paid for, at the editor's appraisal.]

A Dull Day.

A COMPILATION of official reports from the battle lines indicates a dull day. There have been a few trench raids, without substantial gains of territory; artillery action here and there; a steamer and nine schooners sunk in the Black sea—altogether not much news. The first page bears a brief dispatch regarding the sinking of a British transport with 1800 men; Lloyd's announces the loss of five steamships; rumors of commerce destroyers are heard. But telegraph editors take it easy, says the Detroit News in an editorial article.

After the war it will be a long time before our normal sense of news values returns. Disaster has been the daily diet of newspaper readers. Thousands of lives and millions of wealth are poured out as a matter of routine. The world's sensibilities have grown numb. Our sympathies are protected from excessive shock by an armor of artificial indifference. War, the commonplace, the expected, the established. A hint of peace is needed to arouse us and call up the black headlines.

A Maternal Prerogative.

Little Myra Lee had been in school but a few days when her mother had occasion to write a note to the teacher and signed herself Mrs. Kent. Thinking she might have misunderstood the child's name, the teacher asked an explanation.

"Oh," said Myra, with a charmingly confidential air, "you see, my mamma got married again, but I didn't."

Second-Hand Learning.

Passengers in a crowded department store elevator were being regaled with some learned advice on hygiene by a diminutive lad who had accompanied his mother on a shopping expedition.

"Oh! There's not enough oxygen in this elevator," he shrilled. "There's too much 'orbon dioxide.' Why don't they get better air in here?"

The lad was merely illustrating some of the lessons he had learned at school, the teacher having explained the perils of foul air and the pernicious effects of carbon dioxide on the human system.

The Boy Knew.

"If I cut a beefsteak in two," asked the teacher, "and then cut the halves in two, what do I get?"

"Quarters," returned the boy.

"Good. And then again?"

"Eighths."

"Correct. Again?"

"Sixteenths."

"Exactly. And what then?"

"Thirty-seconds."

"And once more?"

"Hamburger!" cried the boy, impatiently.

Old Sol and the Winter King.

The variable weather since Sunday has given one an idea of what snow really is, says the Sheridan Sun. The great feathery flakes fell rapidly at intervals during Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, and had they remained unmelted would have accumulated to a depth of eight or ten inches. At times the wind was quite boisterous, and then, as if ashamed of itself, would cease its pranks and the sun come out and drive away the seemingly approach of winter. At no time has the weather been cold, and what little snow remains upon the ground in the valley will soon disappear. On the higher hills and in the mountains the snow is said to have fallen to a considerable depth.

Editorial Courtesy.

It is said that the return of a manuscript to its author may imperil the life of the Chinese editor, says an exchange, and that only by the invariable use of the most gracious, courteous and apologetic language can he expect to avert the awful wrath of the contributor whose manuscript is declined, and save his own editorial head from swift decapitation. The following letter from a Celestial editor, accompanying the return of a manuscript, surely denotes tactfulness and a realization of the direful consequences if the recipient took offense thereat:

"Most honored brother of the sun and the moon: Your slave is prostrate at your feet! I kiss the ground before you, and implore you to authorize me to speak and live. Your manuscript has permitted itself to be looked upon by us, and we have read it with enchantment. I swear on the tomb of my ancestors that I have never read anything more exalted. It is with fear and terror that I send it back. If I allowed myself to print this treasure, the president would immediately order me to use it forever as an example, and forbid me to dare to print anything inferior. My literary experience enables me to declare that such literary pearls are only created once in ten thousand years, and this is why I take the liberty of returning it to you."

Mistaken for Oom-pah Boys.

During the Democratic national convention in Baltimore, says the Chicago Herald, several warships were anchored in the harbor and from one of them one day came two officers. They were both Indiana men of striking physique and dressed up like sea horses.

The officers dropped in at Indiana headquarters to call on old friends and while standing in a group one of them was slapped on the back by a delegate who said familiarly:

"Haven't you band boys gone home yet?"

A Ballade of the Front Page.

Before the great reviewing stand
They pass, a jostling, motley corps;
The grave, the gay, the fierce, the bland,
From chorus girl to emperor.
Here's one that plunged a world in gore,
And one that forced the poor to pay.
For fuel and food a penny more—
Whose name is on page one today?

Who's this comes stepping it so grand,
As if he's trod this path before?
(A bloody bludgeon in his hand)
It is, it is Lord Theodore!
Just as we think his act is o'er
Dispatches flash from Oyster Bay
That make it needless to implore
"Whose name is on page one today?"

Diverse and weird the ways they land,
One wrote about a dinosaur,
Another made a speech that fanned
Class hatred into Civil war.
Where's Oliver, that won a score
Of lady loves, then ran away?
Where's she that flew from lake to shore?
Whose name is on page one today?

Omnipotent Night Editor!
Please exercise your matter gray;
Be careful just a little more,
Whose name is on page one today?
—Philadelphia Evening Ledger.

Uncle Jeff Snow Says:

Pete McDormer says he's been flirtin' with war brides in Wall street and got most chisled out of his eyeteeth. Ma says it serves him right, him bein' a married man, and no business in Wall street nohow.