Oregon Journal

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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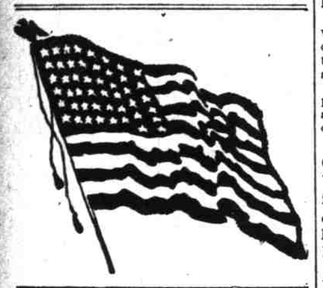

Let France have good mothers, and she will have good sons.—Napoleon.

MOTHER!

"WHAT is wanting," said Napoleon one day to Madame Campan, "in order that the youth of France may be well educated?"

"Good mothers," was the reply.

The emperor was greatly impressed by the answer. "Here," said he, "is a system in one word."

"All that I am, or hope to be," said Lincoln, "I owe to my angel mother."

"The mother's heart is the child's school room," said Henry Ward Beecher.

A Jewish proverb phrases motherhood thus: "God could not be everywhere, therefore he made mothers."

From all the good and great, there is the same testimony. They all look back from far up the heights to crown a mother with the acknowledgment of having been the source of their best inspirations. The best manhood is in him who never resisted a mother's tears.

Yet man never sees all a mother has been to him until it is too late to make the great confession to her. Not until the cold clay is laid away for its last rest, do all the multitude of tender realizations come trooping into the mind of him who has lost her.

Then there are memories of the look in those eyes and the faint echoes from the soft voice, the touch of a gentle hand in quiet caress, one of the sweetest gifts that falls to youth.

The unfathomable love that looks out from a mother soul, the "kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain," these are memories that come back to men as they leave the little mound in the churchyard of the inexpressible love such as a mother alone bestows.

Mothers day has its appropriate place in human affairs. We owe it to the child to help it measure the sacrifices and treasure the privileges that a mother lays at the feet of her children. We owe it to our youth to help them realize the glory and safety of nestling on a mother's heart.

If we teach it all to them as we should and help them to know the stupendous truths of motherhood as they are, the social system will be infinitely strengthened and the nation be planted on adamant.

What port has a better right to have a "port week"? Has not the trade letter of the biggest bank in America said of Portland that its harbor entrance is "superior to most harbor entrances in this country or abroad"? With such a harbor entrance, and with so many artificial influences working against the port, why should not Portland have a "port week" during which the people should mobilize in an aggressive movement to put the "port" in Portland?

FREDERICK THE GREAT

A FOLLOWER of the philosopher Bergson would be apt to say that Frederick the Great was the monarch who gave Prussia its "elan vital." We roughly translate this famous phrase "vital impulse," but it means a good deal more. Bergson's elan vital contains not only impulse but the stored potential energy that carries the impulse on from one generation to another and from age to age.

There was a taint of insanity in Frederick's ancestry which showed plainly enough in the hero himself. His father was a rough, closefisted, cruel tyrant. Macaulay describes him ruthlessly but accurately in his celebrated essay on Frederick. The name of this unlovely monarch was Frederick William.

His nature, writes Macaulay, was "hard and bad and the habit of exercising arbitrary power had made him frightfully savage. When his majesty took a walk every human being fled before him. If he met a lady in the streets he gave her a kick and told her to go home and mind her brats." The old monster hated his two children, Frederick and Wilhelmina. "His mind was uncultivated. He despised literature. The business of life, according to him, was to drill and be drilled."

In order to give full play to his drilling propensity Frederick William collected a regiment of giants, no man in it being less than some six feet and a half tall. He had agents all over the world gathering in these huge grenadiers though not for cannon fodder. The king loved armies but not fighting. He was too stingy to make war, fortunately for his people. The treasure which he collected along with his giant regiment was extremely convenient for his militant successor.

Frederick the Great, son of this half-crazy Frederick William, was one of the most extraordinary men who ever lived. Macaulay and Carlyle have expressed opposite judgments about him. Carlyle, who was emotional and romantic, thinks Frederick the model for all rulers and counsels the democratic countries of the world to cast away their parliaments, or "talking machines," and run for salvation to some absolute ruler like Frederick.

Macaulay, who was a calm, scholarly, pitilessly logical liberal, says of Frederick that he is now remembered among men for "his rapacity, perfidy, arbitrary government, unjust war." To the liberal mind he is a horrible example rather than a model.

Frederick of Prussia began life as a poet, a musician, a lover of literature. His verses were written in French. Indeed, he modeled his whole education, such as it was, on French ideals. The German language he despised and knew so little of it that he could not read a ballad in his native tongue without a translation to help. We can measure the difference between the Germany of that day and this by recalling that it is now unpatriotic in Frederick's home land to use any shred of a foreign tongue. Even such modern inventions as the telephone must have thoroughgoing Teutonic names. The telephone in Prussia is a "Fernsprecher," farspeaker. In 1890 a German movement culminated to banish the Latin types which had been gradually displacing the hideous and illegible Gothic in German books. Now-a-days it would be little short of treason for a German printer to use anything but Gothic type.

But to Frederick the Great everything French was admirable. His particular admiration was the French Voltaire, the poet, the dramatist, the historian, the wit, the arch-infidel of his time. Frederick enticed Voltaire to his court when he became king and for a while their mutual affection burned with an ardent flame. But it ended, like too many another passionate love, not exactly in a divorce court, but in Voltaire's flight and his arrest by Frederick who accused him of stealing his poetry. Macaulay aptly comments at this point that Voltaire would not have fathered Frederick's verses for half his kingdom, which is probably true.

The change from Frederick the crown prince to Frederick the reigning king has astonished and puzzled all his historians. Almost over night the sensitive, witty, poetic, sentimental youth who cherished the maxims of justice and hated wrong became a ruthless conqueror without mercy or conscience. In the sweet days of his passion for Voltaire he wrote a "refutation of Machiavelli." But no monarch ever applied the devilish principles of Machiavelli more faithfully in practice than Frederick did.

He began his reign with a high-handed robbery and lived up to the standard he had set for himself all his years. The transformation from Frederick the romantic poet to Frederick the ravenous conqueror would not astonish and perplex us so much if we looked a little more attentively into some of the common phenomena of life.

We might see a similar transformation, though happily not so ominously complete, in many a college student. On the day before graduation he is one sort of human being. The day after, behold the change. Today he bows to the altruistic teachings of his professors. He worships the heroic, the self-sacrificing. He believes in ideals, trusts the good heart of the people and aspires to lead them out of the wilderness of their wrongs and hardships into the promised land of justice and happiness.

Tomorrow he is a hard, calculating, selfish money-maker enslaved to the ideals of business and power. Perhaps it is only by the grace of God, as Jonathan Edwards would have said, that every youth does not become in his degree a Frederick the Great. Too often he does in so far as his capacities permit. What are fatuously called "the realities of life" crowd in upon the young prince, or the young student, and the ideal world collapses under their stern pressure. The troublesome thought in this connection is that the world thus ruthlessly destroyed may be worth a thousand times more than the world he gains.

ON HIGH AUTHORITY

LET us all reason together:

The trade letter of the National City bank of New York goes to all the leading financial interests of the world. The National City bank is the biggest bank in America. Its current trade letter says the Columbia harbor entrance is "superior to most harbor entrances in this country or abroad." It says:

Before improvement this bar had a low water depth of only 20 feet, and was the most formidable handicap to the extensive shipping of the port, but by the practical completion of the government project there has now been secured a permanent entrance channel having a depth of 40 feet at low water, and it is fully expected that the present width of 1000 feet will be increased to at least 2000 feet at the close of this year. This entrance channel, then, will be equal to the Ambrose channel to New York, both as to depth and width, and superior to most harbor entrances in this country or abroad.

This is high authority. It is a publication by one of the greatest banks in the world. Banks are always conservative in their assertions. This one says the Columbia entrance is "superior to most harbor entrances in this country or abroad."

There is 40 feet at the mouth of the Columbia and a 30 foot channel to Portland. The depth of the channels to well known European ports are these: Rotterdam 28, Hamburg 28, Antwerp 26, Bremerhaven 24, London 30, Liverpool 37. The National City bank's trade letter continues:

From Portland to the sea the ship channel project of 30 feet at low water has been completed, permitting, with very few exceptions, the largest carriers of the Pacific to reach, at low water, the docks of the port, to which the large naval vessels often come up to participate in some of the city's annual festivities.

In the port itself, over four miles of the river frontage has been improved with wharf facilities by private interests, and the city has improved an additional half mile with most modern docks and warehouses at a cost of $2,500,000.

Bearing in mind that this New York bankers' publication says the Columbia entrance is nearly equal to the "Ambrose channel to New York both as to depth and width and superior to most harbor entrances in this country or abroad," it is of interest to inquire why the O-W. R. & N. and Union Pacific railroads, whose natural terminal is at Portland, are trying by artificial means to make their principal terminal at Puget Sound.

They have steamship connections at Puget Sound, but none at Portland. They are building new docks at Puget Sound, but none at Portland. They make a joint rate with another road of 13¾ cents on grain from Pendleton to Seattle, 330½ miles. They haul this grain 169½ miles to North Yakima and give half the revenue to the road that carries the shipment on to Seattle. They charge twice as much as they get on this business or 13¾ cents for hauling grain from Pendleton, 218 miles to Portland.

Not only does Portland have a channel to the sea "superior to most harbor entrances in this country or abroad," but it is reached from the interior and by transcontinental rail lines from the east by the only water level gateway on the Pacific coast. There is but one rift in the Cascade mountains through which trains can pass on a level grade.

This is a tremendous fact in rail transportation. It means the lowest cost of operation. It means that one locomotive, for instance, hauls as many cars as nine or ten locomotives can drag over the high mountain passes to Puget Sound. It is a tremendous asset for both the Union Pacific and the O-W. R. & N. to thus have a tidewater terminal of shortest distance and easiest and most economical grade.

Remembering again that the channel entrance to Portland "is superior to most harbor entrances in this country or abroad," and remembering that this harbor entrance is reached by the shortest route and the only water level route to tidewater on the Pacific, it can be further laid down as incontrovertible that at Portland the O-W. R. & N. and Union Pacific are practically without active railroad competition. This port is their port if the two roads want to make it their port.

The northern roads are engaged solely in building up the Sound. The rates prove it. Their maintenance of steamship connections proves it. The millions they are spending in docks and terminals prove it. Their routings of over-Pacific traffic exclusively through Puget Sound ports prove it. All their acts and their manifest policy prove it.

There is literally no way then to escape the conclusion that the Union Pacific and O-W. R. & N. may, if they so desire, have Portland as their own terminal without serious interference from the northern roads, and could by building Portland up establish here a gigantic and highly profitable because highly economical traffic.

Instead of this, however, they are trying to make Puget Sound their principal terminal. They are routing over-Pacific shipments through Puget Sound, but not through Portland. They have steamship connections at Puget Sound, but not at Portland. They are building costly terminals at Puget Sound, but not at Portland.

It is an unwise economy for the stockholders of the two roads. It puts undue burdens on the producers and shippers of the Columbia basin. It is a most baneful influence upon every interest and every person in Portland.

THE CASE OF ROAD BONDS

TO GET a proper perspective of the road bond measure which is to be voted on June 4 it is necessary to view it in its relation to other laws already in effect.

One of these laws governs standard paving specifications. Another is designed to prevent collusion in bidding on public work. There is the law establishing the state highway commission and providing for its administration.

For the purpose of raising revenue for state road construction there is the quarter mill tax on all assessable property. This law yields approximately $220,000 annually. In addition is the law increasing the motor vehicle license fees which, it is estimated, will return $310,000 per annum beginning next year when the increased fee goes into action. The estimate $310,000 is based on the present number of motor vehicles and does not take into account any possible increase.

Supplementing the quarter mill tax and the auto license is the Bean-Barrett law, which authorizes the board of control to issue bonds, to make up the necessary amount to match the federal aid appropriation for post and forest roads, after other sources of revenue have been exhausted.

The six million dollar bond bill on which the referendum is to be had provides that one million shall be issued the first year, two million the second year and the remaining three million thereafter at the option of the state highway commission.

Before the full six million can be issued another legislature will have convened and opportunity afforded to repeal the law in the event it is not being properly administered.

The six million dollar bond bill provides in the main for the hard surfacing of main trunk highways. If adopted the money for post and forest roads can be applied to roads of lesser importance, thus advancing the completion of what will one day constitute the state system of highways.

If rejected the money intended for these lesser roads, including the federal appropriation for post roads, will of necessity be withdrawn from them and expended on the main trunk roads which serve the greater population of the state.

Thus it is seen that the bill proposes a well balanced program of road construction for the next few years.

Bond issues usually require special taxation, but the one under consideration is unique in that the revenue with which to sustain it has already been provided for by the legislative act directing use of the quarter mill tax fund and the motor license fees for this purpose. The automobile owner will be compelled to bear the major part of this special burden. His load will not be lightened by the rejection of the bill, as his increased license fee prevails under any circumstance.

It is not expected by The Journal that the bonds will complete all the roads designated in the bill, as is claimed by some of its enthusiastic supporters. No surveys of the roads have been made and there are no figures available on which to base approximate estimates. It is reasonable to assume, however, that the state highway commission as practical business men will so govern the expenditure that the work will be connected together in order to be usable, that the worst stretches will be improved first.

It is also very probable that the adoption of the bill will lead to increased road expenditures by the individual counties.

No method of financing will ever be conceived that will build good roads without cost to the taxpayer.

It should not be forgotten, however, that extraordinary taxes cannot be levied without being submitted to the voters. In case the six million dollar loan is authorized further obligation on similar lines can not be incurred before being put to a vote.

In its last analysis the bond bill only involves the method of application of the revenue already provided for. Whether it shall be made the basic credit on which to borrow a sufficiently large enough sum to secure roads within the next few years which can be used while being paid for or whether it shall be used in piece meal construction requiring years to build up any system.

Are there to be delays, quibbles and technicalities in resisting the suit to keep the Bean bill off the ballot? If 31 votes were required in the legislative vote and only 25 were given, and if the house action was irregular in this particular, is something to arise to prevent the courts from acting? Is Lawyer Bean with his notorious nullification bill to be not only the legislature, but the courts, the law, the constitution and the state government? We shall see what we shall see.

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.]

A Plea for Dressmakers.

Portland, May 11.—To the Editor of The Journal—In all that has been said and done regarding the betterment of conditions for those women who must earn their own living, I have seen no plea for the dressmakers. The clerks, office women and factory workers have had their hours and wages so regulated that they are assured of a living wage, limited hours of service, and a regular pay day—a very important item always. For many years I was one of that army of women who sew for their living, and I know whereof I speak.

There are no regular hours for them, no set price for their work, and no regular pay day unless they sew by the day in the homes of their patrons. For 10 years I followed this sort of work, finding it, for the most part, pleasant and profitable. It brought me in touch with many fine women, who treated me with courtesy and kindness and paid me promptly.

For two years I did shop work, having a half interest with a woman who had been established for years in the downtown district, and had a good trade among well-to-do people. She was an excellent workman and was always busy; but I was surprised to see the work go out without being paid for. We talked the matter over, and I found that she did not care to risk "offending" patrons by asking payment when the work was done. I suggested putting up a card in the shop, that would make known our terms, and so relieve both parties from embarrassment; but she assured me we would get our money in time, and that such a card would "insult" our patrons. The result was that very few orders were paid for when the work left the shop. When our rent was due, our landlord had to wait for our collections; the telephone company "temporarily disconnected" us more than once. With money standing out sufficient to pay these expenses, we were often puzzled to know how we were going to keep up the expenses of the shop and our home. The same conditions prevailed in other shops. Where collections were so poor that help could not be kept. We tried it once—the law compelled us to pay at least $10 per week for experienced help—and some weeks it took all we collected to pay our helper. One dressmaker on the east side had her phone taken out and her gas and light shut off till she could meet her bills.

And yet women, in general, think dressmakers make lots of money. Several times I have been told by admiring customers, "I wish I made as much money as you do; you must have a nice little bank account." Well, I am sorry to say, that after I made the monthly payment on my home, fed and clothed three children and myself and paid my share of the shop expense, there was no money for a bank account. There is no chance of getting rich at it, but there is a living in that sort of work if it is as well paid for according to the time and effort put into it as it should be, and if the money was forthcoming when the work was done. I found there was one class of women who paid promptly as a rule—the women who earned their own money. "Saturday is my pay day," they would say. "I will come for my dress after the store closes."

The woman with plenty of money would phone, "Send my gown out by a messenger at 5. I want to wear it to a dinner." Perhaps she sent a check the first of the next month, perhaps she didn't; and she never thought to include the messenger fee, which took from 25 to 60 cents out of the price of the work, which price she was careful to have set before the order was given. Such occurrences were not unusual, and often I think only thoughtlessness on the part of our patrons, surely not intentional injustice.

FAIR PLAY.

Anti-Road Bond Resolutions.

Beaverton, Or., May 5.—To the Editor of The Journal—Although you appear to favor the $6,000,000 bond issue for roads, you are fair enough to publish matter in opposition to them, so kindly publish the following:

At the quarterly session of Washington county Pomona grange, which met with Bethany grange in April, 12 of the 13 granges in the county were represented. There were about 70 present. After discussion by farmers from different sections of the county the following resolution was adopted, with but four dissenting votes:

"Whereas, The legislative assembly has passed a resolution submitting to the voters at a special election to be held next June, a proposition for the $6,000,000 road bond issue; be it, therefore,

Resolved, That at this regular assembly of Pomona grange, April 25, we denounce such a bill as indefinite, discriminatory, extravagant and unjust. Be it, therefore, further

Resolved, That we repudiate such a bill and bond issue and call on all citizens to vote against the same."

SUBSCRIBER.

"Playful Puppies."

Portland, May 10.—To the Editor of The Journal—Now that the "food drive" is on in earnest and everyone is expending every effort, as well as considerable money, we want to know what protection we can expect against "playful puppies"—even though they are licensed—digging up our "spuds" and cabbages? Also, it is rather annoying, as well as a little unsanitary, to have these "playful puppies" and kittens visit back porches at night. Then, besides, if you have laundry parcels or groceries left there while you are away from home, there may be considerable damage done. In fact, such has been the case.

I trust this little appeal may receive due consideration.

ONE OF YOUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Home Rule's Status Discussed.

Portland, May 7.—To the Editor of The Journal—I take it, in democratic countries, that when a public statement is made it is amenable to examination. Facts cannot be created by phrases, no matter how illustrious the phrase makers; so when the British commission gave out a statement in Washington that if Irish home rule was put to a vote in the house of commons, out of a total membership of 700 not 50 would oppose it, here is an assertion clothed in a specious sentiment that diplomatically ignores the recorded facts, and the same may be said of the statement that England is willing to grant home rule to Ireland when the Irish can agree among themselves.

A home rule act has already been passed in the house of commons three different times in the past five years, the last time over the veto of the house of lords, received the royal signature, has been written into the statute book and is a part of the British constitution. In all counries operating under a constitution, written or unwritten, under the above circumstances, agitations end and the reign of the law begins. Any other course would invite revolution, as in Ireland.

In the teeth of a determined minority, we Americans have just written conscription into law; if that minority threatened our government with a revolt rather than obey the law, we would enforce majority rule with the bayonet. England has done the opposite, it has in the case of Ireland suppressed a majority rule of five to one with the bayonet and in nullifying the fundamental principles of all democracies, excuses itself on the grounds that the Irish cannot agree among themselves, a line of conduct that Bonar Law does not hesitate to call a blemish on British statesmanship.

C. O'DONOVAN.

Pasturing on the Highway.

Gresham, Or., May 8.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Kindly let me know through your paper if it is against the law in this country to pasture stock on the road if you are with them at the time, herding them.

R. C. B.

[It is unlawful for cattle, horses, mules, sheep, goats or hogs to run at large in that part of Multnomah county which lies west of the Sandy river. All young animals under six months old, when accompanied by their mothers, are excepted. "Running at large" means strolling without constraint or confinement on the part of the owner or herder, or without any training or habit of such cattle not to go beyond certain limits. It would therefore appear to be not against the law in this county to pasture stock on the road if one herded them all the time.]

Not in Favor of Rose Festival.

Clatskanie, Or., May 7.—To the Editor of The Journal—I have long been a silent reader of The Journal, and want to say it is a welcome visitor at our house twice every week, and Sunday, too, when we can get it.

I, too, think the Rose Show ought to be called off—this year, at least; for in these strenuous times of war, and possibly famine later on if the weather does not get better, the money that is spent for the Rose Show would buy food and other necessaries later on. This is no time for hilarity. Better wait till the war is over. We might be mourning our soldier dead ere many months.

Our only boy is a musician in the Third Oregon Infantry band.

MRS. GRANT JONES.

MOTHER'S DAY

By Lee Shippey

MOTHER, O my mother, I recall the days of youth
As if they were but yesterday, and live in them again;
You clasp my childish hand again, to lead me to the truth,
And tell me, as you used to tell, of deeds of noble men;
Ideals you impart to me, and simple love of God,
And homage for the beautiful in life—the good—the true.
Ah! how I wish no paths but those you led me to I'd trod,
That I might be a finer man today to comfort you!

Mother, O my mother, when came those bitter years
When sorrow and discouragement near made my heart rebel,
'Twas then your love and sympathy brought hopes to conquer fears,
'Twas then your love and sacrifice broke disappointment's spell.
You taught me that the better things in life are not our dreams,
And selfish aspirations for a little cheap success,
You showed me that the noblest life is that of one who deems
It greatest triumph to achieve another's happiness.

Mother, O my mother, yours has been a life of lives,
All glorious with sacrifice, all radiant with love,
All sweet with Christian charity which suffers and forgives,
All holy with a perfect faith and trust in God above!
This Mother's Day, with humble heart and recollections dear,
I honor you, my mother, and all mothers good and true,
And pray that all we wayward sons may heed the duty clear
To make this world a gladder place for mothers such as you.

SONGS IN DAYS OF WAR

From the Christian Science Monitor.

Has the world been so busy in making history in the last two and a half years that it has not had time to write it? It seems so, because if ever time was ripe for the appearance of a great national ballad, this is the time. Nevertheless nothing of the kind comes, nor indeed anything remarkable in the way of poetry. In the peaceful camps and barracks of the British isles during the spring and summer of 1914, "Tipperary" was a universally sung ditty. Its genial, inconsequent words, fitting closely and attractively to a light, easy melody, had won their way quickly into favor, and were sung everywhere, in barracks, on the cricket ground, on the route march, and on maneuvers, until, anywhere within earshot of a military station, the words became something of a burden. Later on, however, when the towns and the country roads echoed to the "long, long way to Tipperary" as regiment after regiment passed, marching at midnight to the troop train waiting to take it to the coast, or, as "it's a long way to go" was shouted along the quays or from the decks of departing vessels, vessels laden with that "first hundred thousand," it assumed a new significance. "Tipperary" became the hymn of a country going to war. It was a makeshift, but it was at hand, and the phrasing of it fell wonderfully into line with the feeling of the hour. "Tipperary" was heard on the Marne and at Mons it helped to lighten the stress of those early days, it leavened those long nights, weeks indeed, of endurance, when the small army itself, knew, as no one else did, that the issue of the day, as far as the British empire was concerned, depended on its effort, because no reinforcements were possible. The entire army was already in the field. And so "Tipperary" acquired fame, it found the time and the place—it was there "to do its humble or its splendid share," like many a heart that it served to cheer. It will be remembered with gratitude for the part it played. It was merely pre-war doggerel utilized in sudden necessity. For a great poem forged in the heat of the furnace we look in vain.

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One such was the "Marseillaise," the greatest, perhaps, of all patriotic songs, and the most tragic, torn as it was from its own cause and appropriated as the voice and child of the Terror. Rouget de Lisle, a royalist officer, its author, shuddering to hear his own words shouted from every town and village as he fled from France before the rising tide of the revolution, when crossing the Alps asked his guide the name of the song that all were singing, and was told the "Marseillaise." So he learned its name and its destiny. The Marseillais going to rekindle the fire of the revolution, sang the new marching song as they traversed France, and the French heard in its music the regular beat of feet of thousands, the rustle of flags, the fall of the hatchet and the joy of victory.

Allons, enfants de la Patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrive.

They christened it the "Marseillaise." Under the impulsion of a sudden inspiration, Rouget de Lisle had composed it in a single night. Leaning over his clavichord, he played and sang alternately as the words came. In the early morning he awoke. All had been sung, nothing written. In a frenzy lest they were forgotten, he wrote down the great ballad of the country. Perhaps nothing but a furnace twice heated could have brought it forth.

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It is, certainly, a long way from "Tipperary" to the "Marseillaise," and although not so far from the "Marseillaise" to "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," it is down quite a different turning. For "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" does not lead on to freedom with footsteps dipped in blood, its music is not, like that of the "Carmagnole," an accompaniment to the rattle of the tumbrels through the streets of Paris. It is the emotion of a people, committed to an unselfish purpose, finding voice. Everyone knows that it was written by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, after witnessing a review where Lincoln was present, and with the tune of "John Brown" ringing in her ears. She heard the words, coming, as Rouget de Lisle heard the "Marseillaise," in the middle of the night, and she rose from sleep to write them down. They express her thought as she watched the troops pass by, and the inspiration that awakened in her:

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

The words keep time with the tune. They have a tramp in them:

I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps.

The "Glory, glory Hallelujah" of "John Brown" is left out, but the rhythm at the end of the verses, and the words, "Since God is marching on," are reminiscent of it. There is nothing to compare with this for beauty among the great patriotic songs.

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As the world today is unfruitful of epics, it might be well for the armies to appropriate a song of the past. Although worn "threadbare 'gainst the hearts of men," the old words lose none of their splendid fire. The "Marseillaise" is today the battle song of France. It is sung on the march and in the trenches with all of its old force, patriotism and fervor, but with none of the old brutality. Might not "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" go forth again? The spirit of the hymn is already with those men who know they fight for the freedom and the liberty of the world, for, in fact, "the coming of the Lord":

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

PERSONAL MENTION

Ordered to Fort Logan.

Captain Clenard McLoughlin, U. S. A., Seventh infantry, formerly colonel of the Third Oregon infantry, has been ordered to Fort Logan H. Roots, Ark., for duty as instructor at the reserve officers' training camp there. Mrs. McLoughlin and Miss Marian are temporarily quartered at Fort Vancouver.

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Is Portland Visitor.

H. W. Hicks, traveling passenger agent for the O-W. R. & N. company, is a guest at the Imperial.

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Mrs. William H. Kevend of Syracuse, N. Y., is a guest at the Nortonia.

W. A. Gellatly of Corvallis, sheriff of Benton county, is at the Multnomah.

John R. Miller is registered at the Perkins from Lacey, Wash.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Johnson are Spokane visitors at the Cornelius.

Captain F. D. Swain of Seattle is at the Oregon.

Dr. C. C. Goldsberry is a Salem arrival at the Imperial.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Timms and Miss Helen Berry of Elizabeth, N. J., are guests at the Portland.

F. V. Gunnison is a Bend arrival at the Perkins.

J. R. Hartman of The Dalles is at the Nortonia.

F. F. Haradon, Carlton rancher, is at the Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Jones of Cherry Grove are at the Multnomah.

A. V. Losek of Paraiso, C. Z., is a guest at the Imperial.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Youmann's of Stevenson, Wash., are at the Portland.

J. A. Beckett is a Goldendale visitor at the Cornelius.

Frank Patton of Astoria is at the Imperial.

C. K. Kuykendall is a Yamhill arrival at the Perkins.

William Gerig is registered at the Nortonia from Seattle.

F. H. May of Bend is at the Oregon.

J. J. Pettenger, Arthur Van Dusan, George Judd and S. S. Sulley are among the Astorians at the Multnomah.

Frank W. Ellis of Clinton, Iowa, is a guest at the Portland.

Mrs. J. Bogardus of Myrtle Creek is at the Cornelius.

Mrs. W. Huntington Cronin of Pasadena is a guest at the Multnomah.

Frank W. Ellis of Washington, D. C., is at the Cornelius.

New Type of Pacifist.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

The militant pacifist is a new type. He's the man who advocated peace as long as there was hope of peace with honor, and who now is ready to follow the flag and flog the Germans who made peace with honor impossible.

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.]

Renowned Battle Hymns.

AT a number of schools the "Star Spangled Banner" is now sung omitting the third verse, which is regarded as an unnecessary slur upon England:

"And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave."

That does sound a bit raw to apply to the soldiers of an allied power; but it wasn't raw when Key wrote it, over a century ago. In the midst of a war when the enemy had captured and burnt our capitol at Washington it must have seemed fairly tame.

Just think of all the harsh things Englishmen for hundreds of years wrote about the French and vice-versa! Recall the loads of bitter epithets heaped upon Americans by Englishmen! Are we going to rewrite history just to make it appear that nations were always friends? We are saying a thousand things today about the Germans, even though they murdered many Americans on the sea, which in future will sound worse than that bit of verse in "The Star Spangled Banner." It is my guess that no real Englishman would ask to have that old song rewritten any more than an American would like to have all Dickens said about us burned or what they wrote of Lincoln in London Punch obliterated. If we begin to expurgate our ugly allusions of the past, we should of necessity begin with Jefferson's Declaration of Independence.

It is a fact, of course, that a great many popular patriotic songs are pretty thin sort of mush viewed as poetry. As much can be said even of scores of hymns sung in our churches. "Dixie" is one of the most spirited bits of music ever written, but the words are silly, and the south has tried in vain to substitute exalted sentiments to fit the tune. "Marching Through Georgia" has a rousing chorus, but as poetry it would never have earned the author the price of a good meal. "Rule Britannia" is a ripping song, but it is far more boastful than any English statesman would think of penning in cold blood.

Our "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and that immortal national air of France, "The Marseillaise," are two anthems which measure up in words as well as music.

Ingratitude.

Today a mother stands before a little crib, her heart stricken and her body shaken with dry, racking sobs; the little one that she has borne is dead.

Today a soldier on the battle field is lying, maimed and scarred, agonized with the knowledge that if he lives he will be a horror to behold and a drag on those that love him.

Today a beautiful woman discovers that a hideous disease has made its appearance on her arm; if she is to be saved the arm must be amputated, and even then the disease may recur on another part of her body.

Today a man is sent to the gallows for a crime he did not commit.

Today a boy fell dead on the street—starved.

And you and I, today, well fed, healthy, safe, lean back in our chairs and wish that something would happen!

—Charlotte R. Mish.

First Mortgage.

Salesman—It's a dandy little car and you can get it for a song.

"Yes, 'Home, Sweet Home,' I suppose."

Bible Readers and the War.

The war development in western Asia, says the Montreal Gazette, will revive knowledge of places that figured in some of the earliest history of the world. Airmen have been dropping bombs on Beersheba, where Abraham ranked himself among the foresters by planting a tree, and whose people were later denounced by the prophet Amos. Near by is Hebron, where, also, Abraham was a sojourner, as were Isaac, his son, and Jacob, who gave his name to a people. To the westward is Gaza, a great city of the Philistines, which sold Hebrew slaves to Edom, and for a time held Samson as a prisoner, till, lifting the gates of the place from their fastenings, he went off with them, casting them on the Mount Muntar, before Hebron. The further progress of the campaign will be interesting to Bible as well as newspaper readers.

Hard to Place.

First Credit Man—How about Jones of Pigville Center?

Second Credit Man—He always pays cash, so we don't know how honest he is!

The Sentry.

I see a shadowy form arise
As I ascend the stair;
A voice I faintly recognize
Calls gruffly, "Who goes there?"
But when I give the countersign
(Which, luckily, I know),
The guard who holds the outer line
Resumes his sentry go.

His wooden gun at "shoulder arms,"
He watches on the stair,
His ears alert for all alarms
From land, or sea, or air.
And woe betide the alien spy,
However shrewd and keen,
However serpentinely sly,
Who thinks to pass unseen.

Then guard mount, and the watch is done!
A little sleepy head
Is laid, beside the wooden gun,
Upon a trundle bed.
And as the twilight softly streaks
With red and gold the west,
With mother's kisses on his cheeks,
The sentry takes his rest.

God grant that he may never know
The evil face of war,
Or do a lonely sentry go
Upon a far off shore!
But if he's called to do his part,
We know that he will bear
As valiant and as brave a heart
as when he watched the stair!

—New York American.

Uncle Jeff Snow Says:

One of these home grown jiner'ls was tellin' us t'other day at the Corners that the first battle of Bull Run was lost because the troops was untrained, and if the Yanks had been better prepared there would of been a differ'nt page in history. I 'lowed to him that mebby if the Rebs had been better prepared there would of been sever'l different pages in history, and that if both had been prepared we would of got off at about the same place. Anyway, we are in for it now, and the sooner the Germans is made peaceable and industrious citizens of the United States of Europe the sooner we can take an interest in the home games.