Oregon Journal

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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A dollar saved is a dollar earned, and a dollar well spent is often several dollars earned.—George Herbert.

FROM THOSE WHO HAVE

THE house has voted a surtax of 45 per cent per annum on all incomes of more than $1,000,000.

The tax could have been made heavier with perfect justice. It will be proportionately a smaller sacrifice than the common man must make.

Even before war prices came the common man's income barely met the monthly outgo. The common man was practically on a bread ration before America entered the war. There is hardly an average salaried head of a family who is not now compelled to curtail his daily diet in order to cope with the problem of ever advancing food prices.

It is not so with the man with an income of over a million. If the war tax takes but half his revenues he still has an income of half a million a year on which he can live quite comfortably. Even if the government conscripted all but $100,000 of his income his ease in life compared with the struggles of the half submerged millions would be luxurious.

War is a leveler. It disjoints and dislocates all the customs and policies usual to peace. Money, money, money is its irresistible demand; money, money, money with which to feed the Moloch of battle.

The money must come from those who have it. It is their sacrifice, their contribution.

It cannot come from those who have it not. And the house is sound in its insistence that it come from those who have.

In round numbers, the last six months of aldermanic government in Portland cost the taxpayers $278,000 per month. The cost per month for 1916 under commission government was $241,000. And the city in 1916 was 27.9 per cent larger in area than it was under aldermanic government. And the saving does not include the savings in water and the savings in insurance premiums and the huge savings on account of efficient paving laid under commission government in contrast with great areas of worthless paving laid in the closing years of aldermanic government.

WHY NOT COMMEND?

WHY all this hostility by the Oregonian to Commissioner Daly?

Good government is rare. Efficient and highly dependable public officials are not often obtained. One would think that as a supposed apostle of highly valuable public service, the Oregonian would not so bitterly persecute Commissioner Daly.

For example, one would think every citizen of Portland, the Oregonian among them, would highly commend Commissioner Daly for his great work in cutting the cost of street cleaning in Portland. Though the area of the city has been increased 14.46 square miles, equal to an increase of 27.9 per cent, Mr. Daly has cut the appropriations for street cleaning as follows: For 1914, $359,714; for 1915, $296,341; for 1916, $258,224; for 1917, $230,027. It is a cut of 36 per cent. Is it not worthy of commendation?

Do we not all want the cost of government reduced? Is it sound policy to assail a public servant because he has made heavy cuts in the cost of public service?

And why not give Commissioner Daly credit for the great reduction he has made in appropriations for the water department? They are: For 1914, $1,729,796; for 1915, $1,280,554; for 1916, $1,191,749; for 1917, $889,930.

Here is efficiency and economy possibly unprecedented in public service anywhere. It is doubtful if such a showing was ever made in any municipality in America. Why deny Mr. Daly credit and commendation for it?

When did it become a heinous offense, punishable by criticism, censure and opprobrium, to be an honest and effective public official?

The constitution says that "a majority of all the members elected to each house shall be necessary to pass every bill or joint resolution." As shown by the records, the Bean bill received only 28 votes or three less than a constitutional majority in the house. Yet, holding with Lawyer Bean, Judge Bingham denied the injunction by which the unconstitutionally passed Bean bill was to be kept off the ballot. But, what's the constitution among friends?

TELL THE PEOPLE, MR. BEAN

SPEAKING of lands belonging to the United States, the federal supreme court said March 19 in its decision in the Utah Power case:

Thus while the state may punish offenses, such as murder or larceny, committed on such lands, and may tax private property such as livestock located thereon it MAY NOT TAX THE LANDS themselves, or invest others in any right whatever in them.

It is now in order for Lawyer Bean to make a public statement. In that statement, he should call upon the people of Oregon not to vote for the Bean bill.

As a lawyer under oath to support the constitution, the laws and the institutions of government, he should frankly confess that the supreme court's positive declaration in the Utah case that lands of the United States cannot be taxed by a state puts an end to all his past claims as to the Bean bill. He should explain in his statement that his bill proposes to tax government lands, and that, since the supreme court has held that government lands cannot be taxed, his bill proposes an impossible thing. He should explain to the people that with the Utah decision in the way, the Bean bill would, were it approved at the polls, be held unconstitutional by the first court into which it would be carried.

Being a lawyer and knowing the law and being under oath to support the law he should explain in his statement that he made a mistake in proposing the Bean bill, that the legislature made a mistake in passing the Bean bill and submitting it to the people.

Being a lawyer, and knowing the law, and being under oath to support the law, Mr. Bean should explain in his statement that the people of the state cannot by a vote overturn an act of congress or reverse a decision of the United States supreme court, and that therefore the Bean bill should be opposed and voted against by every law-abiding citizen.

Being a lawyer and under oath to support the law, how can Mr. Bean do less?

Who prepared the new aldermanic charters and what's in them? Who has time in these precarious days to try to find out what is in them? And if they try, how sure are those who search that they find out everything that is in them?

BAD POLICY

THE agitation to suspend the child labor law "during the war" will probably die in the senate before it is born. It is promoted by men like Senator Overman of North Carolina who have always favored child labor and opposed regulative legislation.

Formerly their plea was that "economic law" should be allowed to operate unchecked, no matter what happened to human life and welfare. Now they plead that the war is taking away so many adult workmen that they really must put the children in their places.

Both the "economic law" pretext and the patriotic pretext are pure hypocrisy and humbug.

The experience of England is conclusive in this field. At the outbreak of the war England listened to the plaints of her industrial magnates and suspended the labor laws. The result was an immediate falling off in production. Greed defeated its own ends. Science has demonstrated that the fatigue poisons generated in children and adult laborers by excessive toil paralyze efficiency and diminish the output, to say nothing of blighting the next generation.

In some respects, the coming Portland election is more important to the people of Portland than a presidential election. What are we all doing to investigate candidates and measures preparatory to casting an intelligent vote June 4?

ALL MEN

WE CANNOT help wondering what the phrase "all men" practically means in West Virginia's new anti-idleness statute. The law reads that "all men between sixteen and sixty must find employment," under certain pains and penalties. Probably it does not mean that students must quit college. Does it mean that rich idlers living "on their incomes" must find jobs and go to work?

The expression "all men" in this seemingly excellent law may turn out to be as elastic as "thou shalt not kill" in the commandments. As sometimes interpreted the commandment means "thou shalt kill almost anybody who gets in your way." Perhaps "all men" will be found to signify merely "all men who have no rich relations and no pull."

It would be the best discipline in the world for every young man in the United States to do vigorous manual labor for three or four years of his life. To keep them at it up to sixty might be something of a hardship. Many men's ability to labor shrinks seriously long before they reach that age.

READY

"WE'RE ready for immediate duty." This was the terse announcement of the American commander to British authorities on the arrival of the United States destroyer flotilla at Queenstown. For its brevity and its significance, it will become as famous as Dewey's laconic order in the battle at Manila bay, "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley." Or take a place in American naval annals along with the immortal command of Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship."

"We're ready for immediate duty" has a meaning of intense interest to the American people. A state of war was recognized by the American congress April 6. As we now know, the destroyer flotilla sailed for England May 4. It reported for "immediate duty" in the submarine zone May 16.

It is example of a preparedness which many scarcely expected. Misled by criticisms of the navy, there were those who hardly looked for the American navy to be actually in action in the zone of conflict, 3000 miles from the home base, within a little more than six weeks.

But "we're ready for immediate duty" followed at once by the entrance of the destroyer flotilla into active operations against the Prussian divers, assures us that our naval organization under Mr. Daniels' leadership is worthy of the best traditions of American sailors and American fighting ships.

We shall hear more from these naval men. The initiative and resourcefulness that grows up in the free environments of a free land have few limitations. There will be many an inspiring story to tell of gallant achievement by the rough and ready American spirit when peace is declared and the ships and men come sailing home.

June 4, the city of Portland is to elect a set of city officers. If one of the aldermanic charters should pass, all that work at a cost of $25,000 would have to be thrown away and a new set of city officers be elected. It's a pretty spectacle to contemplate in war time. But what's a few city elections in war time among politicians anxious to get into the council under aldermanic government?

FIRES

OREGONIANS reveling in the mild delights of dripping skies and muddy roads can hardly realize that Minnesota and Wisconsin, parched by drouth, are swept over by forest fires. Cities are threatened by the flames. Life and property over wide stretches of country are consumed.

These forest fires, which occur almost every year in some of the great lumbering districts, are a consequence of the thriftless methods employed by private owners of timberland. Logged off areas are left encumbered with brush, chips, fallen limbs, which dry during the hot summer months and become like tinder. The first careless or malicious spark sets going a conflagration which it is almost beyond the power of man to quench.

Such catastrophes are becoming almost impossible in the national forests where the refuse is carefully removed and logging is conducted with scientific care for the public welfare. Our system of private ownership of the national resources such as timber, oil, coal and waterpower has been demonstrated by experience to be as wasteful as it is dangerous.

"Diaz reported killed," says a headline. Judging from the many violent deaths suffered by Mr. Diaz and Mr. Villa those Mexicans must have more lives than a cat.

A MEMORIAL

THE university professors' memorial to congress praying for a stiffening of income tax is an interesting document from several points of view. The number and weight of the names attached to it are imposing. The institutions represented are some of the best in the country. Yale, Harvard, the Oregon Agricultural college and many others of the highest standing figure conspicuously.

Yale contributes Irving Fisher's signature and six others. The University of Wisconsin gives Commons, Ross and three others. Harvard has 23 signers, among them Albert Bushnell Hart and Thomas Nixon Carver. Dartmouth contributes 14 signatures and Cornell 14. There are five names from the Oregon Agricultural college, all good men in the best of company.

Pennsylvania State college contributes five names and Pittsburgh university seven, but there is not a solitary name from the rich and powerful University of Pennsylvania which dropped Scott Nearing a year or two ago and Professor Patton this spring. Honest economic thought has been silenced in that institution.

The professors have been so thoroughly disciplined that they do not dare to say their souls are their own. Of course, no young man who really wants to study scientific economics would dream of going to the University of Pennsylvania where honest thought is penalized by the rotund nickel grabbers on its board of trustees.

We notice that the University of Oregon has contributed no signers to this memorial. But there is to be a later edition of it, we understand, with new signatures. Doubtless this state will then make a worthy showing. Perhaps Reed college will also swing into line.

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.]

Portland's Channel Depths.

Portland, May 17.—To the Editor of The Journal—In the last issue of Collier's Weekly a correspondent, Wilbur Hall, writing of Portland, says we are 150 miles from the sea, that the Columbia river bar is a serious obstacle, and that the two rivers, the Willamette and the Columbia, have never been dredged to a depth sufficient to make them safe and inviting.

Not one of these three statements is true; yet they are apparently made upon the hearsay testimony of Portland residents, and they will be accepted by the 1,000,000 or more readers of Collier's as true.

He does say more truly, however, speaking in general terms, that Portland's docks are inadequate old-fashioned and poorly equipped, and that Portland is falling behind other coast cities mainly because she has been penny wise and pound foolish in respect of expenditures for port development, and that, "wakened to her duties and possibilities, Portland will some day become a big port."

It is not a matter of importance, but you quote me as saying, in an interview relating to this letter, that no other port in the country except New York has as deep an outer channel as Portland. Puget sound has more than 40 feet. Indeed, it has been frequently said that her extra depth of water is a handicap, as it affects convenience of anchorage. What was said—or, at least, intended—was that no Atlantic seaport in the United States, except New York and Portsmouth, N. H., has an outer channel depth equal to that through what was once the Columbia river bar. Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia have but 35 feet. There is now a channel of 40 feet at mean low water at the mouth of the Columbia. There is now a 30-foot channel from Portland to the sea. Hamburg, Manchester, Glasgow and other great ports of the world all have from three to eight feet less than this. Indeed, but few of the greatest ports of the world have a greater inside channel depth.

If citizens of Portland would inform themselves, as they should, upon questions of this kind, there would be fewer correspondents of eastern newspapers publishing, upon hearsay testimony, matters detrimental to Portland as a seaport. If her own citizens show the loyalty and the enterprise they should, there is no question as to her future, for no American city has been more greatly favored by the Almighty and the general government. Let Portland now do her part in developing what is now the practically dead capital placed in our hands through these two agencies.

CHARLES B. MOORES.

The Cost of the Beef Animal.

Portland May 18.—To the Editor of The Journal.—In reply to Mrs. C. C. Brown's charge that the farmers are to blame for selling veal let me say that the small farmer cannot afford to raise beef cattle. Here is my experience in raising calves. I kept five calves 30 months. After feeding them two winters they were sold at the highest price given at that time—$24 per head. The next year I sold my calves at six weeks old, as follows: Two for $25.80; one for $13.60; one for $11.40; the fifth for $10.90—a total of $61.70.

The first five, when 2½ years old, had brought $120, which, compared with the last five sold when 6 weeks old, for $61.70, shows a balance of $58.30 to pay for feed and care for 28½ months.

With a large stock range this might be done, but on a small farm, while the city people want veal and the farmer needs the money this luxury brings, he is not to blame for selling his veal.

However, it is to be hoped the government will find a way of protecting and increasing our beef supply very soon.

J. W. COLLIER.

Indorses Mr. Spence's Argument.

McMinnville, Or., May 16.—To the Editor of The Journal.—I am in receipt of the amendments and measures (with arguments), to be voted on June 4. The negative argument on the $6,000,000 bond issue, as set forth by the state grange master is a most worthy and true analysis of the bonded bondage on the tax burdened people of our state. We are now nearly paying a fair rental price in taxes on our holdings, and to place us in such a position that each county will have to prepare the road beds, grades and bridges to receive the hard surface hot stuff would be most ruinous to every farmer and producer in those counties where the hard surface road has been and is located by the bond holders and their subordinates. I hope every farmer and taxpayer will study well C. E. Spence's negative argument, on pages 33, 34 and 35 of the pamphlet, sent to each voter of the state, and then vote to his own interests, and not to place more debt on us hard workers, nor easy money in the coffers of those grabbers.

W. J. GARRISON.

Complains of the Dog Catcher.

Vancouver, Wash., May 12.—To the Editor of The Journal—About the middle of April I took up the matter of procuring a license for my dog, knowing that I was leaving your city by June 1, I told the official so, obligating myself to keep the dog tied continually, for the length of time I would be here, feeling that by doing so I should not be taxed for the six remaining weeks. The official in charge informed me in a very decided manner that said dog must be licensed, despite my short residence here, and any delay on my part would undoubtedly complicate matters for me. I could see no justice in such an action, inasmuch as I was willing to keep the dog on my own premises, and took occasion to tell that official that I would see others in higher authority before paying a license for a year, only six weeks of which would be used. I went first to the one whom I naturally considered highest in authority in the civic affairs of your city, and he politely told me, "I am sorry, but I can do nothing for you; see Mr. So and So; perhaps he can give you relief." This particular Mr. So and So referred me to someone else. After all the recommended ones had been duly interviewed I found their system of shifting responsibility so thoroughly organized and in such perfect working order through mutual understanding, that it was up to me to get that license and get it quick. The highly complimentary phrase given to the party who holds the enviable position of "dog catcher," that he was a man "perfectly fearless in the performance of his duty," was duly impressed upon the writer.

However, there is a case in this neighborhood that utterly discredits the efficiency of the department handling the licensing of dogs: there lives within a stone's throw of me a measly, mangy, mongrel pup that depends upon the neighborhood garbage cans for a precarious living, to say nothing of his being unlicensed. To those who have clean, healthy, well cared for dogs—and, I might add, children—this unlicensed cur is a positive menace. To plead ignorance of the existing conditions is an insult to those who have repeatedly reported the case. The so-called dogcatcher came to the abiding place of this pup over two weeks ago, and started away with it, but was so touched by the appeal of the owner that he allowed a week's grace. The calendar week has long since elapsed, but the dog still remains. At that time it could be easily noted that the dog was not in a healthy physical condition, but it is much worse now than then. What a pity that the "kind heart" of the official was not mentioned when his other sterling qualities were given such an airing.

The hundreds of voters who are not acquainted with those parties whose names appear on the election ballot, and are compelled to vote at random, trusting to a special providence to guide that long suffering "X" to the names that spell "square deal," are not long in finding out as to whether they are getting what they thought they were voting for. Inasmuch as I was compelled to "pay the piper" under extenuating circumstances, I cannot but feel that I have been unjustly dealt with.

MRS. GEORGE H. LEAVELL.

Discusses Shortage and Waste.

North Bend, Or., May 15.—To the Editor of The Journal—Our Uncle Samuel, in a perturbed state of mind, is calling the farmers together to make a survey of food conditions and awaiting figures showing that the 1916 yield of food staples was away below normal, notwithstanding that his commissioners sent out to investigate food conditions, supplemented by numerous state commissions, report immense quantities of food in the elevators and cold storage plants being held for higher prices, and that the reports of food shortage are exaggerated. As The Journal aptly states, the farmer is suspicious.

Experts figure that a slice of bread wasted in each family throughout the country, totals millions of bushels of grain in the aggregate. And to prevent this deplorable waste they would instruct the housewives in ways of economy. They would save with a spoon while food is being criminally wasted with a shovel.

They are silent and helpless while thousands of tons of food are sent to the bottom, not by the submarines of our common enemy fighting for its existence, but by middlemen and speculators who, to keep up prices and enhance their profits, wantonly destroy food to create the very conditions and bring about the very crisis that the farmer as a patriotic duty is urged to avert. And the law cannot reach them, they say.

If conditions continue favorable, the farmer is reasonably sure of fair returns on this season's crop. But, regardless of crops or conditions, accordingly as it is advantageous to the middleman's profits, a certain portion of this season's crop is as sure doomed to destruction as if it were dispatched to Europe in an unprotected merchant ship.

And, to quote from former freebooters, "The public be damned—what are you going to do about it."

A. GRANGER.

To Get the Goat's Goat.

Toutle, Wash., May 8.—To the Editor of The Journal—I read something a few weeks ago in Uncle Jeff Snow's smart sayings about a rancher being bothered with goats jumping fences until some Jap showed him how to prevent that by cutting a nerve in the goat's leg. Now I have a few breachy bannies myself, and have been trying to find out how the trick was done. If it is not altogether a joke could you insert part of this in The Journal, asking those who know to give us the benefit of their experience. Nobody seems to be onto that around here.

CHARLES NANDIN.

[The operation consists in weakening a certain tendon in one hind leg by cutting it so as partially to sever it. The goat's locomotive powers are unimpaired but when it essays to jump, one leg naturally outjumps the other, and the goat falls over on its side. The operation is said to be neither painful nor cruel. It is practised all up and down the coast, and is said to have been introduced by the Japanese. It should never be undertaken save upon the instruction of a competent anatomist, or by someone already familiar with the operation.]

Offered as a Correction.

Crabtree, Or., May 14. — To the Editor of The Journal—I see by The Journal I told the food commissioner the commission men were going to ship all their potatoes out of Portland and leave the Portland people without any. That was not what I said, but I did say if the commission men would ship what they had on hand Portland would be as bad off as the east, as there was not any left in the country. I cannot understand why the people of Portland want to blame the commission men. What would we do without them? They find the produce for the city and find a market for the farmers. I, as a farmer, greatly appreciate the commission men. I can put my produce on board the car and in 48 hours get my check for the same and no trouble to me. You say the commission man makes a pull out of it. I am glad he does, because he has to live as well as I do. He is entitled to his part and he is welcome to it, too. Now let us all try and think alike and we will all be better off.

E. A. EASTON.

An Employer on Farm Hands.

Hood River, Or., May 16.—To the Editor of The Journal—In reply to J. W. McGinnis, in a recent issue of The Journal in reference to pay and treatment of farm hands, I wish to say his is not an isolated, extraordinary case.

Here in this valley we pay $60 a month, with house and garden plot and with other accommodations, and treat them in every way as equal with ourselves.

I have never known a man to give me five minutes of his time without pay. The hand usually works 10 hours a day. I work 12 and more. He bears no responsibility and no loss.

Farm labor does not stand for low wages or ill treatment any more than any other labor. Mr. McGinnis' letter is rather overdrawn.

A FRUIT GROWER.

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

The sombrero is always on in Mexico, whether the lid is or not.

If little is being said about the Fourth of July in these days, it is mostly because so much is being done about it.

The Khan of Khiva, who has just granted his people a constitution, doubtless did it because he knew he'd be khanned if he didn't.

A Frenchman has invented an appliance for dealing cards by means of which misdeals are said to be rendered impossible. But who wants a totally alibiless card game?

More than 1,000,000 hides are used annually in the upholstering of motor cars. But more than that number of hides are hung on the fence to dry in every political campaign.

When the devil was sick the devil a monk would be, but when the devil got well the devil a monk was he. For example, Germany's chancellor and his on again, off again peace proposal.

Of course we know that Tipperary is still over on the other side of the horizon somewhere, but we are no longer making the way seem longer than it really is by singing about it.

The United States bureau of standards has tested and approved a nonleakable gasoline tank. At easily predictable prices, the nonfillable tank will in due time be in line for a test.

While the Massachusetts legislature by repealing the law that forbade Sunday gardening has removed the legal inconvenience, it at the same time must have taken about all the fun out of it.

In the entente allies' pact against the separate peace nothing was said about a separate truce, to be sure; but Russia should be reminded that a truce, if it lasts long enough, cannot be distinguished from a peace.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Petitions are being circulated at Astoria asking the school board for an increase in teachers' salaries approximating 10 per cent. The claim recites increased cost of living.

From Sunset Valley notes in the Burns News: "The Sunset farmers will be in line this year with big crops of grain, potatoes and dried rabbits to help feed our allies in the big world war."

Petitions for withdrawal from the University of Oregon to do farm work have been filed by 19 students and been granted by the faculty, Wednesday's Eugene Register reports. Twenty-five more petitions have been handed in and await decision.

"The ninth annual Roseburg carnival today," says the Roseburg News of Thursday, May 18, "seemed like a pioneers' convention. Many former residents who have not visited this city for years returned to celebrate. The majority of them remarked the vast changes that have taken place here during the past few years and stated that they would like to return here to make their home."

At the present time an average of eleven employers are bringing their operations under the protection of the workmen's compensation law each working day, according to the Salem Journal. During the last 20 days 215 additional employers have been listed. Of this number a substantial proportion were farmers who made formal application for the protection.

This terse, comprehensive and upon the whole gratifying crop report is from the Eugene Register of very recent date: "This is growing weather, even if it is disagreeable. Farmers report that all crops are growing fast and townspeople who have vegetables up say they are growing like weeds. The farmers, however, need a little more dry weather to permit them to finish their seeding, which is already weeks late."

RUBBING IT IN ON THE EAST

From the New York Evening Post.

Western newspapers have been poking a good deal of fun at the east on the score of the figures of volunteering for the army and navy. In that matter, we easterners must honestly admit that the joke is on us. The west, in proportion to population, has furnished many more recruits than has this part of the country. But it is not only fun that the press of the middle west is poking at the east. William Allen White jeers at us, but others put a note of indignation into their comments. For example, the Omaha World-Herald of May 5 had an article, under the suggestive caption, "Headline Patriotism," asking "what is the matter with the North Atlantic seaboard states?" It referred to the "lusty clamor for war" which the east had set up for nearly three years; and then it pointed scornfully at the figures of the eastern recruiting offices. And it added:

"The west made no effort to goad the government into war. Its temper was pacific even under enormous provocation. But now that the war is upon us, the west is giving its sons to their country's cause, while the east is gnawing bloody bones at banquets, and in newspaper offices, and sending swarms of lobbyists to Washington to protest against war taxation."

This may not be very pretty or brotherly, but it must be conceded that there is some force in it. The particularly crushing thing for the east is the revelation to it of its own blindness about the west. It had become customary hereabouts to speak of the western states as far behind us in vigilant and vivid patriotism. They were comparatively cold about the war in Europe. In the last presidential election, they voted for Wilson—proof enough of decayed fibre! It was a region of America over which eastern patriots shook their heads sadly. We even had to send them missionaries to preach the doctrines of the true army gospel. But it looks now as if the west would have to send missionaries east, as the converts there put to shame the preachers here. Anyhow, it is safe to say that we shall not hear so much in these parts about the sordid and besotted west.

The fact is that, from the beginning, all the charges and flings on that subject were born of gross misapprehension. The west had its own views, and chose its own ways of manifesting them, but it was absurd to suppose or intimate that it would not do more than its full share in supporting the president and defending the country if war came. Still, the report or suspicion to the contrary got a great start, through the lamentations of eastern orators and writers. It even crossed the sea. Ambassador Page, in his speech in London at the luncheon to celebrate America's entrance into the war, felt compelled to mention the matter. But he showed that he had a juster view of the question than some of the alarmed and disgusted easterners. He said:

"Men here have asked me with concern about the attitude of the middle west. We have our sectional jealousies, as you have. And men who live on the prairies do not get together so quickly and in such large groups as in large cities. But the middle west has never been lacking when a national duty called us. It fought one war after peace had been declared. It sent more than its proportion of men to our Civil war. It has more men now in your Canadian army in France than any other part of the Union. I am told that these inland states contribute proportionately more men to our navy than the states on the seaboard. The United States is one in this deep stirring that now moves its people."

There is clearly nothing to be gained by pursuing these comparisons between sections of the country. If the east was before the war mistaken about the west, it is possible that the west is now mistaken about the east. The Evening Post believes that if a call for volunteers, uncomplicated by the selective draft, had been squarely made by the president, the east would not have been behind any part of the nation in its response. Whatever may be thought of that, we are all in for it now, and should go forward in the spirit of Lincoln's well known letter of August 26, 1863:

"The signs look better. The Father of Waters again goes unvexed to the sea. Thanks to the great northwest for it. Nor yet wholly to them. Three hundred miles up they met New England, Empire, Keystone, and Jersey, hewing their way right and left. The Sunny South, too, in more colors than one, also lent a hand."

HOW TO BE HEALTHY

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FOUR DANGER PERIODS OF LIFE.—There are four periods in life especially hazardous to health and to existence. Infancy, of course, comes first—for being a baby is about the most dangerous job in the world. Nearly one-fourth of all deaths occur in the first year of life and about one-third in the first two years. Fifteen is another fateful age, for this time of change from childhood to manhood and womanhood is more or less revolutionary to the body and mind. Unless there is proper guidance as well as observance of the rules of hygiene not a few have difficulty in passing this period successfully. Another abrupt change of habits which has a direct bearing on health is the time of transition from school life to the work of shop or office. In this age this applies as much to young women as to young men.

At school or college a great deal of time is spent in outdoor pursuits and in athletic games. At the same time the mental wear and tear to which the student is subject is not excessive. But with the change to a wage-earning routine comes, in many cases, excessive worry and anxiety, even though the variety of mental effort be decreased. Combined with the increased tax on brain and nerves there is generally a sudden slump in outdoor activity. Instead of eating to live the daily routine becomes largely a question of living to eat—with the result that surplus flesh piles up. As the human body will stand a wonderful amount of abuse it manages fairly well for a few years—then come signs of trouble: Dyspepsia, headaches, constipation and a host of minor disturbances which result in depression and decay of body and brains. To offset the hazards of this period there must be more variety of muscular and mental exercise combined with the proper portioning of fuel to the amount of work done by the body.

The age of 50 is the fourth danger period the body must go through. From now on the human machinery gradually slows up so that the downgrade of life's journey may be taken in safety. Thus at this period the greatest danger comes from overstocking the body engine which, now that it is physically less active, needs less fuel in the form of food than in earlier years. There must still be daily exercise, however, but of a type to fit in with the more carefully regulated mode of living.

[Next Monday: Why Dust Is Dangerous.]

PERSONAL MENTION

Tacoma Golfers Arrive.

Tacoma proposes to be on the map so far as the golf tournament is concerned, 19 of the members of the Tacoma Country club being registered at the Multnomah hotel, and prepared to attend this interesting event, which takes place during the coming week. The list includes a number of the most prominent citizens of the sound city.

Joe Wells of San Francisco is at the Washington.

J. C. Heilman of Wallace, Idaho, is at the Hotel Portland.

Alex. Nibley of Medford is at the Portland.

W. A. Carpenter of Dallas, is a visitor at the Perkins.

A. Jackson Detsch of San Francisco, is registered at the Washington.

J. O. McGee of Baker, is at the Perkins for a short stay.

J. H. Dunlop is a prominent citizen of Cascade Locks recorded at the Portland.

Champ Smith, a prominent business man of Prineville, is stopping at the Perkins.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Benninger of Spokane, are at the Washington.

President Kerr of the Oregon Agricultural college, is in the city for a short stay, being registered at the Imperial.

R. Alexander, of Alexander's department store of Pendleton, is in the city on business, sojourning at the Imperial.

Albert Lundberg, a cannery man of Astoria, is at the Perkins.

Robert McCrow, a Goldendale butcher and stockman, is at the Cornelius.

R. B. Rsoper, G. V. Bolton and Phil Brogan are three young men from Antelope here to take the navy examination, stopping at the Cornelius.

E. E. Matthews, a real estate man of Fossil, is at the Perkins.

A. D. McLelian, connected with Grant Smith & Co., is at the Multnomah.

H. H. Merwin of Salem is at the Oregon.

T. A. McCullough of Eugene is at the Oregon.

Not Bothered.

From the Boston Globe.

The slum visitors—I should think you'd be afraid to live here. There's no fire-escape.

The slum dweller—I don't need one, lady. Whenever the cops come up after me I make my getaway over the roof.

An Affecting Sight.

From the New York World.

To get the effect of a thousand maimed veterans parading in Petrograd against purchased pacific plots we have only to remember that catch in the throat as the Grand Army men hobble past. That is a universal language.

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 War Song.

WE'LL rally round the hoe, boys, and join the ranks of toil, shouting the battle cry of "Feed 'em!" We'll train the crops to grow, boys, as tillers of the soil, shouting the battle cry of "Feed 'em!" Where there is work to do, boys, we'll gather on the spot, shouting the battle cry of "Feed 'em!" To duty we'll be true, boys, and till the vacant lot, shouting the battle cry of "Feed 'em!" Nature, kind mater, will aid in our need. Down with the tater; up with the weed! So we'll rally round the hoe, boys, and train the crops to grow, shouting the battle cry of "Feed 'em!"—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Experiences of a Monoped.

I have lost a leg. I am in a bad way. It doesn't make any difference how I lost the leg, whether I was in the battle of the Marne, or let a Mount Scott car use it for a road bed. The fact remains: when I refer to my pedal extremity, I say foot; not feet.

The other day I purchased me an artificial limb. Now I'm trying to use it. That's what I started out to tell about. If I didn't have a saving sense of humor I surely would get the "Willies." My first attempts at walking would seem more reasonable had they been staged on Burnside street before Oregon went dry. With patience and pain I am starting out to learn the numerous little tricks in walking that most of us learn at 12 months. Slowly, laboriously, like some decrepit old veteran of the Civil war, I toil down the walk and stumble over the lawn. I feel the eyes of the entire neighborhood upon me. I have tried ascending steps and the toe of the artificial minus-quantity invariably catches on the lower step and pulls the infernal affair completely off me. I step off a curb, the knee doubles up, and I sit down somewhat hastily. One of my friends says to another, "I don't think that he'll ever be able to use the damn thing."

But there are some advantages. Oh, the joy of being able to reach down to pull up two trouser legs instead of one, when I sit down in the street car. And the feeling of absolute hilarity I experience in buying a pair of shoes and paying a dime—it used to be a nickel—to have 'em both shined. You ordinary two-legged mortals can't understand, of course. And then, too, when I am standing still, I look just like anyone else and can stand on the street corner and twirl my cane like a matinee dandy. —Hop Scotch.

All in One Short Lifetime.

I've seen the Kansas cyclone find a worthy successor in Billy Sunday. I was present on the spot, so to speak, when the audible celluloid cuff, E. P. Roe, the pugdog, the congress gaiter, the hammer gun, the safety bicycle, the mustache cup, parchesi, the catcher who took 'em off the bat with his bare hands, the peach kernel watch charm, the pousse cafe, the operation for dehorning the human appendix, and the Dowie movement gave way, inch by inch, to the spit-ball, the automatic ejector, the rest cure, the cold storage egg, Henry Ford, the cabaret, Orville and Wilbur Wright, Eat-and-Grow-Thin, Pay-and-Grow-Thinner, rural free delivery, the imported Scotch niblick, Eleanor Glyn, middling-meat at 52 cents a pound and stewed prunes at four bits a portion in any first-class restaurant, says Irvin S. Cobb in the American Magazine. And if I have luck I shall no doubt be an eye-witness to the fading away of these things into the background of the past and the oncoming of yet more timely evidences of the onward and upward march of progress, following along, one behind the other, in a mighty procession.

A Ballad of Sutherlin Gaol.

Unless the city provides a pound for the cattle and horses which are allowed to perambulate about the city limits after nightfall, says the Sutherlin Sun, City Marshal John A. Klawisch threatens to empound the animals in the city jail. As the city bastile has been tenantless since booze was run out of town, there is no apparent reason why it could not be used as a city pound.

Call of the Bugles.

Bugles!
And the great nation thrills and leaps to arms!
Prompt, unconstrained, immediate,
Without misgiving and without debate,
Too calm, too strong for fury of alarms.
The people blossome armies and puts forth
The splendid summer of its noiseless might;
For the old lap of fight
Mounts up in south and north,
The thrill
That tingled in our veins at Bunker Hill
And brought to bloom July of 'Seventy-six!
Pine and palmetto mix
With the sequoia of the giant west
Their ready banners, and the hosts of war,
Near and far,
Sudden as dawn,
Innumerable as forests, hear the call
Of the bugles,
The battle-birds!
For not alone the brave, the fortunate,
Who first of all
Have put their knapsacks on—
They are the vallant vanguard of the rest!—
Not they alone, but all our millions wait,
Hand on sword,
For the word
That bids them bid the nations know us sons of Fate.

From sea to sea the insistent bugle blares,
The drums will not be still for any sake;
And as an eagle rears his crest,
Defiant, from some tall pine of the north,
And spreads his wings to fly,
The banners of America go forth
Against the clarion sky.
Veteran and volunteer,
They who were comrades of that shadow host,
And the young brood whose veins renew the fires
That burned in their great sires,
Alike we hear
The summons sounding clear
From coast to coast—
The cry of the bugles,
The battle-birds!

Bugles!
The imperious bugles!
Still their call
Soars like an exultation to the sky.
They call on men to fall,
To die—
Remembered or forgotten, but a part
Of the great beating of the nation's heart!

—Richard Hovey in Chicago Herald.

Uncle Jeff Snow Says:

One of these here college perfessors that's flittin' 'round talkin' p'litical economy and teachin' us how to raise beans had a blackboard full of figgers showin' us what an awful wasteful lot of wimmen we have housekeepin'. Ma got real sassy and told him if she could trade off all the waste in the kitchens fer all the thievin's by the grain and produce speculators she'd have most enuf money to carry on the European war.