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The great blessings of mankind are within us, and within our reach; but we shut our eyes, and, like people in the dark, we fall foul upon the very thing we search for, without finding it.—Seneca.

ANOTHER FOE

THE kaiser faces foes within. The air of the world is thick with democracy, and some of the spirit of the period is filtering through to the German commons.

In a debate almost unparalleled in Germany since the days of the revolution of 1848, the diet of Saxony passed a resolution Wednesday demanding that the government of Saxony endeavor to secure a liberal reorganization of the empire.

The debate was turbulent and bitter. The Saxony premier declared that the government would resist through the German reichstag any attempt to secure franchise reform in individual German states.

The vice president of the diet, an ex-soldier, flatly denied that loyalty to the king played any role with the soldiers. He warned the premier that reform would come, if not from the crown, then from the mob. Several in the debate voiced similar warnings of a sentiment for reform among the people. The resolution was adopted with none but the conservatives voting against it.

This is tidings for the kaiser more evil than news of the loss of a battle on the western front. His thought now is, not of the alarms sounded in this debate, but of what other alarms of the same kind he may hear from other states in the German staatsbund. Even the new Russian offensive is scarcely more ominous. There is an intense loyalty in the individual German. From childhood, he has been taught obedience to the one will, and that is the will of William II.

But the war brought on by William has cost the German a great deal of sacrifice. His kinsmen are dead. He himself has passed through the fiery furnace of the trenches. His life has been robbed of its hopes and aims. Beneath his outward show of loyalty, there must be times when he stops to think. He is a weary, care worn, agony-torn, nervous man.

He knows that the war is not going well. There are no more German victories. Just over the border, he sees the bright light of a free Russia. He is finding out that one by one the neutral nations are massing against kaiserdom and that against such great odds, the kaiser's plan is hopeless.

It is a most dangerous psychology for William II. There may be no German uprising. But the fires of revolution are fitfully smoldering, and William is desperately harassed with the fear that within his own empire there may appear an ally for democracy more formidable than America's entrance into the war.

The situation is full of encouragement for the American policy of being vigorous in the promise it holds out of hastening the end and lessening the sacrifice.

The convoying of the troop ships across the Atlantic by the American navy was a triumph of efficiency. The convoy vessels beat off two attacks by groups of enemy divers and landed men and materials in a French port without mishap. In all the steps so far in this war, American brains function as never before.

THE MASTERS OF CONGRESS

WHEN cotton prices fell off ten points before the onset of the food control bill the southern senators ran to cover like birds in a thunderstorm. The ten point decline may have been a clever move of the speculators to show their power and frighten the weaklings. If so, it was a magnificent success.

The panic among the senators seems to mean that no law for the protection of the people can be enacted as long as the confederated speculators oppose it. They issue their ultimatum in a spectacular raid on the market and congress bows to their power.

Cotton offers just now an attractive field to the speculator. The visible supply in Liverpool has declined to 400,000 bales, against more than a million at this time last year. A cotton famine is in sight with a banquet for the ravens who fatten on human misery.

If the cotton crop of this year is cornered and manipulated by the speculators they can retire from Wall street and live in palaces all the rest of their lives. No wonder they try to terrorize congress. But it must excite their scorn to find the task so easy.

There was a heavy falling off in sinkings by submarines the past week. The number of British vessels of 1600 tons and over sunk, was 15 against 21 the previous week and 27 the week before that. The number of vessels under 1600 tons was seven the past week against five each of the two previous weeks. Possibly the lowered list is due to the attempt by the kaiser to ambush the American troop ships with submarines sent from the diver zone to lurk in the path of the transports.

THE HANDY-ANDIES

THERE is war on the rivers and harbors bill. It is an extremely moderate bill in its appropriations.

There would be war on it if it called for but half as much or a tenth as much or if it called for only $100,000. It is not the amount, but the policy of inland waterway improvement that is under attack, though the latter is not acknowledged by those who do the fighting. They disguise their purpose in a cry of "pork." Or they say in time of war, funds cannot be spared for inland waterway improvements.

There are those who profit highly from preventing the advent of the low freight rates possible through use of barges and boats on highly improved rivers and canals. They want traffic to be moved by rail only. They are the forces who recently demanded a 15 per cent advance in rail rates after getting a similar advance but six months ago and during a period of railroad prosperity never equaled in America or any other country.

Gigantic fortunes have been made in American railroading. The gentlemen who made them and the gentlemen who are their descendants and their managing men and beneficiaries, want no cheap freight rates on water routes to compete against. They mask their attacks on rivers and harbors bills behind cries of "pork." Some very small-bore, politicians in congress are consciously and unconsciously, their Handy-Andies.

Because it is time of war is no argument against improving rivers and harbors. As a war nation, Germany is unparalleled. Cordoned by a mighty ring of steel, backed into a little corner of the earth, driven to desperation by lack of food, burdened with inconceivable war expenditures, Germany is spending every day more money for developing her inland waterways than ever before. New projects are not banned. On the contrary, they are inaugurated and pushed to completion with feverish energy. It is Germany's way of fighting the war to carry everything possible by water and thereby release the railroads for the tremendous emergencies and exigencies of the war.

Yet in America, warned in advance by a perennial and often acute car shortage, knowing in advance, by the acknowledgements of railroad managers that they cannot handle all the traffic, the Handy-Andies of railroad managing men keep up the false cry of "pork" and fight inland waterway improvement in spite of the great German example in transportation efficiency.

The delegates to the N. E. A. convention are arriving. In consequence, newspapers throughout America are carrying a greater number of Portland date lines. The meeting merits a great deal of attention from Portlanders. It is a man-sized event in brains, aims and reputation.

ANOTHER BLOW

QUACK medicine vendors are said to be in tears over the postoffice definition of "alcoholic liquor." The definition is important because it delimits the administration of the law which closes the mails to liquor advertisements. The postoffice defines "alcoholic liquor" as anything that contains alcohol. Thus at one fell blow Aunt Abigail's afternoon stomach draught and Deacon Peleg's morning tonic are stricken down.

Booze, masquerading under the attractive masque of patent medicine for weak stomachs, rheumatic legs and wheezy lungs, commonly holds its own long after undisguised toddy has been driven out of the market.

This tenderness for tipple in the form of medicine has often made prohibition a boon to the druggist and everybody else who sells quack nostrums. It is perfectly well known to the initiated that infallible curealls are usually nothing but booze doctored up with a little rhubarb and brown sugar. They can no longer be advertised in prohibition states. Alas and alas, what is "going to become" of our personal liberty?

With the arrest at Scranton of Joseph Graber, an organizer of the I. W. W., charged with being a spy in the employ of the German government, the authorities declare that recent strikes and agitations by the I. W. W. in the anthracite coal regions were stirred up by German agents with the hope of lessening the power of America in the war. The American people will have little patience with this sort of thing. The gentry who foment these disturbances in these war times are in a perilous business.

A SHORT WEIGHT

REPRESENTATIVE JOHNSON of Washington opposed the recent Hawley amendment for including $975,000 for the mouth of the Columbia in the rivers and harbors bill.

A large section of the state of Washington is directly interested in the improvement of the Columbia. The whole eastern and southwestern section is benefited by every dollar spent in improving any part of the river.

A congressman ought to be able to vision what the development of the Columbia and use of it for navigation would mean, even if average men do not. That is one reason why the office of congressman was created and men elected to the position. In his opposition to the Columbia appropriation, Representative Johnson is a shortweight congressman.

Nothing more startling has appeared than is the news that two nests of German submarines were lying in wait and attacked the American troop ships on their way to France. Only on inside information transmitted in some way from America to Berlin with fore-hand knowledge of the departure of the ships and the route they were to take, could the attacks have been made. Who are the traitors, and where are they located?

A SUGGESTED PAGEANT

NO DOUBT Professor Horner's notion of a historic pageant to celebrate the charms and beauties of the old Vancouver life will strike many minds as a desirable thing. Professor Horner is not the first to mention it, but his talk on the subject came at a happy moment and may bear fruit. In the days which he would depict in the pageant Vancouver was a British town under the domination of a capable British governor, Dr. McLoughlin.

The annual routine of life there was extremely picturesque, as anybody may convince himself by reading the lively descriptions of it in Mrs. Dye's books. The departure of the laden canoes for the posts in the far interior. The return with cargoes of furs, the mingled company of French Canadians, Indians and Englishmen would furnish plenty of material for a pageant in the hands of an expert in such matters.

It is regretted by many that the Rose Festival does not give us a pageant connected with the early history of Oregon.

What better material to work into a pageant can be found than the scene at the adoption of the provisional government when Joe Meek enacted his dramatic part? We know the critics maintain that Joe never did anything of the sort, but when a historic pageant is under consideration we should say unto the critics "avaunt." The Joe Meek story is worth a dozen of them and all their works.

It is reported that the suggestion was well received by leading Vancouver people. Perhaps something will come of it in due time. A successful pageant requires capable management, literary ability and artistic sense to compose the scenes. We dare say all this can be found in Vancouver.

During June, 282 German airplanes were shot down against 110 allied machines for the same period. War in the air is as vital as war on the surface of the sea and land. Wilbur Wright perished without living to behold the tremendous bearing the invention of himself and brother was to play in human affairs.

MUZZLING MUZZEY

JUDGE M'CAMANT'S strictures on Muzzey's American History have led us to give that book a reading. We must thank the judge for the pleasure we got from it. The history is sound, impartial, well-informed and up to date.

The judge raised a question about the date of the battle of Antietam. Muzzey says that inconclusive affair happened on September 16. Macmaster and Thomas say the date was the seventeenth. So there is ground for a pretty controversy. Judge McCamant offers to leave the question to arbitration.

We think he is too generous. The dates of history are matters of judicial opinion, not mere questions of fact for a jury or for arbitrators. The judge should settle the date of the battle of Antietam by a decree from the bench. That would dispose of it for good and all. If the publishers of Muzzey's book refuse to accept Judge McCamant's decree they will be guilty of contempt and he can send them to jail until they are in a better frame of mind.

While he is preparing this profoundly important decree he might make it broad enough to include some other unsettled historical points such as the date of Homer's birth and his native town. There is also an annoying controversy over the date of the Savior's birth. Many historians insist that he came into the world four years before his first birthday. Judge McCamant would do us all a favor by including this point in his decree and settling it definitely and finally.

Letters From the People

(Communications sent to The Journal for publication in this department should be written on only one side of the paper, and 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.)

Dairy-Bred Beeves

Corvallis, Or., June 29.—To the Editor of The Journal—I have had brought to my attention a letter published in your paper, May 28, from R. K. Funk of Lakeview, Or., in which he states that the dairy farmers in that vicinity have been having difficulty in selling their Jersey and Holstein steers. They do not have the feed to make finished steers out of them, and the buyers do not want them at weaning time, or as yearlings. As a result, some of the farmers have been butchering these calves or yearlings, or even killing them as soon as they are born. Your correspondent calls this a waste of foodstuffs, and asks what can be done about it.

In reply to this I will say that the slaughter of these dairy bred calves is not a waste, as is commonly supposed, since to finish them into mature beef would require more feed than they would be worth, and the waste would really come from feeding good grain and hay to cattle of this kind which would not produce adequate returns. If our correspondent and his neighbors can get any satisfactory market at all for the beef by slaughtering them as calves, that would probably be the best way out of it. Otherwise these calves can either be vealed or can be slaughtered as soon as they are born. In the latter case the farmer will have the hide, which, while not amounting to a great deal, will be all clear profit. I am fully aware that there is agitation at present for laws to prevent the killing of calves of this kind, but this would be a mistake from the food conservation standpoint. If a farmer had a mowing machine which was so poor that it was costing him more in repair and waste of time than the interest and depreciation on a new machine would amount to, it certainly would be economy to throw away the old one and get a new one. The same situation applies to these dairy bred steers. They are worthless to grow out for beef purposes, for the reason that the food which they will consume is worth more to the human race than the beef which they will produce.

E. L. POTTER,
Professor of Animal Husbandry.

"Capital"

Portland, July 3.—To the Editor of The Journal—Your excellent editorial entitled "Capital," of July 1, is most interesting. It is not often one meets in a daily newspaper such refreshing and mind-stimulating uniqueness in tearing down the antiquated and unqualified belief in the code of economic law of supply and demand as applied to modern monopolistic business and taught to our young people in schools and colleges. Those teachers who do not "parrot-like quote the traditional (I may add bourgeois) economists" hold their positions a very short time in conservative communities, in which the school board sees to it that nothing impedes or endangers the monopolistic tendencies of our modern business entrepreneurs, who, if they do not compose the school board themselves, find willing substitutes to do their bidding.

There is further food for thought in your contention that the Socialists are under a delusion in claiming that "labor produces all wealth." Although I am not a Socialist, I cannot say that their claim is entirely groundless. Veblen himself, the extracts of whose book, "Theory of Business Enterprise," you so ably reviewed, does not refute that claim. On the contrary, if we add to the purely economic scope of his book the sociological side of the question, which was intentionally omitted by the author, as pointed out in the preface, then it would be interesting to find that the Socialist claim is, indeed, formidable. Veblen's book, written even as it is, from the purely economic aspect, tends to support that claim rather than to overthrow it.

Though at variance with each other, it is not from lack of understanding of the subject, but rather on account of difference in the method of reasoning. It would seem that omitting, as you do, sociological factors, which enter into every human endeavor, an analysis of this question must necessarily be incomplete. Your deduction that "a vast deal of wealth is produced by imagination and good will" should not, I believe, end there. "The capitalized and merchantable good will," as Veblen defines it, is purely and simply the good will of the people who, through apathy or ignorance, and to their own loss, grant to monopolists or, unawares, permit them to steal, land, franchises, water power rights, etc. (It cannot be denied, as was pointed out in another editorial in The Journal some time ago, that people as a rule do not favor economic innovations even though directly beneficial to themselves. They are content with the present monopolistic regime. If this were not so, the people of Portland, for instance, would support more eagerly the municipal lighting scheme proposed by Mr. Daly.)

For all this "intangibility and constant fluctuation," good will is based on a tangible and concrete foundation. The street car corporations would never think of stretching their tracks on the prairie for all the good will of the prairie gophers; they seek the well established communities with the already created wealth. Nor would such "empire builders" as Jim Hill ever dream of "developing" certain territory if, firstly, they did not have "labor" to build the railroads and, secondly, if they weren't dead certain that the influx of labor into the new region would create wealth, of which the corporation will secure the lion's share. All the metalliferous and agricultural resources of a given territory would be as valueless without the application of labor power as is the copper in the Butte mines, which has no value so long as the miners are on strike. The only value "bonds and stocks" may retain is based, firstly on "good will"; secondly, the labor power already invested, and, lastly—and that upon which all value depends—the absolute certainty that sooner or later the miners will resume their work on a wage basis. But once this certainty is shattered by the miners refusing to work unless they get the full product of their toil—which is not impossible in the near future, "good will" being of a fluctuating character—even the "tangible" gilt edged securities, to say nothing of the common stock, will represent so much waste paper.

However much we may wish to refute the Socialist doctrine on "labor power," a coordinate application of the synthetic analysis to this subject leaves no doubt that labor does produce all wealth.

RALPH V. CHERVIN.

For Auto Owners to Consider

Palmer, Or., July 4.—To the Editor of The Journal—I wish to speak of the serious damage to auto tires caused by crushed rock being applied as dressing to our highways. This rock is also lost off wagons and trucks hauling for private parties. I have mentioned this subject to many, but find very few who are aware of the real cause of their heavy tire bills. Those who do not believe this statement and have driven their cars a few hundred miles over our highways may change their minds after a careful investigation of this subject. Clean off your tires. Make an exploring tool of strong wood. Insert into all those harmless looking cuts. You will find that many of them extend to the fabric, which is the very life of the tire. Water, dirt, oil and other matter work their way into these cuts, causing decay of fabric and what is known as blisters. Soon a new tire must replace the abused one—not the "old" one. No tire dealer can afford to guarantee tires under the present conditions, unless he doubles the price, and well we know that they are soaring in price. I have made a careful study of the subject and have been a careful driver. I have decided that riding over this squeegee, as it is called, is expensive for me. Why not use sand as dressing? It is cheap and efficient.

J. W. SPEAR.

The Biggest of the Big Guns

From Popular Science Monthly.

It is not easy to understand what the power of a gun really is—its penetrating and destructive power. What we call a 15-inch gun—which means one whose muzzle or hollow part is 15 inches in diameter—will hurl a shell right through a plate or wall of the hardest steel 12 inches thick seven miles from the muzzle. The power of the very largest land guns ever made—the German howitzers, or 16.5-inch guns—is such that one of their missiles cracks open a steel and concrete fort as if it were a nut.

There are two classes of guns—naval guns and army or land guns. Because they can be manipulated more easily than those of a ship, land guns are the heavier. From 8 to 10 miles is the greatest distance that a gunner can cover successfully at sea. The largest naval gun is the 15-inch English gun on the famous superdreadnaught, and the largest land gun is the German howitzer. Of the two the naval gun fires a shell weighing over half a ton, while the other fires a projectile a ton in weight. But the new giant 16-inch guns of the United States defending the Panama canal and New York at Sandy Hook shoot projectiles weighing 2370 pounds, which is over a ton. These immense steel guns can sink a ship before it has really come into sight on the horizon, the location of the battleship having been detrmined by airplane or tower.

Restoration of a Railroad

From the New York World.

The formal discharge of the receiver of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway company restores the property of that corporation to its original owners. For 15 years it has passed through the hands of stock jobbers into the possession of a defrauded public, only to be kicked about Wall Street and finally to bring up in a bankruptcy court. How Rock Island, one of the richest and most prosperous of railroads, was looted by a conscienceless syndicate of operators, who smothered it with debt and then unloaded their hundreds of millions of worthless securities upon unsuspecting investors, is an old story. It is something new, however, to find a great property, freed at last of all dishonest incumbrances, returned by the operation of an efficient receivership to the company to whicr it reghtfully belongs. It has cost the owners of Rock Island a great deal of money to ransom their railroad, and the public has paid dearly for its too credulous faith in venders of securities that had nothing behind them, but if the experience gained shall make such buccaneering impossible hereafter, it may be worth the price.

A Sick Autocrat

From the Tacoma Tribune

Constantine, former king of Greece, is reported to be sick. He has gone to a sanitarium to recuperate. The official reason given is that an old wound is troubling him. More reliable information is to the effect that his exmajesty has been so shocked by his reception in Switzerland that his nerves are all upset.

It was a revelation to Constantine to find out, by actual contact with humanity outside of his own court circles, what the world in general thinks of him. The neutral and usually good tempered Swiss have mobbed him when he appeared in public. He will find nothing but hostility or coldness wherever he turns, in any part of the civilized earth, except in the central empires. And even the Germans will be likely to be cool toward him before long. Prussia has little use for "dead ones," and Constantine shows little indication of "coming back."

If Constantine had realized sooner the strength of the allied cause and the fervor of freedom that prevails in all lands uncontrolled by the Hohenzollerns, his career might have had a different ending. His experience ought to be a profitable lesson to such monarchs as still cling to their jobs.

PERSONAL MENTION

N. E. A. Delegates Arriving

Visitors to Portland for the National Education association convention have been arriving slowly for the past week, a considerable number arrivng Thursday. The Multnomah is the headquarters for the convention, and most of the leaders of various delegations are registering there. Among those to arrive Thursday were: Carroll G. Pearse, chairman of the board of trustees of the association and a member of its executive committee, from Milwaukee, Wis.; J. Henry Allen of Grand Junction, Colo.; R. O. Stoops, superintendent of schools at Joliet, Ill., Mrs. Stoops, Mrs. C. S. Barrows of Ipava, Ill., and George B. Lloyd of the board of education of Joliet; J. W. Crabtree, president of the Wisconsin State Normal school at River Falls; Professor and Mrs. Howard Driggs of the University of Utah, Salt Lake City; Elmer L. Cave, superintendent of schools at Bellingham, Wash., and a director of the National Education association, with Mrs. Cave, son Donald, Miss Frances Cave and Miss Irene Selby, all from Bellingham, and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Saunders of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Spencer of Chicago are at the Portland.

J. W. Siemens is in the city from Klamath Falls and is registered at the Imperial.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Ames of Spokane are at the Oregon.

Mrs. Harry Tasset of San Francisco is registered at the Washington.

M. A. Laidlaw and Miss Margaret Laidlaw are at the Perkins from San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Van Pinsker are registered at the Portland from San Francisco.

R. W. Martin is at the Imperial from Eugene.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Ireland of Hillsboro, Or., are at the Oregon.

Captain C. V. Doyon of the Twenty-second regiment of C. F. at Montreal; Alph Doyon of St. Guillaume, P. Q., and L. A. Gonneville of Los Angeles make a party at the Multnomah.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Putnam of Kelso, Wash., are at the Perkins.

W. A. Mead of Seattle is staying at the Imperial.

Mrs. A. A. Peters and Miss Ellen P. Dabney are registered at the Portland from Seattle.

H. J. Lusty of the Sumner Iron Works at Everett, Wash., is an Oregon guest.

Mrs. Charles Miller is at the Washington from Winnipeg, Canada.

O. Heim, interested in the salmon canning business at Altoona, Wash., is at the Oregon.

Robert Fitzmorris is at the Imperial from Condon, Or.

Miss Florence Miller and Mrs. A. P. T. Kennedy are registered at the Washington from Kansas City.

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Anything so rare as a day in June is a day in July—in Oregon.

Conversation at meals is excellent for digestion, but it hasn't anything on conservation at meals.

It is to be hoped Tommies and pollus will be able to get our national game without first getting our national game language.

A school of housekeeping is to be established at Athens. It is evidently too late to accomplish anything with a school of threnekeeping.

The vacant lot farmer who once thought lawn mowing was about all that human nature can endure may now look back as upon happy days.

Were "Old Abe," the noted war eagle of the Civil war, alive today he could have the time of his life sap among the aeroplanes somewhere in France.

When our boys get into the trenches and get to hollering across to the Boches, chances are they won't stir up enough old acquaintances to start a list with.

Don't hesitate when you encounter "Czechs" in the news dispatches. Call them "checks." And that's exactly what they have always been, too—on the Hapsburgs.

William Thaw is doing good service bringing down German aeroplanes. The most Harry ever brought down was Stanford White and the number of the Thaw millions.

If the kaiser has a secret grief it must be that Switzerland has no navy for him to send to the bottom of the sea that does not wash the shores that Switzerland hasn't got.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Farm sales at prices never before known are taking place in Baker county, the Democrat says.

It is gravely asserted by the Canyon City Eagle that Grant county is now full of chrome miners, and if a person has not at least one chrome mine, "he is out of luck and out of date."

Mrs. George Salton of Cottage Grove claims the prize rose bush for this season. It has 587 flowers in full bloom. Another bush has nearly as many, but she didn't take time to count them. Both are white roses.

The plant and business of the Hermiston Herald have been sold by F. R. Reeves to M. D. O'Connell. Mr. O'connell took possession last Monday. He is an old newspaper man. He comes from Richland, Wash.

All will salute Marion county's new flag, now flying from the court house staff. The old one is described by the Journal as "the tattered and ragged emblem that has flown from the staff for a long time. In fact the old flag was worn threadbare, wind bare, and color bare. It really was not presentable."

The Coquille Sentinel passes this tip to all horticulturists: "J. M. Sanford, who lives in the east part of town, showed us a bunch of wild strawberries from plants which he has been cultivating for a year or two. They were of a delicious flavor and much larger than the usual wild berry, although they would win no prizes for size in competition with the berries we have commented on the past two weeks."

THE KAISER'S PERILS--ONCE AND NOW

From the New York Evening Post.

It was to save Germany and civilization from the Slav peril that William II was compelled to draw the sword; so he has told his people. It was fear of the Slav peril that won the adhesion of the German Socialists to the law of necessity which knows neither treaty rights nor human obligations. For years the court painters of the Hohenzollern had been laying on their blacks and purples and crimsons in depicting the menace from the east. The czar's barbarian hosts were threatening to sweep across the trim gardenbeds of kultur. From out the limitless steppes the mujik horde, uncouth with vermin and vodka and the icons of superstition and under the command of a brutal autocracy, was to hurl itself against the fair edifice of Teuton enlightenment and reason and discipline. Perhaps the psychology of fear will explain why German Socialists, with a few honorable exceptions, did not stop to ask how the stemming of the Slav tide necessitated the martyrdom of Belgium and the devastation of northern France. When, after the first few months of war, the question did arise, it was discovered that it was not the Slav peril, after all, but some other peril. It was not German kultur that was in danger, but Germany's place in the sun. The czar's formidable armies became a laughing stock for Hindenburg's field-gray heroes. France was the enemy, and England after that, and perhaps the United States is now, but as for Russia—what did German discipline and German kultur ever have to fear from the peasant mobs of Muscovy?

Yet events have shown that the kaiser spoke better than he knew. There was, indeed, a Slav peril gathering itself against him, the menace from the east which Prussianism is facing today. It is the peril of Russian democracy. The Slav armies will not again, in all probability, flow into East Prussia, or break through the Carpathians; but Russia has forged subtler weapons for the undoing of German autocracy. It has forced upon the kaiser a defensive in which Hindenburg lines will not avail. It has put the kaiser on the defensive against a new world hope and against the bitter doubts of a great section of his own people. It has raised mutterings within his country that Germany is not fighting for kultur, but against a new world order, that she stands alone against the comity of civilization. This is the Slav peril which causes a former apologist of the Hohenzollern to complain that "we Prussians cannot alone offer resistance to the great tide of the times flowing towards democracy in the midst of the German empire, yes, of the European continent and of the whole world. We should thereby get into dangerous isolation among the nations of the earth." William II had his foreboding of this Slav peril ten years ago and more, when he entered into alliance against it with Nicholas Romanoff. He would have been wise in remaining faithful to his ally. By turning against the czar he exposed his own flank—at Petrograd; and the Slav peril was upon him.

The kaiser, one imagines now, and then, is more acutely aware of this new danger than some of Russia's own allies at times. In disappointment at the slackening of Russia's military effort we are too much inclined to speak of the harm which the revolution has done to the campaign plan of the allies. We overlook the far reaching gains. We have fallen into the habit of assuming that if the Russian armies had delivered their attack this spring the war would have been won. That is mere speculation. What is much more ascertainable is the enormous moral reinforcement which Russia has brought to her allies and the moral disintegration which she has cast into the enemy's camp. Hindenburg said two years ago that victory would fall to the side with the stronger nerves. It is necessary only to compare the state of nerves among the nations of the entente, fighting now in a very real sense for democracy, and the state of nerves in a country that feels itself "isolated" in the civilized world. To strike the balance between what the new Russia has withdrawn from the allied cause and what she has given to the allies, we need only think of the new meaning which the struggle has taken on during the last three months, of the new faith that has come to the nations of the west. In the Atlantic Monthly a writer speaks of the "clearing aims of the war." He speaks for the men who up till last March were still in doubt as to the merits of the bitter struggle, who could not see it as a contest between all light and all darkness. Such doubts have vanished with the disappearance of the Romanoffs. The new phase was admirably summed up by Lloyd George yesterday: "Although these distractions (Russia's) had the effect of postponing complete victory, they made victory more sure than ever, more complete than ever, and, what is more important, they made surer than ever the quality of the victory."

But Russia's reinforcements to the allied cause are not the only ones. There was another peril of which the Teuton world was accustomed to speak; not as frequently as of the Slav peril nor officially, but spoken of just the same. It was the American peril. Much was said about the danger from Amerikanismus to the fine fibre of European civilization. Books were written about "dollarika," with its rampant, gross materialism, and its blundering, money-ruled democracy. It was intimated that Germany would not be averse to assuming the leadership in the defense of European culture against Transatlantic "stomach civilization." If the Russian mujik from his bogs threatened European civilization on its material side, Amerikanismus, money-worship, threatened the spiritual life of Europe. Today we must admit that these kultur champions were partly right. An American peril is now confronting the kaiser in France; only, as in the case of Russia, it is not quite the peril that was foreseen. Not dollarika has entered the fight, but American democracy. It is not the democracy of the new Russia, as Mr. Root so wisely pointed out to the men at Petrograd, but it looks to the new Russia with infinite sympathy and, according to our powers, with understanding. Well indeed may the kaiser complain of the policy of "encirclement." He is caught in the democratic ring. William II may take such comfort as he can out of the thought that he has helped to transform the brutalized mujik and the money-grubbing Yankee into champions of an ideal.

HOW TO BE HEALTHY

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FACIAL NEURALGIA.—Facial neuralgia is due to nerve irritation brought about by various causes. The source of the disturbance may be a diseased tooth, an inflamed ear canal, a congested nose, or inflammation in one of the bony cavities of the face. Or the trouble may be caused by exposure to cold and injury, or by such diseases as diabetes, malaria, or syphilis. A thorough examination is necessary to find the real cause.

The eyes should also be carefully examined by an oculist, for possible sources of the neuralgia. There may be errors of refraction. Any inflammation of the eyelids should also be considered in connection with facial pain.

For immediate relief of the affected nerve, the application of heat is generally useful. A hot water bottle may be placed over the nerve, or tender spot. When the heat is removed, the face should be protected by dry wool. Drugs and electricity may also be used in neuralgia, but these should be administered under the advice of a physician. The diet must be carefully regulated. Thin people should take plenty of milk, cream and butter. Gouty people should adhere closely to a vegetarian and fruit diet.

Carefully regulated exercises, short of the point of fatigue, and plenty of fresh air, are necessary. In long standing cases, massage is sometimes beneficial. A warm dry climate is also helpful in overcoming the pain in this ailment.

In extreme cases, when all hygienic and medical treatment fails, it is sometimes necessary to resort to a surgical operation for the removal of the affected nerve. Most cases clear up promptly when the original source of the trouble is discovered and removed.

Tomorrow—Food Sensuality Harmful.

Just for Spite

From the New York Telegraph.

Germany refuses to let us have any more opera singers and if we keep on pestering the kaiser he may be persuaded to deprive us of the little German band.

Oregon in Line

From the Los Angeles Express.

Oregon has oversubscribed her proportion of the Liberty loan, and at last accounts was going right on subscribing as if she enjoyed it. It never rains in Oregon but it pours.

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.]

Liberty Bonds—Red Cross—Oh, My!

ONE $20 gold piece was all that was saved from $2900 kept in the stove bank of the boarding house of Mrs. Joseph Kripps at Brinkerton, a mining town near Pittsburg, Pa., when Mrs. Kripps lighted a fire in the stove early in the morning. The money represented $900 savings of the boarders and $2000 belonging to the Kripps. There was an angry demonstration among the boarders when Mrs. Kripps apprised them of the fate of their savings, and fearing that it was a ruse to beat them out of their money, they ransacked the house in search of money, but none was found.

Mrs. Kripps and her boarders had little or no faith in banks and kept their money hidden in the house. On account of recent robberies in the town the money was changed from a trunk and each night was hidden in the stove, kindling and coal being piled on top of it.

But there came a morning when Mrs. Kripps was in a hurry to start the fire and forgot about the money, which was all currency except the one gold piece. When she heard the gold piece tinkle against the grate bars and fall into the ashes, she remembered the stove was a bank. Water was poured on the fire and a lot of charred paper will be sent to Washington in an endeavor to have it redeemed.

A Clincher

Pat O'Flaherty, very palpably not a Prohibitionist, was arrested in Arizona recently, charged with selling liquor in violation of the prohibition law. But Pat, says Everybody's, had an impregnable defense. His counsel, in addressing the jury, said:

"Your honor, gentlemen of the jury, look at the defendant.

A dramatic pause, then:

"Now, gentlemen of the jury, do you honestly think that if the defendant had a quart of whiskey he would sell it?"

The verdict, reached in one minute, was, "Not guilty."

Dentists That Do Their Bit

James Cary was up from his farm on Crane creek the other day to get some dental work done, says the Burns Times-Herald, but found that both our dentists had turned farmers and neither was in his office. He said he had gone without teeth quite a while and was getting tired of that kind of fare. Mr. Cary says he's raising "spuds" as his share toward winning the war.

If I Were a King

If I were a king I'd take my crown
And hock it quick. That's one best bet.
I'd take my robes of ermine down
And get on them what I could get.
If I were king right now, I think
I'd realize and swell my pile;
I'd know that I was on the blink
And kings were going out of style.
The royal jewels I would pawn—
The diamonds and pearls sublime;
I'd rise tomorrow morn' at dawn
And beat it while there yet was time.
—New York Mail.

Uncle Jeff Snow Says:

'Pears like there's some mighty good fightin' material wastin' itself massacreein' blacks in East St. Louis and other places lately. These fellers that forms mobs to hunt and burn in the United States might be turned loose on the kaiser, and there'd be more satisfaction all around, no matter what happened after that.

AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN FRANCE

Pictorial review of the arrival of Major General Pershing in England and France and of the departure of the transports carrying the fighting forces he is to command will be a compelling feature of next Sunday's Journal.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE WAR

American Lake cantonment in the making—where Oregon's men in the national army will be trained.

How Canada teaches trench fighting at Camp Borden, Ont., is told in fascinating fashion by Jack Lait.

The experiences of a voyage through the U-boat zone is related in a letter from an officer attached to a base hospital unit.

What English women are doing to help win the war is outlined by Lowell Mellett.

FASCINATING FICTION

Gentlemen Curious—by Arthur James Hayes.

The End of the String—By Franklin P. Harry.

"The Price of Empire"—By Shannon McMahon.

A Four-Handed Game—By Harold Titus.

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NEXT SUNDAY