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The federal government can find in existing statutes and others now pending before congress power to handle any situation that may arise because of the ill-advised activities of disloyal agitators. Attorney General Gregory.

BACK TO PEACE

WE ARE BACK to industrial peace in Portland. If the spirit of concession manifested while the adjustment board was here is continued by employers and workers, we shall probably remain in industrial peace.

Five weeks of strike cost all heavily. But perhaps it was just as well. It lost us ship contracts. It lost the workers wages and the builders profits. But it brought to the employers some vision of the viewpoint of the workers and brought the workers some vision of the viewpoint of the employers. That is worth a lot to both and worth a lot to Portland.

In Portland, some of our employers had entered upon an apparent program of trying to break down unionism. On the other hand, there were a few union men with little concern about the viewpoint of employers. The adjustment board has, for the moment at least, removed much of this asperity and misunderstanding.

While all are thus in mellowed mood, it is fitting to say to employers that they cannot crush unionism and to say to union workers that in helping their employers they help themselves.

Unionism is evolution in industry. Unionism is essential to collective bargaining, and collective bargaining is the workers' sole means of defense. The worker has to organize because the employers are always organized. Time was when employers could organize and deal only with disorganized workers, but in the economic changes constantly in progress in the world, that time has passed.

The conspicuous thing in the settlement is the effectiveness of the adjustment board. It brought peace. It ended the feud. It brought the opposing sides together.

The lesson is plain. A peace-making board can always render service. It may not settle every industrial dispute—it can settle many. The result in this case proves this paper's oft reiterated contention that a third party which can bring the disputants face to face and have each side present its grievances is the best present method of dealing with industrial wars.

Portland should profit heavily from what has happened. After all workers are not horned and hoofed. And employers must have learned that employers are not impa of perdition. Let both keep this carefully in mind and both can profit from it.

The two interests have common aims, have a common endeavor, have a common work to do, fill a common field in the world's service and should enjoy a common prosperity.

With peace declared, the two interests have it in their power to be of signal value to Portland through a work of vast benefit of both—they can build up here a mighty shipbuilding industry that will be their pride, their profit and their future prosperity. If both think of shipbuilding in terms of individual concern, individual purpose and personal pride, they will add 100,000 people to the population of Portland within a year or two.

The three thousand Southern California troops which have been sent back to Linds Vista, near Los Angeles, from American Lake because the change of climate was too much for them, may think Puget Sound climate was not so bad if they ever have to bivouac on the mud flats of Flanders.

COLUMBUS

THE School Bulletin quotes from the London Athenaeum the warm appreciation of Joan Miller's lyrical ballad, "Columbus." The London paper says it is inclined to "give first

place among all poems written by Americans to this noble piece. Such a remark is naturally pleasing to American readers even if they have to confess that it is a little extravagant. "Columbus" is a mighty fine poem, but it is not the greatest ever written on these shores by a long shot.

The quest of the "greatest poem," like the quest of the "greatest novel," is rather futile. If you can get pleasure out of a poem why not let it go at that? You can go on and say, if you wish, that some particular poem is the greatest in the world, because you happen to like it, but what is gained by doing so? Somebody else is pretty certain to like some other poem better and he will rise in arms against your judgment.

What most of us need to do, so far as poetry is concerned, is to cease the search for the greatest and learn to appreciate some of the moderately great, of which there are plenty.

A beautiful adventure for the city's children is "Jack and the Beanstalk," the photo-drama version of the old, old nursery tale. More than a thousand of the city's poor and orphaned little ones were guests of the Majestic theatre Saturday morning at the first showing of the wonder-lecture. To see their childish faces mirror the joys and sorrows of Jack and the Princess, and light up with that intangible something which needs only the beautiful to bring it forth, was little short of divine. When a mere picture can so gild the fancy of youth, it answers a poignant need in our daily life.

THE VACANT PLACE

IN CERTAIN respects, the port commission is the most important body maintained by the city of Portland.

Few realize its possibilities for service. Some of its members, past and otherwise, have never comprehended its power to do things for Portland. They have not visioned the port of Portland as it ought to be or grasped their full opportunity to make the port of Portland what it ought to be.

There is a higher function for the port board than the mere dredging of a channel. There is a higher plane and a broader field for its activities. There is room on the board for the exercise of big thoughts of commerce and for originating and promoting big plans in facilitating the expansion of such a commerce.

The people of this city think too little and care too little about the port commission. The body has done much excellent work, but it is still short of doing the larger things which port boards bring to pass in other seaports. It is highly important that the board should be lifted to a higher plane of functioning and that it have brought home to it a vision of what a port board can do to make Portland what it ought to be.

This is not said in criticism, but in suggestion. It is not said in reproach but in the hope of a widened activity for the board.

There is now a vacancy in the membership. The Journal has no candidate. But cannot the vacancy be filled by an active, foresighted and forward looking man?

A man who recently was granted a divorce from his wife and contended that his married life was happy as long as they lived in a cottage, while everything went wrong when they moved into an apartment, is evidently attempting to have it determined judicially that mowing the lawn and juggling with the furnace are necessary for proper wifely discipline.

A LOYAL PAPER

OUR loyal and sensible contemporary, Pacific Skandinaven, publishes some editorial remarks upon the duty of the "disgruntled citizen" which we commend to that sorrowful class for meditation and inward digestion.

"America," says Skandinaven, "has too long been a haven for the disgruntled of all lands." They bring their grouches with them when they come here and spend their days making comparisons between this country and the one they left, always to our disadvantage. Skandinaven wonders why they do not go back to the dear native lands they seem to love so well. It forgets that what the disgruntled really loves is his grouch. Without it he would not be happy anywhere.

Our patriotic contemporary observes that the war casts the disgruntled into a miserable dilemma. He is afraid to growl as he did formerly. Without growling he is liable to burst. He wants to climb upon a soap box and shout out that we had no cause to go to war, that the war is a failure, that the kaiser can't possibly be whipped and so on.

Skandinaven assures him for his comfort that the United States had as good reason for going to war as any other nation in the world and warns him that for a time "the reins must be tightened and the slack taken in." He can't be allowed to spout at random as he did a year or two ago. He must cork up his mouth until laxer days come around.

"By what right," asks Skandi-

naven quite pertinently, "does the disgruntled citizen claim special consideration just now?" What has he done to give him rights that other citizens resign for the present? "No individual living in this country can claim immunity from the duties that go with the privilege of living here." So argues Skandinaven, and who can dispute it?

It is the plain duty of the alien resident to naturalize himself as speedily as the law allows and, once naturalized, it is his further duty to take up the burdens of citizenship, all of the burdens, and bear himself manfully and loyally in this great emergency. We have read no wiser or better doctrine of citizenship than in Skandinaven.

News dispatches tell us that the inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine have refused to subscribe to a new German war loan, even though it was started in celebration of the birthday of Marshall von Hindenburg. It might be a good idea to ship a few Liberty bonds over there and give those Alsatians a chance to subscribe to a loan that will do them some good.

OUR BAD TEETH

THE health book, "How to Live," makes a point of the lack of adaptation between the modern man and his surroundings. The houses we build and the clothes we wear enable us to survive in all climates, but not always to live in good health. Most of us might exclaim with the poet, "Dear Lord, and must we ever live in this poor, dying state?" Houses, with the comfort they provide, are answerable for many of our ailments. Military men have been heard to say that as long as they slept outdoors they never knew what it was to have a cold. But when they came home to dwell in houses they began to sniffle right away. It is well known that Arctic explorers who are properly equipped for their hardships seldom suffer from throat or lung troubles, while they sojourn in the polar ice and snow. It is civilization with its alluring luxuries that brings woe upon them.

Indian youths who are brought in from their tepees to be educated in well built school houses too frequently die of tuberculosis. Their bodies are sacrificed to their brains. If the brain could go on living without the body all might be well, but thus far no method of achieving that feat has been invented.

Doubtless a time will come when our descendants will be perfectly adapted to civilized surroundings. The last trace of wild nature with its ways and requirements will have been worked out of them by the force of environment. But while the process of adaptation is going on, suffering and death result from the inharmony between man and the physical world. The book "How to Live" cites the human teeth as a shocking example of bad adaptation. Our teeth were evolved to bite and chew all sorts of tough, hard substances like bones and uncooked wheat. As nature left them, they could crack nuts without injury, tear apart the joints of a living pig, crush raw roots. It was for this severe service that they were designed.

But a time came with the invention of fire and cooks and the universal slump into ease, when the teeth were no longer called upon to do heavy work. Man formed the habit of eating soft food and too much of it, allowing the pulpy masses to slip down his gullet without chewing. Finding themselves of little use in the world the teeth acquired vicious ways. Lack of exercise caused them to shrink in size and lose vigor. Their feeble growth no longer compelled the jaws to expand to make room for them and they became crowded together. Microbes of disease and filth clustered around them, gnawing the gums away and excavating cavities both in the tooth itself and in the bony sockets at its roots.

The modern mouth, horrible as the idea may seem, is the seat of a decaying set of bones which the body is getting rid of because there is not much use for them any longer. The art of the cook has supplanted rude nature and consequently evolution lets its work run away.

Our teeth are following the example of the eyeless fish which lives in the Mammoth Cave. Just as the fish, having no use for eyes in the everlasting darkness, lost them, so we, having not much use for teeth in this age of mush, are losing them with pain and dentists' bills. Nature is quite apt to let any useless organ make its way into non-existence, without much thought for the comfort of the animal that owns it.

The progressive abortion of our teeth brings a long train of miseries with it. It is needless to say anything about the toothache, which descends upon us as often as a nerve is exposed in the process of decay. That requires no advertising. Some of the less conspicuous evils which are described in "How to Live" and many other good health books are not so well understood.

So many of the Albany high school boys have enlisted in the army and navy that every time they have a social affair at the school each boy is required by class edict to escort two girls to and from the scene of festivities. That ought to be a popular school in which to receive an education.

lack of vigorous chewing, mainly, though lack of cleanliness also helps them to a good start. When a person afflicted with these pus cavities shuts his teeth together he squeezes out some drops of the poisonous liquid and swallows it. From the intestines it permeates the whole body, seeking the parts best suited to its propagation. It prefers the finger joints, though any joint will serve its purpose.

In these chosen spots the pus germs multiply. As they develop they enlarge the joint, destroy its flexibility and torture their host. From each primary focus they send out new colonies seeking, like the kaiser, a place in the sun, until the tale ends with the decrepitude or death of the poor human being who was too lazy to eat tough food and keep his teeth clean.

This is no fairy tale. It is calm, scientific fact. A large part of the "rheumatism," stomach trouble, catarrh, heart disease and similar woes which beset our race are traced now-a-days by the doctors to the mouth. In her laudable efforts to empty our mouths of the teeth which we no longer deserve to keep, nature bids fair to empty the earth of mankind.

But it is not the purpose here to disseminate melancholy, or at any rate, not without offering a cure for it. We can end our teeth troubles by reversing the conduct that causes them. The modern mouth is far from aseptic. It is a kindly home for all sorts of germs which do their best to kill us while we cherish them. Food left to ferment around the teeth provides them with an excellent shelter. It forms a clinging scum, or "mucin," which envelops the tooth and offers refuge to germs by the billion.

This horrible stuff can be scrubbed away with a tooth brush, preferably a good stiff one. We gather from "How to Live" that no harm is done if the gums bleed a little under the brush until they grow hard and healthy. The scrubbing should be round and round and up and down. The horizontal brushing that so many prefer is next to useless.

With the brush must go much vigorous chewing upon tough food like crusts and raw vegetables. This will keep the teeth healthy if they are healthy to begin with. But if they are not, then there is no recourse but the dentist, and be sure to choose a modern one with up-to-date notions.

The house of bishops of the Episcopal church, meeting in Chicago, has decided that Rev. Paul Jones, bishop of Utah, is not guilty of unpatriotic utterances, as was charged against him. It would be difficult to believe that an American bearing the name of Paul Jones could be anything but patriotic.

NEW CONSTITUTIONS

AT LEAST four new constitutions are being framed in these days of strife and all of them are important. Massachusetts, that staid and conservative old commonwealth, is revising her fundamental law with good hope of including the initiative and referendum in the draft for submission to the people. The innovation is favored by many leaders of political thought and by papers of such standing as the Springfield Republican.

The initiative and referendum bring us a step nearer to the British system of responsible government, but no method of applying those devices yet adopted in this country begins to compare with the British in efficiency and thoroughness.

The new Irish constitution is said to be advancing quietly toward a favorable shape. The Ulsterites have laid aside a good deal of their truculency. The rest of the country has met them half prospect for Ireland been so bright.

Finland has seized the occasion of the Russian revolution to assert her independence and organize self-government under a new constitution. The Finns are an extremely intelligent people, well educated and practical in their ideas. There is much confidence in their ability to form a government adapted to their internal needs and outside connections.

The fourth new constitution in process of formation is that of Russia. How far it may go before it is swamped by wild fanatics nobody dares predict. Russia may frame and adopt a constitution in spite of all difficulties, but what will it be like when it is done? Will it embody the wisdom of experience or will it strike out on untried ranges with no guide but the stars?

If the Russians could have taken up the task of constitution-making in a time of peace and worked at it undisturbed by outside forces, they might have given the world something marvelously wise and practical. Their new constitution might have become a landmark for political progress in all future ages. Perhaps it will be so still. We should hope for the best.

So many of the Albany high school boys have enlisted in the army and navy that every time they have a social affair at the school each boy is required by class edict to escort two girls to and from the scene of festivities. That ought to be a popular school in which to receive an education.

Sun Spots Observed

Warren, Or., Oct. 16.—To the Editor of The Journal.—During the forest fires of last August, when the sun was partly hidden by smoke, the black spots on the sun could be plainly seen with an ordinary field glass. While looking through a field glass during the smoky weather I counted 12 black spots. The largest one was almost of the apparent size of a hen egg, and this one was near the lower edge of the sun. The center was two spots at the left and two at the right.

Semaphores for All Crossings

Gold Hill, Or., Oct. 12.—To the Editor of The Journal.—The Journal today discusses the crossings on state highways, with their toll of human life. Would not the danger

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 200 words, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, if the writer desires to have the same published he should so state.]

Critics Crossing Policeman

Troutdale, Or., Oct. 17.—To the Editor of The Journal.—In the Journal of October 15 I noticed a piece writing by Thompson Mack, Chief of Police Johnson, in which he expresses his appreciation of the manner in which the traffic patrolman at Broadway and Washington street reported to him the violation of the ordinance. Mr. Mackenzie, according to his letter, was driving his car on Washington street, and unthinkingly drove forward past the semaphores when it registered "stop." The patrolman very courteously informed Mr. Mackenzie of his violation of the ordinance and requested him to back

up. On October 11 the very same thing happened to myself and son, with this difference: The patrolman stepped forward with the saying in a voice that cannot be described with pen and ink, "Can't you see that sign?" Then, without waiting for an answer, he said, in a tone usually used in speaking to a dog that has not minded, "Get back there." We were country people, and our car was a Ford. I was wondering, if we had our car parked in front of our house, if it might not have been different? Talk about courtesy!

Harvesting Yakima Apples

Grandview, Wash., Oct. 15.—To the Editor of The Journal.—I want to say a few words in your paper about the apple crop in the Yakima valley. The fruit crop is the largest for years, and labor is scarce, while the farmers are paying fair wages for all kinds of work. The warehouses are full and the apple crop is being marketed. The work is very nice, and he had a nice crew. Mr. Moore's daughter, Mrs. Calvert, served refreshments to all help at 4 p. m. each day. I think help should be very scarce if Mr. Moore doesn't have help.

MRS. MARY J. TILLMAN

[Inasmuch as it is not quite certain that a letter addressed to Mrs. Tillman at Grand View would just at this time reach her at that place, occasion is taken by this means to acknowledge with sincere thanks her receipt of the Journal of October 17. The Journal some remarkably fine specimens of apples—Baldwins and Jonathans—and pears, from the orchard referred to in her letter.]

Predicts a Reckoning Day

Portland, Oct. 17.—To the Editor of The Journal.—The article in the Journal of October 16 from which it appears that our honorable governor has not had time to call a special session of the legislature to pass a complete revision of the constitution, laboring man. I wonder if he can tell how many large questions were ever settled by arbitration. He seems to be protesting the wisdom of the Chamber of Commerce and big business. It is plain to be seen that the breaking point sooner or later. What happened in 1892 and 1894 was a lesson to extend the Mason and Dixon line against the wishes of the poor and liberty loving class of the north? All that was done was to put the matter up or their wills, tell us what we may do, what we may not do, and the horrors and atrocities of Belgium and the complete extermination of the people. "Government of the people, by the people, and for the people will perish from the earth." In this sense this is truly a war of absolutes, and the extermination of the people, but of systems, and so far as human sight can pierce the future the life of the one system or the other waits on the result.

To Roll Back Savagery

Portland, Oct. 18.—To the Editor of The Journal.—This being a time of crisis, let all help. The war should not fail for lack of a few thousand dollars. The British government is fighting an enemy utterly unscrupulous, who well organized and disciplined, whose success would result in loss of all liberty and civilization, whose benefits of such standing as the Springfield Republican.

Rebukes Sammy Backer

Portland, Oct. 18.—To the Editor of The Journal.—In answer to "Sammy Backer," let me tell him he is not helping to build ships for Uncle Sam's navy. He is a millionaires and for a lot more men around Portland who have no brains. "The lady can tell him this much—if the girl who is the wife of a man who was coming to him he would not have to come out on strike. Sammy Backer says he got his job before the war, and he would not let him nor his kind into the union. Also, let me tell him, I never understood what the union was until 14 years ago, and I have been strong for it ever since.

UNION STRIKER'S WIFE

Portland, Oct. 18.—To the Editor of The Journal.—I wish to call attention to the fact that the ladies in ladies making Liberty bond speeches wear diamonds that would buy several bonds, as one did last evening while she was making a speech. The night school to do without things that they may buy bonds. I do not believe there was one in last night's audience who had a diamond ring or a diamond at this time.

NIGHT SCHOOL PUPIL

Warren, Or., Oct. 16.—To the Editor of The Journal.—During the forest fires of last August, when the sun was partly hidden by smoke, the black spots on the sun could be plainly seen with an ordinary field glass. While looking through a field glass during the smoky weather I counted 12 black spots. The largest one was almost of the apparent size of a hen egg, and this one was near the lower edge of the sun. The center was two spots at the left and two at the right.

Boiler Inspector Arrives

Cecil Brown, United States boiler inspector of the Pacific coast, arrived in Portland yesterday.

Visiting American Lake

Mrs. W. F. Hummel and Mrs. H. H. Heide are visiting north and also at the American Lake cantonment.

Commercial Complexities

From the Brooklyn Citizen. "Let's give the picture star an interest in the business," said the film manager. "Let's give her the whole business," replied the partner, "under agreement that we are to have reasonable compensation. Then she can owe herself her enormous salary."

LIFE IN THE AUTUMN WOODS

By Philip Pendleton Cooke

SUMMER has gone, And fruitful Autumn has advanced so far That there is warmth, not heat, in the broad sun, And you may look, with naked eye, upon The ardors of his car; The stealthy frosts, whom his spent looks embolden, Are making the green leaves golden.

What a brave splendor Is in the October air! How rich, and clear, And bracing, and all-jovous! We must render Love to the Springtime, with its sproutings tender, As to a child quite dear; But Autumn is a thing of perfect glory, A manhood not yet hoary.

I love the woods, In this good season of the liberal year; I love to seek their leafy solitudes, And give myself to melancholy moods, With no intruder near. And find strange lessons, as I sit and ponder In every natural wonder.

It is a fair And goodly sight to see the antlered stag With the long sweep of his swift walk repair To join his brothers; or the plethoric bear Lying in some high crag, With pinky eyes half closed, but broad head shaking, As gadflies keep him waking.

A strong joy fills (A joy beyond the tongue's expressive power) My heart in Autumn weather—fills and thrills! And I would rather stalk the breezy hills Descending to my bowyer Nightly, by the sweet spirit of Peace attended, Than pine where life is splendid.

TREASON AND DISLOYALTY

By Thomas W. Gregory, Attorney General of the United States

The sporadic activities of a few agitators who, led by good or bad motives, seek to hamper our work in the war justify me as the chief law officer of the executive branch of the government in calling attention to the duties, moral and legal, of all persons owing temporary or permanent allegiance to the United States.

The German government began this war by a contemptuous breach of its formally pledged faith made in solemn treaty and from the denunciation of that treaty has made good its intention and temper. We all know as but sober fact, plainly stated, that the imperial government has allowed no rule of war, no principle of civilization, no consideration of humanity, no teaching of Christianity to stand between it and the worst of all its evil purposes. For half a century that government has schemed and prepared to dominate the world by "blood and iron."

The world must fight to preserve itself. It is not merely a matter of Heretofore, save in rare cases, war has been a fight between armies; but this war, because of the initial preparation for it by an autocracy which prostituted the name of the United States—kings against peoples. If our enemy win, kings will dominate the world, because no democracy fights with or for them. The Prussian autocrat and the British monarch, who upon their wills, tell us what we may do, what we may not do, and the horrors and atrocities of Belgium and the complete extermination of the people. "Government of the people, by the people, and for the people will perish from the earth." In this sense this is truly a war of absolutes, and the extermination of the people, but of systems, and so far as human sight can pierce the future the life of the one system or the other waits on the result.

To the man of vision it is as clear as daylight that the aim and the plan of the imperial government was and is to conquer the world, nation by nation. It was first to defeat France and then to turn its feet to Britain, and with Europe's feet to turn to America. "Kultur" and the German sword were to rule around the world. We have been thus forced by the imperious and autocratic government to choose whether, in addition to suffering outrage and plunder, we should calmly wait to be crushed ourselves by the autocratic domination of the world, or should make common cause with those who already fought for us as well as for themselves, to the end that autocratic domination over mankind should not come to pass.

From the time Congress and the President spoke for us it became the duty, moral and legal, of each of us to abate nothing that lay within his power to make our people free. What over our views, whatever our quarrels theretofore had been, the quarrel was now our quarrel, and we must be true to it in order to be true to ourselves. That this meant that some of us must break with cherished mem-

bers almost wholly removed if a semaphores were erected at each crossing, and that we should be true to our duty, moral and legal, of each of us to abate nothing that lay within his power to make our people free. What over our views, whatever our quarrels theretofore had been, the quarrel was now our quarrel, and we must be true to it in order to be true to ourselves. That this meant that some of us must break with cherished mem-

are in the city to spend the week-end, and are registered at the Portland. Captain L. C. Martin is at the Carlton. Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Theroux of The Dalles are at the Portland. Mr. and Mrs. H. Hogan and Mrs. Stuart of Albany are at the Oregon. J. Burpee, a railroad construction man of Forest Grove, is a Portland visitor. Mr. Shaw of Tacoma is registered at the Oregon. Rev. Father J. Waltera of Astoria is at the Carlton. Mr. and Mrs. Wharton L. West of Salem are staying at the Portland. J. M. Peters and T. F. Laurin of Astoria are at the Carlton. Mr. W. W. Washburn, a man of Ketchikan, Alaska, is at the Carlton. Howard Jones of Clackamas is staying at the Perkins. Mr. E. H. Smithson of Oakland is spending a short time in the city and is staying at the Portland. Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Griswold of Hartford, Conn., are Portland visitors. G. J. Howell of Salem is at the Perkins. Mr. W. Holmes, a contractor of Echo, is registered at the Perkins. Mr. and Mrs. Abe Green and R. J. Williams of Vancouver, B. C., are among the late arrivals at the Carlton. J. H. Foster is at the Perkins from Dallas. Mrs. Della Mac Cron is a visitor from Golden, Wash., and is registered at the Carlton.

PERSONAL MENTION

From the Brooklyn Citizen. "Let's give the picture star an interest in the business," said the film manager. "Let's give her the whole business," replied the partner, "under agreement that we are to have reasonable compensation. Then she can owe herself her enormous salary."

Ragtag and Bobtail

Stories From Everywhere

A TITLED visitor to Philadelphia who has spent many years in Russia tells me, says "Girard" in the Philadelphia Ledger, a story of his friend, the Grand Duchess Tatiana, one of the four lovely daughters now smart with the czar into exile. In these hours when all thoughts turn to Russia the story will bear repetition. It seems that the Grand Duchess Tatiana in her Red Cross uniform was riding on a tramway in Petrograd with a desperately wounded officer.

"Sit still," said Tatiana to her charge. He obeyed her. After the general's third demand was disregarded, he turned a torrent of abuse upon Tatiana. She handed him her card. The German knelt in the car. She refused his apology. "You saw that man was grievously wounded. And you had no right to speak to any woman as you spoke to me."

GENERAL PERSHING, commander of the American forces in France, likes apple pie. He has done his own, homemade product like mother used to make, and one of his trials since he has lived in the land of the Gauls has been to find out how to make good pie. Colonel Richard E. Holz, commander of the Atlantic province of the Salvation Army, told the reformed Minuteman association of Philadelphia about it at a meeting, says the Philadelphia Ledger.

"Colonel Holz was speaking of the large contribution made by the Salvation Army to the war effort. He mentioned, butts and the Salvation Army officers sent to man them. Then he spoke of General Pershing.

"The general visited General Pershing's headquarters in Paris, said Colonel Holz, and sent in his card without any optimistic expectations of being received. He concluded that the general would be too busy to talk to a Salvation Army officer. Imagine his delight when he was immediately ushered into General Pershing's presence.

"I always have a soft spot in my heart for the Salvation Army, and I'll tell you why," the general said, as he shook the army leader's hand. "When my wife and I were on the Pacific coast, a Salvation Army officer wrote me a letter of condolence, which was more than any other minister of any denomination I thought of doing. And I appreciated it."

A discussion of the assistance the Salvation Army could give the troops followed after which the Salvation Army leader reported to General Pershing seemed to have an inspiration. "Say," he asked, "do you happen to have a crackerjack your outfit who can make good apple pie?"

"Certainly have," replied the Salvation Army commander. "One of my boys is a crackerjack at baking apple pies."

Pershing wet his lips and a wistful light came into his eyes. "I haven't had a good piece of apple pie in a long time," he said, regretfully. The Salvation Army officer told him to wait until the morning, and that afternoon a package of pie was sent. On the following morning 10 big pies were delivered at General Pershing's headquarters with the compliments of the Salvation Army.

When the general assumed the 10 to one meal is not known. To My Son—Somewhere in France I meet the men who do not go, But make no sign. That in my heart is quiet scorn; Not of my heart, but of their eyes are not mine, Not in my heart, but of their eyes are not mine. Then when in loneliness I sit "We're going to get you home," he said. But strong in pride mine, these lines By one who knew man's heart so well.

In my mind rise: "Cowards die many times before their death." The war never taste of death but once. So scorn dies down, and pity takes its place. And that is mine that if Death lays his hand On you, my only son, that facing At the salute you'll stand. —Janet Spark in Melbourne Argus.