Oregon Journal

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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The voice of all nature cries to us that there is a God.—Voltaire.

WHY QUESTION?

SPEAKING of the necessity for Portland to have a coal supply for fueling ships, President Corbett of the Chamber of Commerce said:

The port commission has the power to provide bunkers through the law enacted by the last legislature. It needs to be assured that the people want the bunkers built now. The Chamber of Commerce is positively on record. Go ahead without delay is our position.

Nothing could be plainer or sounder. We have often beheld the spectacle of orient-bound or Europe-bound steamers taking on cargo at Portland and going to Puget Sound to coal for the voyage. Several times, within recent months, Portland has been on the verge of securing desirable steamship service.

One handicap that has invariably confronted Portland negotiators has been the insistence of ship owners that this city is not prepared to cheaply and adequately fuel ships. Vice President Woodworth of the Northern Pacific pointed out to the writer the other day that the transcontinental roads regard the lack of facilities for coaling ships as one formidable obstacle to steamship connections at Portland. Mr. Corbett quotes two distinguished traffic men with whom he discussed the possibility of steamship connections for this port. What they said to him was the following:

How can you expect to bring ships here without assurance in advance that they can coal as quickly and as cheaply as at any competitive port?

You will not be able to talk business to ship owners until they know you have coaling facilities.

The Port of Portland has authority to provide coal bunkers for ships using this harbor. Its meeting for preparing the annual budget occurs next Wednesday. In view of all the circumstances, in view of the attitude of the Chamber of Commerce, in view of the oft expressed wish of the people of Portland through the ballot for development of shipping in this port, should there be any question as to what the action of the port commission will be?

A new starting point in the livestock industry was made by the great stock show just closed in Portland. The stockmen have gone home with new standards to attain, new types to create and new ideals to strive for. Another forward step in animal husbandry is to be made.

THE NEW ANTI-SUFFRAGE

THE objections which the anti-suffragists at Washington have advanced to the proposed Susan B. Anthony national amendment do not strike us with any particular force. No doubt the good antis did the best they could for a bad cause, but if they had been a little "smarter" they would have hired somebody to formulate a more impressive set of objections.

The antis have dropped, at least for this occasion, their old familiar plaint that "votes for women would break up the home and defeat the designs of an all-wise Providence." Perhaps the force of facts has been too much even for their prejudice and they have thought it best to put in another plea. At any rate that is what they have done.

The anti-suffrage violets and daisies tremble to think of the terrible effect national suffrage would have, not on the home any longer, but on the Socialists, anarchists and pro-Germans. All these pernicious elements would be encouraged to rise in rebellion, so we are told, if women were allowed to vote. It is difficult to perceive the precise relation of cause and effect which moves our beloved sisters to this apprehension, but doubtless they could explain it if the newspapers would give them space enough.

Our present blindness to the connection between anarchism and woman suffrage is doubtless a sad consequence of male stupidity. Had we been gifted with acute feminine intuition it would be as clear as day. We mean, of course, that anti-intuition to which so many surprising truths are revealed as politics happens to need them.

CRYING IN THE NIGHT

THE town of 1200 people in which Dr. Boyd found seven churches starving their way to heaven is not an unusual phenomenon in the United States. Most of us have visited such towns. There are too many of them for the good of the country and the church militant. God's army, as Dr. Boyd pretty forcibly explained, is divided into too many competing companies to accomplish anything very weighty in the sinful modern world.

If it is a failure on the part of the allies and a triumph for the Germans that the French, Italians, British, Russians and all the rest pursue their separate war aims regardless of the common cause, who can think it other than a calamity, almost treason to the world's redemption, that seven little churches should waggle their weak heads and wrangle over their petty creeds in the same small town?

The big church machines give them what they can from missionary funds, but even with that help they can afford only the last pickings of ministerial talent. The spiritual diet they dole out to their congregations would delight Mr. Hoover, it is so thin, but how can Christian warriors nourish themselves upon it?

Dr. Boyd evidently sees a vision of a renewed and vitalized Christianity which shall go forth conquoring and to conquer. The ideal Christian is, to his imagination, as we gather from his last Sunday's sermon, no pallid recluse pining for the world to come and despising this one. He is a sturdy fighter panoplied in the full armor of the Lord, one who refuses to be "carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease," but fights "to win the prize and sails through bloody seas."

By this spiritually reborn Christianity Dr. Boyd conceives that the world shall be purified of its misery and sin. He is not the first earnest apostle of reform who has thought so. Earth has sunk time and again into the same slough of pain where it now writhes and always there has been a voice crying in the darkness, as Dr. Boyd cries, that the only way to save it was to revive religion. St. Benedict of St. Francis of Assisi and St. Bernard all revived religion with preaching that left no corner of the civilized world untouched. Savonarola revived it and so did Wielif. St. Ignacius Loyola revived it from one point of view and Martin Luther from another. John Wesley revived religion, founding the Methodist church for a by-product of his preaching. George Fox revived religion and John Calvin did likewise. Surely, if reviving religion could cure the world of its pain and wickedness, we ought by this time to be in the full tide of milennium. But perhaps Dr. Boyd is thinking of some reform never tried before.

Unquestionably each revival has accomplished something. Mankind never slipped quite back to where it was before St. Francis preached his vision of renunciation. The Church of England was uplifted for all time by John Wesley's revival. The Methodist church has been a boon to millions. And yet, when all is said and done, after 2000 years of backslidings and revivals, we are in the heat and stress of a war which threatens to consume civilization, church and state together.

Dr. Boyd intimates that he does not look for a solution of our problems from science or politics, education, Socialism or international law. We must go back, he teaches, to the true conception of Christianity. There is our only hope. Even Christian Science, which to many thoughtful people promises so much, he dismisses with a slighting estimate.

Dr. Boyd may be right. He is a learned and courageous man whose views deserve respect. But from a layman's point of view, something might be said, not so much to oppose his deductions, as to modify them.

For one thing, we must not too hastily dismiss the claims of science, education and international law. They have not been in the world very long compared with Christianity. Modern science dates only from Galileo. International law goes back to Grotius and scarcely farther. Education trails along, weak and stumbling, with the bedraggled garments of medievalism flapping about her feet. Four centuries about measure the life of science, international law and education.

The remedy which Dr. Boyd proposes has had more than 19 centuries in which to demonstrate its power. It is premature to speak confidently of what science can do for the world, or what education can do. The old saw that nobody should say Christianity is a failure because it has never been tried, is perhaps even truer of education.

When we reflect upon what real education did for a girl like Helen Keller we hesitate to say what it cannot do for normal children. Men who have given their minds to the subject do not pretend to see even the beginning of the possibilities of education. Suppose we could persuade ourselves to spend as much money on schools as we do upon war, or half or a quarter as much?

Certainly science is raving mad just now. But it does not require much reading of history to recall times when the churches have been in the same state. This war is one of science and politics combined with dynastic ambition and economic greed. The Thirty Years war, to which Germany treated the world at about the date of the settlement of New England, turned on theology and church rivalry, with dynastic ambition intermingled.

Is it not a little harsh for any man, however learned, to condemn agencies like science, education and internationalism, which Providence may have given us for our good? Thus far we have done little but evil with them, perhaps, as a child is liable to cut its fingers with a knife. But should knives be banished from the world because children can not use them?

The livestock industry in its various forms is one of the biggest wealth producers in Oregon. It rolls up a total of $140,000,000 a year. With Europe's herds and flocks decimated and with stocks in America tremendously reduced, it will be years before supplies will be back to normal. With outlook for long continued war prices, the industry in the Northwest could scarcely have a brighter prospect.

A REFORMED RAILROAD

THE Southern Pacific railroad had to travel a long, steep and stony road before it attained the moral elevation where President Sproule says that backdoor politics has gone forever from the railroad's life. It is, so to speak, a reformed character with all its wicked ways forsaken and its sins repented of.

When it came to shucking off political sins the Southern Pacific had something of a load to lose. The novelist, Frank Norris, told us in his Octopus something of the ways of the railroad with California people in the good old times when it had politicians, legislators, lawyers and judges at its beck and call.

Few things on earth were more corrupt than California state government under railroad domination.

The reform of the Southern Pacific began with a political revolution in which the people of the state smashed the railroad machine. The initiative and referendum was one product of that revolution. Hiram Johnson was another. The direct primary was a third.

These three products of the revolt gave the people the machinery of government and gave them a leader. The example of Oregon showed them the way to these changes. The political power of the railroad in California was broken. The corporation ceased to be the invisible dispenser of offices to which men ambitious for public position had always looked for nomination and election. The secret autocracy that had long held sway and directed all the instrumentalities of state gave way to democracy, or rule by the people. It was the deliverance of California from absolutism in the guise of a despotic railroad system.

Mr. Sproule, the present head of the Southern Pacific, had no part in the railroad politics of those delirious days. He is a different kind of man. There has been much in his brief administration to indicate that he is of that broad vision and high purpose which squares fully with his assurance that the Southern Pacific is never again to participate in politics. And there is a further fact that since Mr. Sproule's accession to the headship of that road a broader and more intelligent policy toward Oregon has been inaugurated.

The United States fuel administrator has served notice that the government will take over and operate the mines closed by operators because of failure to receive increases in the price of coal over that fixed by the government. If the coal operators cannot abide by government regulations as other folks must do, what fitter action than for the government to take the mines of recreant owners and operate them in producing the coal, for lack of which our allies are shivering?

THE LAST SUPPER

MILAN, the big city of Northern Italy, is not very many miles from the mouths of the German cannon. Nobody can say how long it will be safe. If it should be bombarded and captured by the cultured Huns what will happen to its art treasures?

Milan is the city where Leonardo Da Vinci painted his "Last Supper" on the wall of a convent. It is still on that same old wall, what is left of it. The colors are faded. The figures are barely distinguishable. But "The Last Supper" is the greatest picture ever painted, wan as it has grown with time and abuse.

To protect it from the invaders, should they break into Milan, the authorities have surrounded Leonardo's masterpiece with sandbags which may be shell proof. Since it is on the surface of the wall it can not be removed as other great pictures have been. For its safety the Italians must trust to sandbags and luck.

It is part of the avowed purpose of the Germans in this war to destroy such national monuments as they cannot carry away. They cannot very well make off with "The Last Supper." So art lovers might unite to pray that they may not capture Milan.

IN THE MAKING

CLAUDE M'COLLOCH, probably the best informed man in Oregon on irrigation organization and development, says, "at the present rate, one million acres, in addition to areas now irrigated, will be put under irrigation in Oregon within 10 years."

We are only beginning to find ourselves in irrigation. Highly valuable information was gained through the cooperative survey by the federal and state governments under an appropriation of $50,000 made by the 1913 legislature for inquiry into the reclamation possibilities of Oregon. The survey was made by John T. Whistler and E. G. Hopson of the federal reclamation service, John H. Lewis, state engineer, and W. L. Powers of the Oregon Agricultural college. The report of findings is authoritative and dependable, and shows an irrigable area of at least two million acres within the state. It finds, for example, that there is an area of 200,000 acres which can be reclaimed in the vicinity of Prineville and Bend at a cost of $35 to $65 per acre, the lower figures applying to most projects.

Other change is the plan projected by the 1917 legislature under which the state authenticates bonds issued by irrigation districts.

It opens the way for financing projects without the intervention of the speculative promoter, so much in evidence under the Carey act, whose shoestring projects resulted in so many disastrous failures.

The reclamation division of the interior department at Washington estimates that $40,000,000 can be expended in irrigation in Oregon, and the conclusion is that by the expenditure at least one half would be added to the taxable property of Oregon outside of Multnomah county. The same authority fixes 100,000,000 acres as an area, now barren, that can be made highly productive by irrigation within the United States.

Congressman Sinnott, after appearing as a witness in a Portland court, left Friday evening for his home at The Dalles, and is thence to proceed in a day or two to Washington for the opening of congress. In his work in the house in cooperation with Senator Chamberlain in the upper branch, Mr. Sinnott rendered his state a faithful service in the land grant legislation. His strong stand for the measure in the house was a factor in passing the Chamberlain-Ferris law, giving a heavy portion of the proceeds from sale of the grant lands to schools, roads and other public purposes in Oregon.

"THE STURDY OAK"

"THE STURDY OAK," which has been running as a serial story in Collier's now comes from Henry Holt & Co. in book form. As might be inferred from the title, it is a satire on anti-suffrage politicians and machine politics in general. The book, which is far too short, was written by 14 authors, each of whom made a masterpiece of the chapter or two he contributed. The singularities of each author stick out all over his part in the book, but the story is kept running smoothly and the characters are surprisingly well sustained, considering how many cooks stirred the porridge.

The hero is a young man just entering politics. He is the machine candidate for prosecuting attorney. He lives up to his machine duty unblemished by sense or conscience until the thugs who run his party abduct his wife and one of her friends. Then he experiences enlightenment and change. "The Sturdy Oak" is a lesson in more things than woman suffrage.

California expended last year $176,000,000 for state, county and municipal government. The sum is equal to $176 for each producer in the state. Every dollar represents tax money. It is a public cost to cause men to stop, look and listen.

AN OLD LESSON

FIVE years ago if a writer had mentioned the Peloponnesian war his readers, if he had any, would have wondered with annoyed frowns what he was talking about. Our own war has made "old, far-off, forgotten things and battles long ago" a little more significant and interesting. A writer named Elmer Davis in one of our eastern contemporaries not only talks freely about the Peloponnesian war but he contrives to draw a cogent lesson from it for our too insistent pacifists.

That old war was, like our own, a war to make the world safe for democracy. The leading belligerents were Athens and Sparta, Athens for democracy, Sparta for Junkerism. The Spartans were the most consummate Junkers earth ever bred.

The point is that in the midst of the war an inconclusive peace was patched up, about such a peace as the Russians threaten to drop into. It gave the Spartans time to concentrate their power, play the game of intrigue and bribery and get good and ready for another strike. Like other democracies the Athenians liked to talk. They talked while the Spartans were preparing to fight again. We need not say what the end was. The world was not made safe for democracy just then. The lesson is fairly obvious.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN

By Fred Lockley.

There are some men who are always good copy. Such a man is Colonel Isaac Mayfield Standifer, whose son, Guy Standifer, is president of the Standifer Construction company, in whose shipyards in North Portland and at Vancouver 10 vessels are now under construction. Colonel Standifer has put in his spare time reading the really worth while authors, so that his conversation has a delightful literary flavor. I doubt if there is anyone in town who is more familiar with the life of Napoleon than Colonel Standifer. Colonel Standifer was born on June 24, 1858, on the Tombigbee river, in Mississippi. "I was a little chap during the Civil war," said Colonel Standifer recently, "yet many incidents of that momentous struggle are very clear in my mind. I remember the alarm with which I heard that the Yankees were coming our way. The two treasures of my boyhood were a deep bay mare named Mary and a hatchet I had been given. I carefully buried the hatchet in our garden to keep the Yankees from getting it, but my riding pony was taken. I spent many many an hour grieving over the loss of mare and hating the Yankees for stealing her. Shortly after the close of the war we heard of her in an adjoining county and recovered her. As a matter of fact, the Yankees had not taken her at all. She had been stolen by some low down southern horsethief, probably a skulker or deserter from the Confederate army.

"Father had been a planter in Mississippi and shortly after the war he went to Texas, where he engaged in raising cattle. People of the North will never understand how deeply the Southerners deplored the death of Lincoln. If he had lived the South would not have suffered from the rule of the carpet baggers. We made our home at Honey Grove, Texas, a place named by Davy Crockett while on his way to the Alamo, where he was killed. He named it because of the large number of bees to be found in the grove there.

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"I went to the University of Virginia, which, as you know, was conceived and built by Jefferson, whose home at Monticello was near by. I was admitted to the bar when I came of age and practiced law at Denison and Sherman, Texas. As you doubtless know, those towns are neighbors and are near the line of what was then Indian Territory, now Oklahoma. In those days Indian Territory was the stamping ground and refuge of most of the criminals of the Southwest. My home town was the terminus of the M., K. & T. railroad, and as a consequence was the shipping point for the cattle of the western plains of Texas. Before the completion of this road the cattle had been driven across Indian Territory to Fort Dodge, Kan. The coming of thousands of cattle for shipment meant that times were exceedingly lively. The cowboys in all their picturesque glory were paid off there and after months on the range they relaxed, and painting the town red was a favorite form of relaxation. Criminals from across the state line came to town and at the first sign of trouble fled back to the safety of Indian Territory. The crack of the six-shooter became a very common sound, and life was swift and hectic.

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"Being the terminus of the railroad, our town was the great shipping point for buffalo hides to the markets at Chicago, St. Louis and other points. In those days the buffalo literally darkened the plains of Texas, but within a few years the same plains were whitened by their bleaching bones. Hide hunters by the hundred came in to kill the buffalo for their hides. I lived in Texas for 28 years. During the latter part of the time I resided at Houston. Houston is the county seat of Harris county. I represented Grayson county in the legislature, and when I moved to Harris county I had the honor of representing that county for several terms in the legislature.

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"Houston was named for Colonel Sam Houston, the first president of the republic of Texas, the Lone Star state. His was a wonderfully colorful life. Texas has the distinction of being the largest state in the Union and of having sailed under more flags than any other of our states. The Spaniards explored it first in 1528, but the first colony to be established in Texas was planted by the French under LaSalle in 1685. This colony was abandoned and in 1690 the Spaniards established a number of missions, the stone ruins of which are still to be seen around San Antonio and elsewhere. In 1727 Texas became a province of Spain under the title of Tejas province, taking its name from the Tejas Indians. Its story is a long and intensely interesting one and it has flown the flag of Spain, Mexico, the Republic of Texas, the United States, the stars and bars of the Confederate States of America and at last it has come back under Old Glory, where, thank God, it will always remain."

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.]

Livestock Amphitheatre

Portland, Nov. 23.—To the Editor of The Journal—Now that the big breeders of livestock, and citizens of Portland, have taken up the proposition of a grand amphitheatre for the showing of livestock for 1918, it must not and should not lag, but be consummated. To be frank, it must not be located in a district where two carfares are collected. We have broadminded men in Portland who will donate ground for such a building, in keeping with the breeders of the Pacific northwest.

GEORGE R. MOKEL.

The Outcasts

Albany, Or., Nov. 20.—To the Editor of the Journal—The social derelict in Portland is to be placed in a stockade. The old order of things has changed.

It used to be that if there was anything in your town that was not nice, and you did not want it, just send it to your neighboring town, or any other place, to get rid of it, for the time being. Now, keep it at home, but keep it under lock and key. Just lock the barn, after the horse is stolen.

The poor creatures will be fed and clothed and not have to drift around the social sea, to know where the next meal is to come from.

A few years ago in one of our states, in the lumber and copper regions, women and young girls were enticed into the locality and held as captives in stockades, and if they tried to escape they were brought back with bloodhounds.

That is just one case. There are many more. Some we know about; some we do not.

The social outcast is the product of conditions—false education and a corrupt society. We all in some way help to make those conditions. We may not think we do, and often do not think of the subject at all, unless it comes right to our door, and then we wonder what the matter is.

Do not be too sure that it will not touch you, or someone very dear to you. Just remember that these poor outcasts are human beings, just like your own fair daughters, and that someone loved them. They are the children of God, and the children of fond loving fathers and mothers. And the same social conditions that caused them to take the crocked road are still with us, for your children to drop into. You can confine the effect, but until the cause of all this misery is put under lock and key, or dug up root and branch, no one is safe.

Too much poverty and too much wealth, makes countless millions mourn.

NELLIE RICHARDS.

Naturalization

Hillsboro, Or., Nov. 22.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Please answer in The Journal: Can any alien or foreigner take out naturalization papers in the United States while we are at war with other nations, as we are at present?

A SUBSCRIBER.

Laurel, Or., Nov. 21.—To the Editor of The Journal—Can an alien, either for or against the United States, take out naturalization papers and become a citizen of this country now, while the war is on, or not?

READER.

[An enemy alien cannot be naturalized in the United States during the war. In other words, the naturalization courts are forbidden by law to naturalize at this time, a German, an Austrian, a Bulgarian or a Turk, no matter how long they may have resided in the country. Naturalization of an alien coming from any other than these four countries is not forbidden at this time by law.]

Same System; Same Acre

Burns, Or., Nov. 23.—To the Editor of The Journal—Is the same system of surveying and describing land in use in Canada as in the United States? If not, what system is in use, and how are government lands described? If by acres, is the acre the same as in the United States—160 square rods?

SUBSCRIBER.

A Text for Profiteers

From Capper's Weekly

Profiteer—"I have much goods laid up for many days."

Luke 12:20—"Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

All Barkises

From the Washington Post.

So far as can be learned not a single patriotic Teuton has struck when Hindenburg has ordered a strategic retreat.

A DAY IN NOVEMBER

By John Greenleaf Whittier

TALK not of sad November, when a day
Of warm, glad sunshine fills the sky of noon,
And a wind, borrowed from some morn of June,
Stirs the brown grasses and the leafless spray.

On the unfrosted pool of pillared pines
Lie their long shafts of shadow; the small rill,
Singing a pleasant song of summer still,
A line of silver down the hillslope shines.

Hushed the bird voices and the hum of bees;
In the thin grass the crickets pine no more;
But still the squirrel hoards his winter store,
And drops his nutshells from the shagbark trees.

Softly the dark green hemlocks whisper; high
Above the spires of yellowing larches show
Where the woodpecker and home-loving crow
And jay and nuthatch winter's threat defy.

O gracious beauty, ever new and old!
O sights and sounds of Nature, doubly dear
When the low sunshine warns the closing year
Of snow-blown fields and waves of Arctic cold!

Close to my heart I fold each lovely thing
Each sweet day yields; and, not disconsolate,
With the calm patience of the woods I wait
For leaf and blossom when God gives us spring!

PAPAL PEACE

From the Witness

There are a great many people who feel that the war is just the thing for our young men; that they need the discipline of the camp, and the rigorous exercise of the field, and the manly courage of the combat; that, in fact, we are going to improve our young men physically and morally by military training.

Of course everyone who has studied history knows that war is the worst possible thing for the physique and morale of young men. It kills off the most fit and leaves the weakling at home to propagate his kind. It disseminates vice by throwing together the vicious and the sound with the result that the rotten apple always has the final advantage. It contaminates the barrel. War consumes the best years of a young man's life in a perfectly useless training which unfits him for the pursuits of peace.

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Personally we believe that this nation had to fight, and that this war is in the line of police duty against a gang of thugs and bandits, but we are under no illusions as to the blessings of the military caste. They are entirely negative. War is about as beneficial to the human race an an earthquake. It clears the ground for a new earth, but is terribly hard on the inhabitants thereof. We need, therefore, to realize as we offer our sons to be sacrificed, that war is a perfectly senseless method of settling human disputes by enlisting young men to shed one another's blood in order that a lot of perfectly selfish adults may improve trade or extend their sovereign domains.

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But war is not different from any other fight. There is the aggressor and the one who is aggrieved, and the innocent bystander, and the rescuer of the defenseless. A muscular youth who would stand by and allow a domineering brute to beat a helpless child to death might be a pacifist but not a saint. We are fighting because a coarse brute was trampling on every helpless victim that he could get his hobnailed shoes upon, and we believe that he is just beginning to get properly thrashed, when the Holy Father tells his children to make peace.

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Now we have respect for Benedict XV, and we are inclined to concede to him certain paternal traditions in Europe, but we question whether he has played the father in this conflict. We are not quarreling with Germany because we all covet the same thing, and therefore should all be spanked and sent to bed. We are quarreling with Germany because she has murdered the innocent, and crushed under her heel every principle of decency. Is it enough, therefore, for the father to tell his children, "I am impartial; I do good to every one; I beg you to cease your fighting."

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But if we have any business to be in the war at all, it is because the war is a righteous war; and if it is a righteous war it cannot cease until the cause of the war is accomplished—and it is just here that the Holy Father should have acted. He should have reproved some of his children for violating every principle of honor and integrity in his treatment of his other children. Is Belgium no less a child than Germany? Is it enough to say to a brute who has dishonored his own sister to go back and stop dishonoring her? The nations cannot accept the pope's offer of peace, for the pope's offer sidesteps the causes of the war, and treats each belligerent as though he were equally guilty. But that is a begging of the question. We are fighting with Germany because we believe her to be infamously guilty. We hate war as much as does his holiness, but we cannot stop fighting simply because war is terrible. We knew that when we entered the conflict.

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We join with the pope in his estimate of the unhappiness of a world at war, but is peace the only principle at stake. If so, we ought not to have entered it at all; but we entered it to establish a principle, and that, the principle that no nation could violate every law of nations with impunity. Germany, thus far has chastised the innocent. It is all right for the innocent who has been injured to forgive his persecutors, but it is another thing for the moral police force of Christendom to let Germany go back unpunished. With what result? That the world has been at war for three years, and accomplished nothing? What an awful waste of life and property!

Better by far that the world should be at war for four years and accomplish something, and that something that no potentate has the right to deluge the world in blood again, in order to strengthen or extend his supposedly divine right, that no nation can ignore vows, or murder women and children, or violate neutrality with impunity.

PERSONAL MENTION

Here From Pendleton

C. M. Bishop of Pendleton is a guest at the Portland. Mr. Bishop is one of the owners of the Pendleton Woolen mills.

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En Route to American Lake

Captain H. C. Abrahamson, U. S. A., is in Portland, at the Carlton, en route to American Lake.

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Touring Western States

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Hollins and family are registered at the Multnomah from Winnipeg. They are touring the west and are now en route to California.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Houghten of The Dalles, are staying in Portland at the Nortonia.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bishop of Teakean, Idaho, are at the Cornelius.

F. M. Potter, a lumberman of Astoria, is at the Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Smith of Albany, Or., are at the Oregon for their visit in Portland.

Mrs. Marie Dowd and Mrs. Elizabeth Adams of Marshfield are visiting in Portland and are at the Cornelius.

Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Clark and Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Thomas form a party from Sedalia, at the Carlton. They will be in Portland for an extended visit.

Owen Roberts, a manufacturer from Chicago, is in Portland on business and is at the Perkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Mrs. L. Hustin of Salem are at the Cornelius.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Caroll of Seattle are guests at the Multnomah.

M. R. Manson of Seattle is at the Nortonia.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Herman of Rainier are in Portland, at the Cornelius.

James E. Walker, a lumberman from Hoquiam, Wash., is at the Carlton.

F. E. Collister of Silverton is in Portland at the Multnomah.

Oscar S. Nelson, a merchant of Astoria, is at the Carlton.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Wisner of Seattle are registered at the Nortonia.

W. S. Woodhouse and Mrs. Woodhouse from Silverton are at the Perkins. Mr. Woodhouse is a hotel man.

H. B. Watson of Chehalis is at the Oregon.

R. N. Moore from Corvallis is a guest at the Cornelius.

J. S. Ramsey of Olympia is a guest at the Nortonia.

Mrs. Hattie McKeirman from Pomeroy, Wash., is at the Portland hotel.

J. P. Walker of Corvallis is registered at the Perkins.

L. L. Scott from Airlie is at the Oregon hotel.

E. Krigbaum from Estacada is at the Perkins.

The Boy and the Hero

From the Christian Science Monitor.

Boys often have a practical way of showing what they think of the men who have done their bit; in fact they are a good deal readier in showing appreciation than some of their elders. There was that boy in Birmingham, the other day, who, seeing a man of the R. F. C. struggling with his kit bag on his way to a station, without saying a word took and shouldered the bag. At the end of the journey he ran off, saying, as he saw the soldier dive into his pocket: "Not me, not after what you have done!" There were plenty of men in that street, but only the boy thought of carrying the bag.

Ragtag 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.]

How a Russian Revolutionizes

SOME of the naive and mischievous doings of Russian revolutionists, whose happiness knew no bounds after the overthrow of the czar, are told by William G. Shepherd in Everybody's. The following is representative:

"There was that great day in the village of Gotchina, for instance. All through the long life of Gotchina there stood on its outskirts a palace, surrounded by grounds that were sacred, and inhabited by high-born folks that a peasant must always touch his cap to. When the wave of revolution reached Gotchina the village folk there did their bit in helping the common folks get on top; and the uncommon folks in the palace fled. Did Gotchina burn down the palace? No. That would have been angry work or alcoholic play, and Gotchina was unalcoholically and cheerfully playful. A peasant discovered in one of the once-sacred ponds huge dark forms that moved about in the cool waters.

"'Fish!' The call went around like a cry of fire.

"Before the day was over the peasants, with hooks and lines, were pulling out giant carp, some of them 100 years old, which the high-born folk of the palace and their fathers before them had been nurturing like old wine.

"On the third night there was such a barbecue of giant carp as will put that day down in the history of Gotchina for ever. It was Gotchina's way of showing that it had thrown off the old yoke. And, like all the rest of Russia, it smiled, instead of frowning with earnestness, and was happy instead of angry."

The King of All Alibis

Champ Clark tells this story of a case brought in Missouri in which one of the lawyers engaged tried to serve his client by throwing suspicion on a certain witness during the course of his cross-examination.

The first question put was:

"You admit that you were at the prisoner's home every evening during this period?"

"Yes, sir," replied the witness.

"State whether you and he were interested in any special transaction, such as, for instance, business or otherwise."

"Yes, sir, we were."

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed the wily attorney. "Then you will, no doubt, be good enough to inform us how and to what extent, also the nature of the business in which you were jointly interested."

"I haven's the least objection in the world," cheerfully answered the obliging witness. "If you want to know—I was courting his daughter!"

Unguarded Gates

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
And through them presses a wild, motley throng—
Men from the Volga and the Tartar steppes,
Featureless figures of the Hoang-Ho,
Malayan, Scythian, Teuton, Celt and Slav,
Flying the old world's poverty and scorn;
These bringing with them unknown gods and rites,
Those, tiger passions, here to stretch their claws.
In street and alley what strange tongues are these,
Accents of menace alien to our air,
Voices that once the Tower of Babel knew!

O Liberty, White Goddess! is it well
To leave the gates unguarded? On thy breast
Fold sorrow's children, soothe the hearts of fate,
Lift the down trodden, but with the hand of steel
Stay those who to thy sacred portals come
To waste the gifts of freedom. Have a care
Lest from thy brow the clustered stars be torn
And trampled in the dust. For so of old
The thronging Goth and Vandal trampled Rome,
And where the temples of the Caesars stood
The lean wolf unmolested made her lair.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Uncle Jeff Snow Says

When butter was 15 cents a pound them city fellers didn't have the 15 cents any ofteher'n they now git by with 50 cents.

THROUGH THE WINDOW BY SR.JR.

Good morning.

If you can't lead an army against the Hun; or wing a flying Bosche or sink a "sub," or patrol No-Man's land, or go over the top—

If you can't drive an ambulance, or carry a stretcher, or knit a sock or roll a Red Cross bandage—

If you can't buy a Liberty bond, or eat wheatless bread and meatless meals; if you can't

Do your bit—

You can at least get down on your knees next Thursday and thank God that there are others

Who can.

New Viewpoint of Eugenics Approved

Rules of Living Set Forth in "How to Live" Have Received Approbation of Country's Most Famous Men.

Education on health—the most vital of all subjects—is the lofty and humanitarian purpose of "How to Live"—the newest and most popular of books on personal hygiene.

This splendid work has been authorized by and prepared in collaboration with the hygiene reference board of the Life Extension institute by IRVING FISHER, Chairman, Professor of Political Economy, Yale university, and EUGENE LYMAN FISK, M. D.

Some of the finest brains in America are sponsors for "How to Live," among whom are such men as William H. Taft, General William C. Gorgas, surgeon general; Dr. Rupert Blue, U. S. public health service; Dr. H. M. Biggs, health commissioner, state of New York; Dr. Harvey W. Wiley and Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. These men donate their services to the Life Extension institute and collaborated with Professor Fisher and Dr. Fisk in preparing this book.

The regular selling price is $1. Through the cooperation of The Journal, it can be obtained for 65c at the J. K. Gill Co., Meier & Frank Co., Olds, Wortman & King or Journal business office, or for $1 you get the book and a month's subscription to The Journal. Add 15c additional on mail orders.