Oregon Daily Journal

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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One of the things that have served to convince us that the Prussian autocracy was not and could never be our friend is that from the very outset of the present war it has filled our unsuspecting communities and even our offices of government with spies and set criminal intrigues everywhere afoot. — Woodrow Wilson.

ONE OR THREE

TEN steel ships of large tonnage awarded to the G. M. Standifer Construction company have value as a reassurer to an anxious people.

There is indication that a blow is about to fall upon the American contingent in France. Germany is massing division after division in the west for a mysterious objective. The Americans are facing the Germans within artillery range on the Lorraine border. It is also believed that all or part of Alsace is within the American war lines.

Military critics believe that a mighty battle is soon to be fought in the locality. The number of ships with which we can support these Americans abroad with arms, munitions, food and added men is discouragingly small. A late official statement is that there are ships enough now to support an American army in France of only 376,000 men.

When the news comes that the impending battle has begun, and it will come sometime, there will be brought home to us the tremendous meaning that ships have in this war. The fires of anxiety for the safety of Americans against Huns will sear every heart. The need of ships to support and sustain our gallant fighters will be pressed home to every soul. The desire for more men and more guns to back up our expeditionary force will burn with consuming flame.

Germany is gambling on our scarcity of ships. That is what is meant by Hindenburg's tremendous activity. With the full of his power, he is trying in a supreme effort to crush the allies before America with her lack of ships, can get an adequate force on the war line. That is why he is conducting a tremendous winter campaign. Before, all winter long, he has been content to rest inactive in the trenches.

It is confession by Hindenburg that ships for America are to be feared. The submarine cannot be depended upon to the extent that was expected by German strategists. The purpose is to crumple the western line and destroy American reinforcements piecemeal as they arrive.

Thus the gamble of the war is ships. Ships for America are the price of victory or defeat. The primal essential for Hindenburg is delay, the primal essential for America, speed.

One fighting American in France now is worth five in 1919. Every ship produced in the next six months will be worth five a year later. If Hindenburg can demoralize the western war line to the extent that he hopes by his oncoming offensive, it will take five times as many men and five times as many ships for support of the men to win the war.

Never in the history of America has there been a need so urgent so serious, so imperative, so momentous as our need of ships in the next six months. Bound up in it is the mighty alternative of a one year's war or a probable three years' war. Depending upon it are possibilities of enormously increased sacrifices of money and blood. And more than any one thing and more than on all things combined, what we want to bring about depends upon ships.

The Standifer contracts are a sign on which to tie hope. Doubtless it is omen of other mobilization of shipbuilding forces to the end that we may do the thing we have to do, and do it now.

By purchase of the interest of his partner, A. E. Frost is to become sole proprietor of the Corvallis Courier. M. J. Brown, who retires from the firm, is to remain as editor until July, when his connection with the paper will be severed. He is a talented and versatile writer. The Courier is a paper with opinions and unafraid in expressing them.

AN INEXPERT EXPERT

WE EXTEND condolences to Robert P. Stout of Cumberland, Md., for, unless we miss our guess, his sorrows are not over. He has finished with Miss Alice Mait, but he has Mrs. Robert P. Stout still to deal with. Sweet Alice cost him a cool $15,000 for her bruised heart. What Mrs. Stout will cost him remains for time to unveil.

Mr. Stout is a man of eminence. He is efficiency expert for the great Baltimore & Ohio railroad system. But he is not an efficiency expert in the affairs of the heart. If he had been he never would have made the mess he did of his little romance with Miss Mait.

That young lady lives in California. Mrs. Stout lives in Maryland. There is a wide stretch of convex earth between them. They live far enough apart to have made it reasonably safe for a real expert in the delicate art of lovemaking to have divided his affections between them.

Had Mr. Stout known as much about the eternal feminine as he does about railroads he might have continued indefinitely to flirt with his Alice in California while he played the doting husband in Maryland. Such things have been and we fear they will continue to be, but Mr. Stout is not the man to carry them through. If he tries it again he will be wise to employ an efficiency expert in the art of philandering.

Sweet Alice at one end of the line and Mrs. Stout at the other got wind of his double-barreled game. The immediate consequence was a suit for damages on the part of Alice which wrings $15,000 from Mr Stout's groaning pocketbook. The more remote consequence is so horrible that we shrink from describing it. We will merely remind the reader that "hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," particularly when that woman is a deceived wife.

As stated, we condole with Mr. Stout, but it must be remarked that he deserves all his trouble. Before setting out to make love to two women at the same time a man should measure his abilities carefully and conservatively. It is no time for foolhardy self-conceit. If he overestimates his capabilities he invites misery and it is sure to accept the invitation.

Thomas W. Lawson, stock gambler by his own admissions, is again in the limelight with a spectacular advertising campaign. This time it's silver stock. Lawson admits the purchaser is gambling. One of his advertisements reads: "I want no investors, just gamblers. I want no one who cannot lose without being hurt to touch it." Would it not be advisable for non-gamblers in these war times to take Mr. Lawson at his word and not sit in the game?

NEARBY SPIES

THAT the kaiser's espionage system is endeavoring to hamper operations at the Puget Sound navy yard is surmised in news stories in the Seattle papers. Here is one of the stories in part:

Believed to be part of an enemy propaganda to discourage workmen from coming here and to create disturbances among the present personnel, nearly a score of false stories of deaths and injuries from mysterious accidents of all descriptions were scattered in and about the naval station yesterday.

From an alleged gun duel between a marine and a sailor, in which each "got his man," the wild stories ran the gamut of a varied assortment of drownings, explosions and accidents by falling timbers striking men and falling men striking timbers. Every effort is being made to trace the source of these stories, with the purpose undoubted as a part of the espionage system, the touch of which has previously been felt here.

But one accident was reported at the station yesterday. It was the first fatal or even serious one in months.

There need be no illusions by Americans—this country is honeycombed with Prussian spies. On the high authority of President Wilson himself, we know that spies and secret German agents actually infested the government offices at Washington. The president recently said:

One of the things that have served to convince us that the present autocracy was and could never be our friend is that from the very outset of the present war it has filled our unsuspecting communities and even our offices of government with spies and set criminal intrigues everywhere afloat.

German propaganda and espionage are active everywhere in the world The purpose is to destroy the morale of the enemy and disorganize the mobilization of its forces. The means employed at the Puget Sound navy yard is a new manifestation of its ingenuity.

Russia's impotent situation today is example of the propaganda drive. The kaiser has accomplished there by secret agents and corrupt use of money what he could not accomplish by the power of his armies. Upon a people 80 per cent illiterate, German propaganda was highly successful in bringing a nation 160 million strong to its knees. The accomplishment was possible because of the large element of simplicity and honesty in the average Russian mind.

This propaganda manifests itself in pro-Germanism, anti-Americanism anti-war feeling, hostility to our allies, incitement to measures for hampering our activities like that at Bremerton. In France, there is attempt to weaken the national spirit and to weaken the faith of the French in the British. In Great Britain the propaganda helped promote the Irish rebellion. In Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Holland, Switzerland and Spain the spy system works as a complex mixture of bullying, bribing, promising and intriguing.

Success of the propaganda is relied on through the belief that all American Germans are pro-German. Foreign Secretary Zimmerman, for example, boasted to Ambassador Gerard that 500,000 trained German reservists are within American borders. His boast was a species of intimidation to keep America out of the war.

Samuel Hopkins Adams tells in the current Everybodys of the Unity lodge of the Hermannsohne at Holyoke, Mass. It is described as a widespread organization. A German paper says of the lodge:

In the constitution is a regulation in accordance with which a member who voluntarily enlists in military service or who enters the federal naval service, forfeits all claims on the order.

Thus the order forbids its members from entering military service in America on pain of forfeiture of benefits.

Mr. Adams also tells of the action of the German-American alliance of Kansas. In convention five months after America entered the war, the organization passed certain resolutions which were published in the Missouri Staats-Zeitung After declaring the loyalty and patriotism of the organizations, the resolutions proceed to say:

We therefore contend that the United States should have kept out of this European war. We say it was the bounden duty of the United States to have abstained from all interference or meddling with this European war on either side. * * * We want peace—and we want an honorable peace, but we do not believe it the duty of our government to fight the battles of any European power.

These resolutions, adopted and printed in a German language newspaper five months after America was dragged into the war by kaiserdom, shows where secret Prussian agents and spies can get aid and comfort and shows why Berlin is encouraged to keep up its intrigue and espionage in this country.

Local shipbuilding and other manufacturing activity are bringing numbers of new people to Portland and increasing the demand for Portland houses. Considerable complaint is made by proposed tenants that many vacant houses are dilapidated and uncleanly. Now that opportunity has arisen for peopling these houses, it would seem to be a good investment for owners to make them habitable.

STAYS WITH OREGON

AT A sacrifice of compensation, Dr. Kerr has decided to remain in Oregon as head of the state college.

It is highly creditable to President Kerr and a strong approval of the Oregon people and the Oregon field. To decline the Kansas offer and remain here at smaller salary is an acknowledgment by President Kerr of the possibility of greater achievement here. In his own words, President Kerr, in deciding to remain in Oregon, states it thus:

I have great faith in the future of Oregon and her agricultural college. I like the country; I like the people. Both have been kind to me. In trying to do my part, for the past 10 years, in helping to make the agricultural college of fullest service to the people of the state I have had a growing conviction of the varied and almost unlimited resources of the Pacific Northwest. The future of Oregon and her agricultural college are inseparable; they will develop together, and it is a great satisfaction to have some part in that development.

It is that development that the educator sees. It is the field for expansion of Oregon production and the means through the instrumentality of the state college for stimulating that expansion that was the determining factor in his decision.

Dr. Kerr's action justifies the expectation of those who know him best. His inspiration, his hope, his purpose is to render service. That he could render it best in Oregon was his conclusion and, alluring as was the Kansas offer, the institution that has so flourished under his leadership is to know him still.

On this page the Condon Times tells of plans in Sherman county to use the Columbia river in getting its wheat crop to market. The independability of the car supply, the realization that the war may be long and the car shortage proportionately aggravated, the knowledge that the Columbia will always be a means of transporting the great Sherman county staple to market are considerations that have turned the Condon people to contemplation of waterways as a reliable transportation. Other communities may yet regret that they did not act as promptly as Sherman county.

IDLE LAND

DISCUSSION of the land question is permitted in certain quarters today where it would not have been tolerated a few months ago. This new openness of mind is a direct consequence of the necessities of the war. With the menace of something very much like famine impending over us, intelligent people everywhere are beginning to ask why it is that 400,000,000 acres or more of our best land must lie untilled.

Jay Nock has an article on the subject in the Century Magazine. His statement of the reason why so much land is not cultivated in spite of the insufficiency of the world's food supply is that the land is held for speculative prices. The sum demanded for it is so large that there is no profit in farming it.

Undoubtedly Mr. Nock's explanation is correct. It is therefore pertinent to ask how this speculative price can be brought down to reasonable figures. There is but one way. It is to levy a tax on idle land and make it so severe that the owner will be forced to cultivate his land or sell it to somebody who will cultivate it.

After you have seated yourself cosily in a restaurant, and when the order you jauntily gave is placed before you, the allowance on your plate these war days, is so abbreviated that you instinctively recall the case of a British Tommy just returned to London from the front. His order was a steak, and when the waitress laid it before him, he took it up on his fork and said to her with a smile: "Yes, this is what I want; bring me some."

IN SPIRIT LAND

LIKE a number of other well known men, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has become persuaded in his old age that there is a good deal of truth in the speculations of spiritualism. Sir Oliver Lodge, the eminent mathematical physicist, had a similar experience. So did Alfred Russell Wallace. One of the most convinced believers in spiritualism our time has had was W. T. Stead the famous journalist, who went down on the Titanic.

Mr. Stead claimed to have received constant communications from a member of his family who had preceded him to the spirit land, and published many of them. Wallace was privileged to witness actual materializations, or thought he was. Sir Oliver Lodge enjoyed similar experiences. Now comes Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who has delighted millions with his pleasant fictions, and increases the debt the world owes him by recounting his adventures among departed spirits. An article on the subject from his pen appears in the Cosmopolitan.

Sir Arthur contends that there is no real conflict between spiritualism and our ordinary church creeds. Of course it clashes flatly with materialism but hardly anybody can regret that. Materialism is not so valuable a faith that any of us should mind seeing it extinguished.

As to the Christian creeds, Sir Arthur says if spiritualism is true they must give up the idea of eternal punishment and a supreme being who punishes vindictively. Since many of them have done so already, no radical change would be required.

His account of life in the other world is entertaining.

Sir Arthur assures us that the departed spirit is unconscious for a time after separating from the body and then wakes to pass through several spheres where it is educated and matured. Ultimately every spirit enters a realm of happiness where it lives forever. He says he has learned these truths by direct communication from the other world, but of course there is a haunting possibility that the messages have not been correctly transmitted.

JOURNAL MAN ABROAD

By Fred Lockley.

One of the delights of life is its uncertainty. For days and weeks life goes along in a rut. Then suddenly something comes up which changes the whole current of one's existence. Some years ago, in the spring of 1900, to be exact, a friend said to me, "They say they have struck a new, rich camp up north at a place called Cape Nome. Let's go." "All right," I responded. "When do we start?" He looked surprised and said, "Are you in earnest?" I answered, "Certainly, if you are." He said, "Well, I have been thinking this thing over for a week trying to make up my mind, and here you decided in three seconds." We sailed shortly thereafter from Portland aboard the Nome City, reaching the City of Tenta on the shores of Bering sea 27 days later. We were delayed at Dutch Harbor and also got caught in the pack ice near the mouth of the Yukon, and hence made a slow trip, but it was a trip I would not have missed for a great deal.

For months at a time I have traveled in remote sections of the state, stopping over night at farmhouses. I have felt like Froissart, who, some hundreds of years ago, jogging about very much the same as I did, stopped where night overtook him, to get material for his chronicles. I could write a pretty good sized book—in fact, I could write a good sized library—on the unusual people I have met and the interesting experiences I have had in traveling in this way.

Someone said to me the other day, "Don't you hate to leave your comfortable home for a sandbag hut back of the trenches in France?" Aside from my desire to be of service to the men who are offering their lives to see this thing through and to make the world safe for democracy, I look forward with the keenest and most pleasurable anticipation towards this very thing. As far as discomfort, danger and hardship go, those are all in the day's work. No one gives a second thought to that. You do not have to go to France to experience discomfort and danger. I have been in some rather exciting runaways on stages and rigs and I have certainly had some interesting experiences in the way of staying at places where night overtook me.

Some years ago I stopped at American Falls, Idaho. I got in late. I saw a man on the street and asked him where the hotel was. He told me how to get there, and said, "They turn in fairly early at the hotel, but they leave the front door open. Light a match when you get in, to find the stairway You will find a coal oil lamp at the head of the stairs. Go down the hallway and try the door knobs, and take any room you find open." I followed his directions and found an unoccupied room. Along about midnight I was awakened by someone pounding on the door. I called out, "This room is occupied, you will have to find another." Whoever it was continued to knock on the door, much to my annoyance. Finally I said, "If you hammer on that door any more you will wish you hadn't. Get out of here, and get out quick." Whoever it was took my advice. In a moment or two I was sound asleep. Next morning at breakfast I noticed the girl waiting on the table looked at me rather queerly, and finally she said, "What room did you have last night?" I told her I was in room No. 7. She said, "That explains it. The man that rented that room did not get in until late. He told us this morning that some roughneck had got in his room and had threatened to come out and clean the place up with him. All the other rooms were occupied, so he had to sit up all night."

At another time I happened to be in the coast country. While my slicker shed the rain, the mud was deep and sticky and my saddle horse had all it could do to pick its way along the almost bottomless roads. The streams were high, and in crossing a ford my pony lost its footing. We were washed down a couple of hundred yards before we struck a shallow place where we could get out. It was a very interesting trip for the 200 yards, for I could not get my foot out of the stirrup, and first the pony would be on top and then I would, for the water was swift and we rolled over and over.

A mile or two beyond I came to a cabin, so I stopped and asked if I could stay all night. The man told me he was baching, and that I had better go on to the next farm, which was only a few miles beyond. It was already dark, so I persuaded him to let me stay there. I helped him get supper, sat in front of the fireplace and dried out, and finally took a candle and went to my room to bed. The bed had been occupied and was turned back. It smelled damp and musty. The window was stuck and would not open. I passed a restless night, for I am a fresh air fiend and the air seemed uncomfortably close and the bed cold and clammy.

Next morning my host said to me, "I feel I owe you an apology. My wife died a few weeks ago and it took the heart clean out of me. Everything is just as she left it. She died in that bed you slept in and I have not had the heart to touch it since." His apology certainly spoiled any appetite I may have had for breakfast. I was sorry for him and sorry for the poor woman who had died, but the thought of occupying the same bed she had died in, with the linen and pillowslips unchanged, gave me a very uncomfortable feeling. I never did learn what the poor woman died of.

At another time I happened to be in a little town in Eastern Oregon. Traveling by stage was fairly heavy and I was surprised to find I was the only guest at the hotel. The supper was excellent; so was the breakfast. I asked the woman who ran the hotel why there was no travel. She said, "Travel is about the same as usual, but most of the travelers are going to other hotels." I expressed my surprise at this, in view of the excellent meals, and she said, "Folks are kind of prejudiced against this place. I had a couple of sick men here. Two days ago the doctor came and took them to the pesthouse. They were broken out with smallpox. One of them was in the room you had last night." Instantly I began to itch. I was convinced I felt the preliminary signs of smallpox. She saw that I was somewhat worried. "You needn't worry; I burned some sulphur in the room after they left," she said. For the next week or ten days, whenever I thought of it I felt myself itching, but pretty soon I forgot all about it and decided the danger was over.

Letters From the People

[Communications sent in The Journal for publication in this department should be written on only one side of the paper, should not exceed 300 words in length and must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender. If the writer does not desire to have the name published he should so state.]

A Champion of Chanticleer

Portland, Dec. 11.—To the Editor of The Journal—In answer to A. J. Martin's letter of December 8 I must say that I am surprised at his persistent tirade against the defenseless dog and rooster. He quotes Christ's teachings that we should love our neighbor. True enough, but why doesn't Mr. Martin practice the love he speaks of? He shows little regard for his neighbor when he advocates to destroy what they consider indispensable assets, as the dog and rooster have been linked with the march of progress in city and country since Christ trod the earth to preach the gospel of love and charity, down to the present, when Big Ben and his cohorts are adjudged guilty and given the inexorable sentence, "Away with them!"

According to Mr. Martin, a man fortunate enough to have been raised in the country must be possessed of remarkable brain endurance, as he is immune from the noise of the yelping pup and the disconnected note of the budding rooster. Mr. Martin ought to know human nature is about the same everywhere, and country folk should have the same consideration that he would bestow on city dwellers. Mr. Martin asserts that three fourths of the male contingent of the hen family are not Plymouth Rocks or Leghorns at all, but spite roosters, maintained solely to crow their vengeance into the listening ears of peaceful neighbors. I know many people in this city possessed of splendid intelligence who mind their own business and delight in doing so, while their prize roosters salute each other in the gray dawn, an echoing symbol, as it were, of brotherly love, which is lacking, I must say, to a marked degree in some of the more advanced stages of humanity. Let the Big Bens live on to propagate their kind, even though now and then they indulge in a frivolous outburst of hilarity. It may be they are only acclaiming their usefulness, as it was only last week that our poultry show delighted bird fanciers in this city and helped also to do a worthy bit in aiding the commendable liberty loving work of the Red Cross. RICHARD FANNIGAN.

Land Automobilishly Considered

Early, Or., Dec. 7.—To the Editor of The Journal.—The following appeared in The Journal of December 1 as a Washington news dispatch: "The solution of the food and finance problem will be found,' said Representative Charles H. Randall of California today, 'in a measure he is to introduce when congress reconvenes Monday.

"'Let every non-producing acre of arable land either grow food next year or pay a tax toward the support of the war,' said Congressman Randall. 'I would tax every acre of vacant uncultivated land, which is tillable, $5 an acre, and every vacant or unplanted town lot $1.'"

This indicates that Mr. Randall has a very nice running legislative car on a level, but it is evidently out of repair. Is there some way we could induce Mr. Randall to run his car into Uncle Jeff Snow's mental car garage and let Uncle Jeff tinker with it? A little tinkering would help it. The carburetor evidently is all right—furnishes plenty of gas—but the magneto is out of order and spark plug's smutty. What he needs is a good fat spark to ignite the whole charge and illuminate land values to his mentality so he can get some power worth while, and get it while the getting is good. A 12-cylinder car with half the cylinders missing will never take Mr. Randall and the people he represents to the summit. H. K. PORTER.

PERSONAL MENTION

Creswell Youth to Enlist

Ernest B. Everson of Creswell, accompanied by his father, G. E. Everson, is in Portland to enlist in the radio corps of the army and is at the Cornelius hotel. He will leave tonight for a training camp, if accepted, and his father will return home.

Here to Join the Elks

Ken Williams, Portland's star centerfielder, is at the Cornelius a few days for the purpose of joining the Elks. He has lately been at Grants Pass, visiting his parents. Williams is signed up with St. Louis for next season.

Berkeley Visitors Here

Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Rogers, their daughter, Miss Margaret Rogers, and son, Paul Rogers, are in Portland, at the Multnomah, en route to their home in Berkeley, Cal. They are returning from an extended visit in the East and will remain in Portland several days.

The following boys are in Portland to enlist in the army and are guests at the Cornelius hotel: Bud Lindsay, D. P. Scharf, C. R. Battalion, Frank Kunciter, from Salem, and Justin L. Rowland, from Rickreal, Or. They will be in the city only one day, leaving tonight for the training camp.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Anderson and family are visiting in Portland at the Carlton. Mr. Anderson is transportation manager at Wheeler, and a prominent citizen of his vicinity.

Warren Brown, county clerk of Crook county, is a guest at the Portland hotel from Prineville.

Mrs. J. A. Fench, Miss A. Laing and L. Fox form a party at the Multnomah from Spokane.

E. D. Cusick, a prominent banker of Albany, Or., is at the Perkins.

Mrs. Ray Welcox of McMinnville is at the Washington.

Rev. Father Charles D. Keveny, from Corvallis, is a guest at the Carlton.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Bunnell of Goldendale are registered at the Cornelius.

Charles F. Gerry, from Washington, D. C., is at the Portland hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Peters of Pendleton are guests at the Perkins.

Mr. and Mrs. K. F. Johnson of Astoria are at the Washington.

Adolph Zimmerman, a leading citizen of North Yamhill, is registered at the Carlton.

Mrs. T. Duffy of Olympia is a guest at the Washington.

C. Vaughn of Hood River is at the Portland hotel.

H. H. Maney of Seattle is at the Multnomah.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Cloninger of Kalama, Wash., are guests at the Multnomah. Mr. Cloninger is a prominent merchant of his section and is in Portland on business.

Thomas Cameron, from Hood River, is a guest at the Perkins.

John Vines of Vale is at the Oregon hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Plamondon of Woodland, Wash., are at the Oregon.

C. J. Calkins of Hood River is at the Oregon.

Mrs. George W. Purdy, of Condon, is at the Carlton.

H. Roland, of Condon, is a guest at the Oregon.

C. L. Meekley, of North Yamhill, is registered at the Perkins.

Mrs. George S. Bratty and Miss C. Kerchoff from Astoria are guests at the Carlton.

H. Roland, of Condon, is at the Oregon.

George A. Obarr, of The Dalles, is registered at the Perkins.

E. H. Shepard, of Hood River, is a guest at the Portland.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Nine shopping days to Christmas.

Keep your disposition sweet and you needn't worry about the sugar shortage.

What has become of the old "baker's dozen?"

Suggest that official red tape be used only for surgical bindings.

The north wind doth blow and we shall have rain.

Dark flour drops 60 cents a barrel, and it's such good news that we can't keep it dark.

Judging from the week's records at local recruiting offices, there is still many a young man perfectly willing to be only a volunteer.

Field Marshal Hindenburg declares there will be no peace until Germany is victorious. He is the same Hindenburg whose front line of defenses was impregnable until General Byng banged through them.

We of the suburbs along about next Sunday will observe the annual trek of "city folks" to our surrounding woods in search of Christmas trees and Oregon grape for holiday decorations. And there are plenty of both to be taken without asking.

Daniel C. Jackling, copper king of the west, is another of the millionaires on Uncle Sam's wartime payroll at a salary of $1 a year, and knowing Mr. Jackling and his capacity for work, we can assure Uncle Sam that he is going to get more than his money's worth.

Santa Claus is going to visit the children in France this year in spite of the big guns, and some of the "big guns" in America are doing a big bit to give old Santa a big pack of good things for youngsters who otherwise would be forgotten.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Weston citizens are arranging for a community Christmas tree.

Sheriff Chrisman, ex-officio tax collector of Wasco county, is pleased to report the delinquent tax total in his county $7000 less than last year's total.

The Roseburg News asks: "When a man takes three spoonfuls of sugar for one cup of coffee, does he really love his country?"

The Eugene Register is nothing if not generous. It says: "This weather is delightful, but if it would help the cause any Oregonian would cheerfully donate it to the allies on the western front."

Snow is piling up in the mountains. If the valleys are not thus favored, the Baker Democrat says, and the winter thus far has been simply ideal and promising for good crops the coming year.

The editor of the Gresham Outlook consoles himself and his readers with the reflection that anyhow there doesn't seem to be a salt shortage, and it would be harder to get along without salt than sugar.

"An increase of a million and a third dollars in the banks of Salem," says the Capital Journal, "is a splendid showing for the past year, considering it was a year of light crops and heavy car shortage. With the situation reversed the banks could not hold the money."

"Citizens of Wamic," says The Dalles Chronicle, "are justly proud of the record they established in furnishing Thanksgiving supplies for the Boys' and Girls' Aid society of Oregon, at Portland. The residents of this progressive town donated a twelfth of all apples requested of the whole state, and a twenty-fifth of all the other fruits and vegetables which the society asked that the entire state furnish."

SOMETHING WRONG HERE

From the Christian Science Monitor.

The great majority of the people of the United States are giving, willingly, cheerfully, and freely of their thought, time, and money to the government, that it may be able to carry to a successful conclusion, in conjunction with its allies, the tremendous undertaking upon which it has entered. In connection with the Liberty bond sales, an army of those who themselves had first subscribed readily, gave their services to the nation in the task of getting others to do likewise. Bankers, bond brokers, people engaged professionally in conducting financial deals, people interested particularly in an "easy" money market, or in the regular ebb and flow of finance and trade, literally put their private affairs aside, turned business away from their doors, and gave themselves over to the helping along of an enterprise which, for the time being, operated to unsettle their private plans and calculations. Not only this, but they subscribed money liberally to meet the cost of the campaign which they were carrying on to divert the spare and surplus money of the nation from its normal channels into the United States treasury.

All this they did for the good of the nation, and they were not alone. Business and professional men, writers, poets, artists, actors, educators, men, women, and children, gave their energy and enthusiasm to the work of floating the national loans, just as they have given these qualities to the advancement of other "drives" intended to bring aid and comfort to those who have enlisted to do the nation's fighting.

Almost without exception, the young men who have entered the army or navy have given up positions yielding larger wages than the government pays. Thousands have made great sacrifices, not only of salary, but of business opportunity, in order to respond to the country's call. Hundreds of thousands are yet to be enlisted who must leave lucrative wage or salary for a comparative pittance. By those who have gone to the front, with those who are in the cantonments, and with those yet to be called, no consideration as a rule has been given to the money side of the question; they are impelled by love of country, of honor, of home, by a sense of obligation to the weak, by an exalted regard for the right, by devotion to freedom, to take their place in the lines of battle.

There appears, however, to be a very large element in the population that is not moved, and, apparently, cannot be moved, by any such exalted ideals. This fact is recognized high and low, and it is never to this element that the government, and those who may be striving to aid the government, appeal or look for assistance when help is needed. For example, when Provost Marshal General Crowder suggests to the governor of Massachusetts that an appeal by the latter would probably bring to his aid the service of persons who would gratuitously aid in hastening the work of carrying on the draft, he instinctively mentions the school teachers, whose salaries average about $30 a month, rather than those mechanics who demand of the government, for the service they render, at the rate of $16 a day for week days, and $32 a day for Sundays. That is, it is not to those who receive most, but to those who receive least, that one who is striving to economize for the government looks for help. Per contra, it is not to those workers who are literally fattening on the troubles of the government, and making these troubles a means for practicing extortion, that the government looks for patriotic unselfishness, but, rather, to the school teachers who have made the economic mistake of learning how to help children, rather than, for instance, how to handle steam fittings. The school teachers are native, bound to the country by every strong and tender tie; the steam fitters, perhaps, are alien, and possibly care nothing for the country beyond what they can get out of it.

There is something very wrong here; something that must be remedied. It has been thought that the remedy might begin in the schools, but it can hardly begin there while public appreciation of the school teacher's services to the nation, as represented in dollars and cents, is so far beneath that of the services of the steam fitter. The place to begin, as soon as a right beginning can be made, is evidently at the immigration station.

HOW TO BE HEALTHY

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KILLING FIVE DISEASES.—"We want the needles in the back; we don't want the medicines." Thus Serbian natives voiced their faith in American vaccines when our doctors, having been sent to Serbia to vaccinate the soldiers and prisoners against the diseases that terrorize and horrorize that country and that accompany war in general—typhoid, dysentery, plague, fever, cholera, etc.—found it necessary to hold general clinics for the civil population.

Before the European war, vaccines had been invented against various single diseases. Smallpox vaccine had practically wiped out that disease, which was formerly the scourge of this country. Typhoid vaccine had stamped out typhoid from the American army. But when war started in Europe there was not one disease to fight, but numerous dreadful scourges. Consider that for every disease vaccinated against each soldier must be inoculated twice with the vaccine, and in some cases three times. With the vast numbers of soldiers, the problem of vaccination looked impossible.

But necessity is the mother of invention, and in this case Dr. Aldo Castellani, in charge of the vaccine department of the American Red Cross sanitary commission, was the one to rise to the occasion. He invented a vaccine that would vaccinate against three diseases at one time, called "tetravaccine," and another that would vaccinate against five diseases, called "pentavaccine." On one trip in Serbia our doctors inoculated more than 120,000 soldiers and prisoners with these vaccines, besides members of the civil population. Not one case of bad results followed, and examinations proved that all persons treated developed in their blood protective substances against the terrible war scourges.

At first it was thought that, if a number of disease were shot at once, by this method of vaccination, the immunity of the soldier against each disease would not be as strong as it would be if he were vaccinated against each separately. Actual experience with the tetra and pentavaccines, however, has proved that the soldier's resistance against the different diseases is practically as strong by this method, as when he is vaccinated against each disease singly.

The vaccines are made by getting some of the germs that cause a disease, then growing them in large numbers where they can be kept under control, killing them, washing with salt and carbolic acid solution, thus making an emulsion, counting them by a certain apparatus to standardize the strength of the emulsion, testing the standardized emulsion for its sterility, etc. The same process is followed for each different kind of germs. Then the different emulsions are mixed in varying amounts, and a certain quantity is injected under the skin of the patient by a needle. More is injected a week later, and sometimes a third inoculation is made. The skin surface where the needle goes in is made clean of germs that might infect the place, by washing it with soap and water and painting it with tincture of iodine.

It sounds almost like witchery, but the witchery of modern medical science is "trained and organized common sense," as Huxley expresses it.

Tomorrow: Bleeding Gums.

See another story, "How to Live," foot column eight, this page.

The Port of Rufus

From the Condon Times

With rail transportation becoming more congested as the war conditions increase the demand for cars, citizens of Sherman county, looking toward the future, are planning to take advantage of the almost unused Columbia river as an artery of transportation. Rapid steps are being taken toward the organization of the port of Rufus. It will be the first port district organized under the cooperative plan between Portland and the upper Columbia communities. The Portland dock commission has just finished preparing maps showing the boundaries of the proposed port, and these have been forwarded to the committee in charge of organization.

Sherman county is one of the most prosperous counties in Oregon and it is said that a larger proportion of its 836 square miles is under cultivation than in any other county of the state. The county fronts on the Columbia river, and Rufus is at a point where port development of service to an extended hinterland can be developed. The boundaries to east and west are the canyons of the John Day and Deschutes rivers respectively. The altitude at Rufus is only about 200 feet. At the top of the bluff back of the community the altitude is 500 to 1000 feet, and the comparatively level area extends to the southern boundary of the county, where an altitude of some 2000 feet is reached. Wheat is the staple crop, and it is proposed shall largely be shipped by water following the organization and equipment of the port.

John's Report Card

From the Christian Science Monitor.

"John, I am surprised to find that you have allowed yourself to be defeated by a mere girl."

"Yes, father, I have, but I can tell you something. Girls are not so very mere, after all."

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.]

He Was Some Boy

THE boy walked into the office of the telegraph company and asked for a job, says Capper's Weekly. He said his name was Missouri. The manager happened to want a messenger boy just at that moment, and gave him a message that had to be delivered in a hurry.

"Here's your chance, my boy," said the manager. "The people in this skyscraper have been kicking about undelivered messages. Now don't come back until you have delivered it."

A little while afterward the telephone rang. On the other end of the wire there appeared to be a building watchman, somewhat terrified.

"Have you got a boy they call Missouri?" inquired the watchman.

"We did have 10 minutes ago," replied the manager.

"That Missouri feller," the watchman continued, "come here and said he had to go to one of the offices. We don't allow no one up at that office at this hour and I told him he couldn't go."

"Yes, yes," said the manager.

"Well," said the watchman, "he said he would go, and I had to pull my gun on him."

"But you didn't shoot him?" exclaimed the manager.

"No," meekly came back the response over the wire, "but I want my gun back."

The Volunteer

When I felt that my service was needed
I enlisted with true volunteers,
Whose love for their country exceeded
The weakness of cowardly fears.

With the ardor of glowing ambition
We drill and we march in the ranks,
And dream of our future promotion—
Perchance of a great nation's thanks.

We honor the ones who for righting
The wrongs of their country will go
Where the bravest fall often die fighting
Unyieldingly facing the foe.

We long with our strength to be aiding
The heroes who bear the battle's brunt,
And say, when we see the day fading,
Each hour brings us nearer the front.

Our watchword is "Onward, Still Onward!"
We ask not an unworthy peace,
And our conquering army goes forward
Till victory bid the war cease.

Goldendale, Wash. —Gertrude Palmer.

Diplomacy

"James, I have decided to do without a new winter costume this year, and with the money I shall save I'll have mother here for a long visit."

James turned on his wife excitedly.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Wear that shabby old brown cloth thing another season? I don't think! You go straight to town this very afternoon and buy yourself something handsome. Remember, madam, if you please, that as my wife you have a certain position to maintain."

The wife bowed her head in submission. On her lips played a peculiar smile.

My Soldier Boy

My soldier boy's over the ocean.
My soldier is over the sea.
My soldier boy's over the ocean.
Oh, bring back my soldier to me.

CHORUS

Bring him home, bring him home,
Bring home my soldier to me, to me.
Bring him home, bring him home,
Oh, bring home my soldier to me.

My soldier boy fights for his uncle—
Uncle Sammy, so kind and so true;
My soldier boy fights for America
And every American, too.

While fighting for his country—
His country so great and so true,
My soldier boy fights for Old Glory,
The flag of the Red, White and Blue.

And when this cruel war is ended,
Is ended forevermore,
My soldier lad soon will be sailing
Back to his own native shore.

Opal City, Or. —Edith Speaker.

Exit Young Hopeful

The boy terror was in evidence the other day at dinner. His parents had invited some friends to dine, among them being his sister's beau, who took the incorrigible on his knee.

During a lull in the conversation the young hopeful suddenly yelled out:

"Mr. Brown, is I as heavy as sister?"

Uncle Jeff Snow Says:

Ma asked the Corners sewin' club, which has tuck up with knittin' sweaters an' socks for the soldier boys, how it is that with millions of pounds of good wool held fer a raise in prices by some of our best patriotic citizens, them women has to wait to git wool yarn, and the boys has to do without needings in clothes? They couldn't say Ma was a slacker, nor a I. W. W., fer askin' a innocent question like that; but Mrs. Jemimy Polduckar, fourth vice president, told 'em that politics was strictly forbid in the club. Law's-a-me!

Stage and Screen

By Edna Irvine

Theda Bara is decidedly a feminist and has very definite ideas about the franchise power.

One hundred and five productions averaging six reels each is William Fox's contribution to the 1917 screen output.

A regular honest-to-goodness newspaper plant is used in "The Co-Respondent" soon to be shown at the Peoples theatre.

Mary Miles Minter is forwarding all her gifts of candy to Camp Lewis