Oregon Daily Journal

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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Ring out the old, ring in the new.
—Tennyson.

THE NEW YEAR

IT IS Farmers' Week at the agricultural college. In the spirit and purpose of this annual gathering, there is a lesson for the new year.

Farmers' Week comes as regularly as the holidays and is making itself as welcome. Every year the farmers understand better its purpose, get more from the opportunities it opens to them, and enjoy themselves socially with greater zest as they flock together at the college.

Farmers' week is far more than an attempt to disseminate profitable knowledge among the rural population. Of course it does that with growing effectiveness year after year and the results are apparent all over the state. But the college aspires to something a great deal higher than mere teaching of facts during this too brief gathering from hill and dale.

For one thing, it endeavors to breathe into the Oregon farmer the community spirit, which, if he had it in its fulness, would be worth more to him than any number of bald and stony facts. It is the community spirit that makes knowledge fertile, turns it into living faith and practice. No man liveth unto himself, but a good many thousands of us have been dying unto ourselves for want of unity of feeling and purpose.

The college says indeed to the assembled farmers and their wives, "you can make more money if you give heed to our teaching," but it also says, "Give heed to our teaching and you can live richer and kindlier lives. You can be more human, more brotherly, gentler, more forbearing."

We become cruel when we are too hard-driven. Few persons feel the sweeter emotions and till the gentler virtues when life is nothing but a desperate clutching for daily bread. "Give us this day our daily bread," the Savior prayed with strong emphasis upon the "give."

When we are fed and comforted we can forgive others their trespasses as the good God forgives us. But we can't do it when we are mad with hunger or the fear of hunger.

It is the community spirit that will bring Oregon's men and women into helpful human relations, build up markets, diversify crops and enlarge our lives, making them beautiful with kindly grace. Too long have we lived by grabbing the bread from one another's hands. Is it not time to begin to live by growing enough for all?

The Journal bespeaks a happy and prosperous New Year for all. There have been other New Year days when hearts could be lighter and spirits merrier. There are boys far, far away from the family fireside, whose absence weighs upon the loved ones left behind. May the sustaining grace from power on high and deep realization that the brave ones absent are battling to bring peace forever and forever, support and comfort all and fill them with hope and strength for the days ahead.

TARDY JUSTICE

BY AN overwhelming vote of all parties, the seat of Congressman Bacon of Michigan, after Mr. Bacon had served in the house from last March, has been given to the Democrat who opposed him in the election. A majority of the house Republicans voted for the change.

The incident is extraordinary. It is a strong indictment of the election machinery of Michigan. Bacon was given credentials of election by the canvassing boards, though the Democrat claimed to have been elected. The latter carried an appeal to the supreme court and in spite of strong showing as to a miscount in one of the election precincts, Bacon was seated.

In one precinct the election officers failed for some reason to give the Democrat all of the vote cast for him. This was disclosed in a recount of the ballots in the case of a contested county office.

On the facts thus revealed, the election officials in that precinct then joined in a statement to the effect that they had made a mistake. The canvassing board and the courts refused to correct the returns. But the house at Washington has now vouchsafed tardy justice by giving Bacon's seat to the regularly elected Democrat.

It is disappointing to thus have an election board and the high courts of a state appear as parties to a now proven fraud. The discredit to both causes wonder to what extent the purpose of the people has been similarly thwarted at other times by other men. If the courts are not to be trusted, to what department of government can we look with confidence?

Happily, honest purpose was found this time in the national house of representatives.

Trains for Puget Sound routed now through Portland because they cannot reach their destinations via the mountain routes are a tribute to the Columbia gateway, the shortest route, the most direct route, the easiest route and the route that is the least in cost of haul. In time, all the merits of the Portland route will become known and then we shall wonder why business in this port was so long stagnated.

A SOLDIER'S MISTAKE

HANGED to a tree by his own hand was the fate of a young soldier in a southern cantonment. At this beginning of 1918, we may draw a wholesome lesson from his foolish mistake.

These are times that depress. The war lays a burden of some kind upon every soul. If the war doesn't do it directly, it creates an atmosphere that contributes to misgiving, concern and anxiety.

We all wrong ourselves in yielding to the common impulse to fill the hours with melancholia. It is true courage to be composed of mind. The way we may think a thing ought to be is not necessarily the best way. A thousand times in an average career, it turns out that the thing we brooded over and tormented our souls about was not half bad after all.

It gets us nowhere to worry over what may happen. Keeping it in our minds and giving full play to imagination with our thoughts altogether on the bad side of the picture does nothing to remove the trouble. The more the thing is brooded over, the more diseased the mind becomes and the less accurate is our estimate of the real situation. In the end by such a process, a little burden can be magnified into an unbearable burden, as was the case with the young soldier.

What seems bad today will not seem half bad after a good night's sleep. Our vitality runs low if we keep our minds filled with conjecture about evil tidings, and when vitality is low darkling thoughts are poignant beyond their due. A view of things in such a time is distorted, a caricature of the real situation.

The best thing to do with trouble, real or fancied, is to forget it.

It is conservation of forces, mental, physical and spiritual to drown misgivings with hope and faith. Tomorrow it will be better. The very belief that it will be better will help make it better.

A great deal of our trouble is a state of mind. The young soldier was in the midst of youth, manly strength and in possession of all his senses, an inheritance so rich that Rockefeller with all his millions could not buy it. His youth and strength were riches that millions of spent men and women hunger for in vain. Yet he brooded with all this wealth of manhood in his hand, he tormented his mind with unreal pictures until it lost its moorings and made his career a tragedy instead of a benison to his kindred.

There is compensation somewhere, somehow and in some way for every disappointment, every calamity, every human cataclysm. When one of the senses is impaired or lost, nature repairs it by strengthening the others. It is the law of creation that wounds will be healed. Every gaping wound of this ghastly war will be bound up and for all this endured pain atonement will come.

To be full of faith and be full of hope and to practice both all day long, strengthens men and women for the things they have to do. It lightens toil, lessens worry and makes the mind clear and strong. It makes judgments sounder, makes human action more poised, makes the world's yoke lighter.

Had the young soldier weighed his situation and his prospects on the scales of faith and hope instead of on the balances of a fevered and distorted imagination, he might have wrought out a career that would have been a joy to himself and the pride of his kindred.

Why not begin the new year with optimism and a firm and fervent trust that in good time, all will be well?

1917

THERE has been nothing like 1917.

No year has been so big. Its events are not yet comprehended. The forces it has loosed are not yet in full view. We only hear them coming. We shall not fully understand all that has taken place in 10 years to come.

The war has altered many things. It has opened the way for remarkable changes. It has exposed to view places long unseen and that would have long remained hidden.

It has broadened our horizon. It has given us new viewpoints. It has broken down old-time processes. It has brought radical change for the time in our social, commercial and industrial systems.

Most of all, the great free nations of the world are brought together in a common cause. They are joined in the highest ideal ever internationally put forth. They are striving for that ideal through blood and fire and steel. They are struggling for it through such vicissitudes and through such travail that the impress of their thought can never be obliterated from the earth. Whether they win or lose, their cause will go on until it does win. If it is beaten now, it will smolder until other times and other men will plant it firmly above the ruins of autocracy, never to perish from the earth.

It did not become a well defined cause until April 6, 1917. Before that, the entente was a misty, ununderstood struggle against Hunism. The day the traditions, the purposes, the consecration to freedom, the unselfish sacrifices of America were thrown into the balance, the conflict became a war dedicated to human freedom and the future peace of the world.

There has been no such thing before on the earth. There has been no human effort so exalted, so sublime, so Christ-like. It is the rallying of the nations to that summons that went out from the Judean manger where a child was born.

With the world attuned to such a cause, human thought is pitched in a higher key. Human selfishness and sordidness are under restraint. In the face of appalling sacrifices men's minds are softened and mellowed. The gains are fewer. Not so many men are asking, "Am I my brother's keeper." A situation akin to human brotherhood has been brought on by the shock of war that could not have been reached through a century of reform and preachment.

The government in America is reaching down to establish justice in food and fuel commerce. It is doing things that the country never dreamed would be done. It is preventing sugar, for instance, from advancing to 25 cents a pound. It is checking food bandits in their attempts to profiteer by cornering food products. It is using drastic measures to keep fuel within reach of the weak.

We read about those things in the day's news just as we used to read about a divorce case or an automobile accident, thinking nothing of it. Yet it is revolutionary action. It is radicalism in the extreme. It is government in a tremendous role.

In the same line, we behold government requiring employers and employes to meet and treat, behold government ordering an eight-hour day on all public work and in private enterprise filling government contracts, behold government indeed grappling with the great problem of industrial peace and industrial justice.

This, too, in the midst of mighty happenings, we dismiss without a thought, and yet it is a step of future tremendous consequence in the new and more enlightened relations necessarily established between capital and labor and in the progress it is bound to be in the permanent adjustments that this temporary arrangement is certain to lead to.

In America, the disjointed, uncoordinated, chaotic railroads of yesterday are today a single great system, in process of becomng harmonized, attuned to each other, dedicated not merely to dividends but unreservedly and completely to service.

Comprising one-third of the railroad mileage of the world, including 257,000 miles of tracks along with terminals, trains and gigantic financial complexities, the move is industrial revolution in the ultimate so far as transportation is concerned. The change is a war measure, and its inevitable logic is that if it is necessary to make efficiency in war, why is such a process not equally advantageous for peace.

These are but a few of the changed things brought to pass in 1917. There, for example, is the great fact of the people becoming the banker of the nation in lending their money to the government for war purposes. There has been nothing like it before in America. It is a new force in the life of the country. It opens up new relations between the citizen and his country.

In 1917, we began rebuilding America. In 1918 we shall continue the work. We have entered upon a herculean task of recasting our social, industrial and commercial order. We may not retain all the changes we have set up. But we could not stop some of the new processes if we would. Light that we are to see, information we are to assemble, discoveries we are to make, for example in the operation of the railroads as a single system, inevitably project new organization arrangements into the railroad world. There has been a twilight zone between our attempted government regulation and present government control, and it is one of the things we are now to find out all about.

We can no more stay the onward rush of new forces set in motion than we can dam up the ocean tides. A hundred million people, though seemingly unmindful now, will have time with the return of peace to take stock of what has been going on, and some of the changes inaugurated as war measures will never be surrendered by them. Political parties will have new and vital issues thrust upon them, and some of them will be issues that political parties would have fled from yesterday as if from the plague.

The biggest things and the best things, 1776 and 1861 alone excepted, that ever had issue in this country, were given life and motion in America and the world during 1917.

The war, appalling as it is, will not be without compensations.

JOURNAL-MAN ABROAD

By Fred Lockley.

New York—With its millions of inhabitants, New York is full of human interest. It is hard from the multiplicity of impressions to pick out one or two things to discuss. Out of a hundred impressions, I will mention only two, both of which incidents happened before I had been in New York 24 hours. As I walked eastward from the Prince George hotel, where I am staying, I saw half a dozen people gather around a newsboy at the corner of Twenty-eighth street and Madison avenue. The little chap had found a bundle wrapped in a newspaper dropped beside the ash can on the corner. He undid the newspaper and found a bundle tied up in cloth. The cloth was such as is used in making imitation leopard skin coats. Unwrapping this, he found a dead baby. "Gee! It's a kid," he said; "it's dead." A policeman came up and within a minute there was a crowd of 100 people. The heartlessness and sheer brutality of the thing was too much for me, and I walked away. As I left I heard some one say, "It is a still-born baby." An hour later, when the Rev. David Thompson, pastor of the Mizpah Presbyterian church of Portland, and myself passed that way, the wrappings and the torn piece of leopard skin coat were in the trash box. The morgue wagon had got the body of the little baby. That night, at the corner of Sixty-seventh street and Lexington avenue, while being inoculated for typhoid and being vaccinated, I told the doctor of the incident and he said, "Thousands of cases of this nature take place here in New York city every year." I could not help thinking of the despair of some poor girl when she found herself about to become a mother. Some day we shall cut out the double standard of morals and the father of a nameless child will be held just as guilty as the mother. Personally, I can never bring myself to blame a girl for trouble of this sort. Some day society will treat poor unfortunate girls with sympathy in place of drawing their skirts to one side and passing by on the other side.

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An hour or two later I was in one of the large clothing establishments on Bleeker street. I was being measured for my uniform and my overcoat. When the man put the tape measure around my chest he called out to another clerk, "Forty-eight inches chest measure, 42 around the waist." He had me try on a coat, and then an overcoat, and made certain marks where changes were to be made. The sleeves were to be let down, the buttons set over, and certain other changes were to be made. I said to him, "I am going to trust to your judgment and your honor in this matter. I would like you to tell me if this will fit me and if it looks well." He gave a sigh and said, "Take it off. You look like Willy's older brother in Willy's clothes. It is as tight on you as a stuffed sausage, but it's the biggest we have." "What am I going to do about it?" I asked. He shrugged his shoulders and said, "Under our contract we are supposed to make necessary changes, but not to make the whole suit to order. To do that we would have to have the consent of the owner of the establishment." "Let's go down and see the owner," I said. I put it up to the two partners of the company. "Go ahead," said the senior member; "make him an officer's suit and overcoat to order, and rush it through. Put the best goods we have in the house in it. We might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb." We went up to one of the lofts, where the foreman measured me for my suit and overcoat. Scores of Jewish workmen were feverishly working away at the cutting tables or at the machines. "You have a lot of people at work here," I said. "We have 28 work-rooms as big as this," he answered. "We are getting out a contract of 250,000 uniforms for the government."

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Before I had been in New York city 24 hours, I ran across several Portland people. At the meeting where Dr. Abbott spoke, I met Dr. Samel A. Brown, who is a fellow director with myself in the Portland Y. M. C. A. A little later I ran across J. W. Palmer, the employment secretary of the Portland Y. M. C. A. Still later I met Rev. David Thompson.

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After several months' absence a sergeant was given leave to visit her whom he loved above all others. Before he could go the leave of absence was recalled and he sailed for France. A Y. M. A. secretary found these hastily written lines in his room after he had left.

GOOD-BYE, DEAR HEART

Good-bye' dear heart! I go 'mid cheers
Of men, and many a loved one's tears,
'Mid glorious hopes and dreadful fears,
Into the fight.

Good-bye, and if my life-blood flows
On hard fought field, I'll be with those
Who earned the right to live, and chose
To die for right!

Good-bye, and if I never see
Again the face that brought to me
All joy and love, you still will be
Of life a part.

The sunshine on a grateful land
Will be your smile; on every hand
A thousand memories shall command
Your lover's heart.

Good-bye, dear heart, and may I be
Patient and brave enough to see
The worth of death for liberty
Good-bye!

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.]

Master Baker Rebuked

Portland, Dec. 28.—To the Editor of The Journal—Some time ago my indignation was much aroused by an article in a morning paper, written by a master baker of Portland, in regard to the excessive waste by Portland housewives, who, in mixing bread for home baking, drop dough on the floor or wash a few ounces down the kitchen sink. I think a great many home bread makers read it and felt like taking up the cudgel in their own defense, but after expressing their indignation to their immediate families and friends, let the matter pass, even though they knew the article was rank injustice to their efficiency as neat housewives and food conservers. I wish to state that I and a great many other Portland women have been baking bread at home ever since the first rise in bread prices went into effect. We, in our family of three persons, one being a boy past nine years of age, ate from two and a half to three loaves of baker's bread per day, and at 10 cents per loaf, the former price, I did not care to pay 30 cents per day, or $9 per month, for bread alone. So I am going to tell you my experience in bread making, especially during the last few weeks, when I kept a record as to the length of time a 49 pound sack of flour lasted our family of three.

I commenced using a 49 pound sack of a local flour last November 12. I baked the last batch of bread December 21. In that time I also used two pounds of rye flour and two pounds of whole wheat. I bake twice a week, using a wood stove, and manage to have other cooking to do at the same time that I am baking the bread. I usually cook a soup bone, beans, etc., so as to utilize all heat to the best advantage. I bake six large loaves at each baking, averaging 18 to 24 ounces each. The amount of flour used in the given time also includes two plain cakes a week, waffles twice a week, a nine pound fruit cake (mostly fruit) for Christmas, and a carrot pudding.

In making my bread I use a fresh home made yeast made from a starter. This yeast is made from three good sized potatoes boiled and mashed, three fourths of a cup of sugar and enough liquid added to make a dough of six pints, or four pounds of flour. Old yeast is added to make it rise. I find this amount of flour makes six loaves of bread, weighing from 18 to 24 ounces each. I also add one tablespoon of salt. This bread remains spongy and moist for three days or more. The potatoes conserve the moisture and also save flour.

In buying baker's bread I find there is not much to it but air. Most of it is rather tasteless, and a loaf is just about enough for a meal—I mean, the bread part of a meal—in our house.

As for women dropping dough over the floor and leaving it on their hands to wash down the kitchen sink, I don't believe it, as any good bread maker certainly knows that her hands must be clean from dough before she gets through kneading her bread, and if this master baker would find us one housewife who makes bread as described by him, we would certainly like to see what she looks like. Of course, we know bakers must live, as well as other folks, and for women who do not know how to make good bread it is certainly best for them to use baker's bread, as there is nothing more unpalatable than poorly made bread. But for the housewife whose family prefer the home made article and who can help Uncle Sam save several million pounds of wheat yearly by baking her own bread, let her do so, by all means, and do not accuse her of slovenly habits of which she is entirely guiltless.

MRS. L. O.

Sterilization Law's Supporters

Vanora, Or., Dec. 23.—To the Editor of The Journal—Please publish the names of members of the legislature who voted for the sterilization law, as I and many others want to keep such people spotted for future elections, because this is supposed to be a state of humane laws. Still, this law would not have been so inhuman in appearance if it had been applicable to both sexes. But it seems, since we have woman suffrage, that their influence is dictating too much class legislation, like this, and the "men only" examination law for procuring marriage licenses. However, we may have some time a legislature which has a backbone of its own, unincumbered by women's influence, that will repeal many such offensive laws against humanity and nature. If at first we don't succeed in defeating them, we will sure try, try again. JUSTICE WITH MERCY.

[Those who voted for the Peck bill (H. B. No. 162) were the following: Senate—Baldwin, Bishop, Cusick, Farrell, Garland, La Follet, Leinenweber, Moser, Olson, Pierce, Shanks, J. S. Smith, J. C. Smith, Steiwer, Wilbur, Wood. House—Anderson, Barber, Bean, Bowman, Brand, Brown, Burton, Cartmill, Childs, Crandall, Dedman, Eaton, Forbes, Gordon, Gore, Griggs, Hodgen, Seymour Jones, W. Al Jones, Walter B. Jones, Lewis, Lunger, Matthieu, Meek, Peck, Porter, Ritner, Rowe, Sheldon, Small, Stafrin, Stanfield, Stephens, Sweeney, Thomas Tichenor, Willett.]

Counsels Mayor Baker

Portland, Dec. 29.—To the Editor of The Journal—Mayor Baker is doubtless making an honest effort to clean our city of the social vice and protect the soldiers from its results. It is not strange, with the years of precedent, that the wrecks of women, who are the worst victims of this evil, are, in this "clean up" campaign, being made to suffer the brunt of punishment. We read that the mayor has announced that these pitiful wrecks of society's folly are to be arrested and fined as often as they are found plying their awful trade. This is wise.

We would remind our good mayor that there are always two parties to this sin, and suggest that the police be requested to hale into court every male offender and that the same penalty be meted out to him so long as he continues to offend.

We also suggest that the male offender be examined and, if found to be infected, that he be subjected to the same segregation and treatment.

This may mean the establishment of an institution for the purpose, but inasmuch as these are a menace not only to the guilty, but the innocent, the end will surely justify the expense.

ADA WALLACE UNRUH.

PERSONAL MENTION

Clifford Sifton in Town

Clifford E. Sifton, an electrical engineer of Hood River, is at the Cornelius. He is the son of Dr. Sifton, formerly a Portland physician who is now living on his apple orchard and practicing at Hood River. Clifford Sifton was graduated from Boston Tech two years ago and has been practicing ever since in his home town.

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Here to Attend Festivities

Among the lieutenants stationed at Vancouver barracks who were in the city to attend the New Year's ball at the Multnomah are: Lieutenants Phil Benton, R. W. Tempest, Warren Spirling, I. J. Goodman, A. K. Maylan, W. F. Herbert, L. R. P. Reese, Harold Kay, William H. Laughridge, H. E. Ringwald and Dryfield.

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Major George S. Gay, U. S. A., now stationed at Camp Lewis, is a guest at the Portland.

Miss Gladys Roby of McMinnville and Miss Lydia Powell of Lexington, are at the Portland.

C. F. Jones, a lumberman of Oak Point, is a guest at the Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Roue of Eugene are registered at the Oregon.

J. W. Horton and Mrs. Horton from Eugene are guests at the Perkins.

John Lunden of Astoria is at the Nortonia.

Mrs. David Stewart and her son of Seattle are at the Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Drysdale of Salem are at the Cornelius.

J. S. Langhorne of Portland is living at the Nortonia.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Johnson from Medford are guests at the Oregon.

Miss Ida Anderson of Strathmore, Alberta, and her sisters, Miss Phina Anderson of Marshfield and Miss Helen Anderson of McMinnville, met in Portland at the Cornelius for a visit over the New Years holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Mayson of Astoria are registered at the Multnomah.

W. R. Divine of Lebanon is registered at the Perkins.

E. M. Duffy of Corvallis is a guest at the Multnomah.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Watson of Tacoma are guests at the Portland.

C. Vanderjock, from Aberdeen, is at the Nortonia.

C. O. Oglesby, from Eugene, is at the Cornelius.

C. W. Howell of Pendleton is a guest at the Oregon.

W. A. Palsey of Clatskanie is at the Perkins.

E. H. Elliott of Kerry is staying at the Multnomah.

Wate Allen, from New York, is at the Nortonia.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mills, from Salem, are guests at the Cornelius.

George Dunn of Centerville, Or., is at the Oregon hotel.

E. C. Langhays, from Vancouver, Wash., is staying at the Perkins.

Mrs. G. W. Karox and her daughter of Fossil are registered at the Multnomah.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Happy New Year.

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Did you write it 1918?

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It was a cold gray dawn notwithstanding the dry night.

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Bet a dollar to doughnut you don't write it 1918 the first time.

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We don't believe anyone doubts that there has been a Red Cross drive.

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Seems that there must be the right kind of a peacemaker before there can be any peace.

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It is no more than natural that there should be a number of "volunteers" in the "war gardens" next spring.

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First and foremost among your New Year resolutions resolve to be thrifty and help Uncle Sam win the war.

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Uncle Sam's Thrift stamps are the bully things to help you keep your resolution to spend less money foolishly.

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With many people the New Year's resolution to get up early every morning doesn't go into effect until January 2.

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Germany is said to be flooding Russia with counterfeit banknotes, which seems natural enough considering that Germany is bogus herself.

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Tomorrow we strip the Christmas tree of all its glory; pack away the glittering tinsel and gaudy ornaments for another year, and feed the Yuletide greenery to the furnace.

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And the subject of early rising has prompted one paragrapher to ask what has become of the old fashioned man who used to get up early in the morning to help his wife when she had a big washing on hand, and who went down to his regular work afterward.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Specimens of the wild currant with leaves putting out are reported by the Eugene Register. Loganberry vines are also thinking that spring has come.

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The second caterpillar traction engine ordered by Lane county has been received at Eugene. It is a 75 horse power machine, the same as the one that has been in use for some time.

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By dividing the Foster voting precinct the Linn county court has greatly obliged residents above Foster and in the neighborhood of Cascadia, who have had to travel many miles to vote.

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Editor Leiter of the La Grande Observer quiets all nerves with the assurance that the rumor that Eastern Oregon has traded climates with the Willamette valley is grossly exaggerated.

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The Christmas season of 1917 proved a record breaker for weddings in Morrow county. Last Thursday's Heppner Gazette-Times contained a column and a half of wedding literature, including nine couples.

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Instead of holding their annual banquet this year, the members of the Dallas fire department have voted, the Itemizer says, to use the money that would be necessary for that affair for patriotic purposes. They have subscribed $25 to the army Y. M. C. A. and $25 to the Red Cross.

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"There is no use trying to get around old Douglas county when it comes to climate," boasts the Roseburg News. "Here we are in mid-winter, the hills taking on a nice green hue, roses budding and business men and farmers parading around with the idea incubating to shortly eliminate their coats and don a straw hat. It is sure wonderful—but a fact—just the same."

SPIRIT OF THE WAR QUIZ, AND OTHERS

By Carl Smith, Washington Staff Correspondent of The Journal

Washington, Jan. 1.—Replying to a charge which has been printed in some newspapers that the investigation by the senate committee on military affairs, over which he presides, grew out of political motives, Senator Chamberlain said he could see no evidence of such a purpose on the part of the senators of either party.

"When the investigation was suggested, there was not a dissenting voice in the committee," he said. "There was no indication of political play, and there was full agreement as to the propriety of making complete inquiry into each branch of the war department. This examination will only be critical where criticism is necessary and helpful, and the inquiry will be constructive so far as it can be. So far as I can, personally, it will be conducted fairly and impartially, for I have no friends to reward, no enemies to punish, and no fears except for the fate of my country."

The developments in the senate committee inquiry have so far justified exactly the purpose set forth by Senator Chamberlain. The questions have failed to disclose that any senator on the committee is engaged in a crusade or is trying to "build up a case" either in support of the way things have been done, or against the way they have been done.

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The sugar and fuel investigation, guided by Senator Reed of Missouri, unfortunately has taken quite a different aspect. Reed is manifestly doing all he can to make out a case against Herbert C. Hoover and the food administration; ditto Harry A. Garfield and the fuel administration. As a long standing foe of Hoover and the food administration, Reed's questions are tinged with bitterness and sarcasm. This atmosphere satisfies Reed, but it may not satisfy the country. An investigation that is conducted with a fair hand and without any blare or browbeating of witnesses, such as the one which Senator Chamberlain directs, is more likely to inspire confidence in its results. There is every evidence also that the commerce committee will seek the truth in its investigation of shipping affairs, without any preconceived idea of convicting or of whitewashing. Senator Fletcher, the chairman, is of the straightforward type, who will not countenance any "rough work," but will demand the facts, just as Senator Chamberlain is doing in the military inquiry.

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What the reconstruction hospitals are intended to be and do is given in a statement from the surgeon general of the army, in which announcement is also made for the first time that the number of such establishments will be 20. One of these, officials have said, is practically certain to be in Oregon. The government, it is stated, does not expect to let go of a soldier who is returned with disabilities, until he is fitted to take useful and remunerative employment and a job is ready for him. The steps to be followed as outlined in the official statement are as follows:

"In the United States, a returned soldier will go first to a receiving hospital at the port of arrival. There he will receive only such medical attention as he may require until he is transferred to a clearing station. Here he must be classified carefully: First, as to physical limitations which his conditions may impose upon his future employment; second, as to mental limitations, either natural or the result of shock or injury; third, as to vocational limitations and possibilities, depending upon the education, special training, industrial or agricultural experience, etc., which he has had; and, fourth, as to his relation to the occupational conditions in the community or section to which he will return to reenter civil life.

"Equipment for heat treatments and electric and hydrotherapy will be provided; gymnasiums will furnish opportunity for special exercise for reeducation in the use of joints, muscles and nerves which have been affected in service; in curative workshops men will perform useful work which, at the same time, will bring these parts into activity. While, in most cases, it will be possible to fit a man to return to employment in an occupation the same as or a similar one to that from which he was drawn for military service, in other cases new industrial or agricultural training will be needed; in still others further academic or commercial education will be called for, and so on. The aim will be to return every man to civil life able to be self supporting and useful and not dependent merely upon the pension which he will receive from the government.

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"The act of congress approved October 6, 1917, providing for soldiers' and sailors' insurance, etc., states that 'nothing in this act shall be construed to affect the necessary military control over any member of the military or naval establishments before he shall have been discharged from the military or naval service. Plans are being drawn up on the theory that governmental responsibility will not have been fully met and the soldier made ready for discharge unless he is fitted to take useful, remunerative employment and a job is ready for him to step into. So the plans being studied will take into consideration cooperation of military and civilian agencies to the end that each soldier may be, not merely curatively treated and physically reeducated, but thoroughly prepared for professional, commercial, industrial or agricultural employment and such employment as he has been prepared for be ready to receive him."

HOW TO BE HEALTHY

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MADE A MANIAC BY A MOUSE.—A young woman attended a summer school and happened to be assigned to an old fashioned farmhouse, which was one of the dormitories where the students were quartered. She rather hesitatingly unpacked her baggage, occasionally glancing with an anxious expression at the floor and corners hidden by the furniture. Apparently unable to contain her anxiety, she crossed the hall, knocked at the door of another student and asked if there were any mice about. The second woman was a newcomer herself and could not enlighten her on the subject. The girls on the lower floor were in the habit of buying fruit and cookies to augment their boarding school fare, and crumbs got about on the floor. One of them exclaimed, "Oh, there's a mouse!" The woman uttered a blood curdling yell, dashed into her room, banged the door shut and pounded on it from the inside with the most extraordinary vehemence.

The student's resentment at her arrogance toward the peace and comfort of other people in the house was turned to pity next day when greater appreciation of her affliction was forced upon them by the appearance of another mouse, this time in the woman's own apartment. Suddenly there came the same blood curdling screams. She ran out into the hall and into her neighbor's room. Her eyes were staring wildly, her upper lip was drawn down over her teeth and her mouth was open in an expression of abject terror. The occupant of the room was amazedly looking into the face of the terrified woman when she suddenly came out of her fit. Seeing her neighbor looking at her with this interested expression she said, "I saw a mouse, but (proudly) I didn't scream, did I?" The sight of a mouse turned this woman into a raving, unconscious maniac. Her violent emotion took the form of fear. For hours after the incident this woman sat on her neighbor's bed with her feet drawn up under her, still suffering from a feeling of fright.

Dogs, cats and other animals are exciting agents in different cases of phobia, a medical term for fear, which describes the condition into which persons afflicted with this mental illness are thrown by some specific stimulus. There are many forms of phobia. Large spaces produce it in some subjects; large crowds are the cause of it in others; being left alone may bring it on in some cases; a thunderstorm may produce it. One man could not go through a doorway. Several people had to lead him through, when he just had to go somewhere, and he trembled and suffered terribly when he was passing through.

Medical and mental treatment at the hands of specialists is often effective. Drugs are sometimes given, and the patient is led by gradual steps through the experience which he fears until he becomes accustomed to it by degrees. When these phobias exist to a mild degree, they can be cured entirely sometimes by hygienic measures.

The victim of phobias may seem to need scolding, but what he really needs is tolerant understanding and hygienic guidance.

Tomorrow: Boils From a Handshake.

See another story, "How to Live," foot column 8, this page.

Railroads in 2916?

From the Pathfinder.

Pennsylvania railroad evidently has confidence that it will still be doing business in the year 2916, in spite of transportation competition on land and water and in the air. It is arranging a 999-year lease of the Philadelphia, Baltimore & Washington road, at a rental of 6 per cent on the stock value. That is looking a long way ahead.

Trembling on the Brink

From the Boston Transcript

"Arthur, dear, did you say you were in the stock market?"

"Yes, on a margin."

"Oh, that's different. I was afraid you'd got excited and plunged all the way in."

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.]

The Super-Diplomat

THE heroism of France has made the French language popular. On this head, says the Philadelphia Bulletin, there is a story illustrating the tact of M. Jusserand, the French ambassador.

A United States senator at a luncheon said to M. Jusserand:

"Take—er—eska voo voo-ly—I mean—er—passy-moi, sill voo play—er—"

M. Jusserand laid his hand on the senator's shoulder and in his excellent English said:

"My dear sir, my very dear sir, do, please stop speaking French. Your accent is so Parisian that, positively, it makes me homesick."

The Everlasting High Cost

Robert, aged 9, and the only child of doting parents, has long desired a baby brother or sister. On a Rose City Park street car the other day he admired for some time a bright eyed infant across the aisle, and turning to his mother remarked:

"I wish we had a little baby at our house."

"Well, dear," mother said, "we may get one after the war."

"But, Mother, Daddy said we were going to get an automobile after the war, and I'm afraid we can't afford both."

When Mother Makes a Cake

When mother makes a cake
And pours it in the pan
I always ask to lick the bowl,
And mother says I can.

And then she scrapes, and scrapes,
And cleans it out so slick
She doesn't leave a bite
In the bowl for me to lick.

When I have a little girl
Who sits so still and nice
And doesn't beg for bites
Or spill the milk or spice,

Then I will be her mother
And I know what I'll do—
I'll make a great big cake
With nuts and choc'late, too.

And then when it is mixed,
Instead of baking it
I'll let my little girl
Just lick out every bit!

—R. Y. C.

No Cause for Worry

"The fortune teller said I would meet with a fatal accident."

"Mercy!"

"But she said not to worry; it wouldn't happen till the end of my life."

The Founder of the Red Cross

Henri Dunant, look down from Heaven and see
The great and glorious harvest that has sprung
From that one seed you sowed—that pity flung
From your high heart to crushed humanity.
You were the first to bend and recognize
And lift a brother from a field of pain;
Now, tens of thousands, seeing with your eyes,
Follow that path you made amongst the slain.
You were the first to raise the Cross of Red
The stricken and forgotten hosts above;
See now, what banners to the winds are spread,
Oh, Sower of the seed, your harvest lies
A glory in the sun—and high and free
Your holy banner of compassion flies.—
Henri Dunant, look down from Heaven and see

—Theodosia Garrison.

Father's Inventions

"Pop," won't you do somethin' for Mamie and me?"

"What is it you kids want?"

"Won't you tell us the beautiful fairy tales ma says you tell her?"

Winter on the Farm

Old Winter's come agin; an' say,
Y'know, I kinder like the way
The snow comes down 'n' settles roun'.
In drifts to stay.
It seems to me, it though the king
Of weather, nature 'n ever'thing,
Tires of the dirt, so covers the earth
T'rest, till spring.
The branches of the big fir trees
Hang heavy, and the puddles freeze,
The snowbirds sing 'n gayly swing
On bushes in the breeze.
The cattle, safely housed from storm,
Contentedly munch hay 'n corn,
Though east wind blows; the rooster crows
At early morn.
The watchdog's donned his heavy furs;
The cat lies by the fire and purrs;
Out with his gun, the rabbit-run'
The huntsman stirs.
While us folks who have worked all year
Are glad the time for rest is here.
We'll read and play the hours away,
Enjoyin' Winter's cheer.
So let the storms come in full force,
While Winter takes his reg'lar course.
Let New Year's come; the old year's gone
Without remorse.

—Frank M. Melville.

White Salmon, Wash.

Uncle Jeff' Snow Says:

All I got to say about New Year's resolutions this year is jist this: It don't make no difference 'bout the reg'ler editions, as a newspaper feller would say; it's our business to git out a extry, and git out on the street with it, so to speak, 20 minutes ahead of the Wilhelmstrasse Resolutionischeblattzeigerichten. The great American iggle expects ever man to help him snatch the plumage plum offen the black buzzard of Potsdam 'fore resolution time comes 'round agin.

Olden Oregon

Commencement of Wheat Growing in the Oregon Country.

Dr. McLoughlin, chief factor of the Hudson Bay company, having decided that the territory surrounding the original headquarters of the organization, at Astoria, was too heavily wooded for the plan he had in view, decided to remove the offices of the company to a site near Vancouver, Wash., which he chose on account of its being partially nature-cleared. The removal was effected by means of canoes.

Dr. McLoughlin's idea was that as the trappers and traders working for the company became older and unable to perform the hazardous tasks of their more youthful days, they should not be permitted to become a burden on the company, but should be taught some other way of being self-supporting, and should be supplied with the means to accomplish that end. His scheme was to provide them with cleared lands, and to enable them to become householders and farmers. With that plan in mind, he began the first work at Vancouver, in March, 1825.

Dr. Rupert Blue Commends Book

"How to Live" Receives Commendation of Surgeon General of United States.

No health book ever published ever received as much favorable comment from the dignitaries of the medical profession as "How to Live."

The latest to join the ranks of the sponsors for this famous health book is Dr. Rupert Blue, the surgeon general U. S. public health service, Washington, D. C., who says in part, "'How to Live' is a true story of personal hygiene, told in a plain, straightforward manner.

This splendid book 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,