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Correction does much, but encouragement does more. Encouragement after failure is the sun after a shower. —Goethe.

SHOOT TO KILL

GERMANS in America realize how the Kaiser and his junkies treated German in Germany in suppressing the late strike? Frantic with hunger and perishing from privations, German women and German men appealed to the government for succor.

These are the kinsmen of Germans in America. Soldiers on furlough from the battle fronts joined in the appeal of the German workers. A more piteous petition to a government was never made.

So, back to the munition works, back to the mines and back to their suffering, the hungry Germans in Germany must go. It is back to submission, back to sacrifice and back to mere slavery to the armed junkies that these brothers, fathers, mothers and sisters of Germans in America are condemned.

Money wins wars. That is why your country is asking you to lend it part of your savings through purchase of War Savings Stamps. All you put into stamps will be repaid to you in five years with interest compounded.

EX CATHEDRA

IT IS the Colonel speaking ex cathedra. The halo of omniscience shines round his lofty brow. The might of empires nerves his arm as he pounds the table and makes the gilded dishes rattle. For the Colonel has been dining, dining with the Great.

The feast was spread in the sacred vicinity of Wall Street. The Gods and Demigods of money gathered at the board. The beaded bowl went round and round until the Colonel's fellow banqueters were bold of heart and mellow of head. Then the Great Man got on his legs and opened his lips. The stars paused to listen, as they always do when the Colonel vouchsafes to speak.

"We want our young men trained to obey orders on the dot, without questioning, without waiting with hesitating jaws to ask why." Thus thus the Colonel delivered himself. The Colonel is not a despot, but he wants what despot has always wanted. There never was on the round earth a Caesar, a Napoleon or a Kaiser who did not hate and fear the little word "Why."

in the rosy heavens before him and the Wall Street magnates. The time may come when we shall all be doing the goosestep to his word of command, none of our jaws hanging, none of us asking why. Maybe so, maybe not.

There was Mr. Bryan. Back in 1896 they derided him because the price of silver was only '72; now it is 87. And we have prohibition awaiting the judgment of the states. And we have the railroads under actual government control. And we have a lot of other things for advocacy of which they held Mr. Bryan to be an outlaw and an anarchist, back in 1896.

REPEAL?

ARE those in the movement for abolishing the public service commission sure they are right? Is it the law they want to abolish, or is it some of the membership? The backers of the plan ought to consider well what it is that they want to do.

It can be done without repeal of the law. Frank Miller, who is a capable commissioner, faces an expiring term, and must soon run the gauntlet for reelection. That is, in effect, the equivalent of a recall election. The other two members have two years yet to serve. It is probable that a widely felt conviction that Mr. Corey and Mr. Buchtel are not good material for the place, together with the indignation over the 6-cent fare are at the bottom of the movement for abolishing the commission.

There was a time when a railroad commission was greatly needed in Oregon. It was created to be an instrument to defend the people against iniquities and injustices visited upon them by the railroads. All past and all present conditions should be carefully scrutinized before action is taken.

The Journal holds no brief for the public service law. At the present it is not the law but the unfit membership that is making the trouble. Back of the 6-cent fare order is not merely the commission, but the total inadequacy of the presentation made by the Portland city government. Whether abolishment of the commission is desirable or undesirable, the law creating the body ought not to be held responsible for the failure of the Portland city government to properly oppose the 6-cent fare.

Those backing the plan to repeal the law should take stock and, in the premises, be guided by wisdom and discretion.

Above all, it is to be borne in mind that the commission is the administrative body in the new state grain inspection, and the grain inspection is a matter of much consequence to the farmers of the state. Any measure for repeal of the public service law that does not take care of the grain inspection will meet with strong resistance at the polls.

The United States food administration estimates that a ship can make two trips between the Atlantic coast and Europe in the time required for one round trip to the Argentine and that the time required for a round trip between Australia and Europe is three times as long as between the Atlantic coast and Europe. The world's supply of ships is 20 per cent short. The most traveled ocean routes in the world's history will be the routes between America and her allies. Only inability to furnish goods needed will send ships elsewhere when time saving means war winning.

FARES AND RENTS

THE lively interest of real estate men in the 6-cent fare is based on sound economic considerations. The increase of fares means a corresponding decrease of rents for suburban dwellings. The wage earner has just so much to spend. The more of it you take for car fares and food the less he can pay for rent.

The effect of the 6-cent fare on outside property values will be notable. It will cause tenants to vacate their houses and crowd toward the center of the city, for one thing. And to check this tendency owners will be obliged to cut down rents. The reduction must be enough to balance the rise in car fares.

Neither of these effects is desirable. Overcrowded tenements in the heart of the city become hotbeds of disease and vice. Unremunerative rents check suburban improvements and react and make the housing problem more difficult than ever. Except from the point of view of the absentee millionaire who profits by it, there is nothing to be said for the 6-cent fare. It is a body blow at the welfare of the city.

It may be answered that the rule we have stated works both ways. If the rise in car fares outs down rents, a fall in fares would raise rents. How does the wage earner benefit by a 5-cent fare if the penny saved is absorbed in rent? What difference does it make whether it goes to the landlord or the street railway baron? It makes a good deal of difference. The landlord is apt to be a local investor. His rent is returned to local circulation and keeps business moving. The absentee railway baron spends his income in New York or Philadelphia. Portland gets no benefit from it. It is a constant drain on our resources.

house he lives in, so that a rise in rents means money in his pocket. Nor must we forget that falling rents mean the decay of quivering property, neglect of streets and overcrowding in the heart of the city.

With cheap transportation the wage earner can spend a larger proportion of his income for a decent dwelling in the suburbs and both he and the community are the gainers. The increase in car fares is a step toward unvitalized conditions, and a long one.

FOR RESCUE

ENDING service. A fine body of women and men were being lined up by a Journal artist for a photograph. They were the officers and privates in the battalion starting out on the Armenian drive. The thought in the mind of those who looked on at the group was "rendering service."

"What 'service'?" Stalking through-out the earth there is a thunderous machine of massacre. It has converted vast areas of the eastern hemisphere into a land of horrors. It has unpeopled homes, converted fruitful fields into a wilderness and filled it with starving fugitives.

A missionary walked out in this dreary region, mistletoe as best he could. He tells us of seeing a group of women and children gathered about the carcass of a camel, four or five days dead. They were gnawing ravenously at the unwholesome remains, gorging themselves on the raw flesh and accounting it a precious feast.

Bread for the hungering, succor for the suffering, clothing for the naked—succor for the children—to send these things to the Armenians is "service." It is the soul of mankind mounting toward the ideal and spirit of Him who walked in Galilee.

And, armed and equipped for rescue, the workers faced the camera, and then went forth on the Armenian drive. They are "rendering service."

Commissioner Tallman, as a result of the mission of Oswald West, sent to Washington by The Journal for the purpose, has made the first move for making the federal government a party to a further hearing by which the remaining 45,000 acres of school lands obtained by F. A. Hyde through fraud, will be restored to the public domain. The building up of the Oregon school fund by restoration of stolen lands goes gradually on.

A FIT CHOICE

ON THE central staff that is to assist Director General McAdoo in the management of the railroads, Charles A. Prouty of Vermont has been named. He is made chief of the division of public service and accounts.

No better selection could have been made. For many years he was a member of the interstate commerce commission. When the valuation of the railroad properties was inaugurated by the government, Mr. Prouty resigned to become director of valuations.

His experience in these positions covers the entire country and familiarizes him with every phase of transportation. He has made a life study of transportation, and has mastered the subject. He is believed by many to be the foremost expert in transportation in America, which means the world.

His appointment adds to the confidence of the public in the new venture. It is assurance that the public, the government and the carriers, so far as Mr. Prouty's powers go, will be treated with fairness and intelligence.

It is reassuring to the American mothers to know that Mrs. Woodrow Wilson heads a movement to throw the highest moral influence around the American fighters in Europe. Her position will accelerate and strengthen the movement to safeguard the surroundings and lives of the boys in khaki.

SPUDS

THE food situation has its little oddities, like everything else in this imperfect world. We are all trying our best to live up to the recommendations of the food administration in diet, waiting aside the fleshpots of Egypt and contenting ourselves with bran bread for the country's good. The restaurants, where many dine, no doubt, try harder than anybody else to Hoover faithfully. But what are their feeble efforts compared with the bright light? How faint, how feeble. The Hooverian shortcomings of the restaurants seem to be more noticed by farmers who come to town for a day or two, than by city people.

"Take potatoes, for instance," remarked a farmer the other day. He had been eating at Portland restaurants and observing their singularities. "Mr. Hoover advises us to eat more potatoes. And the advice is good, for potatoes are nutritious and cheap. But if you order potatoes at a restaurant you get half of one, or a little heap of dry chips, or a dab of mashed potatoes. And who wants restaurant mashed potatoes?" he exclaimed scornfully. Nobody does. Mashed potatoes are an invention of the Adversary doled out to sinful man to keep him in mind of his future, like the skull at Pharaoh's feast.

The farmer said he couldn't understand why restaurants did not serve

it, when the foodstuff was on hand before. We all believe in conservation and cooperation, but I believe also in self-preservation to a certain extent. Please publish an early report, and I will be glad to see the publication of the order as to what quantity they may require for their own domestic consumption.

Floyd Ramp Gervais, Or., Feb. 5.—To the Editor of The Journal:—I am a member of the people of Oregon of Floyd Ramp, now held guilty of espionage by a federal jury? Perhaps if he were better known might not the scales be tipped in the balance to the gentler side. His wish was a wish to save from human slaughter, his fellowman. When war was first declared Americans were slow to realize that they had no freedom of speech. That freedom of speech, along certain lines, was called espionage; in other words, we were not free to talk if it was enemy even heard. Another thing, I do not believe that an Oregon boy would prefer an empire to a republic, although he might think the efficiency of an emperor would be able to hit the spot. He might select as more capable certain emperors or certain presidents. Floyd's socialistic belief is that national disputes should be settled by force.

WHO GOT BOOZE? T. PAER DEMANDS By Ralph Watson "I am just simply tickled to death," Ma Paer exclaimed, as she beamed across the coffeehat at her lord and master. "The corpse looks natural," T. Paer rumbled through his words. "Simply tickled to death," she repeated, gazing at T. Paer with a half hidden challenge in her eye. "I heard of a dead man," T. Paer said uneasily. "Why does it continue to haunt me?" "Tickled to death," Ma reiterated, putting a teaspoonful of sugar into T. Paer's coffee. "Sing it," T. Paer admonished, in an exasperated tone. "Which do you want to be buried on, T. Paer?" "Did you read about Robert G. Dieck?" Ma chuckled, passing into the second phase of her monologue. "I thought he had emigrated," T. Paer replied. "What has he been doing now?" "Getting arrested," Ma gloated. "No!" T. Paer exclaimed. "What has he been doing? Giving aid to the enemy?" "Five quarts of it," Ma explained. "Huh!" T. Paer grunted. "Bob musta been going to give somebody a shot. Where'd they locate the arsenal?" "In the police vault," Ma related. "The police gave it the 'shake test' and heard the vile stuff gurgle, so they nabbed it." "Too bad the gun didn't go off," T. Paer mused. "Well, of all things!" Ma exclaimed. "What do you mean by such a statement as that?" "Such a bottle oughtn't to be lost without a shot being fired," T. Paer declared. "What do you mean by such high spirits, too?" "You have no sympathy for our cause," Ma said sadly. "Won't you ever get that banking out of your mind?" "I have sympathy for the cause," T. Paer replied, "and regret at the result. It fuses that Bob's feelings." "The judge fined him \$50," Ma exclaimed. "That was six dollars a bottle," T. Paer calculated. "What did they want to seek him for?" "The law," Ma said. "The judge said he gave him a light fine." "Uh huh," T. Paer said, "but who got the booze?" "The police kept it of course," Ma said in some surprise. "What did you think would become of it?" "You answered your question," T. Paer assured her. "Why should I repeat it?" "What do you mean?" Ma questioned. "You'll have to ask a lawyer," T. Paer said. "I suppose they're within the pale of the law." "But the police destroy the stuff they confiscate," Ma persisted. "Yes," T. Paer admitted. "I bet those five quarts are dead now by this time." "You talk like a Chinese puzzle," Ma said in exasperation. "Why don't you talk plain English?" "Prophets and oracles," T. Paer said, "speak in riddles, don't they? It would take an inventory to tell what I mean." "I don't believe," Ma said sarcastically, "that you've got anything to inventory." "No, my dear," T. Paer conceded, "not since equal suffrage removed the coffee from the list of prohibited goods." "I think Bob Dieck is a bum engineer," Ma said. "What makes you think that?" Ma asked. "Well," said T. Paer, "if he can't engineer five quarts of whiskey into Portland, I don't see how he's ever going to be able to engineer \$25,000 going to the bank in San Francisco." "But it's easier to get good water in a thirty city than bad whiskey," T. Paer defended. "Not in San Francisco," T. Paer said. "I was there once."

THE Seditious

Graham, Or., Feb. 1.—To the Editor of The Journal:—In The Journal I have read of the trial of the Rosenberg Socialist, Floyd Ramp. It is a pity that our courts should have such characters to deal with, and the proud boasting of such. If Christianity is to be maintained, then the scriptures should be fully fulfilled. See II Peter 2:14: "But these, as natural brute beasts, made to be taken and destroyed, speak evil of the things that they understand not, and will perish in their own deceivings: they have eyes full of adultery, and that cannot cease from sin; beguiling unstable souls; an heart they have exercised with covetous desires; cursed children." JAMES ROBINSON.

A Plea for Potato Raisers

Troutdale, Or., Jan. 30.—To the Editor of The Journal:—On behalf of the farmers of this state I ask you to interest the people in the consumption of potatoes. A certain amount of potatoes is required in present do not compensate him for his seed, time, cost of growing and harvesting, grading and hauling, and the purchase of sacks at 15 cents apiece. I think it is the duty of the government to educate the people that the farmer has a right to demand just compensation for his products. He has expenses to meet and a family to support. He has to wear and tear of machinery, hired help (with board provided). He also likes to board, clothe and educate his children as well as the city folks do. But this is not all. He is compelled to sell his produce for less than the cost of production. Last year many of the farmers paid off their debt on the 1st of January. This year many will be on the same side of the ledger. JANE THOMPSON.

Stands by the Administration

Imbler, Or., Jan. 26.—To the Editor of The Journal:—Your editorial on the Chamberlain bill was timely, able and pointed. It seems to me that Chamberlain is a man of high character and high integrity. He is a Republican as Roosevelt, as Senator Stone says, for political purposes. It only embarrasses the administration to see a man of his caliber and high character, who stands away from the party that he ought not to. I say, stand by the administration in its great effort to win the war. It has done nobly, better than we could have expected. I believe that we should stand by it if I remember right, that advocated passing a bill to draft all the boys coming 21 by a certain time, discriminating in favor of the older men, which would be a very unjust and poor movement. A. F. WILSON.

The Mooneys as Envoys

Portland, Jan. 29.—To the Editor of The Journal:—I see by the press reports that Tom Mooney is likely to get a new trial. I am glad of this, because any trial of Mooney is right up to date. I could not think of him doing as charged. Hence, I feel sure that with a fair trial he will be acquitted. Then the question arises, How can his trial be held in this country? He should serve his country and along lines agreeable to him and his splendid hearted wife, who cooperates with him in all he does. I sometimes think Lena Mooney and Tom Mooney are right up among the most influential people in the world, and what a team they would make to send to Russia to reassure those unsettled people that we really and truly stand by a democratic government, under Woodrow Wilson. SAMUEL MONTGOMERY.

Food Hoarding

Albany, Jan. 28.—To the Editor of The Journal:—Is it a violation of the food law to hoard up food, such as meat, butter, etc., for home use? What action will be taken in regard to farmers who have their wheat ground in quantities to last for a year, and hoarded meat and butter for a year? I am a subscriber. S. B. SHERIDAN.

[Such positive law as there is on the subject of food conservation and food hoarding is a violation of the law. It is the duty of the present to issue orders regulating these matters, and to see that they are strictly enforced. So far, these orders have not carried penalties, but have been applied to the present. The authority of the present under the law is to issue orders, and to see that they are strictly enforced. It is evident that there would be actual waste were he obliged to sell his wheat, but the law is to conserve the wheat within the year unless the case of the country is such that it is necessary to hoard it. The farmer is under no compulsion to sell his money crop, but under a particular time limit, which is a violation of the law.]

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 be accompanied by the name and address of the sender. If the writer has had the name published he will be held to that name.]

Soldiers' Insurance

Marshfield, Or., Feb. 3.—To the Editor of The Journal:—Please tell me through The Journal how to make application for insurance for my son, who is in the army. [The Red Cross chapters of the country (not the local ones, however) have been authorized to handle the insurance for soldiers. The beneficiary who can get in touch with a Red Cross chapter will be able to get action at once. An applicant may get action at once. Bureau of War Risk Insurance, Washington, D. C. As the limit is February 12, it will be better to get in touch with the Red Cross chapter nearest the applicant.]

The Farmer's Food Supplies

Waterloo, Or., Feb. 1.—To the Editor of The Journal:—I am in a quandary on the new food situation and wish advice. As I believe many others are studying the same question, I will put it before you for publication, and I will be glad to hear from you. I live several miles from town and have been in the habit of laying in my supply of flour and groceries as far as possible before the winter sets in. Of course, the main object has been to have things to go to town in bad weather for supplies. Now this 30-day law comes and I want to know if I am expected to have all supplies on hand, except 30 days' rations? If so, to whom? I do not believe in hoarding for speculation, but believe there is more of it done in wheat than in flour. There are bushels of wheat lying in granaries, so we do not feel like hoarding over our family flour until we are put wise to a few facts. If we sell our flour, we will have to buy it back. Also, where a farmer has raised, killed and packed a few pigs for his winter's use, he is allowed to keep

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE The life savers are at work. Are you one of them? Today is the day to buy a Thrift stamp. Leave it to the Huns to put the "huh" in hungry. The city seems to have found a number of reasons why the 6 cent fare hold-up. Did you notice this morning that the streetcar conductor offered you a "re-charge" when you paid your fare, even before he had asked for one. Wonder why? Headline says that the Oregon State hospital for the insane says the hospital will not have any deficiency, meaning that none other than the mentally deficient.

Colonel Roosevelt insists upon staying on the front page. He may have to submit to the surgeon's knife to do it, or he may even lose the sight of his other eye, but he'll be there. Dispatch from London says a bomb was thrown at the imperial palace in Berlin. What happened isn't mentioned, but it would seem that anyone should be able to hit the spot of a palace.

An applicant for citizenship papers, in an federal court at Seattle, said he has lived in the United States 10 years, except the months when I was in Tacoma. (You can't appropriate this unless you've been in Tacoma.)

Now Colonel Leader, British commander always in teaching the young idea at the University of the Northwest to shoot, declares that the Northwest is a safe place to live during the summer. He said that during the summer he had 470,000 German shells. Colonel Leader doesn't know what he's talking about.

JOURNAL MAN ABROAD

By Fred Lockley Somewhere at Sea—We are in the submarine zone. Tonight the captain issues orders that from now until we reach the safety zone all aboard are to sleep in their clothes, eat and drink at meals, in class, on deck, or in cabin, all are to wear their life preservers. Lifeboats and rats are ready for immediate launching. Oil lamps throughout the ship are to be extinguished, so that if we are torpedoed and the electric light service put out of commission we can find our way to the deck. A gunner on the deck is to be ready to shoot at any submarine that comes within range. A gunner from the navy has now stern gun ready for instant action, with the ammunition ready for immediate use, and our smoke screen fully equipped for use in case of emergency. I am so constituted that I cannot help feeling the humorous side of the most serious situation and when one of our group suggested that I be sure to wear my name and address in my pocket so that if my body were washed ashore it could be identified, I could not keep my face straight. It reminded me of the time I was in the hospital and the doctor's "sleeping" words were "I am so constituted that I cannot help feeling the humorous side of the most serious situation and when one of our group suggested that I be sure to wear my name and address in my pocket so that if my body were washed ashore it could be identified, I could not keep my face straight. 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