Oregon Journal

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

Published every day, afternoon and morning (except Sunday afternoon) at The Journal Building, Broadway and Yamhill streets, Portland, Oregon.

Entered at the postoffice at Portland, Or., for transmission through the mails as second class matter.

TELEPHONES — Main 7173; Home, A-6051. All departments reached by these numbers. Tell the operator what department you want.

FOREIGN ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Benjamin & Kentnor Co., Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth ave., New York, 1218 People's Gas Building, Chicago.

Subscription terms by mail, or to any address in the United States or Mexico:

DAILY (MORNING OR AFTERNOON)
One year.....$5.00 | One month.....$ .50

SUNDAY
One year.....$2.50 | One month.....$ .25

DAILY (MORNING OR AFTERNOON) AND SUNDAY
One year.....$7.50 | One month.....$ .65

In actual life every great enterprise takes its first forward step in faith.
—Schlegel.

BRIDGE THE SEA

CHAIRMAN HURLEY, with his broad intelligence, is almost certain to enter upon a fixed policy with reference to ship building as soon as full and reliable information is obtained.

With the whole United States as the theatre of action and with conflict between steel and wood interests, the establishment of a settled policy is difficult. It takes time. It is better to consume the time necessary in order to be right than to be in haste and make blunders.

The chairman has been told that a liberal wood ship program, may, by absorption of labor, impede the government's steel ship program. That statement is far from the truth.

The supply of workers is exhaustless. Workers are available in regiments. Some of the plants in Portland are running on but one shift. Every one of them could run two shifts if contracts were available.

It is only because there are no contracts on hand or in sight that more double shifts are not used. With conflicting news stories coming out of Washington every few days to the effect that no more wooden ships are to be built, the plants hesitate to speed up only to find themselves later with idle ways.

In Portland, shipbuilding has already become a highly organized industry. The Grant Smith-Porter yard, for example, is now so organized as to be able to complete a wooden ship of 3500 tons within three months from the laying of the keel. It has eight ways, which means that it can launch eight ships every three months or two and two thirds ships a month. The spirit of the workers in it and other yards is highly patriotic and high efficiency in production has been attained.

It is highly important for the yards to know what the future program is to be. It is essential for them to know if other ships are to be built, or if, after existing contracts are filled, their ways are to become idle and the workers they have mobilized and trained are to be dismissed. A settled policy of intensified production announced from Washington would enormously increase the shipbuilding drive in this district.

With the divers sinking twice as many ships as England and America are building, it seems impossible to build too many ships. In such a crisis, enough ships cannot be built.

If the wooden ships cannot be used in the diver zone, they can bring badly needed manganese from Brazil, bring rubber from Ceylon, bring bags and jute from India, bring wheat from Australia, carry flour from the Pacific to the Atlantic and Gulf ports for reshipment to Europe, can, in short, carry on the ocean trade of the world and release the steel ships for service in the barred zone.

We are making guns, airplanes, shells, auto trucks and other war products many times as fast as we can possibly transport them to the only point where they are of any use. The maximum power of these things can only be applied through ships to deliver them where needed. The problem would seem to be, not what kind of ships, but how many ships. We should, in this crisis, build anything that will float and carry cargo.

We may not have a Rose Festival this year, on account of the war. But in the dooryards and flower gardens we can have a festival of roses that wars cannot prevent or kaisers obliterate. There, around the homes, the rose petals will be painted in all the lovely hues of those other days when swords were sheathed and war was not.

HELP FOR RUSSIA

DR. JOHN MOTT, the famous Y. M. C. A. leader speaks a timely word in behalf of Russia. He says the Russians are striving for light and liberty and he sympathizes with them in their trials. In his opinion Americans ought to think of helping the new democracy instead of despising it or scolding it.

This is undeniably sound advice. We have nothing to gain by abusing Russia and possibly much to lose. If that great country with its immense resources should be forced into the embrace of the Hun militarism it might go hard with the rest of the world. Allied diplomacy has thus far been hopelessly outdone by that of the kaiser in the Balkans and in Russia. It is time that we paid attention to Dr. Mott's advice and turned over a new leaf or we may regret our failure.

No one has realized this all along more than President Wilson. His telegram to the Soviet congress opening yesterday in Moscow was effort to do what could be done at this great distance to save the Russian people from the frightful maw of Prussian militarism. His kindly reference in a late address to the purposes of the revolution was endeavor in the same direction. His congratulatory telegram to the Moscow congress in Kerensky's time was timely purpose to hold the Russians in line.

The close proximity of kaiserdom to the blindly groping Russian masses, the cleverly spread net of Prussian spies and espionage, backed up by colossal sums of corrupt Hun money, give the war lords a tremendous advantage in this most delicate and difficult situation.

Senator Weeks of Massachusetts has taken several occasions since the war began to express his dissatisfaction with President Wilson and his assistants. Neither policies nor methods suited him. But he made a speech to his constituents the other day in which he confessed that "conditions at Washington had greatly improved." Grudging praise from an opponent is often worth more than fulsome flattery from an adherent.

MR. BRYAN HONORED

MR. BRYAN'S election to the presidency of the National Dry federation is a substantial recognition of merit. The federation has 25,000,000 members, if we may trust current reports, and their acceptance of Mr. Bryan is said to be unanimous, or nearly so.

To possess the confidence of so many intelligent people is a privilege granted to but few human beings. It implies strong character, brilliant abilities and a long devotion to a great cause.

Mr. Bryan himself does not enjoy the confidence of his fellow citizens in all directions. Upon questions of finance, for example, his views are less widely accepted. It is as a moral leader that he shines. Upon purely political issues he has sometimes sounded a note far in advance of his time.

But upon moral issues he has been tenacious from the beginning of his career to the present moment. Several years ago Mr. Bryan gave out an interview favorable to government management of the railroads. So much opposing clamor arose that he decided to drop the issue. Had he stood by his guns as courageously as he has on the prohibition issue he might, possibly, have won over the people to his way of thinking.

If he had done so the country would have been better prepared for the war than it was in one respect. The transportation muddle would have been obviated. That unification of the national highways which Mr. McAdoo is working out in the hurry and stress of war might have been deliberately effected in time of peace.

Mr. Bryan dropped the railroad question and devoted himself to causes like prohibition, which are no doubt as important as economic matters.

By his steady advocacy of measures for enlarging liberty by restricting incitements to disease and vice, Mr. Bryan has won wide popularity and well deserved fame. We can almost count on the fingers of one hand the Americans whose mere names are known to 25,000,000 of their fellow citizens. Mr. Bryan's name is known to as many and more. In their lives he is a living influence. The longer he lives the more he is trusted and loved.

WORSE THAN SCRAPS

IN HIS timely and friendly message to the distracted Russians President Wilson by plain implication gives the world to understand that the peace terms which the kaiser has imposed on the helpless Bolsheviki will be disregarded by the western powers.

Were those intolerable treaties permitted to stand they could only lead on to a new war between Slav and Teuton as soon as Russia had recovered her breath and begun to feel the sting of her shame.

And into that war the whole world would inevitably be drawn, as it was drawn into this one. Henceforth, as has been so often said, there can be no neutrals. When any two nations decide to fight, all must fight. Such seems to be the rule for the future. The only way to evade it is to prevent wars from breaking out.

Since the treaties which the kaiser has forced the Russian delegates to sign must unquestionably cause trouble in coming years they should be canceled as soon as the allies have the power to do it. The great purpose to bear in mind from now to the end of the war is, in Lincoln's pregnant phrase, "that it shall not have been fought in vain."

The report that the Germans have a complete map of the American trench positions on the western front is probably true. Not only do they know exactly where our men are stationed but they rehearsed their recent attack four times before they launched it. And then it failed. The best laid plans of Huns, like those of mice, "gang aft agley." The boys on the other side have something to say about it, and thus far that something has been decisive.

A HATEFUL MEMORY

"ECONOMIC penetration," which was the favorite Prussian prelude to military occupation, probably proceeded as smoothly in Brazil as in any other part of the western hemisphere up to the beginning of the war. The All-Highest imagined that he had conditions in that country fixed exactly as his interest required. The German banks had gained control of Brazilian business, or largely so. A huge German colony professed to be ready to rise in open rebellion at a signal from Europe.

The rebellion actually took place, though not on any such scale as had been planned. It was therefore quickly subdued by the Brazilian government. German economic interests in that country are now going the same way as they are in the United States. The government has just taken over the German-owned Santa Clara railroad. Other property of a semi-public nature will undoubtedly be disposed of in the same way.

The various nations have learned that it is extremely unsafe for them to allow anything like a dock, a railroad or a bank to remain under the kaiser's control or influence. When the war ends German "economic penetration" will be nothing more than a hateful memory.

AFTER THE WAR

EXPERTS are agreel that a greatly increased commerce will come to America after the war. Some of them say it will be unprecedented.

America will then have a big merchant marine. There will be an immense number of government owned ships and they will be operated on a program of building up American trade. That will be a stimulus to developed commerce that America has not had. For a generation, this country has been a pathetic figure as to its merchant fleet.

The things that have been destroyed during the war will have to be rebuilt after the war. Countries devastated will have to be restored. Cities laid low will have to be replaced. Industrial plants in ruins and industrial plants worn out by excessive use in war munitions will have to be renewed. The plants now turning out war munitions will have to be cast aside and a tremendous rush will be made to build and install in them machines for the requirements of a reconstructive peace.

The war is causing economic and social changes that will create an enormous demand for the articles of production and commerce after the war. Because, for instance, of the change for the better in labor conditions, it is estimated that 500,000 new dwelling houses will be built in Great Britain alone as soon as possible after the peace treaty is signed. This will be caused by the demand of workers for better housing. The greatly increased wages and cleaner and higher ideals realized by British workmen through the nearly four years of conflict have given them vision of a higher level on which they are to stand in the social and economic scale in the future. They will no longer be satisfied with the $3 or $4 a week of ante war days, but will surround themselves with more of the comforts and conveniences of life, among them better housing.

That they will be successful in that purpose is assured in advance. The vicissitudes of war have obliterated much of the caste in Great Britain. Labor men are in many of the highest positions in the war cabinet and other directing war agencies. Many of the most conspicuous names heading war activities in England are of men who came up from the ranks of the workers. Lloyd George is himself the spirit and soul of this bringing together of the upper and lower strata in British social and economic life.

As in Great Britain, so it will be in many other belligerent countries. In each, the returning soldier and sailor will be a new and powerful factor. Millions of them aforetime were from the lowest levels, but they will, as a result of the part they have played through years of conflict, be so no longer. In the period they have been living on the best the country could give them in comfort and sustenance. When they go back to their homes, they will be a powerful party for the equalizing of conditions. They have been fighting to make democracy safe, and the inevitable psychology of all the expenditure of treasure and blood will be a deeper and more powerful spirit of democracy everywhere which, in turn, will mean better homes, larger requirements of the output of industry, a broader distribution of comforts and convenience, and an unyielding demand for a world reconstructed on terms to make industry hum and commerce thrive.

America's assets will be less depleted than any other producing nation. Her resources will still be intact for supplying the demands in this period of reconstruction. While, for example, the forests over there are almost exhausted, America's will be in the high tide of production, ready for an unparalleled output.

In the stress of war the iron, coal and other mines of Europe have had no chance for that development work necessary to continued maximum production. In four or five years without coordinated development mines, like industrial plants, lose heavily in efficiency. Time will be required for Europe, with its added three years of war, to reach the point of efficiency that will still be present in the minds of America when peace is signed.

This coming commerce is a vital concern in America now. It is of tremendous importance, for example, in Portland. Why there should be immediate and serious thought of it and why plans should be laid for it now, will be discussed in future articles in these columns.

SHIPS BUILDING IN NORTHWEST

By Carl Smith, Washington Staff Correspondent of The Journal.

Washington, March 13. — A recent statement from the shipping board which showed seven more wooden ships under contract in Washington than in Oregon, but giving Oregon the lead in tonnage, seems now to have been in error to the extent of four ships and 16,000 tons which were credited to the Washington total. This error was disclosed by an examination in detail of the data, showing that in tabulation by clerks of the shipping board one Washington contract had been duplicated. Excluding this, Washington is found to have a lead of only three ships, while Oregon leads in capacity by 26,350 deadweight tons. The corrected totals give 78 ships of 318,000 tons for Oregon and 81 ships of 291,650 tons for Washington. In steel ships Washington figures 85 of 728,100 tons, while Oregon has 61 of 492,800 tons. This makes a grand total of 139 ships of 810,800 tons for Oregon and 166 ships of 1,035,660 tons for Washington.

Figures in detail were submitted to Congressman Hawley as to where ships were under contract in the two states on February 23. Following is the statement of contracts for wooden vessels in Oregon:

G. M. Standifer Construction corporation, Portland. (First contract.) Ten complete ships, 35,000 tons. Same, second contract. Six complete, 27,000 tons.

Peninsula Ship Building company, Portland. (First contract.) Four complete, 16,000 tons. Same, second contract. Four complete, 16,000 tons.

Coast Shipbuilding company, Portland. Four hulls, 14,000 tons. Same, second contract. Four hulls, 14,000 tons.

Grant Smith-Porter Ship company, St. Johns, 12 complete, 42,000 tons.

Kruse & Banks Shipbuilding company, North Bend. Six hulls, 21,000 tons.

Sommerstrom Shipbuilding corporation, Columbia City. Four hulls, 14,000 tons.

Wilson Shipbuilding company, Astoria. Three hulls, 10,500 tons.

Coos Bay Shipbuilding company, Marshfield. Four hulls, 14,000 tons.

George F. Rodgers, Astoria. Four hulls, 14,000 tons.

St. Helens Shipbuilding company, St. Helens. Two hulls, 7000 tons.

Feeny & Bremer company, Tillamook. One hull, 3500 tons.

McEachern Ship company, Astoria. Ten hulls, 35,000 tons.

In Washington the list of contracts to the date named is as follows:

Sloan Shipyards company, Olympia, 16 complete ships, 56,000 tons.

Grays Harbor Marine Ship corporation, Aberdeen; (first contract) four, hulls, 16,000 tons. Same, second contract, four hulls, 16,000 tons.

Sanderson and Porter, Willapa harbor; 10 hulls, 35,000 tons.

Grant Smith-Porter Ship company, Aberdeen; eight complete, 28,000 tons.

Meacham & Babcock Shipbuilding company, Salmon Bay; two hulls, 7000 tons. Same, Seattle, second contract, four complete, 14,000 tons.

Nilson & Kelez Shipbuilding corporation, Seattle; four hulls, 14,000 tons.

Seaborn Shipyards corporation, Tacoma; eight hulls, 28,000 tons.

Babare Bros., Tacoma; one hull, 3500 tons.

Wright Shipyards, Tacoma; two hulls, 7000 tons.

Tacoma Shipbuilding company, Tacoma; four hulls, 14,000 tons.

Puget Sound Bridge & Dredging company, Seattle; eight hulls, 32,000 tons.

Pacific American Fisheries, Bellingham; five complete, 17,500 tons.

Allen Shipbuilding company, Seattle; one hull, 3650 tons.

The steel vessels under contract in the two states are reported as below:

Oregon: Albina Engine & Machine Works, 10 ships, 37,000 tons; Columbia River Shipbuilding company, 18 ships, 158,400 tons; Northwest Steel company, 23 ships, 202,400 tons; G. M. Standifer Construction company, 10 ships, 95,000 tons.

Washington: Ames Shipbuilding company, 18 ships, 113,900 tons; J. F. Duthie & Co., 12 ships, 105,000 tons; Erickson Engine Works, 10 ships, 94,000 tons; Skinner & Eddy corporation, 28 ships, 246,600 tons; Seattle Construction & Dry Dock company, 22 ships, 168,000 tons.

Nothing the Matter With Portland

By H. S. Harcourt

"Send me 20 to 25 glovemakers, won't you? I have jobs for as many as that. My present force consists of only seven men and 15 women, and I have work for 40 hands and enough signed up to keep us all hopping for a year." Thus declaimed E. W. Simmons, president and manager of the Simmons Glove Manufacturing company, Fifth and Flanders streets. Mr. Simmons has signed contracts with the Warren Spruce company and the Grant Smith-Porter Spruce company for 500 dozen loggers' gloves, has a big order from the government for gloves for the use of workers at the Bremerton navy yard, and an unusual run from his regular patrons and logging camps and several shipbuilding companies. The gloves are made of medium-weight horseside, are very substantial and are retailed to the workers at $2.25 to $3.50 the pair. Prior to the beginning of shipbuilding on a generous scale Mr. Simmons' trade was largely with loggers and sawmill men. This he still holds, and now finds himself catering to another element which makes large purchases of the better class of handwear.

"I wasn't exactly expecting these additional orders," Mr. Simmons states, "and consequently was caught shorthanded. It not being possible to leave my business myself, I have sent Mrs. Simmons to San Francisco to try to scare up a few hands there. This she will likely do, and if I can add 20 or 25 workers to my force within a few weeks everything will be running smoothly. But, believe me, I have no time to play. As for myself, I am working double shifts."

Gloves are manufactured at this factory from canvas, elkhide, buckskin and horsehide. The elk skins come from Singapore, the buckskin from South America and the horsehide from Milwaukee, Wis. Few elk are now bred in the United States, and deer are comparatively scarce, but the hides of horses should be tanned suitable for glovemaking on this coast. It should be done in Portland. It ought not to be necessary to ship the raw material to Milwaukee and the finished back to Portland.

The quality of work done by the Simmons Glove Manufacturing company is not excelled anywhere. Great care is taken to turn out a perfectly satisfactory article, and this accounts for the speedy growth of the institution. The factory was established in Portland three years ago. It formerly was located in the small town of Chehalis, Wash., the early home of the Doernbecher Furniture Manufacturing company, and seems to be in a modest way following the trail of the great concern which now counts its business in million-dollar figures. Men employes earn about $25 a week and women $10 to $14 a week. All work is done by the piece, the more deft and industrious pulling down the larger pay checks.

Tomorrow: Article No. 49 of this series: The Henninger and Ayes Manufacturing Company.

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.]

The Farmer Under War Prices

Camas, Wash., March 11.—To the Editor of The Journal—About a year ago, when the government of the United States asked the farmers to raise an extra amount of food products to win the war with, it was near potato planting time in the Northwest, and the farmers planted to the extent that to date they have been unable to sell the crop at cost of production.

An order from the government for potato flour at Salem and The Dalles results, so far, in an offer of $15 per ton, about half the cost of production! Why doesn't the government fix a living price, the same as it has for other farm foods, if it expects the farmers to be able to respond to future calls.

The government listened to all the calls of the labor classes till their wages have soared to two or four times what a farmer can pay, except at a loss. Statistics show that the farmer's 12 to 16 hour day nets him less than $1.50 pe rday, while the government-sanctioned seven or eight hour day nets two to four times as much. The farmers of the world have been the underdog so long that all the other callings incline to look down on them as a legitimate goose to pick without leave or license, while none of them could scarcely live over night without him. All we ask for the farmer is a square and fair deal, just a fair chance. I am opposed to class legislation, but since it has been the rule, I believe it only fair that the sauce given the goose be served with the gander. Probably more farmers depend upon the potato crop for their tax money than any other crop. None knows this better than the speculative potato buyer, and he is on the job for all there is in it.
FAIR DEAL.

A Statement by General Greene

Headquarters Ninety-first Division, Camp Lewis, March 4.—To the Editor of The Journal—Referring to an article appearing in The Journal of November 12, 1917, headed "General Greene Throws Wet Blanket Upon Army Snobbishness," I wish to inform you that no such incident as is therein related ever took place. I was never a guest either in Tacoma or elsewhere, when any such thing occurred.

It is true I have taken the position that social lines outside the cantonment should not be drawn between enlisted and commissioned personnel of this great national army; but such position was not based upon any concrete incident in which I was an actor.

I make this explanation for the reason that the published story involving an unnamed major constitutes a reflection upon every major of this command.

The delay in making this explanation is due to the fact that the article in question was brought to my notice today for the first time, as I have just returned to my command after an absence of more than three months.
H. A. GREENE,
Major General, N. A. Commanding.

Advocates Boxes for Potatoes

Portland, March 11.—To the Editor of The Journal—Some farmers say they will not plant potatoes this season, as they will not pay; wages are too high and sacks too costly. We should be glad to produce something that will sustain life at a low price, so that all classes can live. As to sacks, let me offer a new thought. A few years ago I saw in old Ireland potatoes being sold in boxes. Now, why not here, in the country of timber and mills in abundance, and if potato boxes were made to contain 50 pounds each, see how convenient to handle on the farm, and to ship, and also for the dealer and the consumer. Fifty pound boxes are much easier to handle than 100 pound bags, and most consumers would buy 50 pounds rather than 100. Potato boxes should have slatted bottoms and covers, to allow air circulation; then, also, the quality can be seen without opening the box. It is as consistent to sell potatoes as apples in boxes. To get away from an old custom is all that is necessary.
J. C. PROEBSTEL.

Extreme Measures for Spies

Grizzly, Or., March 9.—To the Editor of The Journal—I heartily indorse Isaac Marcosson's plan of shooting German spies or any other kind of spies, bomb throwers or traitors. I would not only shoot a few but about 1000 of them and give fair warning that the rest would be dealt with in the same way when caught. This is the sentiment of most of the people in these parts. The government will have to come to it before this strife is over, and the sooner we commence it the quicker it will end this kind of work. If we don't shoot alien enemy spies, for heaven's sake let us not shoot our own soldier boys that happen to go to sleep in the trenches or on duty because they can't help themselves on account of weariness.
AN AMERICAN.

Automobile Thieves

Portland, March 9.—To the Editor of The Journal—Formerly anti-horsethief associations were organized in many states, and were in a large measure successful in making captures. Since Dobbin has given way to the automobile, the anti-horsethief associations of Kansas, Missouri, Arkansas and Oklahoma have resolved to cooperate in the capture of automobile thieves. If their methods are as successful as when they were after horsethieves, the business of automobile "swiping" will be less profitable. Perhaps a little knowledge of their procedure might be of advantage to automobile owners of the Northwest. A few moments taken from joy-riding should accomplish this.
JOHN WILLIAMS.

PERSONAL MENTION

Seattle Shipbuilder Here

J. A. McEachern, a prominent shipbuilder from Seattle, is an arrival at the Multnomah.

Joe Hayden and H. E. Ringwald of Vancouver are among the arrivals at the Multnomah.

Frank McCleary, a prominent lumberman from McCleary, Wash., is among the arrivals at the Benson.

A. W. Cooper of Spokane is at the Portland.

John Costello of Seattle is registered at the Seward.

H. V. McClean is an arrival at the Nortonia from Salem.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Elliott of Woodburn are at the Carlton.

J. H. Baillie of Phoenix is at the Seward.

George W. Johnston of Dufur is an arrival at the Cornelius.

C. T. Curry of Roseburg is an arrival at the Carlton.

Mr. and Mrs. M. McGuire of American Falls, Idaho, are among the arrivals at the Nortonia.

J. E. Norton of Morrow is registered at the Perkins.

James T. Maher of St. Paul is at the Multnomah.

Judge William T. Darch of Goldendale is registered at the Nortonia.

S. G. Thompson of Eugene is an arrival at the Perkins.

Roy R. Canterbury and Roy Southworth are arrivals at the Perkins from Bend, Or.

R. P. Walsh of Ketchikan, Alaska, is at the Multnomah.

T. Johnson of Spokane is registered at the Carlton.

Mrs. George S. Dean is an arrival at the Carlton from Aberdeen.

J. B. Sparks is at the Washington from Heppner.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Geiser and Anthony Mohr are arrivals at the Portland from Baker, Or.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Hain of Hollister, Cal., are arrivals at the Cornelius.

B. F. Laughlin of The Dalles is at the Perkins.

Mrs. E. H. Boyer and R. Boyer are arrivals at the Benson from Nelson, B. C.

A. C. Thomas of Moscow, Idaho, is at the Seward.

Ruth B. Garretsee of Buffalo, N. Y., is registered at the Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Bradwick of Bridal Veil are registered at the Washington.

E. J. Merrill is an arrival at the Benson from Bend.

J. R. Hartman of The Dalles is among those registered at the Nortonia.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Anyway, we get an even split with wheat flour on a 50-50 basis.

Has here been any market for mint since the old town went dry?

The United States is not only sending her allies American flour but a Baker as well.

Congress faces a deficiency bill of $1,107,320,082, which makes our grocer out somewhat of a piker after all.

The end of the carline proved to be also the end of the long, long trail for another bandit who overplayed the game.

Among the resources of this nation that must be husbanded, remarks an exchange, are the women. Which is true enough.

It is quite the thing to do now to go into a candy store for a square meal. And if you want a box of candy the cigar store will accommodate you.

New York has again voted against prohibition, which will doubtless mean a celebration, of even more than usual exuberance along the line of the great "third rail."

Isn't it about time that next season's crops are being reported in danger because of too little heat or too much cold, or not enough moisture or too much rain, or something of that kind?

The spring drive on father's pocketbook will begin soon. But the wallet this year will be found flatter than usual because father has been putting some money in War Savings Stamps to help Uncle Sam win the war.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Extensive improvements are under way at the Eastern Oregon state hospital. A new horse barn of concrete has just been completed and a machine shed 40x100 will be constructed.

The death is reported, at Arroyo Grande, Cal., of Clinton Van Brimmer, a pioneer of Klamath county, at the age of 82. He was identified with the first irrigation projects in Klamath county.

The county board of Wallowa county, the Enterprise Reporter says, has several prospective buyers for the old county high school building. It is proposed by one of these parties to convert the building into a hospital.

All friends of progress will rejoice at this good report of Toledo, in the Sentinel: "Three months ago, when a stranger came to Toledo, he was industriously 'lamped,' and people wondered who he was and what he was here for. Now, strangers are so common that they do not excite curiosity. In the meantime Toledo is getting to be some town."

No Oregon editor can pen a more glowing tribute to Oregon climate than Editor H. W. Young of the Coquille Sentinel, who, on March 1, testified: "The writer has seen one less winter and one more summer than most people of his age, but in neither the northern nor the southern hemisphere did he ever experience any finer February days than some we have had this week. The days have got long enough, the skies have been clear enough and the sun high enough to make them ideal." Editor Young is a "formerly of Kansas" man.

JOURNAL MAN ABROAD

By Fred Lockley

Somewhere in France—It is going to be difficult to describe one of the most thrilling experiences of my life because the most vital and interesting facts must be omitted on account of the censorship regulations. On Wednesday morning, January 30, I returned to Paris, after an all night ride in a day coach, from a picturesque group of villages in a far off corner of France, near the foot of the Alps. I had spent a busy day, and being tired I rolled in fairly early, getting to bed at about 11 o'clock. I had hardly dropped off to sleep when someone shook me by the shoulder and said: "Get up. The Germans are here." I heard above the cry of the sirens an indescribable sound as if a thousand bagpipes were skirling and droning. Jumping up, I ran to the window and drew aside the heavy double curtains that keep the light from showing through. I must confess that my first sensation was one of pleasure, to think that I had returned to Paris in time to witness a German air raid. My next sensation was one of sorrow to think of the possible destruction of life and of the beautiful and historic monuments and buildings of France. To my surprise, I found myself hoping and almost praying that the German air raiders would be brought down. I drew the heavy curtains aside and threw open the big double windows so that I had a full view of a large part of the city. The night was clear as crystal. The air was keen. The stars were bright. The irregular skyline of Paris showed like carelessly stacked blocks left by children at play, against the night sky. High in the heavens was a constellation bright as the evening star. For a moment I was puzzled. I tried to locate the polar star and the big dipper, to see what constellation this was.

But even as I looked the bright stars changed their positions. Where several had been grouped together closely they separated and new lights were added to the group. We were on the sixth floor. There was one floor above us. I heard women's voices. They were not frightened but they had a note of satisfaction as though the speakers were congratulating each other on having a reserved seat and an uninterrupted view of some notable pageant. An auto at high speed rushed past our hotel, its siren wailing like a lost soul. High above we could see tiny flashes of machine gun fire. My watch dial is phosphorescent and I noticed that it was 11:40. Like some distant drum, there rolled out the barrage fire of the anti-aircraft guns. The stars had changed their positions, so that one saw many of them in pairs. If you have ever sat and watched an old-fashioned Fourth of July exhibition of fireworks you will remember the rockets that, when high in air, burst into a shower of stars. The air was full of such bursting rockets, searching out the German Gothas. Like fireflies, the airplanes darted back and forth. The noise of the motors increased to a loud staccato like a battery of quick firing guns, as one swept low and passed over us, with its white headlight and its red and green lights gleaming on its extended wings. It passed almost as quickly as a flash of heat lightning.

Suddenly there was a deafening explosion nearby, as the Germans dropped a bomb. Another and another explosion shattered the air as a thunder clap follows close the lightning flash. More and more darting lights showed. A group of them gathered about a German plane and one could see the glint and sparkle of flame as the machine guns spat out their stream of bullets. A burst of excited French from above, and a boyish voice in English called out, "They've got it. See it fall."

Like a falling star, one of the lights fell, plummet-like, to earth. Far off a glare lit up the sky, brightening with every passing moment. The bombs were wrecking the buildings and igniting the gas as the gas pipes were wrenched apart. Like a packet of Chinese firecrackers came the crackle of the quick firers high above, merged at times with the deeper tones of the anti-aircraft guns. Both were drowned out by the explosions of the bombs, which sounded like a salvo of artillery. More and more headlights of airplanes were to be seen as they darted about like a shower of meteors. Most fascinating of all were the aerial duels as the machines would dart under, over and at one another. "There goes another," came the voice from above. "I hope it's a Boche." By now I was like a cold storage salmon, so I dropped the curtains and dressed, to watch the rest of the air raid. Several of the guests of the hotel hurried out, for the last machine had come down within a few blocks of us. In a few moments they returned with jagged fragments of aluminum and bits of wreckage from the fallen machine.

Now, much as I would like to give further details, I must confine my narrative to the officially released statement. I am not allowed to tell which streets, buildings, factories or hospitals were injured, so I will have to say, as the official communiques state, that 60 French planes were up attacking the raiders, four squadrons of which crossed the line north of Compiegne, approaching Paris from the north and northeast. One German plane was brought down in flames. Thirty-six people were killed and 190 wounded, in Paris and its suburbs. Three hospitals were hit, one of them catching fire. Between 11:30 and 1:30 a. m. the fire department answered 32 calls where fires had started from the air raid. Thousands of theatre goers took refuge in the Metro or the Nord-Sued underground railway. One of the torpedoes was picked up. It had failed to explode. The torpedoes weighed from 160 to 200 pounds. Most of the bombs were percussion bombs, or bombs timed to explode 60 seconds after falling. About 70 bombs were dropped in Paris. The amount of high explosives dropped in Paris was 1400 kilograms, or something over a ton. Most of the killed and wounded were women and children. This is easily accounted for when it is realized that most of the men are at the front.

The fallen machine I saw at daylight. It was in the Place de la Concorde. It had broken off one of the bronze pillars surrounding the place and the machine itself was a twisted mass of metal, canvas and splintered spruce. One of its occupants was killed, the other badly injured. I would like to give details of the damage wrought, but it is not permitted, so this is all I can tell of the raid. It was a wonderful and thrilling spectacle, and one I shall never forget.

HOW TO BE HEALTHY

by J. Keeley
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HABITS AND EFFICIENCY — A noted English publicist has placed himself openly in opposition to the continuance in office of a certain high official because he attends late social banquets. This publicist does not believe that a man who spends his time eating big dinners at late hours can keep in the fit physical condition necessary for the extraordinary mental labor required in a high public position in war time. The publicist himself goes to bed at 9 o'clock. This is the way he conserves his best physical and mental energies for the next day's tasks.

The private habits of a man in office are a matter of public concern. The efficiency of his work and the quality of his service depend a good deal upon his physical condition. The people have a right to demand that he take care of his health to the fullest possible degree. The health habits of the individual citizen are similarly not entirely his own affair. Not only does he owe it to himself and to his family to conform to known hygienic principles but he owes it to his employer and to his community. A man has no right to neglect decayed teeth and then to inconvenience his employer by having to stay away from work at some crucial preiod on account of an abscessed gum. Nor has a man a right to lay himself open to tonsilitis by neglecting enlarged and diseased tonsils; or to colds and bronchitis, because of not having some nasal abnormality attended to.

An employer of Alabama maintains that the output of his factory has decreased nearly 50 per cent since a military camp was established near by because of late hours kept by the girls and their dull, sleepy state in the morning. Recreation is legitimate and necessary, but hours of leisure should not be so spent as to deplete the vital energy and lower the next day's efficiency. Competition is so keen and the stress of living and of war winning is now so great that every man needs his best physical self for the struggle. Sickness of all kinds is so largely preventable that the person who is careless in his living habits is regarded with the same disapproval as the man who wantonly throws away precious food or precious dollars.

Tomorrow: Human Space Requirements.

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

Ragtag and Bobtail

Stories From Everywhere

Not Changed Much

THE librarian at a certain museum was engaged in cataloging and arranging some ancient books that had just arrived from Egypt, when he noticed a perplexed look on the face of his assistant.

"What's the matter, Brown?" he asked. "Is there anything that you don't understand?"

"Yes," answered Brown. "Here is a small papyrus on which the characters are not decipherable. How shall I class it?"

"Um," thoughtfully returned the librarian, examining the papyrus. "Suppose you call it a doctor's prescription in the time of Pharaoh."

A Garden Maker Bawled Out

One real fine day last week, says Ham Kautzman in his paper, the Houlton Herald, Sam Long said to me: "Spring has come. I've been making garden." After he disappeared, I slipped up and peeped over his high, tight board fence. He had dug up one old cabbage stalk, and left the spade sticking in the hole.

Near His Brother

Sergeant—Why do you want particularly to be drafted into the Seventy-fifth battalion?

Davis—I want to be near me brother that's in the Seventy-sixth.

Get the Profiteer's Goat

The big profiteer in his high estate
Is happy and thinks that war is great,
For it gives him a chance to gouge and grind
His fellow American of opposite kind.
The workers and fighters who are doing their best
To punch der kaiser under his vest,
The mothers, and fathers, contributing sons,
To fill up the trenches and man the guns
To battle for liberty, freedom and right,
All come under his withering blight.
He corners their clothing, he corners their meat;
He corners the leather they wear on their feet,
He puts up the prices on everything loose—
Considers the public a very fat goose.

Now this the opinion, and this the belief,
Of the author, the writer of this little brief:
I believe that the man, in his country's distress,
Who will rob his own people does plainly confess,
That for liberty's banner his heart is quite cold—
That his keynote and watchword is "gold, more gold."
He will praise the Red Cross away up to the sky,
And then he will rob it by his prices so high.
He will rob the poor widow, giving freely her mite
To help her loved country in its sad, sad plight.
The Hun is no better, the Hun is no worse,
Than the man who to liberty is thus a great curse.
He's a clog, he's a drag, on the great machine
That to battle for liberty must, I ween,
Be built with the utmost dispatch and care
Ere liberty's banner may float for fair.

So now let people the country o'er
Say of such business, "We'll have it no more.
We are every one anxious to do our bit;
We will do it freely, and never quit
Until every Boche, and every hun
Who is fighting 'gainst liberty shall be undone.
But the man who would cheat us and lay up wealth,
By putting up prices, or any such stealth,
Shall know to his sorrow the people's might,
For we never will stop 'till this is set right.
So now to our congressmen, senators, all:
Unless you heed us you're likely to fall.
At the next election we'll put in a man
Whom we know to be able and who we know can
Get the profiteer's goat."

J. L. Fryer.
Applegate, Or.

Uncle Jeff Snow Says:

Thamas Hootmon has figured it out how to tell a slacker and a Hun sympathizer, to a gnat's heel. Hootmon was explainin' to the Corners Patriotic and Safety Vigilanties t'other night that anybody that put over on you any profiteerin' and graftin' was sure a Hun or a Hun lover, and had orter be set to work buildin' fortification walls at Alcatraz, or somewheres. And he also explained that anybody that tried to bust up any combine or scheme you was interested in that you calculated to fix so's you could git your share somewhat accordin' like the leather and beef trust, or the wool and copper trust, air I. W. W. Hun spies and orter be treated accordin' to the rules of war before sunrise.

Olden Oregon

Indian Superstition in Its Relation to Salmon Conservation.

The Indians of Oregon had many peculiar beliefs. Their religion was crude and simple, but they adhered to it with a persistency that would have done credit to a Puritan. Most of the tribes believed in an after life. Whether or not they thought their dead went to a "happy hunting ground" is undeterminable. However, they did believe that their departed friends became the guardians and senders of the fish on which they depended so much, and they thought that if one killed certain fish it pained their departed greatly. Therefore they were very careful about how they killed fish. At death, the property and personal effects of the deceased were burned, not that they might acompany him, but to lessen the temptation to speak the name of the departed. They believed that every time one's name was mentioned he writhed in agony, wherever he was. The salmon, being almost the sole subsistence of many of the tribes, was worshipped with greatest reverence. They were in constant fear that some act would be committed which would anger the gods, and then the salmon would come no more, and they would all starve. Iron, they said, drove the salmon away, so no iron was permitted near the rivers. The smell of venison was also considered obnoxious to the salmon, and whenever someone carelessly tossed a bit of the meat or a bone into a stream, a native was certain to dive for it and bring it back to shore. And again, the salmon must be cooked and eaten in a certain way or not at all. However foolish it may seem, nevertheless it preserved the salmon, and the present generation is reaping benefit from the Indian religion.

New Viewpoint of Eugenics Approved

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

Education on health—the most vital of all subjects—is the lofty and humanit