



The everyone that smelt roasteth; and he that smelteth shall be burned.

AFTER THE WAR

AS WE have seen in these articles, the best minds in America expect to see a greatly enlarged foreign commerce come to the United States after the war. This increased commerce will be created by several factors:

1.—We shall have a big merchant marine all our own. It will be operated for a time at least by the government in a temporary purpose to build up the American and foreign commerce. It will be a new and tremendously productive factor in our economic life.

2.—The devastated countries of Europe will have to be restored. Cities laid low must be rebuilt. Industrial plants worn out by excessive use in war must be renewed. It will be a generation's work compressed into a few years.

3.—Changed social and economic conditions in every country in Europe will compel payment of higher wages than in ante-war days and workmen will demand better housing and more comforts and conveniences.

4.—America, with nearly four years less of actual fighting, will be the supply source for this unprecedented demand for articles of commerce. With her natural resources scarcely touched, this country will be able to furnish more goods than the rest of the world combined.

These things are a challenge to Portland. They are a challenge to Portland to begin to plan now. The best minds in New York think it highly important to plan now. What better guidance for Portland to follow?

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tion, or laissez faire, which comes to the same thing. He did his utmost to spare men's brains away from social problems and persuaded them to leave everything to unobstructed "natural law." The precept which he bequeathed to the world was, in effect, "Go tell it to Evolution and all will be right."

It may not be right in the next hundred years, or the next thousand, but what of that? What is a thousand years to the infinite ages of leisure in which Divine Evolution can work out its blessed purposes?

To be sure, millions of miserable creatures will drag out suffering lives and die of preventable evils in the interval, but that is of no consequence compared with the frightful sin of breaking into the sacred enclosure of Evolution.

Burke got his ritual of evolution from his shocked study of the French revolution. Watching the progress of that cataclysm from a safe distance in London he beheld one set of ideas after another march upon the stage, play what looked like a destructive part for a few weeks and then vanish, or seem to vanish.

The French brain was continually intervening in French history as the Revolution developed, and so far as Burke could discern, it only made bad matters worse. He ascribed the "downfall of religion," the tumbrils, the guillotine and Thomas Paine himself to the unhappy habit the French would not give up of using their brains.

Burke was a great thinker and a master of English style. His writings have deeply impressed the mind of England and the United States. He was the Father of conservatism in politics, as Adam Smith fathered it in economics.

Adam Smith's economic evolution worship cast a sacred aura around child labor, slum tenements, the 10-hour working day and starvation wages. They mustn't be touched. They are all holy because Divine Evolution has brought them to pass.

In its own good time Evolution will perhaps erase them. But if it does not we should hush our murmurs, for Divine Evolution doeth all things well. It is permissible to shed all the tears you like over human misery so long as you do not apply your intelligence to make anything better.

In the same way Burke's political evolution worships deified existing institutions. The blessed evolutionary process had produced them. Hence human hands must not touch them with the impious design of making them better.

The Burke and Adam Smith school of nature-worshippers omitted to take account of the obvious truth that evolution is not guided by considerations of human welfare. It goes its way like Milton's "blind Fury with the abhorred shears" and slits without thought of consequences.

There is no mind in evolution and therefore no intelligence. If we desire intelligence to function in the conduct of human affairs we must put it there ourselves.

The apparent failure of ideas to make the French revolution go straight should not cause us to shun ideas forever, particularly since the French revolution did go straight, viewed in the perspective of an entire century. It was Burke's gaze that was askew.

Out of the seeming chaos where the guillotine, the tumbril, the downfall of religion and many other hideous things went wildly whirling, the Nineteenth century was born. Political democracy came into its own. Science won its final victory over superstition. Woman ceased to be a meek-minded slave and rose into human status. You never can tell what is going to be born when a nation travails in revolution.

Adam Smith's nature-worshipping economics is fading fast. His monstrous "economic man" has turned out to be as false to science as he was repulsive to ethics. The latest economic lights tell us that the moment we omit the human and ethical element from our economic thinking we go astray.

TO A GARDEN

FRIEND, in thy mountain-side demesne, My plain-beholding, rosy, green And linnet-haunted garden ground, Let still the esculents abound.

Nothing the Matter With Portland

Twenty-six thousand gallons of loganberry juice means that several hundred berry pickers were busy last summer harvesting this fruit. Fifty thousand to 60,000 gallons is the market set by Jones Bros. of Clatsop county, near Astoria, as the amount the firm will put up the coming season at its plant at Newberg, Or.

The Soil Has a Soul

The day of the digging comes nigh. The home garden is to be planted, weeded and watched. There ought to be continued joy in the work. Will there be? Yes, in most cases, if the proper communion be established between the gardener, the ground which he digs and the at first trembling but finally sturdy growths which nature gives him in charge.

Journal Man Abroad

Somehow in France—I was walking one afternoon in the public square. As I stopped to admire a wonderfully fine monument on the sea wall someone put a hand on my shoulder and said, "Hello there, Portland!"

Personal Mention

Railroad Contractor in City Martin Welch, well known railroad contractor of San Francisco is an arrival at the Benson on his return from San Francisco.

D. A. R. Delegate at Benson Mrs. C. J. Crandle and Mrs. J. M. Worden of The Dalles are arrivals at the Benson to attend the fifth annual convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution, which is now in session.

Among the arrivals from Vancouver in the Portland are: E. A. Harned, R. A. Doll, Lieutenant H. M. Andrews, Lieutenant Phil G. Bruton, D. Maloney of the 41st squadron A. S. S. C. and others.

W. S. Cram, a prominent lumberman from Raymond, Wash., is among the arrivals at the Benson.

Mrs. Fred L. Pierson is registered at the Metropole, Eugene. Cal. Mr. and Mrs. George H. Berghelmer and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Geilie of Mandan, N. D., are registered at the Portland.

M. B. Botaford of the Botaford-Tyler Advertising agency, left last night for San Francisco, Pasadena, Long Beach and Los Angeles on a recreation tour. Mr. Botaford was accompanied by Mrs. Botaford.

Mrs. R. F. Brinson, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Edythe Brinson, of Albany, are arrivals at the Metropole.

W. J. Magill, accompanied by Mrs. Magill, is registered at the Cornelius Hotel, Eugene, Wash.

Dr. and Mrs. W. B. McKelvie of Camas, Wash., are arrivals at the Seward.

Mrs. F. A. Bryant is registered at the Metropole, Colfax, Wash.

Ragtag and Bobtail

THE Return of the Mayflower AN OLD man of 81, fragile in frame but with a mind crystal-clear in its perceptions, recently thrilled an English, says a Christian Herald, with a letter which he wrote to the London Times. The title he chose for his subject was a singular one: "The Return of the Mayflower."

The Worst Offender

The men who won't respect my rights, the men who won't respect my rights, the men who won't respect my rights—blessed be their names!

Not What It Auto Be

Mrs. Limousine—What do you think of the Marmon system? Mrs. Ford—My goodness! I think having two wives is perfectly scandalous.

The Mother on the Sidewalk

The mother on the sidewalk, as the troops are marching by, is the mother on the sidewalk who is in the habit of telling her boy that he is doing his duty.

Uncle Jeff Snow Says:

One time, when Hayes was president down on Turkey creek in Arkansas, a little circus got caught in the mud and storm and rent a ranted Dad's barn.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

The top of 'er mornin' to you. Erin go bragh and three cheers for the red, white and blue.

Even nature breathes the spirit of the day, where bursting buds herald the awakening of new life that will enrich the woods and the fields and the meadows, and the hills and the dales, with vestments of verdure green.

And the green grass grows all around, all around, and the green grass grows all around.

Inspiration all right, as far as it goes, but it doesn't go very far without income. And the income doesn't get very far these days, either.

But why worry? Old Omar Khayyam knew: When you and I behind the veil are past, Oh, but the long, long while the world shall last, Which of our coming and departure needs, As a man's self should heed a pebble cast.

Is it going to be a sunless Sunday? Oh, yes—we almost forgot. Don't fail to buy Thrift Stamps first thing in the morning.

We expect to have some idle time on our hands when they set the clocks ahead one hour.

Hoorsy!

Dr. Rupert Blue Commends Book "How to Live" Receives Commendation of Surgeon General of United States.

LESSON FOR BOOTLEGGERS

ONE of the Fatherland's sorest needs is alcohol for technical use. To manufacture it requires the destruction of food and Germany has no food to spare. So she exercises her ingenuity to get it from France by way of Switzerland.