Oregon Daily Journal

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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The reward of one's duty is the power to fulfill another. —George Eliot.

WHY WAIT

IT IS announced by the Oregon public service commission that the case in which Eastern Oregon farmers petition for equitable grain rates will not be acted upon until normal conditions return.

Why wait until after the war? The interstate commerce commission is not postponing its business until after the war. It announces a policy exactly to the contrary.

Grain rates to Portland from many Eastern Oregon points are higher than over the same distances from Eastern Washington to Puget Sound, the over-mountain haul to Puget Sound to the contrary notwithstanding.

Thus, the rate from Culdesac, Idaho, to Seattle, 421 miles, is 17, against 18¾ from Baker, Ore., to Portland, 342 miles.

The rate from Walla Walla to Puget Sound, 293 miles, is 13¾, against 18¾ from Baker to Portland, 342 miles.

The rate from Grand View, Wash., to Puget Sound, 203 miles, is 12¾, against 16 to Portland from Shaniko, 176 miles, and from Condon, 186 miles.

The rate from Davenport, Wash., to Puget Sound, 422 miles, is 17, against 22½ from Joseph to Portland, 386 miles.

These are rank discriminations against Eastern Oregon farmers. There are many other cases like them. Over greater distances and over high mountain roads, the rate to Puget Sound is lower than over shorter distances and downhill roads to Portland.

In announcing that the case of the Eastern Oregon farmers for an adjustment of rates will not be heard until conditions return to normal, the commission says it postpones further consideration because action might "injuriously affect the revenue of the carriers."

The rates have been "injuriously" affecting the revenues of farmers these many years. The petition of the farmers, supplemented by similar petitions from the Portland Traffic and Transportation association and the Portland docks commission, were filed nearly a year ago.

The statement that an adjustment might "injuriously affect the revenues of the carriers" is tantamount to confession that the rates to Portland are now too high and should be reduced. Otherwise they would not "injuriously affect the revenues of the carriers."

The commission is putting itself in an extraordinary situation. If it is not going to function during the war, the thought that naturally arises is, why have a commission during the war?

Unhappily, the query in many minds is, why have a public service commission at all? The proof that such thought is prevalent, is seen in the petitions now being circulated for abolishment of the commission.

If the commission should actually undertake to speed its own abolishment, it could scarcely do more to hasten such action than is its refusal to act on the Eastern Oregon grain rates.

The action of the commission in granting the six cent fare was on the claim that the contracted fare of "five cents and no more" injuriously affected the revenues of the street railway. The motive that moved the commission to act in the streetcar case is, on its own testimony, the same that moves it not to act on the petition of the Eastern Oregon farmers for grain rates as low as Eastern Washington farmers have to Puget Sound. In each instance the motive is fear that the revenues of the carriers might be "injuriously" affected.

The commission should go on with the hearing. If the rates are too high on grain from Eastern Oregon points, which they are, they should be reduced. They should be reduced as a war measure to encourage farmers to grow wheat.

If there is reason to reduce them after the war, there is reason to reduce them during the war.

The Journal has contended all along that the commission should not be abolished. But if it is not to function, why have a commission?

We are beginning to see what War Savings Stamps will do. The total of money the government has already realized in Oregon is now $2,709,061.84. It is a great sum. Yet the campaign is but fairly begun. The question is, shall Oregon keep up her stride? Will she be first to go over the top in War Stamps as she has been in Liberty loans and other war measures?

A WORTH WHILE SENATOR

MORE Kenyons should be senators. Indeed, there should be more Kenyons in every walk. There is no finer type of American.

In his address Monday evening to an audience that packed The Auditorium to the doors and roof, he said the things that are good for his countrymen to hear. It was a speech that scintillated with Americanism. It denounced partyism when hung in the balance against patriotism. It flayed kaiserism.

Senator Kenyon was on the west front last November. He looked out on No Man's Land and saw with his own eyes the havoc kaiserism has brought. He is now touring the country at the request of the government, telling the American people about the barbarities, the cruelties, the inhumanism, the war upon women and babies which William II and his junkers license their troops to practice.

After seeing it all, Senator Kenyon, almost a pacifist before, a near foe of military preparedness but yesterday, sponsor in the senate of an ante war resolution forbidding American citizens to travel on ships carrying munitions, has been transformed into a fighting American, a relentless foe of kaiserism, a fierce hater of junkerdom, a profoundly earnest and devoted advocate of fighting this war to a conclusion which will plant the Stars and Stripes on the flag masts of Berlin.

Have you noticed that every man who comes back from any of the war fronts, that any man who has learned first hand of the things that the Prussians are doing in this war, is an unrelenting barbed-wire enemy of the kaiser, the crown prince and their war coterie?

Have you ever stopped to think what it means for every visitor to the war fronts and every soldier who has ever served there to be so bitter in his denunciations of those we are struggling against in this conflict?

Senator Kenyon told of babies bayoneted by the Huns, told of French and Belgian women and children used as shields in front of the line of Hun soldiers advancing for the attack, told of the unspeakable use of French and Belgian women and girls in the Prussian camps, told of nameless atrocities that have staggered civilization and filled Christendom with horror.

William Squire Kenyon at one time bore the distinction of being the youngest member of the United States senate. He was born in Elyria, Ohio. His childhood was spent at St. Joseph, Missouri, and Iowa City, Iowa.

His father was a clergyman and young Kenyon was intended for the ministry. But after graduation from Grinnell college and the State University of Iowa, he entered the legal profession. At 24 he was elected prosecutor of Webster county. At 31 he was district judge, and at 34 he was appointed to the state supreme bench. He resigned to become the law partner of his father-in-law, who was district attorney for the Illinois Central railroad. At the death of the senior partner Mr. Kenyon became district attorney of the line, and was later made the company's general counsel.

At 51 he was appointed United States senator to fill out the unexpired term of Senator Dolliver, after having served for two or three years as assistant United States attorney under Attorney General Wickersham. In 1913 he was reelected for a six year term.

In the senate, he at once joined the radical Republican faction. He is of the higher mold of statesmanship, a fit pattern for permanent place in the federal senate, a pattern that bodes good for the country.

The six cent fare is not only a "bone-head" enterprise, but it is wholly possible that it is failing of its purpose. Nearly everybody resents the six cent fare. Thousands walk. They loathe the deliberate breaking of the contract with the city for "a fare of five cents and no more." They resent seeing a ten-cent piece go for a fare with a return to them of four pennies which mean nothing. Nothing but harm to the company and all concerned can come from this foolish demand of the eastern owners for a six cent fare. The public service commission has made a mess of it.

A BAD MODEL

THERE is one significant fact about our common school system that is not commonly known. People often wonder where it got its immense love of form and ceremony, its predilection for military rigor in examinations and promotions and its complete subjection of the teaching force to outside officials. All this comes to us from Prussia.

The organization of our common school system was imported from Prussia about the year 1840 by Horace Mann of Massachusetts and a few other leaders. We do not mean that the ideal of democratic education was borrowed, but the organization was. Horace Mann and his associates made no mystery of the source of their "systematization."

Lately, as an article in the New Republic explains, there has been a determined effort made by American teachers to break away from the Prussianized eight year course with its iron bound examinations and promotions. The original Oregon "academies" at Salem, Monmouth and elsewhere furnished the model which should have been followed in building up our common schools. The faster we can travel back toward it the better for the children.

OSTEND

"AND I never till life and its shadows shall end," wrote Longfellow, "can forget the sweet sound of the bells of Ostend." If the poet's shade happened to be lingering over Ostend yesterday morning it heard something fully as sweet to the ear of liberty lovers as those deep-throated bells. It was the noise of old, forsaken hulks laden with concrete and exploded in the harbor.

It is said that they will bar the way to the kaiser's submarines which have been making Ostend one of their bases. British seamen were performing this useful piece of work both at Ostend and Zeebrugge on Tuesday morning. It may be possible to block up all the harbors the submarine pirates have captured on the North Sea. It will be a great gain if it can be done.

Cement is plentiful and so are old hulks, battered and warworn. So, also are bold sailormen who are eager to risk their lives for democracy. We should not be surprised to hear before a great while of some naval attempt against Helgoland and the Kiel canal. If the canal could be blocked, the kaiser would be pretty well bottled up. Strange and heroic events are likely to happen on the sea almost any day.

"I nearly forgot to tell you that I got the New Year's Journal and how I did enjoy it," is a sentence in a letter from Webster G. Corliss, written from somewhere in France to his parents, Judge and Mrs. Corliss in Portland. The young man is with the Oregon engineers. Aside from a home letter, nothing can more interest the lad over there than a home paper. Many boys in France are regularly receiving The Journal. It not only gives them the news, but it backs them to the limit, and they appreciate it.

THE PROBABILITIES

NO DOUBT every word that Mrs. Margaret L. Mann says about her management of the state industrial school for girls is true. She only keeps her charges on bread and water for short intervals, never for more than a day and usually for not more than one meal. We take it for granted that she is an ideal woman for her position.

Nevertheless, it is interesting to ask what motive Professor Thomason's sociology class could have had for misrepresenting the facts about her discipline. They visited the industrial school to learn the truth. It is hard to understand why they came away and disseminated something that seems to have been quite unlike the truth.

As a general rule, reports of cruelty in public institutions are well grounded. When there is smoke there is more than likely to be fire. The heads of those institutions are usually not teachers. They have not the educational ideal. They think only of drill, discipline, "breaking the will." Mrs. Mann seems to be a happy exception to this rule.

And yet we can not help wondering how Professor Thomason's pupils got those stories of cruelty into their heads. Did they invent them out of whole cloth? It is a task of unremitting difficulty to keep the Squeers methods out of our so-called "reformatory" institutions. Human beings with power in their hands are prone to misuse it. Nothing but a pitiless glare of publicity prevents.

It is doubtful if, in power and appeal, any war address yet delivered in Portland equals that by Dr. S. H. Clark of Chicago University, at the First Presbyterian church last night. Without recital of atrocities, without resort to flamboyant oratory, Dr. Clark held his audience in deep intent upon his every word, and left an impression none can forget. He speaks at Lincoln high school tonight.

WOLF AND LAMB

GERMANY'S quarrel with Holland resembles the one the wolf in the fable picked with the lamb. Both animals were drinking from a brook, the lamb about a rod below the wolf. But the wolf accused the lamb of roiling the water for his drinking and killed the poor creature for his crime. Not to waste good meat, the wolf then ate him up.

If the kaiser can make his quarrel with Holland stick he will not let any good meat go to waste. The little country will be invaded promptly. Whatever food and supplies it contains will be carted into the fatherland and a big indemnity will be assessed.

The commandeering by the allies of the Dutch ships, which Holland could not prevent, is made pretext by the kaiser for his threat. He menaces her frontiers because the allies seized and are holding the ships. He will, if things go right, wreak vengeance upon Holland for what she could not help.

His submarines would find Dutch harbors extremely convenient for raids upon British shipping. They could lurk in the thousand and one nooks and corners of the Dutch coast, sallying forth to commit murder and returning swiftly. If Hindenburg can break the British line, Holland's security will not be worth a pin.

40-FOOT HARBOR ERA AT HAND

By Carl Smith, Washington Staff Correspondent of The Journal

Washington, April 24.—The day of the 40-foot harbor as the "real thing" in a deep waterway is emphasized and hastened by the river and harbor bill of the present session, which the house has passed, and which is destined soon to pass the senate. New York has 40 feet through the main channel, and will have 40 feet through Hell Gate from Long Island sound, under the present bill. Boston has 40 feet at high tide. Norfolk has 40 feet, and Charleston, S. C., will get a 40-foot channel to the navy yard there. This leaves Baltimore and Philadelphia as the two great harbors of the Atlantic coast, which must struggle along for a time with less than 40 feet. Baltimore has 35 feet, and Philadelphia claims that the Delaware at high tide will also take care of vessels of 35 feet draft. Baltimore and Philadelphia members displayed some worry over the failure to provide 40 feet for them, but nothing was done to relieve their distress. To produce a 40 foot channel to Philadelphia would require 63 miles of dredging in the Delaware, but at Baltimore would mean the deepening of only 11 miles in the Patapsco river and five miles in Chesapeake bay.

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Representative Moore of Pennsylvania discussed the question of policy of going deeper and deeper with channels to keep up with increasing draft of big vessels. It is a serious question, he said, whether the big ports must have 40 feet of water to accommodate less than one per cent of the ships engaged in international trade. The Panama canal, he said, has been supposed to place a limit of 40 feet, and thereby establish the greatest depth for ocean traffic between Atlantic and Pacific, but the Kiel canal has slils five feet lower, inviting the 45-foot vessel to use it. Mr. Moore also suggested that the result of 40-foot water at New York, Boston, Newport and Charleston will be to produce further congestion, and tend to concentrate business at the favored ports, while Philadelphia and Baltimore, which are exceptionally located to take care of trans-Atlantic business, may lose part of their traffic to other terminals.

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The Hell Gate project for New York went into the bill over the protest of the river and harbor committee. Charleston went in with the indorsement of the committee, after Secretary Baker had recommended it. The new project for Key West, Fla., which was hotly contested and went into the bill despite the opposition of the committee, is for a 26-foot project, and involves an expenditure of about $232,000. The Florida delegation urged that it is distinctly a war measure, because of the need of adding new facilities along the southern coast and the advantage to government vessels, such as destroyers and submarines.

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Congressman Hawley went through the motion of offering amendments to the river and harbor bill in the house for Oregon harbors. They were foreordained to defeat because contrary to the adopted policy of leaving new projects alone until the close of the war, except such as are recommended because of emergency by the chief of the army engineers and the secretary of war. Mr. Hawley however, had the satisfaction of drawing forth a neat little speech from Representative Green of Iowa, commending the Oregon people for offering to put up dollar for dollar with the government for such improvements, and he also drew from Chairman Small of the rivers and harbors committee a statement that there is no other member of the house he would better like to accommodate. After these little compliments the steam roller trundled over each of the Hawley amendments. First the Coos Bay improvement went down. Then followed the proposed appropriation of $64,000 for the Coquille bar, entrance and harbor, and finally an amendment to adopt the improvement recommended by the engineers for Yaquina bay and bar.

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On each amendment, before it was voted down, Mr. Hawley made brief explanation, and in each case was obliged to admit that it involved the adoption of a new project. Chairman Small reminded the house that adoption of new projects is not in order unless they come in the emergency class by recommendation of the secretary of war.

The Coos Bay amendment proposed $130,000 for a 22-foot project from the entrance to Smith's mill, where, Mr. Hawley said, the port district has spent $650,000 and has reached its limit of indebtedness. The Yaquina Bay amendment carried no appropriation, but would have formally adopted the project recommended by the engineers, under which the expenditure of $836,000 is contemplated, one-half to be paid by local interests, which have already begun the work.

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"I want to commend the state of Oregon for the idea of its people in putting in some money of their own," said Representative Green of Iowa. "I have long contended that much of the criticism of river and harbor bills would cease if the people would put up dollar for dollar with the government. Congress has never seen fit to make that requirement, and only in a few cases has it been done, but it ought to be. There would not be much trouble about river and harbor bills if that were done. While such improvements are of benefit to the country at large, they are of the greatest benefit to the communities where they are made."

Representative Johnson of Washington said he refrained from offering amendments because of the general policy the committee has pursued in framing the bill, and he praised the committee for bringing out a good bill.

What the American Soldiers Sang

From the Philadelphia Press

The German army sings like a saengerbund, and it sings solemn and appropriate songs, prescribed after due consideration by the proper officers. It could not understand the shouts from the opposite trenches: "Give us your little 'ymn of 'ate, Fritz!" It was dumfounded to be fought by men who, instead of singing "God Save the King" outraged the German proprieties by that rollicking melody, "Here We Are Again."

And now it is in for more incomprehensibilities of the same kind along the American front. The submarine, doubtless, did not linger long enough to hear that chorus from the washing decks of the Tuscania:

Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go from here?
Paddy's neck was in the wreck, but still he had no fear;
He saw a dead man next to him, and whispered in his ear,
"Oh, joy, oh, boy, where do we go from here?"

It is to be wished that it had. For the whole spirit of the two foes is concentrated in those two incidents—Von Spee's veteran sailors singing "Deutschland Ueber Alles" by order, the Yankee boys, new to war, meeting death for the first time with a laugh and greeting him audaciously and irreverently with "Where Do We Go From Here?" The machines of the state and the children of freedom; the contrast is shown in great things, but not more strikingly than in these smaller ones.

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 signed by the writer, whose mail address in full must accompany the contribution.]

Those Sponsorless Petitions

Portland, April 23.—To the Editor of The Journal—Please allow me space in The Journal to more specifically state the case as it is in regard to that flaw in the jitney petition and also ask a few questions. I am the woman who unearthed it, and I want the public to know the facts. Before I called the attention of any city official to the fact that no names of the sponsors appeared on the petition I asked if a state law required that an initiative petition should contain such names. Both Mr. LaRoche and Mr. Bush replied that they should, and Mr. Bush showed me a ballot on which were several initiative petitions, and all bore the names of the sponsors. Then asked him what he was going to do with the Portland Railway, Light & Power company's petition as part of them bore no such name. Mr. LaRoche firmly held that they did, as he said he had seen one and passed on it the previous day, and it bore the required name. As a result we went together to Mr. Funk's office and found, as you have learned, about 105 petitions without the sponsor's names, and 78 with their names.

Now, why these two different kinds? Will some honest man please tell? Again, the petition which was given to Mr. LaRoche for his inspection and which served as a representative of all petitions, bore the name of the sponsors, but had the name of only one signer, Mrs. S. Barker, 319 East Morrison street. Now why, if, as they claim now, it is not necessary that sponsors' names appear, did this particular one have it on? Why did those two gentleman make the plain statement that they were required by law and that if I got one out my name must be on it? Why this discrimination between two parties? Why legal for the one and illegal for the other? Will Mr. LaRoche please come forward and answer? Now an injunction can be filed against that petition, and it thus be prohibited from going on the ballot. Mr. Bush told me that it was the city council's place to file such an injunction and Mr. LaRoche admitted that they could. We know that they did so in the case of the six-cent fare, and the case was tried before a court. Why, then, do they not take action in this if they are so anxious to defeat that ordinance? Have we not elected those men to office to transact our public business and look after our interests? We, as a people, as taxpayers, as voters can demand it, should demand it, and must demand it if we win, and not until then will the public be convinced that our city officials are keeping faith with the people. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and the only safe way to defeat that ordinance is to keep it off the ballot. We have the "goods," and can slay the Goliath! Let the David come forth!

Just one more question: Why was it that when I called to have by name taken from the petition one of the gentlemen in Mr. Funk's office told me I was too late; it would do no good, as the petition was now filed, and, no matter if my name were removed the petition would go on the ballot any way. Will the gentleman not so "high up" please explain?

MRS. CLARA FENDER.

Saw Oregon's Mint at Work

Molalla, Or., April 22.—To the Editor of The Journal—I see in The Journal of April 13 a communication from Cyrus H. Walker of Albany, Or., in which he thinks there may not be another person in Oregon that has seen that mint at Oregon City that was coining the gold from California. I can tell Mr. Walker that I have seen the same mint. My father left Illinois in the spring of 1845 for Oregon. From Fort Hall we went to California, arriving at Sutter's Fort, November 20, 1845. The Mexican war coming on, my father sold his oxen, bought horses, and in company with Felix Scott, Eugene Skinner and others, arrived at Oregon City on June 16, 1846. I was well acquainted with such men as Dr. McLoughlin, McKinley and George Abernethy. My father was a millwright. In November we were sent up to Champoeg to repair a mill for Abernethy. I have two sisters living in Portland, who were born in Illinois. Like Mr. Walker, I have wondered if there was anyone now living who saw those early days. If I could write as I could when younger I could tell many things of early days that have never been told.

B. F. BONNEY.

PERSONAL MENTION

Expects Men to Desert Stores

"With mills and camps operating eight hours a day and with big wages prevailing, I look for many store clerks to desert the counter for the camp and millyard this summer," said Thomas L. Minner, Seattle lumberman, registered at the Multnomah. "It would be a patriotic move. Every able bodied man should give his brain and muscle to the war program. There are enough girls and women willing to do the lighter work."

Finds War Is Big Game

"The war is the big game. Seven months ago I was selling auto accessories in St. Louis and now I am helping Uncle Sam buy and inspect accessories. I was drafted, but if I had realized what a big thing the United States has on its hands I would have enlisted when war was declared."

These patriotic words were spoken by Corporal Harrison M. McDaniels, quartermaster's corps of Camp Lewis, who is registered at the Imperial hotel.

Noted Surgeon Visits Portland

Dr. W. L. Dick, a noted orthopedic surgeon of Columbus, Ohio, and wife are in Portland visiting Dr. and Mrs. C. J. Smith. Dr. Dick, who is an uncle of Dr. Smith, has been touring the Northwest. He practiced for a period at Pendleton some years ago, having come west at that time to secure a change of climate.

Flags for Fishboats Urged

Fishermen should show their patriotism to the United States and fly the American flag at the masthead of their boats. This is the opinion of W. W. Martin, salesman for a Chicago rubber firm, who is making Portland his headquarters during a business trip to the various towns of Oregon.

"While in Astoria I saw an American flag flying from a small mast on the cabin of a fisherman's boat," said Mr. Martin. "I think it would be a splendid plan for other salmon fishermen on the Columbia to follow. Get patriotism in the air—that's what is going to win the war."

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Charles O'Neill of Ione is registered at the Imperial.

L. O. Laughlin of The Dalles is at the Perkins.

E. Nail of Eugene is among the arrivals at the Multnomah.

John Peterson of Astoria is staying at the Benson.

John A. Lystul of Glendale is a guest at the Oregon.

Charles Mix of Astoria is among the arrivals at the Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. H. V. McLean of Salem are staying at the Nortonia.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Drake of Oakland are arrivals at the Carlton.

M. K. Snyder of Pullman is a guest at the Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Frederickson of Cathlamet are staying at the Imperial.

W. W. McAndrews of Seattle is at the Portland.

C. P. True of Medford is an arrival at the Perkins.

H. S. Mason of St. Helens is at the Multnomah.

P. D. Sanders of Boise is staying at the Benson.

Horace Faster of Spokane is among the arrivals at the Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Dudley of Kansas City, Mo., are at the Nortonia.

Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Coffer of Seattle are staying at the Carlton.

E. F. Garlough of Yakima is staying at the Washington.

Gilbert Tobin of New York is registered at the Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Hayes of Hood River are staying at the Carlton.

Mrs. O. L. Anderson of Helena is a guest at the Nortonia.

J. L. Guy of Blind Slough, Or., is an arrival at the Perkins.

J. E. Stearns of Eugene is at the Multnomah.

E. H. Brooks of Denver is among the arrivals at the Benson.

L. N. Hale of The Dalles is staying at the Oregon.

A. C. Wheeler of Hall, Wash., is registered at the Imperial.

E. Sullivan of Astoria is at the Multnomah.

E. L. Brunk of Salem is staying at the Washington.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

How about "Garabed"?

Rain or shine? How fickle is April.

That was a corking stunt the British pulled off at the Hun "sub" bases.

War Savings Stamps advance one cent in price May 1. Buy them now—and then.

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A Lane county man walked 100 miles to be arrested. He certainly must have needed a rest.

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To the bums who idle around and dream of what they would do with a bunch of "kale," we suggest, "go and grow some."

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The Huns in Hindenburg's army who haven't been killed, wearing their fine new uniforms in which they were going to parade in Paris on April 1, must feel pretty sore now about being all dressed up and no place to go.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Now is the season of the year, the Haines Record observes, when the most popular of army camp songs, "Keep the Home Fires Burning," should make way for the farm slogan, "Keep the Home Soil Turning."

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Girls of the Eugene high school 1918 graduating class have given up all dreams of fluffy, lacy gowns in which to appear for receiving their diplomas, and will wear blue-collared middy blouses and white skirts.

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Archaeological note from the Weston Leader: "While excavating for the west wall of the Nelson building workmen unearthed a battered relic which no one was able to identify until it was taken to Porter Graham. He at once placed it as a plume stand from the hearse used by the late Uncle Tom Purcell in his undertaking business more than four decades ago."

JOURNAL MAN ABROAD

By Fred Lockley

Somewhere in France.—If I could but paint with words a picture of what I have seen today you would see France through my eyes as a land of charm and beauty, the home of a heroic people. I spent the afternoon afoot with Dr. Francon and a mountain climber named Knapp. I am staying in a small community whose population in normal times is about 9000. On the top of a high hill overlooking the city Dr. Francon said, "See, on the hillside below, my farm. Twenty hectares of land I own. See how pretty it lies. I know every foot of it. We French love the soil. See there, close at hand, lies Italy. Yonder is Switzerland. See where the third range of hills dips down to the plain. There, in that little village that nestles in the hills is where I was born. There in that same little cottage was born my father and his father before him. My father's father served with Napoleon. Listen! do you not hear the church bells? Sometimes on a still evening one can hear the bells of five villages. It is the distance that makes their notes so mellow. From nearby Revard one may see Mt. Blanc with its glaciers. From that hilltop above us you can see range on range into the far distance, the glittering sides of the Dauphinose Alps and of the Jura mountains."

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On the hill side below a peasant woman wearing wooden shoes was staking out her brown milch goat, while at the edge of a tiny bit of woodland a woman was binding into bundles the twigs trimmed from the trees. You will see diminutive donkeys coming to town pulling carts piled high with twigs trimmed from vineyards or perhaps with the roots of grapevines. In place of delivering wood by the cord, the sticks are tied into bundles of six and sold at so much per bunch. As my gaze swept the rich valley with its small farms, its red tiled houses, its solid stone barns and its well tilled fields, I said, "You have a beautiful land, my friend." "Yes, ours is a rich land and a friendly soil," said Dr. Francon. "Our villages touch elbows. We are always within easy reach of each other. All our ground is cultivated. With you, in your rich country, I am told there is much land held—how do you say it in your tongue?—not put to beneficial use. That is the expression. We must use our land, and use it to the best advantage, for from the soil comes our living. None of us is very rich; none very poor. We are a contented people. Here in our soft climate we raise many things not raised elsewhere—melons, apricots, apples, almonds, celery, grapes, pears, peaches, filberts, walnuts, berries, wild strawberries, spruce, hemlock, magnolias, Lombardy poplars and oaks—oh! many things more than I can enumerate."

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Here, as elsewhere in France, the women are cheerfully and capably performing the work of the men in the fields and in other occupations. I have talked to many French soldiers, who all agree that the fight must go on till victory is achieved. But the French, though wonderful fighters, are essentially a peaceful and a peace loving nation. They are looking forward eagerly to the day that Germany shall be forced to give up the dream of world dominion. In the Paris Gaulois, Rene Fauchois recently had this beautiful bit of verse entitled "The Year of the End":

Bread of our home—oh, year of the end—
How good 'twill be to eat,
When we recall in sudden mood
Thirst and the fighter's scanty food,
How clean 'twill taste and sweet.

Wine of our vineyards—year of the end—
How warm 'twill glow to sight,
As we recount in brave old song
Victory, tho the test was long,
Nor wearied we of fight.

Bells of our towers—year of the end—
Sabbaths soft shall chime,
Crooning requiems o'er the grave,
Sheltering warm the fallen brave
Here or in foreign clime.

Girls of our town—oh, year of the end—
How proud shall be your thought,
When there appear the hearts of steel
Showing you still the love they feel,
For all the war has wrought.

Rose of our gardens—year of the end—
By slopes of Loire and Meuse,
Perfume you'll bear of glory's thrill,
Colors of victory then will
And glow of peaceful hues.

HOW TO BE HEALTHY

Copyright, 1917 by J. Keeley

CHEATING ILL HEALTH—A butcher was dying of a lingering disease at the Massachusetts General hospital. Dr. Cabot, who was attending him, relates his experience and says the remarkable nature of this butcher, his ever ready fund of fun and good humor, kept at bay the specter of death, and that "in the pleasant land of counterpane" he maintained to the last a happy life. Whenever the doctor came to examine him and asked him to turn over, or made some trifling request, the butcher responded with such engaging alacrity that one might have thought he was about to participate in some happy event. He beamed and thanked the doctor for shifting a pillow as if he had been given a diamond. He chuckled over the doctor's clumsy attempt to tilt the glass feeding tube into his mouth without forcing him to raise his head. "Step by step, as he went down that last gray week of his life," says Dr. Cabot, "he taught me all unconsciously as many lessons about art, beauty and playfulness as about heroism. Not a moment of his ebbing life seemed prosaic or joyless, for each had in it the foretaste or the aftertaste of a smile, born without effort and dying without pain."

When the mind turns from shadow to sunshine, the body tends also to assume the radiance of health. Stevenson said there was no duty we so much underrated as the duty of being happy. The habit of being happy enables one to be freed, or largely freed, from the domination of outward circumstances. Though the trait is apparently totally lacking in some, while existing to a high degree in others, experience has shown that conscious cultivation will develop it to an appreciable degree, even in stubborn cases. As in little Pollyanna's "Glad Game," it is possible to find something to be glad about in every situation in life.

We must rejoice in things as they are; they might be worse. If we should count up we should be surprised to find how seldom the things we fear or worry about really happen. Half of our grouches are unjustified; the other half we should be magnanimous enough to forgive. Sadness is selfishness. Burdens that have to be endured should be endured cheerfully, relinquishing the doubtful but fascinating pleasure of dwelling upon them.

Tomorrow: Need of Raw Food.

Olden Oregon

Curious Superstitions of Northwest Indians Concerning the Salmon

For several years after they came to Oregon the whites never took a salmon from the Columbia. This right was tacitly conceded to the Indians as an inherent one. Respecting this fish the Indians had many superstitions. Of such vital importance was it to their lives that its annual visitation was celebrated with numerous rites. The salmon entered the river in May, but was permitted to pass on several days before nets were laid for its capture. No reward of money or clothes would induce an Indian to sell salmon the first three weeks after its arrival, and throughout the whole season upon catching a fish they would take out his heart immediately and conceal it until they had opportunity to burn it. Their great fear was that this sacred portion of the fish might be eaten by dogs, which they feared would prevent the fish from returning to the river again.

The Student's Lament

T. E. of Reed College, in Civic League Forum

The street car men, a while ago, announced their wages were too low to keep them independent. A visit to the boss they made, before whom their complaint was laid with sundry threats attendant. "Our hours are long, our pay is small; not one of us will work at all unless we get more money." This was the burden of the song that made the boss think deep and long. The scene was far from funny. The boss gave up, and he said he would—although he didn't think he should—give added compensation. "I'd almost choose," he said, "a strike. The war has set our profits like straw in a conflagration. You see, I have a kindly heart. I honestly should hate to part with such a crew of workers. I'll add each passenger a cent each time he wants to come or went—they're but a bunch of shirkers." To raise the rate he had to fight a month or more with all his might before the high commission. They, after figuring it out, said he was right beyond a doubt, and gave him full permission. So now the poor suburbanite, who comes at dawn and goes at night, is praying for fair weather. He says he needs some exercise and watches eagerly the rise and fall in price of leather. And those of us who live away from school, and take the car each day, all mourn the fluctuation, for though made poorer by the war, we have to pay still more and more to get an education.

Her One Weakness

From Cartoons Magazine

She: "The man who marries me will be in luck, for I have but one expensive habit."

He: "And what is that?"

She: "Extravagance."

High-Powered Speller

From the New York Times

Visitor—I suppose, Willie, that you can spell all the short words?

Willie (who hears much talk about automobiles)—Yes, I can spell words of four cylinders.

Ragtag and Bobtail

Stories From Everywhere

The Lady's Name, Please?

A PARTY bent on seeing London, says Everybody's, rolled out of Hyde Park in a big automobile and listened with undisguised interest to the guide's explanations of the various places of interest. Presently they passed an ancient edifice surrounded by a high brick wall. "That is the town house of the Duke of Dea, one of our largest landed proprietors," said the guide.

The eyes of the beautiful young American girl on the rear seat were suddenly illuminated.

"Who landed him?" she cried.

Pleasure Before Business

Owing to an unfavorable signal a train had been brought to a standstill close by a football field where a game was in progress.

The engine driver was a devotee of the game and in a few minutes he became absorbed.

Leaning over the side of the train, he watched the players so intently that he failed to observe that the signal arm had dropped, denoting a clear line.

The guard, noticing this, went up to the engine driver and said:

"What are you up to? Can't you see the signal is down?"

"It is?" said the engine driver, without looking up. "Then go and tell the chap in the box to shove it up again. I'm going to see this match out."

Naturally

"Does the new question department you started work all right?"

"No; I find it won't answer."

Johnnycake and Cornmeal Mush

Say, Hoover, you're the man for me,
I like your wheatless plan, by gee!
You make it possible, Old Scout,
By cutting all the white bread out,
To get my fill of Johnnycake,
Until I most have tummyache.

It takes me back to other days,
Down on the farm, where we could raise
The finest corn that ever grew;
It made the finest cornmeal, too.
And, baked in skillet on the hearth
In big corn pone, best bread on earth!
And talk of milk and cornmeal mush!
Good eating, eh? Oh, mamma, hush!

I feel the heat of summer days
Between the corn rows, and the haze
Is thick and blue far down the creek;
The breeze that fans my sun-tanned cheek
Rustles the cornblades and cornflowers
That open out in morning hours
But close their bluebells as in sleep,
In sunny hours. Oh, I could weep
With longing for the rows of corn,
Down on the farm, where I was born!

—Calvin Goss.

Cove, Or.

Uncle Jeff Snow Says:

What with caterpillar injines, automobiles and auto trucks, and fixin's to make a auto do the churnin', grind the barley and cut the hay while it's restin' from plowin' land, seedin' spuds and cleanin' out the barnyard, there won't be no more deed fer a hoss on a farm purty soon than fer a elephant. If the milk trust keeps up its licks a while longer the cows will disappear, most likely; and a feller in New York has invented a machine to make artificial eggs that'll do ever'thing but hatch. The dog licenses has wiped out the dogs a heap, and the Germans has invented makin' wool outer paper. It looks like while empires and kingdoms is a-fallin' the animal kingdom's liable to go a-tumblin' too.

Nothing the Matter With Portland

By H. S. Harcourt

The Standard Boiler works, 544 Brendle street, is the property of the Albina Engine & Machine works, and is no longer very strenuously in the boiler-making business. Twenty-five men are employed in the 50x100-foot shop, but they are mostly engaged in making auxiliary fittings for the hulls of steamships being built by the Albina Engine & Machine works. They likewise construct masts for the vessels, kingposts, oil tanks, smokestacks, bretchings for forced-draft systems, engine-room gratings, stairways, ventilators, etc. Time was when this place was renowned for the class of boilers it manufactured, but these were the days when the world was tranquil and it was not so much trouble to procure material. This latter is a problem now. It is a question seemingly impossible of solution. All concerns employing iron and steel in their manufactures experience serious difficulties in procuring stock. Not that there is a scarcity at the place of production, but on account of lack of transportation facilities. Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo, greatest of all railroad managers, needs his trains for other war purposes, and what he desires goes. A machine shop in close proximity to the boiler works on account of the impossibility of securing iron and steel from the Eastern market, was compelled within the past 10 days to decline $35,000 worth of work. The manager says he cannot tell when his orders will be filled, and may find some difficulty in securing workers when his supplies do arrive. "Of common labor," he says, "there is abundance, but real mechanics are scarce."

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Employes of this institution work eight hours and are paid $4.50 to $6.50 a day, and, it appears, there always is work for skilled help. J. Shaw is the superintendent. He worked in Portland for a long time, and from here went to Peru. After spending several years in that southern republic, he returned to the United States, and was located in Vancouver, B. C., until a few months ago, when he returned to his first love, Portland, which, according to his way of thinking, is the "best city of this green earth."

Tomorrow: Article No. 91 of this series: The W. S. Myers Company.

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