Oregon Journal

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON ..... Publisher

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The drudge may fret and tinker
Or labor with lusty blows,
But back of him stands the thinker,
The clear-eyed man who knows;
For into each plow or saber,
Each piece and part and whole,
Must go the brains of labor,
Which gives the world a soul.
—Selected.

WITH AMERICA

"AS CUBA cannot cooperate with men, because of her scanty population, let us cooperate by taking the largest possible amount of bonds of the third Liberty loan."

These words are from El Mundo, a Havana, Cuba, newspaper. Our service to the Cubans was not in vain. One of the most delightful incidents in all history is the declaration of war against Germany by that tiny republic in return for the aid America rendered the Cubans in securing their independence.

Cuban newspapers are as vigorous in support of the war as is the press of the United States. A noble editorial from El Mundo, calling upon Cubans to support the third Liberty loan, appears on this page. Among other things, it says:

The republic of Cuba, whose destinies are indissolubly joined with those of North America, which established the republic after contributing essentially to the gaining of Cuba's independence, is now cooperating in the work of saving the free peoples of the entente, among which the United States occupies so prominent a place. The republic of Cuba declared war upon the central empires; in that is shown our moral and political cooperation. With our declaration we strengthened morally and politically the cause of the allies. We are with the United States and the European powers of the entente because they maintain the high principles of international morality and the rights of peoples.

Speaking of America's third Liberty loan, the El Mundo continues:

To give money for this loan is to give money for liberty, and to assure its triumph. It is to give money to combat the enemies of liberty. It is to give money to combat the autocratic, aggressive, invading, conquering government of reactionary Germany, through whose fault 15,000,000 of men have already perished! * * * Cubans do well—all who love liberty, right, justice, democracy—do well in subscribing to the loan, taking its bonds, the purchase of which has been placed within the reach of the most modest means.

Another Cuban newspaper, the Havana Post, discusses the loan and says, in part:

Halt the Hun! You can do it by buying Liberty bonds which will buy everything your own soldiers and the soldiers of the allies need to halt the Hun, and swat the Hun and utterly annihilate the Hun, until there will be no more Hun, but in his place a chastened German people, with the scales fallen from their eyes and the sanity of modern civilization replacing in their minds the distempered Hunnish love for conquest.

It has paid America to be internationally righteous. Though her population is too scanty to send men, Cuba is pouring her money into the lap of America to help us fight. The bread of freedom cast by America upon the waters in 1898 is coming back after many days.

Cuba is a token. The Cuban estimate of America's spirit and purpose is every free people's view of our republic and our people. It is a great, pure light streaming through the clouds of travail and anxiety that hang over our sky.

It is the popular habit to anathematize courts and judges after election. Why not rather exercise some thought in selecting fit men at election? No office is more important, and yet there is none in which less care is taken in making a selection.

TACOMA

TACOMA'S grievance against the name "Rainier" for its mountain has long been familiar to the sympathetic world. Now comes Bellingham with much the same complaint against Mount Baker. "Why," exclaims the indignant Bellingham American, "should the common ordinary name" of Baker be eternally affixed to that magnificent natural feature?

Everybody understands how it came about that the names of "ordinary, common" Britishers were imposed upon our mountains, rivers and lakes. George Vancouver, who made an early trip up the Columbia, but not the earliest, took a pepper box, filled it with the names of his friends, his valets and his cooks, and shook it over the country. Wherever a name lodged there it stayed and succeeding generations must suffer for it.

The Britishers whose names happened to stick to Mount Hood, Mount Baker, Mount Rainier, were worthy persons. Nobody has anything to say against them except that they were nothing more than George Vancouver's friends. Had he named his pet dog and canary after them it would have been admirable. But our mountains are a different matter.

You can talk it until you are black in the face; you can quote legal precedents until the last law book is exhausted; you can weep about threat of bankruptcy until the tears run dry, but you can never wipe out the binding moral truth that no streetcar company has a right to break a 5 cent fare contract without the expressed consent of the other party to that contract. Moral law is still moral law, eternal and imperishable.

THE EVOLUTION ON

AN INTERESTING sidelight on the important part the motor truck is playing in the relief of railway congestion is that six hundred and forty trucks are making seventy-two hundred trips weekly between Philadelphia and New York. Based upon the five ton load these trips mean that 36,000 tons of freight are handled weekly between these two points. Figuring the capacity of a railway car at fifty tons this is equivalent to seven hundred and twenty box cars loaded to maximum every week.

This is only a fraction of the motor truck development which is going on throughout the nation.

Another significant fact is that many trained transportation men, many of whom have lost their positions with the railroad by reason of new policies of economy introduced since the federal government took over rail operation, are becoming attached to motor truck companies. The motor truck may therefore be regarded as a permanent factor in the transportation field and not merely a war emergency. As a freight handler it possesses intrinsic merits, especially in less than carload lots and short hauls.

Ex-Senator Fred W. Mulkey is an excellent choice for the short term senatorship. He has been worth while in every public position in which he has ever served. He has done a great amount of gratis work for the state. He is alive and alert. The Republicans of Oregon elected him to the short term senatorship once before, and they never had cause to regret it.

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE?

NEWS comes by way of Amsterdam that the Prussian diet has rejected the manhood suffrage bill. The news is not of much consequence. So far as the government of Prussia is concerned, it matters but little how many people vote or do not vote.

The diet is hardly more than a debating club. It decides nothing of importance. And even its debates are under strict discipline. Members are sometimes permitted to express their minds freely, but this is for the benefit of foreign democracies. It is done in order to make them believe there is freedom in Prussia. It also deceives some Germans who have made their homes in other countries. The pretense of free speech keeps them loyal to the land they have left.

But the moment any tongue in the diet begins to wag dangerously the pincers are snapped upon it and it wags no more. So what difference does it make whether manhood suffrage is allowed in Prussia or not? Where the entire structure of government is tyranny founded on deception a little more or less of the illusion of liberty matters nothing.

Is the war stamp work all to be done by the school children? What better act in well-to-do homes than the purchase of a lump of baby bonds to be set aside for sons and daughters to whom payment with accrued interest will fall in five years. What better object lesson by which they will be inspired to add to their financial outlook by enlarging it by their own savings?

THE LIGHT TRACTOR

BEFORE a great many years the horse will probably become as great a rarity in the country as he is in town. Already the automobile is a common vehicle in the country. The farmer uses it to drive about on his errands, to take his family to church, to send the children to school. Often it hauls a load to market. Sometimes it is belted to a sawing machine or a pump.

But farmers are now looking to the light tractor rather than to the automobile for power. The heavy, expensive tractor has been in growing use for some years. We have never felt much exultation over it because it is mainly useful on big estates. It discourages the small farmer, instead of helping him solve his problems. It is a good thing in its place, no doubt, just as the million acre estate is a good thing when it is owned by the public.

The small tractor is a very different affair. It promises to do for the farmer the work for which he has been using a team of horses, or perhaps two teams, his plowing, mowing, stacking, reaping, harrowing. Its advantage consists in speed and cheapness.

The first cost of a tractor, even the lightest, exceeds that of a good horse outfit, but afterward it has all the advantages. The use of kerosene for fuel makes running expense small. It works faster than a team of horses can and keeps at it longer. A moderately good tractor affords more power than four horses hitched together. When not at work it consumes no oats.

It is a safe prediction that the present successes of the allies in besting the Boche in air fighting will increase. Hun planes are being destroyed now at the rate of 45 a day. Oregon spruce for building the planes is better material than the Huns can obtain, and Oregon spruce is going to Europe in unlimited quantities.

OFFICERS' UNIFORMS

UNIFORMS ought to be placed within the reach of American officers at lower cost.

Somewhere in the process of delivery to the buyer there is a holdup. Retailers insist that the ready made uniforms are sold by them on smallest margins and that it is otherwhere that the big prices are fixed.

A pair of army shoes that officers used to get at $3.08 now bring $7.50 and more. Retail shoe dealers declare that the shoes are billed to them at figures which make the larger figures necessary.

Cloths and other materials which local tailors use in making the uniforms have been subjected to similar advances, the tailors say. The toll on the officers is so great that not a few of them have had to borrow money with which to outfit themselves for going out to fight in the national defense.

In preparing a great army for service in the field, the war department has had a stupendous task, and it is easily conceivable that such details as the cost of officers' uniforms could be overlooked. But considerable time has now elapsed, and somebody in the department ought to set out to find where the profiteering is and put an end to it.

That much is due the officers. They should not be compelled to mortgage their salaries long in advance in order to join the armies of freedom.

Now they are going to perform surgical operations on the vociferous donkey so that he can no longer bray. The feat is said to have been successfully accomplished in France. Why not also apply the treatment to vociferous cats that make the night hideous and sundry gentlemen very profane?

VICTORY CABBAGE

ON ACCOUNT of the newly developed prejudice against all things German, New York grocers are unable to sell the sauer kraut with which they are heavily stocked.

Alas and alack, must we be condemned to eat spare ribs without the usual garnishment?

There are the wieners lying in the midst of the smoking hot krauted cabbage and the smell of something that makes your mouth water and invites you to devour with a relish.

There is the memory of the kraut barrel in the corner of the pantry or the kitchen of your boyhood or girlhood, that barrel with the lid on and the rock on top to hold it down. When you passed it ever and anon, you slipped your hand under the lid and withdrew it full of the acid and briny vegetable to be beaten with relish when mother wasn't looking.

Those German names of the streets can be changed without a pang.

We can see the German language go out of the schools without batting an eye.

We can cease to read Schiller and Goethe, delightful as they are, and we can forget the German dyes because America can make better ones now.

We can get along without Wagner's music by substituting George Cohan's "Over There." But when you take away the odoriferous and uproarious sauer kraut, you strike at the national stomach, and that's dangerous.

Since it is made also in America of American cabbage, let's not go back on the sauer kraut. Let's call it liberty stew or victory cabbage and go on eating it just the same.

OUR HIGH AIM

THE Christian Science Monitor says of Mr. Gompers, the labor leader, that "he knows only one rational war aim, which is to overpower Germany first and talk peace afterward." This differs from President Wilson's war aim in a single particular, but that particular is of the greatest moment.

The president believes that the object we are fighting for may be of immense aid in overpowering Germany. If we keep that object well to the front it will nerve our arms and inspire our hearts. If we forget it the fires of enthusiasm may die out and leave us cold.

Popular wisdom supports the president. Thrice armed is he that hath his quarrel just, says one proverb. One man with God is a majority, says another. They mean that the righteousness of a cause is a source of immense strength to its champions and he is foolish who neglects to avail himself of so much and so powerful help.

History teaches unmistakably that men fight best and longest when they are conscious of their cause and convinced of its justice. When the Greeks were fighting the ancient Persian, as we are fighting the modern Prussian, they never forgot for a moment that their liberty was at stake. They did not win the war and talk of peace aims afterward. They won the war because they kept their peace aims ever before them.

In their life and death struggle with Carthage, the Romans never lost sight of their aims. They went into the war, knowing that it was a fight to the last ditch between commercial autocracy and freedom. They won the victory because they were inspired by their cause to make all sacrifices.

Do you imagine that Cromwell's soldiers forgot for one moment what their war aims were? Did Lincoln let the American people forget day or night that they were fighting and dying for the Union, "that government of the people, by the people and for the people might not perish from the earth"?

The ever-present sense of our war aims is a fundamental element in our fighting strength. In keeping them constantly before us President Wilson is far wiser than Mr. Gompers, who counsels us to forget them until the victory is won. For they will help us win the victory.

CUBA'S SHARE IN THE THIRD LOAN

From El Mundo, (Havana, Cuba)

The republic of Cuba, whose destinies are indissolubly joined to those of North America, which established the republic after contributing essentially to the gaining of Cuba's independence, is now cooperating in the work of saving the free peoples of the entente, among which the United States occupies so prominent a place. The republic of Cuba declared war upon the central empires; in that is shown our moral and political cooperation. With our declaration we strengthened morally and politically the cause of the allies. We are with the United States and the European powers of the entente because they maintain the high principles of international morality and the rights of peoples. Were we to suppress morality and right in international relations the stronger would devour the weaker and a society of nations would be an empty dream. It would be the same as if we eliminated morality and right from the relations of the men associated in the body politic. They would fall into every brutality, ending in barbarism. "Law is life," said the great jurisconsult, Lerminier. Man without morality becomes bestial; but Germany with this war has trampled upon all morality and all right.

The republic of Cuba, after giving its moral and political cooperation has cooperated agriculturally, intensifying its sugar production and accepting for its sugar the maximum price that the American government saw fit to fix for it. Now the republic of Cuba is giving its economic or financial cooperation, subscribing as far as it can to the third Liberty loan, launched by the United States for the purpose of gathering fresh resources to meet the prodigious cost of the colossal struggle. Cubans do well—all who love liberty, right, justice, democracy, do well in subscribing to the loan, taking its bonds, the purchase of which has been placed within the reach of the most modest means. A bond is worth $50, which may be paid in installments.

The Liberty loan! To give money for this loan is to give money for liberty, and to assure its triumph. It is to give money to combat the enemies of liberty. It is to give money to combat the autocratic, aggressive, invading, conquering government of reactionary Germany, through whose fault 15,000,000 men have already perished! How well the noble, austere President Wilson stigmatizes that iniquitous government which is the negation of all morality and right. "A government which has brutally abused the force of an organized administration and seeks to dominate the world by the sword. It has defied the United States and trampled the rights and liberties of all the free peoples of the earth. Our brave sons are facing the fires of battle in defense of the honor and the rights of the United States and of the liberty of the nations. To maintain them and to aid our brave allies in the war, the country has appealed to a patriotic and generous people to subscribe to the third Liberty loan."

That is the case. The German government, making brutal abuse of its military strength, has set out to conquer Europe and has already devoured the north of France, Belgium, Montenegro, Roumania, Russia, the northern part of Italy and is trying to annihilate France, England, the United States. It is seeking universal empire, the exploitation of all the peoples and all the continents. For this, because such are the abominable ends of Germany, she must be fought, as recently said by ex-President Taft, until the German autocracy is overthrown and destroyed. Because such are the war ends pursued by Germany, Mr. Balfour, minister for foreign affairs of the United Kingdom, the other day, called Germany "the robber power, organized to rob." Because such are the war ends of Germany, the great French newspaper Le Temps says: "The great democracies of the west do not care to end as Russia has ended. To assure the triumph of their ideals of justice and liberty they must count upon their military force and not upon the effects of a problematic German revolution. Let us profit by the lesson of Russia and provide against the illusions that lead to discouragement, the discouragement that leads to the betrayal, conscious or unconscious, of the noblest cause that has ever moved the hearts of men."

Let us take to ourselves the Russian lesson. How eloquent it is! Said the masters of Germany: "We will make peace with Russia without annexations or indemnities," and what have they really done? They have seized Poland, Esthonia, Lithuania and Finland, and are now, after all those territorial robberies, about to take Ukrainia. First, they made peace with her, recognizing her independence and her republic, and now, the cable tells us, they are about to convert her into a German colony or dependency. There you have photographed the morality of the German autocracy. It carries everywhere conflagration, devastation, confiscation, slavery, corruption, vandalic violence. Those whom it cannot corrupt it exterminates. Insatiable is the thirst of the German autocracy for the lands and the wealth of its neighbors. To take what belongs to others is its whole ambition. "Auri sacra fames," as Virgil exclaimed—"execrable thirst of gold!" Germany, after winning in the east by corruption and bribery—read the letter which we yesterday published, from our correspondent in Madrid. Senor Jose de Armas—is trying to win in the west with fire and steel because she has not been able there to dominate by corruption. She has tried it, but she has failed, in France, in Belgium, in Italy, in England, in all the free and democratic occident.

This formidable offensive which, thanks to the treason of Russia, or rather of the Socialist-Anarchist-German government of Lenine and Trotzky, Germany is at present pressing in the west is breaking to pieces against the determined resistance of France, England and America. To check and defeat the German vandals, to carry the war, if possible, to Berlin, to the German capital itself, as the eminent American secretary of the treasury, Mr. McAdoo, said in a vigorous speech the other day, the great republic is mobilizing legions of men and spending millions of money, cooperating economically and militarily in the great world work. As Cuba cannot cooperate with men, because of her scanty population, let us cooperate by taking the largest possible amount of bonds of the third Liberty loan.

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.]

The Price of Railroad Ties

West Stayton, Or., May 9.—To the Editor of The Journal.—In The Journal I read recently a notice of a meeting of manufacturers, to be held in Eugene, to try to secure the price of $21 per thousand fixed by the government for their ties. Having a small mill, and looking for a contract for ties, I was interested in the outcome of this meeting.

Apropos of this matter, I would like to give my experience in seeking a market for ties. I went to Portland a few days ago for this purpose. I called on the Southern Pacific company; they referred me to their purchasing agent at San Francisco, who would be glad to quote me prices. All well and good, I then called on the O-W. R. & N. purchasing agent, who also wanted to buy ties, but when he found I was located along the Southern Pacific line, he told me the government had made a ruling that each railroad company must buy its ties along its own lines, and the Southern Pacific was the only buyer along its lines.

Now, if this is a fact, why should the Southern Pacific pay even the $17 it is now offering? Why not $15, or $13, or any old price? If the government really has made a ruling to this effect, the price of $21, reported to have been fixed by the government ought to prevail. It this reported ruling prevails it will prove quite a handicap in the production of ties, as the price of $17 will hardly cover the cost of production to the small mills, at best. The government fixed the price of wheat and the farmer got the full benefit of it, and if the government has fixed the price of ties at $21, the producer of ties ought to get the full benefit of it also. T. Y. McCLELLAN.

Prophesies of Christianity

Cove, Or., May 10.—To the Editor of The Journal—In the domain of religion there has been in the past 50 years a strong tide of evolution that might well fill us with wonder. No man who has studied these things can deny that even outside the pale of the church there has been, even since the present world war started, a very decided growth of religious sentiment along the broad and fundamental lines of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God, and these are the foundation and essentials which Jesus taught. The evolutionary process of the present time is working out a future for Christianity that will be different and superior to dogma-manacled and creedbound religion to which we have been accustomed. Christianity, measured by the life and teachings of Christ himself, is stronger today and more nearly carries out the pattern laid down by the Nazarene than at any time since the close of his earthly ministry. The concessions made by some of the orthodox churches to this broader spirit are truly astonishing. They are getting rid of doctrines, formalities and flummeries and are settling down to fundamentals.

Henry Watterson of the Louisville Courier-Journal lately gave editorial expression to the new realization, and the press in general, bears evidence in every issue of the growth of this free and broad development of the true Christian spirit. When this world war is over there will be social and political readjustments that will make this a better world to live in. For the war will end, and it will end right. It is inconceivable that such a struggle should not end in a way that will be for the moral and spiritual uplift of the world. Our sacrifices will be great, but no supremely best thing ever came to the world except through sacrifice. Blessed are they who have this sublime faith.

CALVIN GOSS.

The Moving Picture's Wheels

Oswego, Or., May 5.—To the Editor of The Journal—Noting an article in the photoplay section of The Journal of April 21 regarding the illusion of a vehicle wheel appearing to turn backward, I will say that I can give the answer to it. In the first place, motion pictures are not motion pictures at all, but a series of stationary ones taken one after another in rapid sequence, on a strip of celluloid. They are projected upon the screen at the rate of some 20 per second. Between the projections of the stationary pictures the light is shut off by a rotary shutter—which is a disc with a segment cut out—as the film is being moved to the next picture.

As a matter of fact, the light on the screen is a series of "winks," but the winks follow each other so fast that all the eye sees is a very slight quiver. Bearing the "series of winks" idea in mind, I will get back to the moving wheel.

In photographing a spoked wheel, in motion, if the spokes are passing any stationary point on the vehicle, at the same rate of speed as the camera shutter, or, to say it another way, if the spokes are in a certain position at one exposure, and the speed of the wheel is such as to bring up other spokes to the same position at the instant of next exposure, the resultant picture on the screen will show a stationary wheel—as though the wheel were dragging. As the wheel speeds up the spokes begin moving faster than the shutter, producing the well known illusion. As the wheel continues to speed up, the spokes gradually come back to "stationary" and then at a further speed they blur and you don't see them at all.

It is hard for me to express myself on paper, but you will find that the foregoing contains the facts of that well known illusion. H. W. C.

Still More of Those Busy Bees

Dora, Or., May 9.—To the Editor of The Journal—I have just read Douglas Hewitt's account of his bees swarming on May 3, and write to say that I can beat that by a few days, as my hive swarmed on April 29 and my neighbor's swarmed on April 27. My hive was well filled with beautiful white honey. So Mr. Hewitt will have to do better next spring. A. J. MAYSE.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Buy a War Savings Stamp today.

Hun the Hun and swat the spy.

There is no longer such person as a German-American.

* * *

Kermit is a captain. On his way to step into the "Colonel's" shoes, probably.

The way the men are speeding up we never know today what tomorrow's shipbuilding record will be.

* * *

Buy next winter's coal now advises the fuel administration. To keep the home fires burning next winter, no doubt.

* * *

An eastern paper tells of a man who on interning his dog for the night, said: "I have named him Pacifist because he will not fight, but barks and eats, and growls at being muzzled.

With due respect to the war garden experts who, through the newspapers, and to our friends who, by word of mouth, keep us so well informed as to what we should do to make our war garden a success, we have just about decided that the three essentials to success are ground, seed and work.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

The editor of the Crane American thinks if the Germans ever got to Crane they wouldn't be much interested. "We haven't got a cathedral good enough to please their gunners," says he.

* * *

The Crane American registers progress in this item: "Lee Robey is the latest old time skinner to discard the old slow moving 'eight' for the modern means of hauling freight and last week drove in from Vale with a new 2-ton truck."

* * *

This helpful hint is from the Wallowa County Reporter: "C. A. Barber is a firm believer in the tractor as a labor saver. He purchased a tractor this spring and his work horses are in the pasture grazing while the tractor does the work. He is farming extensively without help."

* * *

Observation philosophical but pertinent, of the Astorian: "No greater burden is laid on anyone by the war than is laid on the man who desires always to be on the opposite side. He is almost forced into disloyalty, though he is not naturally disloyal, by his penchant for disagreeing with the majority."

JOURNAL MAN ABROAD

By Fred Lockley

[Readers of The Journal always await with uncommon interest any matter from the pen of Fred Lockley, whose sketches of Oregon life and Oregon characters have for many years been for long periods together an exclusive Journal feature. Mr. Lockley is now in France, attached to the American Expeditionary force. His articles, subject to transport vicissitudes and delays due to censorship, will appear in this space for an indefinite period. His meetings with Oregon men "somewhere in France" are an element of the highest possible value in his reports from the scenes of his service.]

Somewhere in France—I have had lots of odd experiences with the French people. Some time ago there was a celebration of some kind in progress. The officials were keeping the French people off the plaza, where apparently something interesting and important was about to take place. A procession of veterans of 1870-71 passed by; then some priests; then some bearded, middle-aged men in frock coats and high hats. I knew I couldn't qualify as a veteran of the war of 1870-71. I doubted if I could pass muster with the priests and clergy. But I thought I could join the frock-coated, silk-hatted bunch, so I stepped out from the crowd and joined the distinguished citizens. If anyone questioned my right to be among the distinguished citizens I was going to pull my membership card in the Portland Chamber of Commerce, and by the time they had looked the matter up to see if I was a distinguished citizen the ceremonies would be over. Several men looked mildly curious. Several others looked dazed. But soon they decided I must belong, or I wouldn't be there; so we marched down to the monument and conducted the services, which were eloquent and impressive, but I don't know yet what it was all about. But I do know I had a front row view of the whole proceeding.

* * *

Another time I attended a public affair in the plaza. I was on the inside row next to the soldiers, where I could see the whole proceeding. I gave my place to a young woman. She wanted her mother to join her, but the people wouldn't give way to let her through. I spotted where the mother stood, and simply leaned back and pressed my way through the throng to her. Then, taking her in tow, I leaned forward and with her in my wake I made my way through, so that she could join her daughter. I heard several women applaud and say in French, "The gallant American!" But, though I looked, I couldn't see any near me.

* * *

A little bit of a 3 or 4-year-old tot that was completely submerged in the crowd and who couldn't see in any direction except straight up, looked at me appealingly; so I put her on my shoulder, so that she could see the generals in their gold lace, and the brilliant uniforms of the other officers. Several voices said again, "The gallant American!" and the people all around began applauding. I thought something had been pulled off I had missed, so I looked all around and to my dismay I found they were all looking at me. One of the women pointed to the tot on my shoulder and said, "The gallant American!" Fortunately the band started playing the national anthem, and my little private celebration was drowned out in the universal applause.

* * *

At this affair also the Oregon band received an enthusiastic reception. I had a chat with B. A. Downey, the leader of the band, and with L. D. Moehnke, the assistant leader, as well as with W. E. Knouff, the secretary. Mr. Downey, the leader, was at Dallas for some years. Later he lived in Portland, where he worked for the O-W. R. & N. Mr. Moehnke's people live at Oregon City and Mr. Knouff's at 453 East Twenty-sixth street, in Portland.

* * *

I spent today taking part in two services at points widely separated, so that I had to travel nearly 100 miles by auto to reach them both, holding one service at 10:30 a. m. and the other at 3 p. m. At the second place, which is located on a beauttiful lake within sound of the sea, I talked with Shelly Daniels, a nephew of Josephus Daniels, secretary of the navy. Like his uncle, he is in the naval service. I also met George Wolff, whose home address is R. F. D. No. 1, box 9, Medford, Or. His people own a fruit ranch near Medford. One sister, Mrs. Edwin Arnold, is the telegraph operator at Biggs, Or., and another sister, Miss Elizabeth Wolff, is a telegraph operator at Prosser, Wash. Mr. Wolff is an expert at wireless, though at present he is flying and is a skillful aviator.

* * *

Speaking of flying reminds me of a perfectly matter-of-fact aviator I talked with recently. I had spoken to the men, and at the close of my talk he came up and told me how he had enjoyed my talk. I said, "Young man, that's mighty polite of you to say that, and I appreciate it, but I could no more learn to be a good speaker than I could learn to fly." He said with perfect seriousness, "Well, I fly pretty well. Maybe you could learn both to speak and to fly, too."

HOW TO BE HEALTHY

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WHY YOU CAN'T EAT LIKE THE SAVAGES—A diet entirely proper and comfortable for a Russian peasant would fail as nourishment for the highly specialized organism of a Russian artist, is the interesting observation made by Kellogg and Taylor of the United States food administration. They point out that when the mind becomes highly developed it must be reckoned with in estimating the food needs. Savages may get along nicely on a diet that aims simply to meet body requirements, but "as one ascends in the scale of civilization," these experts state, "the laws of the physiology of nutrition do not lose their validity, but the psychology of nutrition assumes constantly greater importance, until finally, with the average individual of our day and country, the psychology of the diet, from the standpoint of the individual and of the community, is as important as the physiology of nutrition."

Mr. Hoover found, from his experience in Belgium, that the psychology of a food supply played an important role in the nourishment of a people. "However carefully the national food supply may be adjusted from the point of view of the physiology of nutrition and from that of nutritional economics," he states, "yet no mere sufficiency of the needed calories and balanced protein, fats and carbonhydrate content in the ration will necessarily make it satisfactory. People of different kinds, with different traditions and habits of food use, must have, in some measure at least, the particular kinds of food they are used to. They eat more effectively, one may say, the kinds of food they like than the kinds they do not like. Taste and appetite must be consulted and satisfied in some degree."

In this connection Kellogg and Taylor sound a sensible warning. They call attention to the fact that the importance of satisfying the mental wants in the way of food does not license a person to indulge in purely arbitrary idiosyncracies that are easily overcome, "fads with which our ideas of diet have become infested."

"We have a maze of nonsense surrounding our ideas of food that must be removed," they say, "if we are to face clearly and handle efficiently the problem that confronts our people. So long as they believe that corn meal is heating, that barley cannot be eaten in summer, that the quality of meat is determined by the size of the animal, that the digestibility of eggs varies with the color of the hens, etc., that long will it be impossible for such individuals to reconstruct their diet to conform to the correct physiology and psychology of alimentation."

Tomorrow: Reign of Cats and Dogs.

PERSONAL MENTION

Detroit Salesman Arrives

W. J. Horton, stove salesman of Detroit, is an arrival at the Multnomah hotel. "I work hardest in the summer selling heaters for the following winter," he said.

Seattle Business Man Here

Morton Montgomery, well known business man of Seattle, is a visitor in Portland and is staying at the Portland hotel.

A. A. Whelan of Salem is a guest at the Carlton.

S. H. Clay of Cornelius, Or., is an arrival at the Perkins.

Charles Rogers of Astoria is registered at the Washington.

Fisher Starr of Minneapolis is a guest at the Cornelius.

Mrs. A. Halle and Mrs. Empsett of Walla Walla are guests at the Nortonia.

R. W. Sweet of Seattle is staying at the Multnomah.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin S. Sheldon of Medford are registered at the Imperial.

A. J. Leonard of Chicago is a guest at the Benson.

Thomas Cookingham of Tacoma is among the arrivals at the Oregon.

Montgomery T. Crawfish of Victoria, B. C., is a visitor at the Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel S. Simpkins of Spokane are staying at the Cornelius.

N. F. Jones of Topeka, Kan., is staying at the Washington.

E. G. Welford of Silverton, Or., is staying at the Washington.

Mrs. H. R. Norman of Astoria is a guest at the Portland.

A. E. Radert of Washington, D. C., is an arrival at the Multnomah.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bishop of Pendleton are arrivals at the Imperial.

Charles McCurdy of Eugene is a guest at the Perkins.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Keyton of New York are arrivals at the Benson.

E. M. Ward of Baker is a guest at the Imperial.

Olden Oregon

Oregon's Scenic Charms Extolled by the Earliest of Her Writers.

One of the best of the early descriptions of Oregon scenery was that of Robert Shortess, a perspicacious writer who arrived in the Willamette valley in 1840. He writes as follows: "The writer spent a few days with the settlers, whom he found enjoying the comfort of plenty and apparently content with their situation. It was the middle of April. The fields of wheat promised an abundance of the staff of life. The prairies were covered with rich pasture, surrounded by groves of timber and dotted over by herds of cattle and horses, cropping the rich food so bountifully provided for them. The ranges of mountains in the distance, with the snowy peaks seeming to pierce the clouds altogether formed a prospect of beauty and sublimity never to be forgotten. I said: 'If there's peace to be found in the world, a heart that is humble might hope for it here.'"

A Farmer's Supreme Effort

From the Spokane Spokesman-Review

A fine spirit of patriotism is shown in this letter recently received by the Missouri food administration from a farmer:

"As long as men go to the front at the risk of being shot, it is clearly my duty to risk all I possess. It is my duty to take a full risk in planting as many extra acres as my means will permit. This I am doing in 1918. Having leased two extra farms, I propose making this year the supreme effort of my life. If I make good profit, it will be fully earned. If I but make expenses and produce four times as much food as last year, it will be my opportunity to give strength, to give courage to help win. I am planning to farm to the extreme limit."

Ragtag and Bobtail

Stories From Everywhere

"Always the Truth"

SALVATORE CIRIGLIANO, the distinguished newspaper merchant of the Park Row building, says the New York Sun, went to Woodstock, Md., to see the ordination of his brother Dominico as a priest. He took his little boy with him. At the close of the ceremony the child proceeded with the others to kiss the ring of Cardinal Gibbons.

"What is your name?" inquired his eminence.

"Antonio Cirigliano, sir."

"Ah, the nephew of Father Dominico. And how old are you?" pursued the cardinal.

"I was four and a half on the train coming here," said Antonio, "but I'm really six."

"Always the truth," said the cardinal, his eyes twinkling. "Always the truth!"

International

Confidently I struck a "safety match"
made in Japan, on an "impregnated" box
made by special process in Sweden,
and the match ignited,
and I lighted with it
tobacco blended in England,
in a pipe from Italy,
thereby kindling an entente cordiale!
Ended in smoke! The idea!
The spirit of the thing lives;
the pipe is the pipe of peace,
and the spirit of the red man
presides at the council
While the Anti-Tobacco League
throws a conniption fit
in the middle distance,
adding to the joy of the occasion!
—Chicago News.

For the Colored Soldier

It is doubtful, says Girard in the Philadelphia Ledger, if Great Britain has sent to this country a more generally liked and admired representative than Major Ian Hay Beith, who has just paid another visit to Philadelphia. He came this time especially to address negroes and to help them raise funds for band music for soldiers of their race. The First African Baptist church may well feel proud of itself for the meeting it arranged. It was a very pretty and a touching ceremony when the members of the ladies' auxiliary one by one brought carnations, which were tied in a bouquet, in the national colors, by the last comer.

The tribute to the gallant demeanor of African and Indian troops and to the prowess of the American negro as a soldier went straight to the hearts of the audience. From start to finish the major had the closest attention for his every word of fact or feeling, of wit and pathos.

Every Little Helps

Little cubes of sugar,
Little grains of wheat—
Save them with the bacon
And other kinds of meat.

Ill-fed fighters weaken,
Ill-fed nations yield;
It's up to us to keep our allies
Strong to take the field.

Every dinner table
Wherever people eat
Will help decide the verdict—
Victory or defeat.

Uncle Jeff Snow Says:

Ma's so busy tendin' her work and the Red Cross doin's that she don't have time to talk politics much. She is mad clear through at the wool and the leather combines, and she has figgered out where she can swat one of the wool combine next primary, and only wishes one of the leather and shoe trust would git where she could swat him, too.

Nothing the Matter With Portland

By H. S. Harcourt

It was nine years ago that Joseph Closset, now deceased, established the business of Closset & Co., coffee roasters, tea blenders and packers and spice manufacturers, at 128 Twelfth street north, now conducted by his son, Alfred A. Closset, owner of the building in which the concern is located. The business had got fairly under way in the founder's lifetime, but his son had been well schooled, and through his energy and tact the trade has steadily expanded until it permeates all Northwestern states. Its traveling salesmen cover the country from Montana, Utah and Nevada to the Pacific, and in this territory there is not a city of importance in which the Closset & Co. products may not be procured. Once introduced, they are a permanency, their qualities being studiously maintained at the pinnacle of excellence.

* * *

"Once we have secured a customer," says Mr. Closset, "he remains our patron and friend. This is because there is no 'camouflage' in our methods or deception in our goods. In selling we mean everything we say. Whether it be coffee, tea or any of our various spices, our fixed determination is to produce the highest grades. Our coffee beans are grown in Brazil, Arabia, the East Indies and Central America, as are those of all the great roasters of the world. Our teas are from the same lands and identical climates that produce the Lipton and Ridgway varieties, and are packed by the same processes. No one, of course, has a copyright or patent on wisdom, so we are not claiming a superiority impossible for others to attain to, but we all know that it would be possible for one to adulterate if he felt so inclined. Our teas are packed as carefully as if the work were done in London, Paris or New York. Our familiarity with the work was acquired in the plants of the big concerns. We belong to the 'Up-to-the-Minute' club, and by honorable dealing our patrons have the benefit of all we know."

* * *

L. G. Boulanger, an expert, is in charge of the roaster, and each roast is carefully tested before placed in cans. But Mr. Closset is insistent upon the benefits to the consumer of coffee if he would buy it unground. In the first place, he would save 20 per cent in the price by buying in bulk from his grocer, as he would have no can to pay for, and, in the next, the product would be fresh as it could be.

Tomorrow: Article No. 110 of this series: The Heywood Bros. & Wakefield Company.

War Information Complete—Accurate—Official!

Prepared by the Committee on Public Information, and to Be Obtained, for the Most Part, Free.

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These pamphlets, some of them of considerable volume, may be obtained postage free. In this space from day to day the subject matter of these pamphlets will be indicated, and the prices of those not sent free will be stated. But in any event, nothing need be sent for postage. They cost the reader either the bare price stated, or nothing at all.

"Plain Issues of the War"

By Elihu Root, Ex-Secretary of State.

This pamphlet is of the "Loyal Leaflet" series, which are designed for the busy man or woman who wants the important facts of the war and the United States' participation in it put simply, tersely and forcibly. This will be sent free, also postage free, on request, by addressing: Committee on Public Information, 10 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C.