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THE M'ADDOO VISIT

WE ARE seeing in Portland how difficult it is to change traffic routings after they are once established. Mr. McAdoo's statements in Portland show that he has a sincere desire to have this port used for offshore routings as a part of the national railroad system.

RECLAIM THE WASTE

NEGOTIATIONS are pending in which the reclamation of large tracts of semi-arid land near Redmond and Bend is proposed. When you have journeyed through Eastern Oregon and beheld what irrigation will do, you are thereafter an advocate of the system.

ON THE DEFENSIVE

THE Germans and their vassals are on the defensive now in five distinct quarters of the world. France, Italy, Albania, Palestine and Mesopotamia. The British are fighting on the north flank of the Franco-Belgian line, in Palestine and in Mesopotamia.

PERSONAL MENTION

Coming from Des Moines, Ia., to spend the summer in the Northwest, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Yarnall, Mrs. Christie Miller are in Portland for a week's visit. While here they will be guests at the Imperial.

HYMNING THE TRUCK

SOME rising young poet ought to write an ode to the motor truck. The part it is playing in the great war of liberation is a fit theme for the muse. The tank is a kind of motor truck. It plays the same part in the battle now raging near Soissons as the elephant did in ancient warfare.

A FORWARD STEP

NORTHWEST lumbermen and loggers are, during the war, and after, to deal on local questions in conference with a committee of employees to be selected by the workers at each plant.

and employes in the industry in the four states. This course was agreed to by the lumbermen and loggers of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Western Montana at a meeting in Portland Friday.

It is a system under which employers and employes will be able to understand each other. The aloofness of some employers in former days from all councils with their workers was a fruitful cause of disagreement. Its result was often a strike or lockout that might have been avoided if in such conferences as are now inaugurated, each side could have opportunity to get the other side's viewpoint.

We are learning by experience. Employer and employe were gradually drawing farther and farther apart until this war came on. Feeling between them was becoming more bitter. The comradeship that now comes out of a common peril is showing the employer that his worker too is human and is showing the employe that his employer also is human.

Any way, that is the conclusion reached by the Northwest loggers and lumbermen, as shown in their very important action of Friday. And now to make the program bomb proof and hog tight, let the selections of committees be, not from the radicals on either side, but from among poised and reasonable men.

So selected, the system should work smoothly and contribute to the happiness and prosperity of the thousands in the Northwest lumber industry. Are we not advancing in many things as the tragedies of this war cause all manner of men to be more thoughtful, more human, and less selfish?

At the same time there was a relapse to medievalism in painting. The world was favored with "Pre-Raphaelite" pictures, which accurately kept pace with John Ruskin's howls against railroads and Dante Gabriel Rossetti's monkish rhymes.

The glorification of medieval barbarism was not limited to the English speaking peoples. It became even more of a cult in Germany. Wagner revived the savage German myths in his music dramas. Kaiser Wilhelm discouraged the use by printers of Latin type, which had become somewhat common in Germany, and went back to the barbaric Gothic forms, which are both illegible and ugly.

The slump went farther in Germany than anywhere else. In the English speaking countries evolution was not taken very seriously outside the scientific laboratories, but the Kaiser's subjects made a new and greater gospel of it. Working hand in hand with the "higher criticism" it had undermined the Christian religion, they reasoned. So why not go back to the good old Germanic faith of their ancestors, who had defeated the Roman legions in fair fight.

The cult of medievalism has not died out entirely among English speaking people. Bernard Shaw, an Irishman, never loses a chance to tell the world that it has been going backward for the last thousand years. We have made countless scientific inventions? Certainly; but what do we use them for? To kill one another. We have abolished witchcraft trials? Certainly; but we imprison people for refusing to be vaccinated. Slavery has been abolished? Certainly, one form of slavery. The buying and selling of human bodies has been abandoned but in place of it we buy and sell human souls.

One farm in Klamath county last year paid for itself, its farm buildings and farm machinery, with a single crop of alfalfa. With the increased price of the crop, many farms in that county will pay for themselves with this year's single crop of alfalfa. By the way, 5000 acres of land farmed to barley last year for the first time yielded 200,000 bushels. An added output of barley of the same amount will come from further recession of the waters of that lake this year.

South of Bend in Lake and Klamath counties, including present reclaimed areas, are a million acres of irrigable land and half a million acres of marshland, all capable of reclamation. In that region there are 5,000,000 acres of land capable of producing good wheat. The larger estimate is by no less an authority than Dr. Thomas Shaw, for years head of the agricultural department of the Agricultural college of Minnesota, and one of the most famous agricultural experts in America.

Important men are thinking, thinking every hour of the problem of re-adjustment, and of what field may be opened for displaced workers after the war.

Secretary Franklin K. Lane has sounded a note full of suggestion. He proposes as one factor in the great adjustment, a herculean effort to bring unproductive lands into productivity through irrigation.

The feverish desire of the people of Central Oregon for railroad connections is illustrated in the case of the people of Bonanza and Langell Valley in Klamath county. In addition to the heavy burdens assumed by them in irrigation projects they have agreed to grade, bridge and lay the ties for a branch line of seven miles to the Strahorn railroad at Dairy, on condition that Mr. Strahorn will lay the rails.

Mark Twain throws the emphasis of his supremely wise book on political liberty. Without that, as he teaches, there can be no liberty of any other kind. And this brings us to the point which, we believe, would settle the debate between modernism and medievalism in favor of modernism if the judges were fair.

The time is at hand when we shall probably gain also the right to settle our foreign differences by voting. God grant that the war may give us so much. The right to settle internal questions by voting we undoubtedly possess, though we have not yet learned how to use it.

Thus far the main use we have made of our votes has been not to use them at all or to throw them to some brainless politician for partisan reasons rather than for intelligent reasons.

But there was nitrogen in the air and starch in corn a million years before men learned to combine them into nitro-glycerine. We shall presently learn how to combine our votes with brains and then goodbye to the politicians. Goodbye to technical courts and futile lawmakers.

Miss Groenweg, the woman newly elected to the Dutch parliament, is a Socialist. Her party has made gains in its representation. So has the Catholic party, which sends 30 members to the new parliament. The Socialists and church party are said to favor Germany. Therefore, according to the account in The Public, the German papers look upon the result of the Dutch elections as a German victory.

The British are fighting on the north flank of the Franco-Belgian line, in Palestine and in Mesopotamia. The Italians push forward, with some allied aid, in Italy and Albania. The French and Yankees hold the line from the British right Belgian flank southward to Switzerland.

This makes a fairly extensive field of operations, but it does not include everything that is going on. A minor campaign, which may soon become a major one, is on foot in that part of Northern Russia called the Murman peninsula.

The stake of battle there is the control of the ports which form Russia's last access to European seas. The Kaiser's troops are in league with the Finnish Junkers to wrest them from the allies. This would make Russia a landlocked power and blight her economic future.

There is still another field of operations in Siberia. Here the Czechoslovak troops, once held prisoners by the Russians, are fighting their way to Vladivostok, where they hope to join the allied armies.

We are not quite such wasters as we used to be. But our prodigality is still a world's wonder. What other country would pinch itself for food while millions of acres of good land lay unutilized? Such is our easy-going good nature that we prefer empty stomachs to any action that would inconvenience the land profiteers.

deal better than elephants could. The only defect of the tanks seems to be their inability to keep ahead of our men fighting afoot. They are meant to protect the infantry but the Yankee infantry reverses the program and protects the tanks.

There are the more conventional motor trucks behind the lines. They form a solid phalanx continually bringing fresh troops and munitions to the front and returning for more. Practically, therefore, there is no interval between the fighting line and the reserves, thanks to the motor truck.

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AUTHOR and God of freedom, Thou dost plant A fever-bread a longing to be free. Thou to patriot's arm dost courage grant To battle with oppression, and decree The tyrant's fate; to break the captive's chain. Thou dost inspire the love of liberty That brooks no bondage of the soul and brain Which dares forbid the mind of man to try Thy vast domain unfettered, tyranny That winged thought would prison in a cage, Or clip her wings lest too far she should fly. Thou lovest well man's eager thought and life Instinct with strength of his high parentage; Nor wouldst Thou have us bow before Thy shield And faint, reluctant homage to Thee yield, From the censures of a prowling malice. Wouldst Thou not have us sons of God unbent, Free like Thyself, as we Thine image bear? Dost Thou not call us to high enterprise, To master earth and sea and scale the skies To broader conquest, noble victory; To greater triumphs of self-government; To share Thy wondrous thoughts and walk with Thee?

In the titanic struggle yet to be, When right and light and human liberty With powers of greed and tyranny engage In mortal combat, final war to wage— A world-wide struggle coming on space In many warring lands and longings— My country, do thou make a valiant fight And for the people's cause put forth thy might! And may the Lord of Hosts, who made thee free, Set thee, great guardian of liberty, To lead the nations, marching in the van, The fearless champion of the rights of man; The fiercest fighter of the mortal strife. Thine alms keep light, Thy heart inspire, Let commonwealth be reckoned little worth, And Freedom, throttled, perish from the earth!

When I got there the helpers rolled out a machine. I looked idly at the number. It was "X" and three "XII's". Suddenly it flashed over me that "XIII" was "No. 13". I thought to myself: "That settles it. My hunch was right." The pilot came, and decided on another machine; so No. 6 was rolled out and he motioned me to get in. A spiced piece on one of the guy struts of the airplane tore my finger. Seeing the blood, he looked his concern. I shrugged my shoulders to express my indifference "for," I thought, "I saw a bullet in my finger matter to a man who is going to be dead in a few minutes!"

Suddenly there flashed into my mind the words, "Underneath me are the everlasting arms." Thenceforth I was a different man. I felt all right. All men must die. Men were dying by thousands not far away. If I lived, it simply meant I would die some other time.

We rose, and I decided if we were to fall I would get all the pleasure and joy I could out of the experience. In five minutes I was in the air. I regretfully thought of death for such a glorious experience as this. In 15 minutes I was feeling profoundly sorry for the poor earth-bound man who was left behind. I was wondering why anyone would take the risk of riding in an automobile, when he could employ such a safe, swift, and sure method of travel as an airplane. Right then and there I came to the conclusion that life should be "dashingly used and cheerfully hazarded," that "the coward dies a thousand times, but the brave man dies but once," and that never again would I worry when or where the great transatlantic airships that last drop swiftly earthward in a beautiful die. Every time I get a chance to ride in an airplane or a hydroplane I always feel a cablegram that would tell my wife of my death without needlessly worrying her. It was a hard job to word it properly.

I got up at 4 o'clock next morning quite convinced that I was spending my last hour of this life. I wrote a note to my wife. I didn't know I could write such a good word as "love" to her, but among other things, that if we had Middle West in Portland this week. They are registered at the Benson and will remain in the city for a visit of several days.

On Way to Coast Mrs. J. H. Minnigh and two children, Mrs. E. H. Mason of La Grange are spending the week end in Oregon, on their way to one of the Oregon beaches. They are at the Multnomah.

Here on Business William Krueger, English business man of Boise, Ida., are in the city and will remain the first part of the week looking after interests here. They are registered at the Portland.

Rabbi Wise at Training Camps Rabbi Jonah B. Wise of this city is now on a lecture tour of training camps on the Pacific coast. He is at the Jewish Welfare board, United States army and navy. Rabbi Wise's itinerary includes Presidio, Camp Fremont, Fort Bliss.

Making Week's Visit Coming from Des Moines, Ia., to spend the summer in the Northwest, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Yarnall, Mrs. Christie Miller are in Portland for a week's visit. While here they will be guests at the Imperial.

Will Stay Several Days Among the visitors from Central Oregon in the city over Sunday are Dr. N. C. Coe and W. D. Ingalis of Bend, who will spend several days in Portland. They are staying at the Benson during their visit.

Miss Ruby Cornell of Salem is down from the state capital for a few days, staying at the Benson. A. H. Cox and B. L. Burroughs of Pendleton, are among the recent arrivals at the Multnomah. Mrs. W. E. Snyder and Mrs. A. J. Brown of Newport, Or., are among the guests at the New Perkins. G. A. Taggart of Harrisburg, Or., is spending a few days in Portland, registered at the Cornwell.

May They Come Back! FIFTY-SEVEN years ago when James Johnson enlisted for the civil war, he hung his scythe in the crotch of a Balk-of-Gilead tree on his farm in New York, says Cassper's Weekly, and told his wife not to touch it. "I know," says Johnson never came back and the tree has grown around the blade of the scythe until only a small end protrudes. New tree scythes are hanging in another crotch of the same tree, and will not be touched until their owners return from the war, but the villagers hope for a happier ending of the tradition.

The Barber Barbed A man walked into a barber shop, says the Topeka Journal, and deposited upon a table a number of bottles which he took from a satchel. "This is pomade," he said. "I am well supplied," said the barber. "This shaving cream." "I see it is." "Here is some fine bay rum." "I don't doubt it, but I make my own." "Here is some patent cosmetic for the mustache." "I know it is for the mustache, also for the whiskers, but I'm thoroughly stocked." "Here is an electric brush, a duplex elliptical hair dye, lavender water and a patent face powder." "I don't want any of them."

All Bets Off At a social function a man began a remark with the words, "I bet she will," when an older gentleman interposed. "Young man, said he, with a wistful air, 'I propose that what she will do anything. You can never tell what a woman will do.'" "You headed me off too soon," smiled the younger man. "I was going to say that I would bet that she would do the unexpected."

For 'Tis His Nature To "There seems to be a great disturbance in the celestial system. Do any of the astronomers know what it is all about?" "I heard one offer the theory that it was caused by the dog star chasing a sausage balloon."

Thirsty, Not Crazy If a member of the state board of health could have seen John Sandstrom, Swedish logger, slipping water from the crown of a grease-rimmed hat last week, says the Hood River News, he might have proposed an amendment to the public drinking cup statute that would prohibit all drinking from hats. Drinking fountains were so plentifully a novelty to John, by his peculiar actions over one on an O.W.R. & N. train and his evidence of eccentricities at the Mount Hood station March 24, 1918, and when he was asked to explain his actions, he said, "I can't find coop. I not crazy, but I might be if I don't get drink. My old hat has run out of water." He exhibited the grease-slick cover.

The Solution For two weary hours, says the San Francisco Examiner, the small boy in the railway carriage had howled, and the occupants were getting tired of it. "Oh, dear," sighed the young mother, almost distracted, "whatever shall I do with this?" A gleam of hope shone in the eyes of the long suffering traveler opposite. "Shall I open the window for you, madam?" he inquired.

A Prophetic Poem Robert H. Newell, who as Orpheus C. Kerr (office seeker) amused newspaper readers with his "English to English" and prose, died in New York in 1901, at the age of 65 years. He wrote patriotic as well as humorous verse and in 1861 penned the poem called "England to America," which concludes with a prophetic word quoting 57 years later: Rising from thy purifying, like a giant from the East, thou shalt find thy voice an echo from the South, and the North, Each to find its duty finding out and casting forth.

Journal Journeys Tillamook Coast Offers Vacationist Many a Delightful Resort The building of the railroad and the improvement of the highway made the Tillamook county beaches more accessible and has resulted in the establishing of a number of summer resorts. Shortly after passing through Tillamook the train leaves the fertile farming country and enters the foothills. At Cochrane, 35 miles west of Hillsboro, the summit of the range is reached, at an altitude of 1811 feet. From the summit to the sea the trip is one of the scenic ones of the West. The Salmonberry river is followed to its confluence with the Nehalem. At Wheeler those going to the Neahkahnieh district and the Nehalem country take a launch for Nehalem. From Manahattah the beach for 15 miles here is a succession of resorts. From the summit from Manahattah is Lake Lytle. Then come Tillamook, Saitair, Ocean Park, Bayside, Garibaldi, Hotsprings, Bay City and Rockaway.

For further information regarding routes, rates, time schedules and other details call on the Tillamook Travel Bureau, Journal Business Office, information free.