

Oregon Journal
AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER
C. B. JACKSON, Publisher

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

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon, for transmission through the mails as second class matter.
TELEPHONES—Main 7172; Home, A-8081.

FOREIGN ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE
Rudolph & Kammerling Co., 125 Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

Subscription terms by mail in Oregon and Washington:
DAILY (MORNING OR AFTERNOON)
One year...\$5.00 One month...\$.50

There is a wonderful power in sympathy to open and display the hidden richness of a man's own seemingly narrow life.

HARMFUL IN FRANCE

French statesmen "are puzzled" by the opposition in the United States senate to a league of nations.

"They admit that they are unable to grasp what has transpired or is transpiring in the United States," says a cable, "which they confess, owing to the circumstances, is most harmful."

Thus, in the most momentous conference in all history, a conference in which the mightiest forces in all time are to decide policies of infinite purport for the future of all mankind, a little group of Americans in and out of the senate are poisoning, so far as they can, the minds of European statesmen against the American president and the American peace delegates.

The obstructionists inject this demoralizing influence into the peace negotiations because of their hostility to the league of nations. They are puzzling statesmen on the other side. Those statesmen say the effect of this hostile propaganda is "harmful" to the conference.

This American hostility is strongly indited by high American authority. Speaking, in an article in the Philadelphia Public Ledger, of the demand in the senate for America not to join a league of nations, former President Taft says:

This is the counsel of cowardice and aversion. It breaks the word of promise to the ear of the aspiring, oppressed peoples of Europe. It would take out of the executive council of such a league the only member of it to which the peoples of the new republics and the rest of Europe would look with confidence for purely disinterested counsel and action.

There is already an informal league of nations. The war was fought by victory by the four great powers, America, Britain, France and Italy and the smaller nations leagued together. Their military operations were under a single command. The great council at Versailles was the directing body of this informal league. The peace conference will be a continued exercise of the powers of the league in fixing peace settlements.

The proposal is to make this informal league a permanent organization, adding other nations and peoples to the membership as from time to time may seem advisable, and exercising through the future the same function in dealing with wayward and recreant nations and with absolutism and militarism as may seem best for mankind. It is a mere proposal to extend the functions already informally exercised.

If the process has been good in dealing with the Hun, why should it not be good in preventing a recurrence of the hideous things from which the world has just been delivered? The proposal is so sound, its objects so laudable, its efficacy so well proved, that it seems impossible that the hostility in America can be an honest hostility.

It seems more likely to be an opposition in which the opponents are willing to trifle with or actually sacrifice the welfare of mankind and deliberately throw aside the fruits of the great victory, in order to prevent President Wilson from gaining credit or distinction in his efforts to provide a secure and lasting peace. On no other basis is it possible to account for the attitude of Penrose, Poindexter, Roosevelt, Knox and the others fighting the league of nations.

ter, readable, entertaining and edifying. The most interesting thing about it is that the editorial, reporter, composition and all mechanical work is the product of one man, only one, that of Clark Wood, owner, editor, publisher, foreman and personnel of the composing and press room. Mr. Wood is a versatile and interesting figure in Oregon newspaper life.

THE BOY GANGS

MAYOR BAKER has named a commission to study the ganged law breaking by boys who steal automobiles, rob stores, hold up suburban ticket offices and do other stunts of violence of which accounts have been numerous in the newspapers of late.

There was a recent suggestion by The Journal that there must be a psychology to account for these depredations by organized gangs of young boys. It can hardly be that all these instances of youthful violence have suddenly come like an epidemic upon the scene without some suggestive cause that led the boys to embark upon such fool enterprises.

By patient investigation, to find out the mental state that drew these youths together, to study the steps by which their plans were first mentioned and then carried forward, and to see what can be done to provide a remedy, is what The Journal understands to be the function of the mayor's commission.

It is a commission with an excellent personnel. Some very fine men have been named for the work. The field they are to survey is almost unexplored. To the constabulary, which has neither time nor talent for dealing with such cases, or to juvenile courts with even less of either, is usually left the disposal of such offenders, with the result that little of scientific value has ever been developed for dealing with such offenses.

The mayor has adopted a sound course. The plan is excellent and the subject highly important.

Why a food administration? Here is why: During July, August, September, October and November this year the American people saved no less than 775,000 tons of sugar over their normal consumption. In the five months the total saved by the people through application of the food administration's restrictions, was 1,550,000,000 pounds. It shows the enormous things the food administration did to feed the entente armies. Was it not worth while?

COLONEL CRADLEBAUGH

JOHN H. CRADLEBAUGH, a popular writer on the Capital Journal of Salem, was a man who made friends during his lifetime, and has them to mourn his departure in death. He was a kindly man, a friend in good fortune or in bad. His passing will leave no sentiment but sorrow and regret in the minds of those who knew him.

As an editor and newspaper writer for many years Colonel Cradlebaugh has left the imprint of his thought upon the minds of a wide circle of people in the Oregon country. Clear, forceful and vigorous in style, progressive in thought, he wrote in support of those principles and precepts which he believed were for the best interests of the common men and women of the state. His influence has been felt in shaping the public mind and moulding it from the old order of things into the new. He will be missed by his friends, and by his readers, who were his friends.

Should Cardinal Mercier carry out his reported plan of visiting the United States next spring he will be welcomed by all who love integrity and courage. His eminence defied the Prussian tyrants when defiance was dangerous. He spoke out for his oppressed fellow-Belgians when the iron hand of power had silenced almost every other voice. Cardinal Mercier is one of the finest living exemplars of the old American spirit which loves liberty better than life and hates tyranny worse than death.

CAN WE KEEP OUT

THE Philadelphia Public Ledger publishes an interview with Mr. Balfour of the British cabinet in which that astute statesman says some interesting things about the league of nations.

Speaking of the many small European states which aspire to become independent, Mr. Balfour says that it would be intolerable to set them free and then leave them to "make a cockpit of Europe." In other words, the league of nations must exercise some effective control over its members. It must keep the peace between them as the United States would intervene to prevent hostilities between the states of the Union.

Mr. Balfour hopes "to see the United States take its full share in the work of the league of nations." He truly remarks that the league will need "the best thought of the world if it is to be worth anything." The brains of the United States should make a contribution to it in proportion to their ability.

Whether we Americans like it or not, the time has come when we must renounce our traditional policy of isolation. Should another world wide war break out we could no more keep out of it than we could keep out of the one just ended. The only sensible course for us is to join out against the government

to do our full part in helping to prevent any more wars. For this hardly any sacrifice would be too great.

There was a picture of Senator Knox in yesterday's Journal. A look at it explains why Mr. Knox introduced in the senate a resolution to forbid the American peace delegates from advocating a league of nations. It is a picture of the highly fed man. The drooping eyelids, the double chin, the pudgy cheeks are eloquent of a good breakfast, an ample luncheon and a bounteous dinner. It is a picture of contentment with no concern for those in the less fortunate strata of life. To Mr. Knox, a league of nations with its promise of peace and progress is not half so important as a good dinner.

MAKE THEM DISGORE

THE verdict for the government in the Willard N. Jones timber land case has an extremely significant phase.

It dealt with the land frauds that were the subject of prosecution by Francis J. Heney. There has always been condemnation of the Heney methods. It has always been insisted that the juries were hand-picked. On these grounds several of the men convicted in the Oregon cases were pardoned by presidential intervention, Mr. Jones among them.

In the late suit by the government against Jones, the object was to secure restitution of the value of the lands on the ground that the methods by which they were obtained were fraudulent. The contention of the government was the same as in the criminal proceeding.

But the jury was not hand-picked. The testimony was not nearly so strong.

More than a dozen years had elapsed. Some of the most important witnesses at the criminal trial were dead. The transcript of their testimony was not admitted in the civil suit. The lapse of time had even softened the testimony of some of the witnesses who did testify. The excitement and aggressive public sentiment so marked during the Heney prosecutions were not present at the hearing of the recent case.

But the verdict was for the government. The jury, on weaker testimony, agreed with the jury at the criminal trial.

This is not said in defense of Heney. It is a statement of fact. It brings out the living, surging, vibrating thought that the theft of public lands stands condemned, that juries and courts are emphatically for restitution of the stolen domain and that the principle is established that wherever and by whomsoever public lands are illegally and fraudulently held, it is the obligation and duty of public authority to take steps for restitution and restoration.

And by restoring, what better way to furnish needed lands to returning soldiers?

Some of the counties are far in the rear in their War Stamp quotas and Multnomah is among them. The time limit for filling up these quotas is January 1. Are the people of any Oregon county willing to see their quota below 100 per cent in the roll published on that final day? Not many days are left in which to go over the top.

RAILROAD TRICKERY

ARGUING for permanent government control of railroads, the Chicago American recounts instances of trickery by which the roads defeat regulation both by state and nation. Its insistence is that the railroads cannot be regulated. To demonstrate that so-called regulation is a sham, the American cites the history of the Pennsylvania coal roads, which has been recounted in volume XI of the Harvard Economic Studies.

The tale begins with the deft trickery of the Reading road, whose charter forbade it to own coal mines. But the Reading slipped through the subservient Pennsylvania legislature a bill which authorized it to buy stock in a certain mine. The astute sharpers at the head of the road then bought all the stock of the mine. Thus they owned it and at the same time did not own it. Such are the subtleties of the law as it is manipulated for the corporations.

To prevent a repetition of this sharp practice Pennsylvania adopted a constitutional amendment forbidding the common carriers to acquire or lease any lands except such as they needed for roadways, stations and so on. The carriers evaded this amendment by forming themselves into "subsidiary corporations" and procuring court decisions that ownership of mines by the subsidiaries is not ownership by the roads, even when the same individuals are concerned in both.

This was admirably legal, subtle and sly. It reminds one of Joey Bagstock, who, as Dickens tells us, "doctored his sly." Thus state regulation was turned into a farce by judicial humbuggery.

Then the United States took a hand in the game. By the Hepburn act congress forbade the railroads to possess coal mines. The roads took the case into the federal courts and procured a decree that ownership of the mine's stock is not ownership of the mine. So they won out against the government

regulation. The Hepburn act was made as farcical as the Pennsylvania statutes.

As long as the roads are operated privately for private gain they are almost certain to wriggle out of regulation by hook or crook. The failure of regulation means the reign of discrimination, favors to some shippers, ruin to others. The merit of government operation is that it is impartial, and devoted wholly to the service of the people.

T. PAER, MA AND THE RED CROSS

By Ralph Watson

"Well," T. Paer asked cheerfully, "as he leaned over the foot of the bed, 'how does the gardener of my sorrows feel this evening?'"

"Like a broiled lobster," Ma answered, with a wan smile. "I don't see any use of keeping me all covered up like this."

"I don't see any use of keeping you like that," T. Paer countered. "They gotta do something to you if they're ashamed to charge you for it."

"I thought he was trying to make me feel good," Ma said wearily. "I'm tired of feeling bad."

"Well, if you'd taken—," T. Paer began. "I've taken everything he asked me to," Ma broke in. "and I don't want to hear any of your 'I did you so' talk."

"I ain't," T. Paer denied hastily. "I ain't goin' to say anything like that, till you get up again. I was just goin' to say if you take a egg nog maybe you'll feel better."

"I don't think," Ma answered, regretfully. "I don't think the Circle would let me take an egg nog. It's in the north-west of Belgium and at Oostende, about 25 miles southwest of Brussels. The exact location of the unit referred to is not available."

"If you keep feeding me on egg nog much longer," Ma said, sarcastically, "you'll get a cold, and that's what I want." "Aw, I just eat the run-over to keep from wastin' it," T. Paer said defensively.

"They ain't enough to fat a flea," Ma retorted. "I didn't mean to say that." "You look so tickled when I want 'em I thought you was puffing something over on me."

"I don't get no credit for wastin' you to get well?" T. Paer demanded in a hurt tone. "Don't you think I hate to see you all laid up like this?"

"You don't hate it as bad as I do," Ma assured him. "I believe I'll ever want to get into bed again."

"No," T. Paer grinned. "Your mother never raised you to be an invalid."

"Speakin' of soldiers," he continued, "they was a awful good lookin' red headed girl sold me a membership in the Red Cross."

"If she hadn't been red headed I'd questioned you'd have taken it?" Ma queried.

"Just thought it was kinda appropriate," T. Paer answered, "to have a red headed girl gettin' money for the Red Cross."

"It is, so far as you're concerned," Ma smiled sweetly; "but did you take out a membership for me?"

"I plum forgot it," T. Paer confessed. "But I'll hunt that girl up the first thing in the mornin'."

"Oh, you needn't mind," Ma told him. "There was a lady with gray hair and spectacles around here this afternoon that I got a membership for."

"All right," T. Paer said. "But say," he asked after a minute of silent thought, "did you ever get a membership for Hank?"

"What on earth does Hank want with a membership?" Ma asked in a surprised tone. "His lots of Alredades worked for the Red Cross in France," T. Paer explained, "and I thought it'd be nice for Hank to do his bit here."

"Maybe it would," Ma conceded. "I hadn't thought of it that way." "I'll get him a membership tomorrow," T. Paer promised. "We ought to be 100 per cent."

mere disturbance. Could it have been that a German agent, as early as 1914, was attempting to prophesy German maritime supremacy on the high seas?

Letters from the People

(Communications sent to The Journal for publication in this department should be written on one side of the paper and must be accompanied by a return address in full must accompany the contribution.)

Please Name the Division
The Journal is receiving many inquiries as to the locations of various units in the American Expeditionary Forces and is requested to furnish the number of the division of which the unit is the subject of inquiry is a list of the divisions and the location of the information desired. All inquiries are urged to sign their names to their communications. This name will be withheld if it is so desired.

The 36th Infantry
Portland, Dec. 14.—To the Editor of The Journal—Kindly inform me as to the location of machine gun company, 36th Infantry, Ninety-first division, on October 1, 1918, and if you can get the dead brought home, and where to find out about that.

A SOLDIER'S MOTHER.
(The Journal has received today by Mr. Lockley for the Journal a letter from the mother of a soldier who was killed in action on November 11, the Ninety-first division, Dunkirk, France (for the English channel), and who was killed in action on November 11, the Ninety-first division, Dunkirk, France. For information as to the appropriate name of the body or personal effects of the soldier, please apply to the Quartermaster, Pier No. 8, Hoboken, N. J., or the Quartermaster, Executive Office U. S. Navy, Brooklyn, N. Y., or the Quartermaster, Marine Barracks, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

The 36th Infantry
Portland, Dec. 14.—To the Editor of The Journal—Kindly inform me as to the location of machine gun company, 36th Infantry, Ninety-first division, on October 1, 1918, and if you can get the dead brought home, and where to find out about that.

A SOLDIER'S MOTHER.
(The Journal has received today by Mr. Lockley for the Journal a letter from the mother of a soldier who was killed in action on November 11, the Ninety-first division, Dunkirk, France (for the English channel), and who was killed in action on November 11, the Ninety-first division, Dunkirk, France. For information as to the appropriate name of the body or personal effects of the soldier, please apply to the Quartermaster, Pier No. 8, Hoboken, N. J., or the Quartermaster, Executive Office U. S. Navy, Brooklyn, N. Y., or the Quartermaster, Marine Barracks, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

The 15th Infantry
Portland, Dec. 15.—To the Editor of The Journal—What division is the 15th Infantry in? Has it left France yet? Has the Fourth engineers left for the United States?

A SOLDIER'S MOTHER.
(The Journal has received today by Mr. Lockley for the Journal a letter from the mother of a soldier who was killed in action on November 11, the Ninety-first division, Dunkirk, France (for the English channel), and who was killed in action on November 11, the Ninety-first division, Dunkirk, France. For information as to the appropriate name of the body or personal effects of the soldier, please apply to the Quartermaster, Pier No. 8, Hoboken, N. J., or the Quartermaster, Executive Office U. S. Navy, Brooklyn, N. Y., or the Quartermaster, Marine Barracks, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

The 15th Infantry
Portland, Dec. 15.—To the Editor of The Journal—Please inform me where company L, 15th Infantry, Fortieth division, was located when the armistice was signed. Have the men of the company, when it was in action and in what place? Or was Company L, 15th Infantry, transferred from the Fortieth division to another division?

A SOLDIER'S MOTHER.
(The Fortieth division was at Revigny, France, when the armistice was signed. Special information about the soldiers is not available.)

The 16th Infantry
Blaine, Dec. 15.—To the Editor of The Journal—Please inform me where Company H, 16th Infantry, Fortieth division, was located when the armistice was signed. Had they been in action?

A SOLDIER'S MOTHER.
(When the armistice was signed the Fortieth division was reported at Revigny, France, about 25 miles southwest of Brussels, Belgium. It is not known whether or not the division has been in action in any of the above mentioned places.)

The 19th Infantry
Wamlie, Ore., Dec. 15.—To the Editor of The Journal—Please inform me where Company B, 19th Infantry, Fortieth division, was located when the armistice was signed. Had they been in action?

A SOLDIER'S MOTHER.
(On November 11 the Fortieth division was at Revigny, France, 35 miles southwest of Brussels, Belgium. It is not known whether or not the division has been in action in any of the above mentioned places.)

The 46th C. A. C.
Hillsdale, Dec. 13.—To the Editor of The Journal—Please inform me where regiment 46, C. A. C., was located when the armistice was signed and where they were on their way to the United States already.

A SOLDIER'S MOTHER.
(The Journal has no data on any "Forty-sixth" regiment of the United States Army, which so it is a part of the Forty-first division, which when the armistice was signed, was at St. Amand, France, 25 miles southwest of Brussels, Belgium. The Journal has no certain information as to the return of this division.)

PERSONAL MENTION

Shipyard Manager in City.
Bayley Hopkins, vice president and general manager of the Foundation company at Seattle, arrived in Portland this morning. He is staying at the Benson.

Fuel Administrator Returns.
Fred J. Holmes, federal fuel administrator for Oregon, has arrived from La Grande to attend to administration matters. He is staying at the Imperial.

Mrs. C. T. McDonald of Wallowa has come to the city to join her husband, who is at the Seward.

Miss Margaret Leonard, Miss Irene Burns and Miss Rose M. Cronin, from Spokane, are visiting at the Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Hardesty and Mrs. A. Hardesty from Seaside are guests at the Multnomah.

E. J. Woodell of La Grande is registered at the Benson.

Captain J. W. Shiffon, who has been with the spruce division at Clatsop, is in the city. He is staying at the Cornelia.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Adieu flu.
M. Shigemitsu, Portland will miss you. Remember your pledge: Buy War Savings Stamps.

We'd like to see Senator Pennington resign secretary to the Cannonial Islands. Now that Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig has been made a duke, suppose we had a duke of Pennington?

Bulletin. According to official advices received at Washington, mobilization of the Estonian army has been effected.

Also: Do your Christmas package parcels post early, or you'll have to stand in line half a day waiting to get at the window.

Wanted: The name of the young woman who sat in my lap this morning when an R. C. P. car lurched suddenly at Fifth and Burnside.

JOURNAL MAN AT HOME

By Fred Lockley

"When I was at Ypres the second time, we had a lot of grief," says the British officer. "Our batteries were unmercifully strafed by the German heavies. We changed their position every day, yet within an hour of the change the Germans had our new positions located. We lost gun crew after gun crew through the accuracy of the German fire. We couldn't understand it. It was a never-falling source of pleasure. It was one toy of which I did not tire. There was something indescribably fascinating to me in the way in which the colored bits of glass, with the least puff of air, fell into new combinations. I must confess that I am still interested in such childish toys. Did you ever stop to think how much we are like the bits of broken colored glass in the ever-shifting kaleidoscope? The human bits with which we mingle are forever being jarred into new combinations. During the past few years the kaleidoscope has been joggled in every conceivable way. To study the human bits in the human kaleidoscope is as fascinating as the study of the bits of ever-changing glass to a child. While resting from England, I have had a few weeks ago, the purser assigned me to a table seating 10 passengers. We met three times a day for 14 days, so we grew to know something of one another."

At the end of the table sat an elderly Scotch Presbyterian from North Ireland. Next to him was a college man from Canada, who had put in nearly four years, a good deal of the time in air service. One of the men was born in the United States and had spent the past three years in government service in West Africa. Across the table was a British officer, wearing two wound stripes. I happened to see him stripped to the bathroom. From his right shoulder blade to the skin of his back across his salaried white skin there was a red slash as broad as two fingers, sewed together with a runner to grant the same pattern, like embroidery. Next to him sat a man who had been all over the world and who could talk about Port Said, Hongkong, Bombay, New York, London and the rest of the world. Next to him sat a man with the intimate knowledge of a native of those places. Next to him sat a most interesting Scotchman, who was born in Australia in 1852 he went to Australia. He was a mining engineer and had spent most of his life in the little snow-capped regions of the world, particularly West Central Africa. Next to him was a man of about 60, born in New Zealand. The British officer was a lover of literature, particularly poetry. He was of the scholarly type, yet for four years he had been in the thick of things."

The aviator is talking. He says: "We had 13 deaths in 12 weeks in one instruction camp. I found that the machine crews are not far to seek, and that is the extraordinary degree to which they have been fought by machinery. The whole of the western front in its 430 miles from the sea to the Alps, fairly bristled with machinery and literal engines of war. The trenches were crowded with high-power motors and cannons as a railroad yardhouse with locomotives. Our fighting men marched by machinery, dug with machinery, flew by machinery and shot by machinery. They did everything by machinery except eat and sleep and swear. So astoundingly dependent upon mechanisms had they become, of every imaginable sort, that it was actually proposed to utilize a safe cover, and require neither food, clothing nor pay. This meant an enormous and incredibly lavish expenditure of ammunition. More rounds could be fired in a minute by machinery than in an hour by hand as in previous wars. This is not a mere figure of speech. In one single offensive of the Somme, 40,000 men required one single-track railroad running to its full capacity day and night just to supply it with ammunition alone."

Tomorrow: The Civilian in Wartime (No. 4).

O-W, R & N, at Starbuck, Wash., is visiting at the Seward.

Robert McCrow, stockman from Goldendale, is staying at the Cornelia.

W. C. Hawley of New York is a guest at the Carlton.

O. V. Colvin of the Pacific Steel company at Seattle is a guest at the Benson.

Miss Jean Barringer of Boise, Idaho, is visiting at the Portland.

Frank Sloan, sheep grower at Stanfield, is registered at the Imperial.

R. Wilson, owner of a flat at Kelso, is visiting at the New Perkins.

Fred J. Johnson of Astoria is a guest at the Seward.

C. R. Dodds of Wasco is registered at the Cornelia.

Thorne Berkeley of Shanghai, China, has arrived at the Benson.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Bashor of Kelso are registered at the New Perkins.

Dr. D. I. Perkins of Halley, Idaho, is visiting at the Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Halbert of Rainier are guests at the Cornelia.

Dr. E. C. Roberts of Albany is a guest at the Cornelia.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

More apartment house accommodations are needed in Portland and needed badly, the East Oregonian says. Astoria's weather observer reports a rainfall of 2.4 inches in the 24 hours following the "old" lasr on Friday afternoon, the heaviest of the year to date.

Clatsop's county agricultural agent is making a special drive against moles in certain badly infested areas and will open the campaign assisted by a government expert.

The Benton county court has just paid \$801 worth of Liberty bonds, War Savings Stamps and Liberty Bonds in the Benton county corn show, held last month.

The Salem Journal concludes that there should be no trouble in securing the hands needed by the number at the Commercial club Monday. Four men were willing to take money any time, and were referred to the United States labor bureau's local branch.

"When I was at Ypres the second time, we had a lot of grief," says the British officer. "Our batteries were unmercifully strafed by the German heavies. We changed their position every day, yet within an hour of the change the Germans had our new positions located. We lost gun crew after gun crew through the accuracy of the German fire. We couldn't understand it. It was a never-falling source of pleasure. It was one toy of which I did not tire. There was something indescribably fascinating to me in the way in which the colored bits of glass, with the least puff of air, fell into new combinations. I must confess that I am still interested in such childish toys. Did you ever stop to think how much we are like the bits of broken colored glass in the ever-shifting kaleidoscope? The human bits with which we mingle are forever being jarred into new combinations. During the past few years the kaleidoscope has been joggled in every conceivable way. To study the human bits in the human kaleidoscope is as fascinating as the study of the bits of ever-changing glass to a child. While resting from England, I have had a few weeks ago, the purser assigned me to a table seating 10 passengers. We met three times a day for 14 days, so we grew to know something of one another."

At the end of the table sat an elderly Scotch Presbyterian from North Ireland. Next to him was a college man from Canada, who had put in nearly four years, a good deal of the time in air service. One of the men was born in the United States and had spent the past three years in government service in West Africa. Across the table was a British officer, wearing two wound stripes. I happened to see him stripped to the bathroom. From his right shoulder blade to the skin of his back across his salaried white skin there was a red slash as broad as two fingers, sewed together with a runner to grant the same pattern, like embroidery. Next to him sat a man who had been all over the world and who could talk about Port Said, Hongkong, Bombay, New York, London and the rest of the world. Next to him sat a man with the intimate knowledge of a native of those places. Next to him sat a most interesting Scotchman, who was born in Australia in 1852 he went to Australia. He was a mining engineer and had spent most of his life in the little snow-capped regions of the world, particularly West Central Africa. Next to him was a man of about 60, born in New Zealand. The British officer was a lover of literature, particularly poetry. He was of the scholarly type, yet for four years he had been in the thick of things."

The aviator is talking. He says: "We had 13 deaths in 12 weeks in one instruction camp. I found that the machine crews are not far to seek, and that is the extraordinary degree to which they have been fought by machinery. The whole of the western front in its 430 miles from the sea to the Alps, fairly bristled with machinery and literal engines of war. The trenches were crowded with high-power motors and cannons as a railroad yardhouse with locomotives. Our fighting men marched by machinery, dug with machinery, flew by machinery and shot by machinery. They did everything by machinery except eat and sleep and swear. So astoundingly dependent upon mechanisms had they become, of every imaginable sort, that it was actually proposed to utilize a safe cover, and require neither food, clothing nor pay. This meant an enormous and incredibly lavish expenditure of ammunition. More rounds could be fired in a minute by machinery than in an hour by hand as in previous wars. This is not a mere figure of speech. In one single offensive of the Somme, 40,000 men required one single-track railroad running to its full capacity day and night just to supply it with ammunition alone."

Tomorrow: The Civilian in Wartime (No. 4).

O-W, R & N, at Starbuck, Wash., is visiting at the Seward.

Robert McCrow, stockman from Goldendale, is staying at the Cornelia.

W. C. Hawley of New York is a guest at the Carlton.

O. V. Colvin of the Pacific Steel company at Seattle is a guest at the Benson.

Miss Jean Barringer of Boise, Idaho, is visiting at the Portland.