Oregon Journal

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon, for transmission through the mails as second class matter.

TELEPHONES — Main 7173; Home, A-6051. All departments reached by these numbers. Tell the operator what department you want.

FOREIGN ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE Benjamin & Kentnor Co., Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth avenue, New York; 900 Mallers Building, Chicago.

Subscription terms by mail in Oregon and Washington:

DAILY (MORNING OR AFTERNOON)
One year.....$5.00 | One Month.....$ .50
SUNDAY
One year.....$2.50 | One month.....$ .25
DAILY (MORNING OR AFTERNOON) AND SUNDAY
One year.....$7.50 | One month.....$ .65

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate,
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.
—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

PAY THE MEN

WRITING to the Oregonian, Brigadier General Lord, assistant to Director of Purchase, Storage and Traffic Director of Finance at Washington, D. C. says:

Since the signing of the armistice, approximately 800,000 enlisted men have been discharged from the army, and these men have all been paid in full, and there has been no delay whatever in connection with the settlement of their acounts, although it has necessarily thrown a great deal of work upon the finance officers who have the settlement of such accounts.

With an army of the size mentioned above, no matter how perfect the procedure nor how earnest the effort made, there will necessarily be a certain proportion who will not receive their pay or who will not receive it as promptly as they should. There has been no little complaint from troops in this country, wherever they may be located, and in cases of casuals arriving from overseas, payment is made immediately on their arrival. Even then, certain casuals succeed occasionally in getting by the paymasters who are awaiting the arrival of these casuals at the ports of debarkation in this country, and these cases, wherever they attract attention, result in complaints of failure to pay our casuals.

General Lord goes on to say that demobilized men are paid 3½ cents railroad mileage, and have been given a rate of two cents a mile over the railroads, leaving them a balance of 1½ cents a mile. He also says that soldiers arriving at debarkation points with arrearages due them for service in Europe, are paid in full without requiring other evidence than the service man's unsupported word in case he has no papers showing the amount due.

Doubtless General Lord believes that these plans are carried out, and doubtless in most cases, they are carried out. Doubtless there is provision for all men to receive all their dues before discharge.

But the trouble is, that there are cases in which returning men have not been fully provided for. There are well authenticated cases in which men do not receive all their pay. Possibly it is due to the lack of alertness of paymasters, or to their personal negligence, which is altogether likely. Brass buttons and an officer's uniform have turned many a head. That is one of the unavoidable weaknesses of human nature.

Or it may be that the processes of red tape, which bungle many things, get in their deadly work here.

In any event, whatever the reason, more men fall of prompt payment than ought to. No single case should happen in which a demobilized man should have either delay or difficulty in receiving his compensation. Even then there would be but small reward for the service rendered. General Lord should searchingly investigate the situation, and not, as high military men sometimes do, pass the matter up as unworthy of attention.

The Oregonian is correct in declaring that the situation is not all that General Lord thinks it is. It is, however, wrong in its exaggerated shrieks about soldiers being "scrapped." Whenever and wherever did that paper care a whoop about the common man? What day did it, from its fancied heights of superiority, not look down on average people as cattle?

Its screams against the government are exactly like Bolshevik screams against the government. It is playing politics, and, in doing it, is giving off wild-eyed Bolshevik propaganda.

Those who had the pleasure of a voyage on that beautiful piece of marine architecture, and those who know through others of her wonderful powers, as an ocean greyhound, are rejoiced to learn that the Northern Pacific has been salvaged from the sands at Fire Island, and that she is to continue to play her part in the world's work. And there will be another reason for the common sense of thankfulness: It was an intrepid financial mind that conceived, planned and had the great ship built. It would have been a cruel fate for this, one of the last of the creations of the late James J. Hill, to have found a dismal dissolution before her career on the deep was well begun.

SEND HIM TO PETROGRAD

"I WAS born in America, I am sorry to say," said one of 13 Bolsheviki when booked at the police station as a result of the clash between police and a Bolshevik parade at Seattle last week.

"To hell with the American flag," shouted a Bolshevik sympathizer as the parade passed.

At a meeting which preceded the parade, the speakers criticized all things American. When the police interfered with the meeting, one of the speakers was urging a strike of longshoremen to prevent the loading of supplies for the American army in Siberia. "We will be Bolsheviki now," exclaimed a man on the platform when a police captain ordered the meeting closed.

The crowd started down the street singing I. W. W. songs and cheering the red flag.

Under the czars in Russia or the kaiser in Germany, there might be excuse for this sort of thing. But America is not Russia and is not Germany. The man who declared that he is sorry he was born in America should go to some other country that suits him better; Russia, for instance. The same is true of the man who insulted the American flag and of those others who cheered the red flag.

There are things in America to be reformed. Men are not perfect, and governments administered by men cannot be perfect. They can be and are being improved.

But the improvement cannot be made by lunatics who want America brought to the present Russian level. This is no place for a Babel of incoherence. Your man who says he is sorry he was born in the best country in the world, a country that is doing more for democracy and the rights of man than any other country in the world, would be a pretty specimen to rule over the most advanced people on earth and, with his tribe, make his thought their thought and his plans their plans.

This distemper will pass. It is the fuming of irresponsibles made insane by the success of Bolshevism in Europe. They are on the rampage after their repression during the war. They will sputter for a time, having little effect, except in isolated cases, other than putting ammunition in the hands of those who oppose progress. Their foolish capers and antics will be pointed to by reactionaries and be used to frighten back into reaction those who are ready to aid in the further democratizing of America.

"I was born in America I am sorry to say." Send him to Petrograd.

Authorized to do so by the Colorado public service commission, the Denver street railway has been collecting a seven cent fare with an additional charge of one cent for transfers. The supreme court of the state has ordered the fare reduced to six cents, the rate consented to by the Denver city council. The decision was based on an amendment to the state constitution in which it is provided that the public service commission may not regulate rates of public service corporations in charter cities. The home rule amendment was effective in Colorado but not in Oregon.

PADEREWSKI

PADEREWSKI, the celebrated piano player, has been made premier and foreign minister of Poland. One would not naturally expect him to fill those important offices very well, though he may do so. We have no disposition to prejudge him. But the temperament of a musician is quite unlike that of a statesman.

The musician is necessarily predisposed to passionate expression. That is his business in life. The statesman succeeds best when he controls his passions and listens to the voice of cold reason.

There is no reason in the world why a statesman should not be a lover of music and even an amateur performer. Sir Arthur Balfour is said to play the piano creditably but he has not the pianist's temperament. On the contrary, he is a cold, calculating philosopher who keeps his eye fixed on the main chance unwaveringly.

Speaking confessedly without full knowledge of the circumstances, we are inclined to believe that the choice of Paderewski for premier exhibits the age-long disqualification of the Poles for political self-government. They know neither how to choose their rulers nor to obey them after they are chosen.

The Poles brought their historical miseries upon themselves by their lack of political sense. Before the partition of their country they were free for generations to frame a sensible government but they had not the capacity to do it. They could only wrangle among themselves until finally their enemies devoured them.

The choice of a piano player for premier does not positively promise anything much better for the future. Not that a piano player is not an estimable person, highly to be respected and cheered when he captivates an audience by his deftness. But a man may be respectable and famous without being a capable statesman.

Still Paderewski may surprise the world. Mankind frequently makes mistaken judgments of people, assuming that they can only exhibit capability in one direction. They used to sneer at President Wilson because he was a "college professor," but by this time they have ceased sneering. The professor has surprised them by his supreme statesmanship. Perhaps Paderewski has a similar surprise in store for his critics.

HOW LONG?

IN AMERICA, from July, 1914, to November, 1918, the increase in the price of men's overcoats was 185 per cent. Women's blouses went up 64 per cent.

Knit underwear advanced 130 per cent, percales 264 per cent, shoes 100 per cent, foods an average of 83 per cent, fuel 55 per cent, clothing 93 per cent.

The figures are given out as authentic by the National Industrial Conference.

One of the least of the increases is rents, placed at 20 per cent. The estimated average increase in the budget of a worker's family is 70 per cent.

A hundred million people are wondering if there will be a return to the normal and when the descent will begin.

There is no war now with which to explain prices that have all along been catalogued as "war prices." The future is contemplated with curiosity and perplexity.

The news of the day mentions an Ohio lawsuit which was begun some years ago over a calf and is not finished yet though the calf is a full-grown cow. The story carries the impertinent implication that Ohio law is futile because it does not get results. Whoever wrote the account should bear in mind that the law in Ohio, as well as other states, does get the only results which are really important. We dare say the lawyers have been comfortably paid during the whole progress of the case.

MARTYRS

THE Oregonian now speaks of the czar's "martyrdom," at least in its headlines. It does not show much judgment in choosing its idols but the attempt to make a decent martyr out of the late Nicholas is particularly hopeless.

It is interesting to recall the names and histories of some other royal criminals, besides Nicholas, who are numbered among the "martyrs." There are Charles I of England, for instance, and Louis XVI of France, and Nero and Caligula. The list is long and all the names in it wear haloes for the same kind of reactionaries as those who adore the late czar.

THE NEW ERA

"THE whole church, the whole task for the whole world." Such is the slogan of a distinguished body of Presbyterian ministers from all parts of the United States deliberating in Portland on the problems of present and future. The purpose is to enliven every man in the church to a realization of things that can be accomplished in the New Era which thinkers believe is ushered in by the gigantic upheaval that is sequel to the late war.

Thus early, the forces of Presbyterianism are organizing for a great drive for the betterment of mankind. As an example of the church's new conception of world affairs, the Presbyterians will spend $500,000 for the relief of Protestant churches in the war zone and $500,000 on returning soldiers and sailors who went to war from Presbyterian homes.

Thirteen million dollars will be spent this year, and perhaps $75,000,000 in five years in only a part of the activities of the church. It is the belief of these church leaders that the New Era movement can accomplish more for humanity than the war accomplished with all its sacrifice. The Portland conference is a step in the marshaling of all their forces as comrades for a world wide crusade under the banner of the Prince of Peace.

Perhaps there are possibilities for fulfillment of this great conception. We have, in the great tide of changed thought toward national prohibition, seen how the walls of some of the old order have been battered down.

May it not be that, in other great fields, there are to be like revolutions in human conviction and human purpose?

As remarked yesterday in the paper of Dr. Foulkes, formerly of Portland, now of New York, "the church has been, like the American people, not exerting its full power." It is going to exert it now.

WOMEN IN OFFICE

IN GRAYS HARBOR county, Washington, the new auditor and clerk of the superior court are women. But each has appointed a man for her assistant, so that the dominant sex remains dominant in the county offices.

It is an odd phenomenon that women should have waged such a vigorous contest for the right to vote and then stopped short. One would naturally have expected them to claim at least half the offices.

Oregon has one woman in the legislature. There will be no woman in the next congress, although several million women now enjoy the right to vote. In the British elections all the women candidates for parliament were defeated.

There seems to be a pretty common understanding that it is indelicate for a woman to hold office, just as it was formerly deemed indelicate for her to vote.

Hugh Murray suggests in the Toledo Leader "Goats on every hillside" as a good motto for Oregon. It is better than good. It is excellent. Goats can live on brush where cattle would starve and they are less apt than sheep to be destroyed by dogs. Why is not more of our hill country stocked with goats?

T. PAER LISTS TO VILLAGE CHIME

By Ralph Watson

"What you so quiet for, Pa?" Ma asked suddenly, after a long period of silence, broken only by the clicking cadence of her needles. "Ain't you feeling good?"

"Fine," T. Paer assured her, rousing from his chimney-corner reverie. "Fine," he repeated, and then added in a shamefaced sort of manner, "and kinda mushy, maybe."

"They ain't no cause for worry, then," Ma responded, smiling quietly above her knitting. "That's the way you feel most of the time."

"Maybe," T. Paer answered absently. "Maybe it is, but it's the old town clock that's got me goin' this time."

"The town clock?" Ma repeated. "I didn't know they had one down here."

"They ain't," T. Paer answered. "It's the one up at Salem that kept strikin' in through the window all last week when I was up to the legislature."

"Well," Ma replied practically, I'm glad to hear it's still running. It ought to been worn out long ago."

"It ain't, though," T. Paer told her. "It sounds just the same as it did years and years ago when we was kids up there."

"I'd kinda like to hear it again," Ma said. "It use to have a pretty tone when the nights was still, and it told us across the town that bedtime'd come."

"You didn't use to say so," T. Paer grinned, "when it struck 10 in the shadow of the ivy that grew over the front gate out in Yew park."

"I don't remember what I use to say," Ma smiled reminiscently; "but I do what Dad said if you didn't hear it strike."

"I wasn't afraid of him," T. Paer boasted. "I had too much head start between the front door'n the gate."

"I thing he kinda had your number," Ma said. "You was awful polite to him about that time."

"Well," T. Paer answered, "we was always good friends except the time he turned the hose on my shine through the hedge'n wasted my last ten cents."

"You did look kinda funny that night," Ma admitted; "funny'n nervous."

"Who wouldn't," T. Paer demanded, "to be give the water cure on your second visit? But I stuck it out."

"Yes," Ma chuckled. "Dad said he guessed it'd take more'n a hose to drive you away'n he didn't have the heart."

"I can be coaxed," T. Paer answered, "but I can't be drove."

"I know it," Ma admitted. "Sometimes I think Dad musta sized you up quicker'n I did."

"You know," T. Paer mused, "It makes a fellah feel kinda funny to sleep in your old room'n have your mother come'n tuck you in just like you was a kid again'n then listen to the town clock strikin' through the same window you used to crawl in through at two g. m."

"And find your mother gone to bed in your bed," Ma supplemented, "so's she could catch you in the act."

"I never did think that was just fair," T. Paer contended. "It was takin' a unfair advantage of a fellah."

"No more'n when you crawled out after she'd tucked you in," Ma contended. "You wasn't any easier to manage then'n you are now."

"You was the cause of it," T. Paer answered defensively. "If it hadn't been for you I wouldn't of crawled out'n I wouldn't have had to crawl in."

"That's your story," Ma smiled, "but if it hadn't been me it would of been some other girl'n you ain't changed much either."

"'Nd that's your story," T. Paer answered. "But do you remember that time I put the pencil under the strikin' weight of old dad's clock so's I could take you to a party'n stay out after ten without gettin' caught?"

"Yes," Ma chuckled, "'nd then forgot to take the pencil out."

"Well," T. Paer answered reminiscently, "the clock didn't strike, but Dad did. That was the last lickin' I ever got."

"But not the last you ever deserved," Ma commented. "You was a awful trial to your folks them days."

"I was under a awful strain," T. Paer defended, "with the competition I was up against. But I couldn't help thinkin' when I listened to the old town clock of how much better it'd be for everybody if the legislature'd take it for a pattern."

"Why?" Ma asked wonderingly. "What's the clock got to do with the legislature?"

"Nothin'," T. Paer said, "but I've watched a lot of 'em come'n go'n most of 'em come to Salem'n start off all right'n then politics'n, jealousy'n selfishness'n logrollin'n things like that gum up the wheels'n ball things up until the people cuss the whole institution'n wish they wasn't none."

"But I don't see where the town clock comes in," Ma persisted.

"Well," T. Paer answered, thoughtfully, "all the time the legislatures'rs jimmyin' 'round in a circle all tangled up, the clock's just runnin' straight ahead, tellin' 'em in the same even tone that the hour's passin'n bein' forgot just like they is, unless they play straight ball all the time."

"It is kinda solemn," Ma sighed, "when you think that every time it strikes another hour's gone'n can't be brought back."

"Some of 'em," T. Paer said, "even the legislature, wouldn't want to get back if they could."

"If they thought about it," Ma hazarded, "maybe they'd want to bring 'em back'n do over again what they done before."

"Maybe," T. Paer answered, gazing into the coals, "but if they'd let the old clock talk to 'em through the window in the night time they would'nt have to want it to tell 'em its story over again."

"No," Ma said, as she folded her knitting into her work basket under the table lamp, "but I guess a lot of them legislature men must sleep with their windows shut."

Words That Hoodoo

From the Coquille Sentinel

The sister of a young lad here in Coquille bought a knife for a Christmas present for him. A day or two later he was examining it more closely out of doors than when he received it amid the excitement of Christmas morning. And as he did he spelled out the words, "Germania Company, Made in Germany." His father said, "You are not 100 per cent American if you keep that kind of a knife," and without the slightest hesitation the boy swung his arm and threw the knife he had prized a hundred feet away.

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.)

Advocates Ban on Crowds

Portland, Jan. 20.—To the Editor of The Journal—To one who watches the work of the city health board in its effort to stamp out the influenza epidemic comes the thought of a careful shifting of responsibility for action which might interfere with the business activities of the city, an evasion of their plain duties and responsibilities. One thing, however, stands out clear and uncontrovertible to them—the influenza will not yield to any half-way measures, and the serious minded part of the public is conscious of the fact. Statistics, bulletins on prevention and cure and generous doses of oratory will prove ineffective. My experience with the public leads me to believe that advice and persuasive oratory will not in the main be taken seriously if they prove obstacles to the enjoyment of what they are pleased to call "life's pleasures," especially so if there are no compelling rules to limit these enjoyments. We are dealing with a serious question when we face this terrible scourge, and no half-way measures or evasion of our plain duty will ever prove effective. The health and life of the people are of greater moment than the successful mid-winter sales of merchandise, or continuing the work of the public schools, or the privilege of the church services, or the pleasures of the careless and indifferent part of our citizens. I know the sentiment of some of our business men is for unrestricted business; the dollar is of the utmost importance; and as one business man said to me on another occasion. "If the people haven't sense enough to look after their own affairs, believe me, I am not going to help them; my business is to make money, not to make of my establishment an advisory health bureau."

Personally I do not believe in closing business houses, but I am unalterably opposed to unrestricted mid-winter sales where the people crowd and jostle each other in an attempt to get something cheap while there is an epidemic of such virulence in our midst. Theatres and public meetings of whatever character should be forbidden, public schools should be closed, and a strict quarantine should be applied in all cases. We cannot hope to successfully combat this plague in any other way, and the sooner we wake up to this fact the better it will be for all concerned.

J. M. HARDIE.

A Soldier's Delayed Pay

The Dalles, Jan. 18.—To the Editor of The Journal—Can anyone tell me why our government is so short of funds as to be unable to pay our boys "over there" their regular wage each month? Vast sums have been gathered in on this side. I know expenses have been tremendous, but surely our boys deserve their wages paid more promptly than they were, after all they went through for us. One of my brothers went over in August, fought in various places, then later fought 21 days without relief in the terrible battle of the Argonne forest till the armistice was signed. His platoon of 48 men was entirely cut off from all help. Only 14 of the 48 (he fortunately one of these) came forth alive from that hell. They went without water two days, without food four days, slept in mud, rain and cold, fought cooties as well as Huns. After being relieved, nearer dead than alive, he received one month's wages with his insurance of $6.50 deducted from it. Three more months' wages was still due him. He said he willingly trained, fought and risked his all to help freedom's cause, but money was a very necessary article to any half comfortable existence in future. I am wondering, along with him, why this three and four months' delay was necessary, or how many of our "big business men" would willingly go through all our boys have, just for democracy's and freedom's sake and $26 a month, and wait three months to receive that? Surely this is a small thing to ask for such hard work.

M. M. CLARK.

Urges Fight on "Flu"

Portland, Jan. 18.—To the Editor of The Journal—While the consolidated health bureau and the city council are endeavoring to solve the flu problem valuable time is lost in ignoring its natural habitat and general rendezvous. Science has so far failed to "locate" this germ, but all agree that its favorite field is in the throat and nasal passages; also that contagion lurks in a cough or a sneeze in crowds. While there appears to be a doubt as to the efficiency of the mask, the fact stands out that these germs are given the keys to the city and allowed to take possession of our principal thoroughfares without a dissenting vote. We court their acquaintance and carry them to our places of business and our homes, enabling them to reach the members of our households who are unable to go after them. If so much danger in the nose and mouth, how many times must that danger be multiplied in walking our streets, the condition of which is not only disgusting in the extreme, but positively nauseating.

Let us not sanction for another day the filthy habit of expectorating on the thoroughfares, where the soles of our shoes alone can carry as much contagion as one concentrated cough or sneeze of the whole city. A few moments would suffice to pass a resolution effecting a change. For the sake of argument, refuse cans could be provided on the streets as in our parks, and gauze and paper also at a nominal price, or, as with masks, donated when necessary. The contents of the cans would be disposed of at the crematory, as in hospitals. This is merely a suggestion. It may have merit. It would add to the "city beautiful" and, according to the rules of health, greatly assist in stamping out the epidemic.

M. McM.

Rejoices in Prohibition Victory

Bend, Jan. 16.—To the Editor of The Journal—In connection with the glorious news of today, I desire to thank you most sincerely for your logical and able editorials during the last two years in support of prohibition. That the constitutional amendment would be ratified by a sufficient number of states during this month was evident to me as soon as same was submitted by congress in December, 1917; but that it should be ratified with this amazing unanimity is astonishing, and can only be accounted for by the candor with which our large papers throughout the dry states have so intelligently paraded the manifold blessings resulting from a dry regime.

To those of us who came daily into contact with liquor users in our business pursuits, the full realization of the terrible curse of the liquor traffic to the nation easily unfolded itself and consequently we can fully understand the wonderful blessings that will result from this day's glorious news, which truly is the most beneficial legislation ever enacted for the welfare of the entire nation.

L. D. WIER.

The Soldier's Woman Substitute

Pendleton, Jan. 17.—To the Editor of The Journal—I have read your editorial discussion of my letter in the matter of the replacement of returning soldiers and sailors, and beg to say that I have not overlooked the economic problem presented by the war-born employment of women. I did not touch upon that in my published letter for two reasons, first, I desired that the communication might be as brief as possible; second, I do not regard any woman as patriotic who took a soldier's position with the view of permanently retaining it. That is so axiomatic that it is obvious. Most women were employed with the tacit understanding that they were taking the place of some man in service, and for the war period only. A man who donned the blue or khaki did so leaving a moral obligation upon both his employer and upon the person who filled the place made vacant to see to it that his job shall be available to the soldier upon his return. Therefore sex gallantry is not a factor to be considered. It is up to the employers, and up to the persons now in the places which the boys left to face the cannon, to make good. If they fail, no matter whether men or women, they are moral slackers, and entitled to feel the lash of public opinion.

I am convinced that the industrial, social and economic problem of the employment of demobilized men can be solved only by sanity, and through organization to assure restoration of the pre-war status.

STEPHEN A. LOWELL.

Land Frauds and the Soldiers

Imbler, Jan. 16.—To the Editor of The Journal—I see the efforts of The Journal in exposing the stealing of our public lands are bearing fruit. Our public domain has been squandered, and stolen by rich corporations. Nearly all of our railroads in the West, Middle West and South have been given or have stolen empires of land. Look at the Credit Mobilier scheme, whereby the Union Pacific got every other section for 20 miles on either side of the railroad clear across the country. Even Schuyler Colfax, vice president of the United States, was tainted with that steal. I have deserted the party that was then in power, and am proud of having done so. This case is typical of many. If our public domain had not been obtained by fraud we should now have homesteads to give our returning soldiers, so they could have homes of their own.

Governor Withycombe outlines a great scheme in his message to help the soldiers to get farms. He would sell them stump lands. They must pay a reasonable price. Then one item of expense among many others they must assume is $100 an acre for clearing the land of stumps. I imagine I see the soldiers running after the governor to kiss the hem of his garments for inaugurating such a grand scheme to help them.

I think a better scheme would be to limit the ownership of land according to law and for the government to condemn all lands owned over and above the limit, or, say, a section, and pay the owner a reasonable price for it, and then sell it at a reasonable price to the landless on long time. If people own their homes we have a country of happy homes, and they will fight for their country to the last ditch. Chrig whipped the money changers from the temple, and said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."

I think this is the trouble in Russia. They have got that fool idea into their heads that they are entitled to a home and a few acres of land. Let us all support Senator Johnson in his resolution in congress to have our soldiers brought back from Russia. What are they kept over there for now? Whom are they fighting, and what for?

A. F. WILSON.

The Land Recovery Campaign

From the Redmond Spokesman

The Portland Journal is making a campaign for the recovery of school lands, amounting to more than 300,000 acres alleged to have been fraudulently obtained from the state and which it claims the attorney general asserts can be recovered to the state school fund. Several cases have been tried and in each case so far the courts have rendered judgment for the state. The matter will doubtless come before the legislature at the coming session and the members of that body are expected to do their duty.

The Soldier Boy's Viewpoint

From the Salem Journal

And a good many of the soldier boys who marched away to war so proudly will come back home just as manly and possessed of as much self-respect and self-reliance as when they went away. They will not especially welcome charity or even sympathy from the professional patriots who are now the most energetic reconstructionists.

Exposing Timber Thieves

From the Houlton Herald

Some individuals think it is foolishness for The Journal to keep up the exposure of timber thieves, but the political atmosphere in Oregon will never be purified except by turbulent agitation.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

All quiet along the western front.

With the new telephone toll rates in effect, talk isn't as cheap as it was.

Things we used to say before we were married: "Red ball in the side pocket."

Some men take real delight in saving money to send their wives to the country.

State legislatures do well to set aside a little "dough" for returning doughboys.

If the egg market breaks enough it will help to unscramble the high cost of living.

The late kaiser's backers are quitting him, remarks the Wall Street Journal, von by von.

Now that Clackamas county officials have raided the "Crawfish Inn," some of the victims will try to "crawfish" out of it.

Otis Blackstone says that in these days of short skirts a fellow has to be careful about the "little girls" he takes to sit on his lap.

Goat-getters: The fresh-air fiend who opens the window and then beats it up to the composing room to escape the draft that hits us squarely between the radiator and the front door.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

"A return of gold mining in Baker county to its before the war basis," says the Baker Democrat, "is much to be desired. This will come surely, and there are signs of it already."

"In the good old days of yore," says the Canyon City Eagle, "gasoline and booze were not affected by cold weather. Now they freeze like ordinary water. John D. and John Barleycorn are turning out some poor goods."

County Agricultural Agent Tweed of Baker, enthused from attendance at the recent irrigation congress in Portland, rejoices that "while many projects in this state are estimated at $100 per acre, in Baker county the highest estimate is $71 per acre."

With membership at record point and almost out of debt, the Eugene Chamber of Commerce, the Guard says, "is now ready to begin the work of reconstruction and readjustment," and "every man eager to do something in the way of improvements."

"Already several new enterprises calling for increased production in this territory are assured for Salem," the Capital Journal says, "and others are in prospect. The year 1919 promises to be one of great progress and prosperity at and about the capital city."

JOURNAL MAN AT HOME

By Fred Lockley

[Of a military man of whom Journal readers have read much, Mr. Lockley writes today, itemizing his 23 years' record as a soldier and as head of an officers' school. The discussion ends with a Roosevelt reminiscence.]

Several days ago I made a short talk at the University of Oregon on the subject of "Over There and Over Here," a subject, by the by, that gives wide latitude for discussion. Eric Allen, dean of the school of journalism, took me through what he calls his "laboratory," but which I would have supposed was an up-to-date print shop. From there I went with Professor Allen to pay my respects to Colonel John Leader, commandant of the state university. He is tall, slender, good looking, has charming manners and has the athletic, out-of-door, soldierly look possessed by most of Great Britain's younger officers. He looks to be 33, but he must be nearer 43, for he has put in 23 years of active service in the British army. He was graduated from the Royal military college of England and saw service in the Boer war and in the Boxer troubles. He was Great Britain's military observer attached to the Japanese army during the Russo-Japanese war. He has also been attached as military observer to various other armies and has trained foreign troops. He raised a regiment in his native country at the outbreak of the war and took his men of Ulster from the Emerald isle to France and Flanders, where at the battle of the Somme the Ulster division stood its ground against the onrushing horde of Huns until the men of Ulster were almost wiped out.

After Colonel Leader's discharge from the hospital as unfit for further service he was recommended by the British war office as an instructor, and directed the Oregon state officers' training school at Eugene, with great success. The first training camp opened in June, 1918, and made good from the start. Many of its graduates securing commissions and being sent overseas. Here are a few of the subjects that were taught to the candidates for commissions: Military drill and parade, sanitation, hygiene, transport, scouting, discipline, tactics, strategy, road making, engineering, field engineering, making bridges, constructing dugouts and trenches, signaling, topography, musketry, mathematics, camouflage, first aid, physical training, school of the officer, army records, staff organization, gas drill, French, machine gunnery, trench warfare, military law, bombing, grenade throwing and bayoneting. I had only recently come from Colonel Leader's native land and had visited Cork, Bandon, Bantry, Glengariff and many other places where Colonel Leader had spent his boyhood, as well as Amiens, Abbeville and other places in France where he had served, so we had a pleasant visit.

Rarely a day goes by that I do not learn something, and I learned something from Colonel Leader. His stenographer, a most charming young lady, asked me if I had met a certain young man (naming him) in the marines. I repeated the name, while I searched my memory. "Is he a relative?" I asked. "Not yet," she answered. "I don't believe I met him," I said. "Just a moment, Mr. Lockley," said Colonel Leader. "Think a moment. Don't you remember seeing a handsome young fellow, the one with such soldierly bearing, who had such an absorbed look on his face as he was writing that letter to Eugene? Don't you remember the miniature of a beautiful young lady on the desk before him? Don't you recognize the original of the picture?" "Why, of course, I remember him," I answered. And I hope the recording angel will weep several large tears on his lie book and blot out my fib. Well, what I learned was that no Irishman needs to kiss the Blarney stone and that when it comes to saying and doing the gracious thing the man who is born in the Emerald isle is always there with bells on.

Colonel Leader, who is now a regular member of the faculty of the state university, is touring the state organizing military training in the high schools.

While at the university I had the pleasure of meeting Colonel William H. C. Bowen, U. S. A., who is commanding officer of the S. A. T. C. and who served as inspecting and examining officer of the state officers' training school. He is an old-time Indian fighter and later served in the Spanish-American war and in the Philippine insurrection. He is one of the old-time, hard riding and hard fighting army officers of a time when battles were fought on the ground and in the open and not from trench and dugout and from the air.

Captain George O. Lung of the medical corps, U. S. N., was for a year the White House physician. This was during the fall of 1902 and the early part of 1903. At that time Theodore Roosevelt was president. In speaking of his work at the White House, Captain Lung recently said: "Upon one occasion Colonel Roosevelt and myself were riding up a steep hill in New Hampshire. It was heavy pulling, so President Roosevelt got out and said he would hike it. I followed suit. The others remained in the carriage. He started up the hill at breakneck speed. I had on light patent leather shoes. For three miles we plodded at a high pace. I panted and gasped. My collar wilted. I perspired. It was a pace of four miles an hour.

"At the end Colonel Lung said in. So was I. But the president exclaimed, 'Great! Bully!' I said, 'This exercise ought to be made a test for promotion.' The colonel thumped his hands together and shouted: 'By George, I'll do it!' And I have an idea that is what inspired his order that army officers go through severe physical tests."

Roosevelt as president prescribed that officers of the army, navy and marine corps should ride 90 miles in three days as an endurance test. He rode 98 miles himself in a driving storm of rain, snow and sleet in one day. He left the White House at 3:40 a. m., rode to Warrenton, Va., and got back to the White House at 8:30 p. m.

Olden Oregon

Five Schools That Were Founded by the Earliest Missionaries.

Among the educational institutions of the Northwest growing out of the labors of the early missionaries were the Willamette university at Salem, the digest successor of the Methodist mission at Chemeketa; Whitman college at Walla Walla, founded by Cushing Eells as a memorial to Marcus Whitman; Pacific university at Forest Grove, founded by a later set of Congregational home missionaries, and a Catholic school at St. Paul, founded in 1843 by Father Blanchet but maintained only a few years.

Ragtag and Bobtail

Stories From Everywhere

Hearsay

THE "pass-it-along" method of military communication frequently led to amusing results. An officer at the end of the British line told the nearest private to pass the word along to another officer at a distance: "We are going to advance. Can you send us reenforcements?"

And this is the message the other officer received: "We are going to a dance. Can you send us three and fourpence?"

Uncle Sam

Happiest man
I ever see
Was my Uncle Sam
From Kansas.
Never wore
No collar,
Linen or otherwise,
Owned his own farm,
Made hh own money,
Lived as he dam pleased
An' worshiped God
Accordin' to his
Own conscience!
—Don C. Seitz, in New York World.

Uncle Jeff Snow Says

If some of our real forehandy legislature chaps wants to git into the swim fer nomination fer United States senator, or somethin' a way up, he can hit the bullseye by introducin' some kinder bill or amendment to make the next legislature cut down expenses 6 per cent ever' time they meet till further orders. Any amendment raisin' the limit now sot will have as much chance of gittin' by Vox Populy as the kaiser has of gittin' 'lected president of France.

The News in Paragraphs

World Happenings Briefed for Benefit Of Journal Readers

GENERAL

John Franzen, an employe of the Associated Press for 32 years at Meriden, Conn., is dead of influenza.

The Masonic temple and other property were destroyed at Sioux City, Iowa, Sunday, with an estimated loss of $1,000,000.

Five thousand sailors were called out to combat the flames that destroyed the naval training station at Pelham Bay, N. Y., Sunday.

According to a late ruling, 400 Japanese who enlisted in the United States army may apply for and obtain citizenship in the United States.

Several thousand citizens joined 1000 soldiers in a riot at Des Moines, Iowa, Sunday, when a traffic officer arrested a soldier for disorderly conduct.

Memorial services were held in the senate Thursday for the late Senators Jacob H. Gallinger of New Hampshire and James H. Brady of Idaho.

Major General Morrison, at San Francisco, announces that returned soldiers may wear their trench caps and other overseas equipment until discharged.

Lieutenant E. A. Elliott of Boston, Mass., died Sunday night from injuries he received Saturday when the airplane he was driving fell at Lake Charles, La.

Sergeant Walter B. Reel, just returned to Denver from France, where he was wounded three times, has been arrested as a escaped prisoner from a Nebraska penitentiary.

From 60,000 to 70,000 German helmets are being loaded on freight cars at Coblenz for shipment to the United States to be used as prizes in connection with the next loan campaign.

President and Mrs. Wilson have received so many presents during their visit to Europe that a large quantity of them probably will have to be taken to Washington on an army transport.

NORTHWEST NOTES

The people of Umatilla county are going to vote on a $500,000 road bond issue in March.

W. E. Roche, about March 1, will begin the erection of a fruit warehouse at Yakima costing $10,000.

Emmett F. Gallaghan, general superintendent of the Irondyke Mine company, is dead of influenza at Homestead, Or.

Senator Chamberlain advises Portland parties that all restrictions on the importation of lime were removed January 1.

A stock company with a capitalization of $75,000 is proposed at Chehalis for the rebuilding of the Gingrich furniture factory.

The epidemic situation in Pendleton is changing from influenza to smallpox, nine cases of the latter disease being reported.

The Trout Lake Development association "to promote the welfare of the Trout Lake community," has been organized at Guler, Wash.

Colonel E. E. Kelly, former prosecuting attorney for Jackson county, has returned from France and will resume his law practice in Medford.

The city water company of White Salmon has provided a larger and better water supply for the city and expects to furnish water for irrigation of a portion of the lower valley.

Lieutenant Harold J. Warner, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Warner of Portland, who has spent two years in army service, has returned and will resume the practice of law in Pendleton.

Soup kitchens are now in satisfactory and profitable use in some of the schools in Medford, the school board having assisted financially in the purchase of the necessary equipment.

Rumors that the Oregon Agricultural college has been closed, as well as the city schools of Corvallis, are false. The college is operating in all its departments and there has been no interruption from any cause.

FOREIGN

A sudden and violent epidemic of smallpox has broken out at Dresden.

Great Britain, during the war, suffered a loss in coal of approximately 185,000,000 tons.

Kiev is in the hands of Bolshevist forces who have overturned the Ukrainian government.

The food situation in Vienna has reached a severe crisis and bread rations have been ordered decreased one half.

The Siberian army is nearing a junction with the forces of the Archangel government in the Arctic Pichora district.

Jules Vedrines, the French aviator, has won a prize of 25,000 francs for being the first airman to land on the roof of a house.

The Bolsheviki are rapidly retiring toward Pskov, 160 miles south of Petrograd. Before giving up Livonia they shot 225 men and 80 women.

Captain James Norman Hall of Colfax, Iowa, a member of the famous Lafayette Escadrille who was supposed killed, has returned to France from a German prison.

Soldier's Mother Buys W. S. S. With Keepsake

[Stories of achievement in the accumulation of War Savings Stamps sent to The Journal and accepted for publication will be awarded a Thrift Stamp.]

John F. Schoeni, 1072 East Main street, writes: "One day father showed me a $10 gold piece. I asked where he got it, as gold money during and since the war has been scarce. Father told me that a woman had bought two War Savings Stamps with it, and that there had been tears in her eyes as she made the purchase. She told father that gold piece was the last piece of money her son, now a soldier in France, had given her. But she was willing to sacrifice it for Uncle Sam."

1919 Thrift Stamps and War Savings Stamps now on sale at usual agencies.