Oregon Journal

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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Civilized man must hope that the future has in store a relief from the burden of armament and the destruction of war.
—Secretary of War Baker.

NO HIGHER CALL

IF YOU want to know why there should be a League of Nations to prevent war, let your mind contemplate the 9,000,000 graves on the battlefields of Europe; reflect for a moment on the millions of hopelessly crippled survivors of the war; consider the 179 billions of money expended in the 51 months of struggle, most of which was wealth burned up; and, finally, ruminate over the 200 billions of property actually destroyed in the battle zone.

This does not take into account the other horrors of the conflict; the agony of mind in millions of human beings, the loss to the world in the destruction of Europe's best manhood, the indescribable suffering of the multitudes who perished from starvation and the almost irreparable shock to civilization from the massacres, shambles and slaughter.

In America we have been counting our dead, considering what to do for our cripples, and casting up the great balance sheet of our expenditures in actual money and interrupted happiness. Yet our sufferings and sacrifices are a mere bagatelle in comparison with the awful tortures of Europe. We have read descriptions of the agonies and massacres, of the welter and horrors, but no imagination can realize, no hand paint, no pen picture, no tongue describe the awful actualities of the 51 months of horror, blood letting and massacre.

That the human family in these days of enlightenment should spend its time and millions and employ its talents and knowledge in inventing and using weapons for wholesale murder is a gigantic myth.

It is a claim that civilization is a failure and that barbarism is still a part of the nature of man. It is an insistence that Jesus Christ was wrong and that man is a fallen creature, a heathen, an atrocity incapable of real civilization; that he is a brute and never can be fully civilized, that massacre is permissible and the golden rule a life.

The most vicious thing in the world today is that dogma which declares that wars must be, and the most vicious men are those men who declare that because we have always had war we must always have war. The Poindexters and Knoxes libel Jehovah and damn the peoples. They are in the hopelessness of that greed which fattens upon the profits of munitions and agony of massacre.

In contrast with them is that group of noble men and women who argue that war is not necessary, that it can be prevented, and are struggling to organize a League of Nations for permanent peace. Is there a nobler enterprise or a higher call to mankind?

Many a fighter is coming home crippled for life. Thousands of them can never come home at all—all that is mortal of them lies under new mounds in France. If you bought War Stamps all your life through, you could but infinitesimally make sacrifice comparable to theirs. But by buying Stamps to your utmost ability you can do your bit in part as they did theirs.

ANOTHER COLLEGE

THE Washington legislature talks of establishing another agricultural college. It is to be situated at Puyallup, a good place for it if the college were needed. But Washington already has an agricultural college. It does not obviously need another.

To be sure, the western part of the state enjoys climatic conditions unlike those of the eastern part, but that can be attended to by experiment stations in the usual way.

It is argued that the proposed college at Puyallup would assist in persuading men to leave the towns and settle on the land. It would educate them in farming and thus "make them successful and happy." This is not empty talk. Education does help a farmer to become successful and happy, but it is not the only thing he needs.

Farmers have fairly easy access to education now-a-days in varied abundance. There are the existing agricultural colleges with their short winter terms and lectures. During many parts of the year there are farmers' institutes where excellent technical instruction is given. The United States government publishes a wealth of free bulletins full of educational matter on vital points. The agricultural colleges perform the same service still more liberally.

No farmer who wishes instruction on any point of his business need go without it. If he has questions to ask, the best technical ability in the country will serve him if he takes the trouble to write a letter. Education flows before the farmers' doors, like the waters of Jordan, in a rich and ample stream, but there is one serious want which it does not supply.

It leaves the market problem almost untouched. And the market problem left unsolved hampers our farmers. If the Washington legislature honestly wishes to confer a benefit on agriculture it can do so by appropriating a generous sum to institute markets. The proposed new college will cost a quarter of a million dollars, according to an estimate. That sum spent intelligently on improving market facilities would unquestionably accomplish great good.

It really would attract men from the cities to the soil. Farming has to compete with other vocations in which less toil produces greater profit. Naturally it cannot hold its own. Ambitious young men cannot be expected to choose it when they can do better for themselves by choosing something else. It is vain to preach back to the land sermons until we have dependable markets.

THE HOME COMING

THOSE were wonderful moments yesterday afternoon, those moments of welcome to the returning Sixty-fifth.

The reunited families, the joy and gladness of the return, the inspiration and whole-hearted gratification of those who watched the triumphal march through the streets—they were big moments, wonderful moments, beautiful moments.

To the mothers, who waited and watched so long, who kept lonely vigil through the night, biding the time and hoping for the glad hour that finally came, it was the joys of Heaven brought down to earth. To the bystanders along the street, it was the final fruition of those hopes to which all clung through the agonizing days of suffering and sacrifice.

Few saw in the background of the scene the figures in black, the gentle mothers of brave boys who went over seas but did not come back. In glad greetings of mothers and sons at the railroad station there was vivid reminder of the noble dead they loved and lost. The thought of the unused suit of clothing hanging in the closet at home, of the loved form that went away one day to fight in France were on the heart and in the soul of more than one mother as she watched the greetings and gladness.

Tell my sister not to weep for me
And sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again
With glad and gallant tread.
But to look upon them proudly
With calm, and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too,
And not afraid to die.

Such was the request of the dying soldier in the old, old poem in the school readers of the long ago. It was the wish and hope of the "Soldier of the Legion"; it was the wish and hope of the brave American boys who gave their all in France.

In the thought, there should be comfort and compensation for those whose loved ones were not in the ranks that marched home yesterday with "glad and gallant tread." They fell in the great adventure, and in their name we are trying to rear on the earth a covenant of nations under which spears will be beaten into pruning hooks and wars be no more.

It has been reported from San Francisco, that city of remarkable happenings, that a Mrs. Maginni passed away at the age of 86 after having lived 21 years without a stomach. And this at a time when, according to statements of German officials, 700,000 people died for lack of food to put into their stomachs.

ONE COST ITEM

ACCORDING to R. W. Merrick, late of the United States bureau of markets, the fragile containers made of paper and wood constitute a definite percentage of the cost in each purchase of fruits and vegetables, and, in the aggregate, levy a tribute far greater than the war tax.

He finds that the container adds an average of one cent to the cost of each head of lettuce, four to nine cents to each basket of grapes, five to six cents to each basket of tomatoes or peaches, one to three cents on each head of cabbage or cauliflower, two cents to each measure of berries, a half cent to each grapefruit, one to two cents to each dozen of oranges, one half cent on each fancy Hood River apple, and three to five cents to each half peck of spinach, beans or peas.

The housewife, of course, knows nothing about the container tax. The bill does not read, "Fifty cents for oranges and five cents for the container," but one item covers both food and wood.

Naturally the expert "from the bureau of markets would scarcely call attention to the condition unless he had in mind an improvement. It is this:

We must use a more substantial container and use it over and over again, much the same as milk bottles, ice cream tubs, bread hampers, egg crates, and oil barrels. We must substitute the many-trip or returnable container for the single trip or gift package. There is nothing in the way of such substitution except time-worn custom and unreasonable habits.

OREGON RECONSTRUCTION

THE way to reconstruct is to reconstruct.

There are the school lands secured by Eastern speculators on applications and assignments signed in blank in the back end of Portland saloons, the full and damning evidence of which is printed from day to day in the Journal. These lands are now held in violation of every principle of moral and statute law, while returning soldiers and sailors are applying at the land offices for land.

What better and more practical reconstruction than to follow the decisions of both federal and state courts and secure return of these ill-gotten lands and place them within reach of the men who risked all, dared all, for their country?

That would be one easy and highly practicable move for reconstruction that would reconstruct.

The men who made the sacrifices do not want charity. A lot of them, as the records at the land offices show, want land on which to build homes, enter into production and become factors in building a bigger and better Oregon.

The governor, secretary of state and state treasurer, comprising the Oregon state land board, have called for action and funds by which to recover these lands. Saloon Keeper Schultze told on the witness stand in the federal court in 1906 how he forged the names of Schwab and others to blank applications and assignments by which the state was defrauded of valuable lands, the full account of which was published in Sunday's Journal.

Are these bare-faced frauds to be permitted over the protest of the state land board to stand in the way of the returned fighters who are seeking lands on which to build homes?

Returning American soldiers and sailors are applying at United States land offices for lands on which they can make filings, but for the most part are finding state lands in the unlawful possession of big Eastern speculators and timber barons. Who is better entitled to these lands—the men who made the sacrifices, or the grabbers who got the lands through bogus applications and assignments signed in blank in the back end of Portland north end saloons?

GROWING PORTLAND

MATERIAL evidence of Portland's growth, manufacturing activity, is observable along the line of the principal railroad highway to the east. To see this concrete evidence of an awakening consciousness of the opportunities Portland offers as a manufacturing center, it is not necessary for one to make detailed search or inquiry.

View from the windows of the street cars on the Rose City Park line, traversing Sandy boulevard, includes a number of plants being enlarged, on the main thoroughfare, while the presence of additional activities is revealed by the smoke of industry rising from numerous stacks in the Sullivan gulch district.

Railroad and street car line spurs from the main lines to storage yards and warehouses tell the story of transportation problems easily solved. There is still a large area of land available for development of additional industrial enterprises, but within the last few months the landscape immediately to the east has taken on an altogether different aspect through new concerns established.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

OREGONIANS will no doubt feel a sad interest in the points we are going to cite from the federal department of the interior Bulletin No. 31, which describes the common schools of South Dakota. Some of the facts printed in this bulletin remind us of what might have been in Oregon if our school land had been honestly administered.

As the poet says, "Of all sad words of tongue or pen the saddest are these, it might have been." Hence the reader's interest in our citations will probably be melancholy. But it will be wholesome, for if he can be filled with regret for what the land thieves have taken from the children he may be stirred to persistent demand for its recovery.

South Dakota levies no state tax for the support of the common schools. It levies no millage tax for the higher educational institutions. It does not need to, for it has an irreducible school fund of $14,000,000. The income from this fund, together with taxes locally levied, amply supports the educational system.

Naturally the State university and the normal schools occasionally receive a legislative appropriation for new buildings and the like, but their regular expenses are provided for "from the income on endowment lands held in trust by the state." Oregon's endowment lands are largely held, though not in trust, by certain opulent bandits, who acquired them fraudulently at the expense of the school children.

Had the state of Oregon retained its school lands in trust, or if it had sold them prudently, the school fund of this state would have been much larger than South Dakota's. But the lands were neither held in trust by the state nor were they prudently sold. They were prodigally squandered and now the children and the taxpayers must suffer for it.

WHERE IDEALISM IS TO BE FOUND

Among the People Reside Enthusiasm and Unwearied Purpose

[Before the assembling of the peace conference delegates at Paris, the subjoined article appeared as an editorial in the Newark (N. J.) News, and it is of particular pertinence now, since interesting events have so fully borne out its claims concerning popular apprehension of the needs of the hour.]

In the affairs of state it is the people who keep their youth and enthusiasms. Those politicians who do not maintain contact with the people grow old, become blase, acquire indifference. Their worldly wisdom bores them. Having failed to realize whatever dreams they may have once had to order things better, faith that any one can do it changes to skepticism. President Wilson is meeting with this contrast between the people and some of their leaders everywhere he journeys in Europe. Matthew Arnold has pictured it in one of his poems, in which he asks what it is to grow old, and answers, negatively:

"Tis not to see the world
As from a height, with rapt, prophetic eyes,
And heart profoundly stirred.

The enthusiasms for a peace based upon a new and idealistic world order are felt by the peoples of the entente counties, who are responsive to the president's transcendentalism. They understand him. They not only think the same thoughts and speak the same words, but also show the same eager determination to have a genuine peace. They are even now "mobilizing the moral forces of the world," "organizing the friendship of the world," and "setting up a new international psychology"—all undertakings which to the prosy minds of seared and immured politicians are visionary and which the president himself believes can be explained only as the working of Providence.

* * *

Bored and blase onlookers recognize this response of the people to Mr. Wilson's presentation of his ideas for peace and smile indulgently from what they appear to consider their lofty plane of practical-mindedness. To them it is another sign of the fine, but Utopian, dream of the inexperienced. So the Tribune said yesterday: "What the European leaders are still looking to Mr. Wilson to do is to draw down his idealism to earth as Franklin drew lightning from the clouds."

Probably this is true of some of the European leaders, as it is certainly true of some of his opponents here. But it is not what the real European leaders are looking for; they are looking to Mr. Wilson to find some way to unfasten us all from the earth, as Wright made a path into the air. Even the Tribune, although perhaps unconsciously, confesses this when it says:

"If we create the new atmosphere and initiate ourselves sufficiently into the new psychology, a new machinery of statesmanship will, perhaps, emerge, and what we are now discussing as rainbow-tinted abstractions will be translated into concrete realities."

* * *

Very well, then—as they say in the West: "If the thing looks good, go to it." The first step in all progress is to overcome inertia. People, like things, have a disposition to stay where they are put. In politicians, those who yield to this disposition are called "standpatters." They make no progress because they lack the courage, the initiative, the vision, the temperament, to make a beginning. They never lead. They are always dragging at the wheels of the chariot.

Now the peoples of the world are ordering them to move on; to set their wits to work to find a way out of the depressing ruts into which they have fallen; to walk by faith and not by sight, bucking up courage enough to take a chance.

* * *

The people are not heedless; they are not looking for reckless adventures. The road they are ordering their leaders to follow is the road of right. If it is unsafe to follow this road, it is unsafe to do right; the only prudence lies in doing wrong. The world has been doing wrong from its beginning, and doing wrong has got it into all its trouble. The heedless and reckless counsellors are those who insist upon going back to the old wrong road from which they were driven temporarily by the terrible experiences of war.

The enthusiasm of the people of the world for a moral peace is the greatest phenomenon any of us has ever seen. There never was such an opportunity before to get going on the right track. It took the greatest tragedy in human affairs to bring it about. It will take an even greater tragedy to bring it again if it is neglected now. Woe be unto those who let it pass unembraced, and who deny the people the thing they are now demanding.

* * *

If Mr. Wilson's opponents are jealous of his popularity, of the acceptance of his leadership by all the entente peoples, they have only themselves to blame. He has shown a greater courage than they to put moral forces above physical forces, to put right above selfishness, to trust the unwearied instincts of the people rather than the blase, worldly wise politicians. He has dared to give the faith in the democracy reality above his faith in obligarchies. He has dared to have an enthusiasm for right and to apply himself to realizing it.

But This Time It Is a Case of Dog Feed Dog

From the Spokane Spokesman-Review

In the Telegram, Worcester, Mass., John E. Dearth, field agent of Worcester county farm bureau, tells this story of the intelligence, sympathy, affection and clever understanding on the part of a dog, which came under his observation in a recent visit to Princeton:

A Princeton man who is fond of horses and dogs owns a finely bred hunting dog and he missed it for several days. He made inquiries all around, but no one had seen anything of the animal, and after a week the owner gave it up as lost. One of the farm hands was rambling through a chopped off wood lot a few days later and came upon the dog caught in a steel trap set for a skunk. Both forepaws were held in the jaws of the trap and the dog could not escape.

But is spite of its terrible predicament it was not emaciated, and although in pain, had not gnawed its fore legs as many animals will do when they are in the torture of a steel trap. Strangest of all, scattered all around were bones, and scraps of meat. Several ham bones and meat bones, with shreds of meat still clinging, were under the captive's nose, and it was chewing a bone when the farmer discovered its plight.

The trapped dog was carried home in the arms of the man who found it, and then, a little later, the owner went to the trap to see who or what brought those bones and scraps of dog food to the suffering captive. While he stood silently regarding the little heap of bones and scraps, another dog from his own kennels came through the brush with its jaws filled with chicken bones, meat trimmings and other gleanings from the kitchen garbage pail. The dog dropped its load close to the trap and sniffed around as if he were worried.

* * *

Calling the dog after him the owner went back to the stable, where the injured dog was licking its wounds. When the other dog saw the rescued animal it barked, capered around, wagged its tail almost off, and then lent its own moist tongue to the healing process on its friend's sorely bruised paws.

Letters From the People

(Communications sent to The Journal for publication in this department should be written on only one side of the paper, should not exceed 300 words in length and must be signed by the writer, whose mail address in full must accompany the contribution.)

The Cry for Food and Land

Salem, Feb. 12.—To the Editor of The Journal—I do not claim to have the best solution of the problem of labor unrest in this country, but I do maintain that our legislators, both national and state, should look deeper before attempting a remedy. Why should thousands, yes, millions of dollars, be appropriated by congress and legislatures for financing cities, counties and states in erecting public buildings and in constructing highways, when the crying need of the day is food, food and more food? Mr. Hoover, now in Europe, estimates that from fifteen to twenty millions will starve before next July in spite of what we can do. And they will keep right on starving unless American farmers continue to produce maximum crops, which, of course, they will do. These are figures submitted officially to congress.

At the late trial of leading meat packers we learned that production of meat-producing animals has decreased 40 per cent on an average. Small wonder that meat is high. Where we need laborers is not in building highways and public buildings which are unessential at this period. We need them on the small and large farms of this country. Instead of appropriating $100,000,000 to loan cities and counties with which to build roads and public structures, especially ata time when all material and wages are 400 per cent above normal prices, let congress appropriate several billions if necessary for buying in all idle lands of the country. Let this land be sold or leased to citizens only and at reasonable figures on liberal terms, returning soldiers to be given preference.

Too much money? Never! It was no trick at all to appropriate a few billions with which to blow our enemies to kingdom come. Why should we flinch when it comes to reclaiming the land of the country and putting it to use? By putting men on farms where they can be self supporting and self respecting, we settle the problem of labor permanently. By building roads, etc., we settle it for the time being only, supposing that soldiers and others will go out on the highways and work, which is not at all certain. Give a man an opportunity to own a piece of land that promises independence and hundreds of thousands are ready to go to the farm; the city is full of town tired peoples who would take up a five or ten acre tract if prices were reasonable and terms liberal and the government the owner.

This, to many, may read like an impossible plan, but greater problems will have to be solved if America is to see tranquility among the laboring classes. As long as cost is high and increasing in price, wages will be high and there will be strikes and unrest in the labor world.

Like many of the men who are wasting their time throwing rocks at President Wilson, I think, in my humble mind, that the present administration has made some grand errors, but what we need now is not criticism of past actions, but actions past criticism. Even constructive criticism may be carried too far. If as much time were spent studying remedial methods as is spent by many members of congress in trying to expose the errors committed by the party in power, the constituents of the members would feel that they were not paying too much for representation.

C. F. WILLIAMS.

Columbia River Facilities

Colton, Feb. 14.—To the Editor of The Journal—The letter of A. J. Smithson tempts me to add a suggestion. The Columbia has the Celilo canal, but it has more. It has facilities for water power by the hundreds of thousands of horsepower, if my guess is not too wild. Traveling along the river to my preaching stations in Morrow county I saw, to my surprise, that canal empty, and the falls running to waste. At Biggs a dam could be thrown across the river with locks for the ships, making a fine body of comparatively quiet water above for boat passage, and water power to boot. At Celilo the river should likewise be dammed, adding one more lock for the canal, and at Cascade locks the same. It takes a very stiff pull to get a boat up these rapids, while with dams and locks it would be easy going. The wheat growers over there should have all their crops taken by boat to Celilo to be milled, the feed sent over the dairy regions near the river, and the flour taken also by boats to be loaded on ocean going vessels. Then these falls, generating horsepower and electricity, could produce artificial fertilizers, taking nitrogen out of the air, and thus supply the farmers with a crop sustainer they are sadly in need of west of the Cascades. About these ideas I have written to Senators Chamberlain and McNary, and it seems to me when a backwoods circuit rider can see these things, financiers, politicians and statesmen should have seen a generation or more ago. But, if Mr. Smithson's slurs about the Portland leaders have a grain of truth, the matter may be explained. I thought that the two railroad companies were the culprits. And when the government took over the railroads I suggested to Senator McNary that the government step in and start something along this line. See what the falls of Niagara are doing. And our noble Columbia could and should do as much.

S. M. M.

Raising and Lowering Wages

Vancouver, Wash., Feb. 12.—To the Editor of The Journal—In your issue of the 11th appears the following: "The Butte mining companies have cut wages $1 a day in order to lower the cost of living, according to a report. Just how the cut is expected to bring down the price of butter and eggs is not explained." No, nor can it be explained. Wages, high or low, do not affect the cost of living. The value of the necessaries of life is a use value, and is constant. Raising or lowering the price of butter and eggs does not affect their food value. The price of all products depends on the cost of production. The cost of all production depends on cost of labor, and the cost of labor depends on the cost of living. Hence, hope of meeting the cost of living through raising or lowering wages is no less futile than is the aspiration of the bob-tailed dog which attempts to catch its own tail. The abnormal cost of living is a result of under production. Necessaries of life are scarce because that production is out of proportion to consumption. Raising or lowering the wages of those who produce butter and eggs neither increases nor decreases the quantity or value of these foodstuffs. Their quantity can be increased only through increased production. Increased supply will decrease their exchange value (fewer work hours will be a fair exchange for a given quantity of these products.) In order to reduce the burdensome cost of living we must find some means of increasing production. For, while our farmers quit the land and our shoemakers forsake their shops, the price of butter, eggs and shoes will remain high.

AMOS.

Merchants Buy in Portland Now

From the Eugene Guard

That the merchants in the Coquille country now purchase their stocks from Portland instead of San Francisco, is the statement of William Satterfelt, a merchant of Bandon, who was in Eugene today on his way to Portland to buy goods. It is now possible, he says, to purchase cheaper in Portland than in California.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Keep Old Glory waving.

Welcome home, brave Sixty-fifth.

It is a source of relief to know that the "flu" has been driven from the front page.

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"Taft's words are expected to have weight at capital."—Headline. Doubtless. Taft is a heavy-weight, himself.

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The Sixty-fifth fired $400,000 worth of ammunition during its action on the front. That's burning money, all right. But to great advantage.

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Now the royal family of Roumania is reported fleeing in terror of the revolutionists. It seems to be a mania with royalty these days.

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The Germans, after a certain amount of fussing, have signed the new armistice, which leads one to believe that even the Germans are beginning to learn a few things.

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Henry Morgenthau, former United States ambassador to Turkey, says that the crimes of the Turk are unspeakable. Evidently living up to reputation—the "Unspeakable Turk."

* * *

Don't overlook the fact that some veterans of another army are honoring Portland with their presence this week. The Salvation army is holding an annual convention here.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

"It's about time to build more houses when the people come in to locate and then go out again because they cannot find housing of any kind for themselves and families," said the Herald, referring to the situation in Klamath Falls.

* * *

The old Grange hall at Tangent is to be remodeled and many modern conveniences added. This is one of the pioneer granges of Linn county, and a revival of activity is expected to follow the completion of the proposed improvements.

* * *

And here is a sample of a class of items that are increasing in frequency in the papers of Oregon: "The job of tearing down the old blacksmith shop of Clyde Dannals at the corner of Second and Washington streets is well under way today. The work on the new brick building will start right away." This one just happens to be from the Albany Democrat.

* * *

From the Aurora Observer is copied this note on the revival of the fur trade in that section: "Many beavers have been trapped here this season. Ed Kraus caught a large one a few days ago, making almost a dozen. E. M. Howe has trapped eight or 10. Canby parties are said to have trapped nine or ten, Allen Kell has caught some and Ralph Leabo has several to his credit. Prices vary from $8 to $15."

JOURNAL MAN AT HOME

By Fred Lockley.

More than two million Americans are coming back home from overseas with a larger knowledge of world affairs. Two million other American lads have traveled from farm and village and city to camp and cantonment and have mixed and mingled with their fellows and received a new vision of service. The year or so they have put in forms for most of them an amazing interlude in the humdrum monotone of their lives. From selling ribbons to operating a machine gun, from installing telephones to dropping depth bombs to destroy submarines, from raising chickens to flying 130 miles an hour and dodging shrapnel, from raising wheat or chickens or prunes to raising Cain with bullets, bombs or bayonets is certainly some change and one that will leave many a stirring memory to recall in days to come.

* * *

N. R. Moore of Corvallis, who has recently returned from overseas, in a recent issue of the Corvallis Gazette-Times, makes some interesting observations, both wise and otherwise. He says:

"No, folks, there is not so much to this kissing between the males of France as some might imagine. Occasionally one sees men who have been long apart fall upon each other's neck and rub cheeks, but in a year the writer did not see a single case of real osculation—on the part of the males alone. The father sometimes kisses his grown son on the cheek and is saluted the same way, but really the men of France do not spoon, with each other. Now, when it comes to evidencing affection toward the other sex, the French are certainly some gorgeous. They never appear to be self conscious about anything, least of all their little love affairs — and a Frenchman not in love is either in his grave or about to go there. The arm is about the waist or neck of mademoiselle anywhere and everywhere and all the time. And almost as frequently the arm of mademoiselle or madame is just about where every man, Frenchman or American, would like to have it. It is not uncommon to see both young and old sitting at the wine tables on the sidewalks with arms about neck or waist, 'in broad daylight'; and because it is sunshine and noonday rather than moonshine does not seem good reason for lovers to cease their spooning upon the approach of any person or crowd of persons as they travel upon the beautiful roadways of France. The people of France love to walk along their charming lanes and lovely roadways and on Sundays and holidays, of which there are very many of the latter, one couldn't go far without meeting several couples blissfully unconscious of everything but their own happiness and the romance and glory of the landscape. The difference between the good old U. S. A. and the French way lies in the fact that we do all this loving on the sly and there they do it in the open, wholly unconcerned. As a matter of fact, they are really unobserved, for this is so much the custom, so much the seemingly natural thing, that the French take no note of it at all. Only the American would turn his head to stare—and sometimes to gaze with envy.

"The activity of our electric flash signs each evening calls to mind the French contrast. There is no such thing in the city of Bordeaux—no electric signs over the walks at all. There is no display at all at night. There is no provision for lighting the city in any such way as our business streets are lighted.

"At 6 o'clock each evening the windows and doors of all French business houses are covered over with iron shutters. In most instances these are of the roll-top-desk kind, coming down from above. The protection was born of the revolutions and street fights of bygone years and apparently there is little disposition to get rid of this long-continued custom. The show windows are not only covered at night, but they are never open to view on Sunday. On narrow streets at night time or on Sunday one gets the impression that he is inside a corrugated tube.

"However, practically every window in France, whether on the first floor or the fifth, in business house or residence, in city or country, is provided with iron shutters and, disliking air and sunlight in houses about as much as they dislike water, the French open these shutters just as little as possible. This statement is not a distortion of fact—all windows are covered and seldom opened except for the least time possible.

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"Writing of windows calls to mind the fact that the doors of France are not provided with knobs of the kind to which we are accustomed. They have a sort of protuberance from the lock that is to be pushed down or raised up rather than turned. About the only knobs to be found are in the center of the doors and these are wholly stationary and are used purely as handles with which to close or open the door provided with a spring lock.

* * *

"Each door in French cities if it is where the general public can see it, wears about 25 pounds of brass—if not quite that much at least enough to keep one or two servants busy polishing away for dear life throughout the day. The bell or the knocker and the speaking tube is of brass, there is a big name plate of brass, a slit cut in the door for use of the mail man has a wide brass rim, the knob in the center of the door is of brass, and there is a brass plate about the keyhole. And at the doorway is ever to be found a servant rubbing away, rubbing away, and apparently she is putting into the work all the ideality of a soul with a wonderful vision of brass at its shiniest, as well as all the elbow-grease from an arm that would rather polish brass than do anything else in the world. The writer figured out that if one third the energy wasted in polishing on the brass of French doors could have been utilized in any way against the Germans, the victory would have been won three weeks after the big fracas started."

AMERICAN ARMS NEVER BEATEN

By Algernon Sartoris

Special Correspondence of The Journal and The Chicago Daily News.

London—When, far away and alone, the American patriot took up arms to win independence under General Washington, the rest of the world smiled at what appeared almost an impertinence. How could rude country peasants withstand the attacks of regular troops? Somehow or other they did. Not only that, but they beat them squarely on several occasions. The French helped us at later stages, as we have helped them now, thus paying back part of our debt of gratitude to them—we never can repay in full.

The American soldier, that is the United States soldier, the "Yank," has never known defeat for any length of time. In the war with Mexico he fought vastly superior numbers of brave men and won. The Mexican war was comparatively small, but the troops had to suffer and endure and they always filled all they were called upon to fill, and often more. In that war Grant, Lee, McClellan and many others made their debut and all gloriously.

* * *

Of the Civil war the deeds of the soldiers of both sides have become classic. General Grant, in speaking of the South in his official report, says: "Let us hope to remain in perpetual peace and harmony with the enemy whose manhood, however mistaken the cause, has called forth such Herculean deeds of valor." A tribute from a generous foe! And in his memoirs, written almost on his deathbed, he said: "United we need fear no foe." It was General Longstreet, the right hand of Robert Lee, who said: "Of Washington it was said, 'First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen.' Of Grant we can say, 'First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his enemies.'" And at the marvelous funeral of Grant, among his pallbearers were General Buckner and General Joseph E. Johnston. The former had surrendered to him at Donelson; the latter had been one of his most efficient enemies. Both, with Sherman and Sheridan, their old opponents, assisted in bearing away his remains to the beautiful tomb which overlooks the Hudson. It was their answer, the true answer of the South, to the famous sentence, "Let us have peace." It was his own final and personal triumph—an outward, visible sign of a reunited country.

* * *

In our little war with Spain, in which I took an humble part, when the Spanish ships were sinking off Santiago de Cuba, it was an American officer who said, or rather shouted, to his crew: "Don't cheer, boys; the poor devils are dying." And the men obeyed and did not cheer, and they did what they could to save the lives of their quixotic opponents. I could write of a hundred simple deeds of self-sacrifice and valor which I personally witnessed in the Philippines.

* * *

Why the German emperor and the German general staff could think we were of little military value I never could make out. With traditions such as ours how could our army be anything but what it is? And when people say with a surprised look, "The Americans are good soldiers and did well," I smile and say: "Of course; I could have told you that before."

We have a blameless military record. We have never been beaten in all our history. We have had a series of wonderful commanders. Today their sons are doing just what sons of such men would do. They are maintaining our standard and that standard is high.

General Grant in his address to his armies at the end of the war of the rebellion said: "Your have dimmed the luster of the world's past military achievements."

History repeats itself!

OLDEN OREGON

Mount Hood Named for Briton in 1792; First Ascent, 1845.

Mount Rood was so named by Lieutenant Broughton of the British navy, October 30, 1792. It was named for Alexander Arthur Hood, who afterwards became Lord Brinport, a personal friend of Vancouver. For a time it was known among Americans as Mount Washington. The mountain was explored by General Joel Palmer soon after his arrival in Oregon in 1845. In August, 1867, the mountain was first ascended by white women. They were Fannie Case, Mary Robinson and Lucy Hay. Prior to 1845 the ascent of the mountain was considered a physical impossibility.

Ragtag and Bobtail

Stories From Everywhere.

Soldier Stories

CORPORAL WALLACE, just home wounded after nine months of service with the First American tank corps, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger, tells this one: At inspection one day the top sergeant called Tommy's attention to a cootie crawling up the front of his coat. Tommy carefully placed the encumbrance inside his coat with the remark: "Get inside, you silly ass! Do you want to catch pneumonia?"

Captain O. P. Beeman relates an anecdote of a British officer on whose expense voucher appeared the words "Porter, sixpence." "We cannot pay for your drinks," retorted the war office. "It was a man I hired to carry my bag," explained the officer. "Then you should have said 'porterage,'" he was informed. "You will please use the term 'porterage' hereafter." But the officer had the last shot. "When I engage a cab am I to say 'cabbage'?" he asked.

Why Buds Break Down

Although I've a cloak for the ocean
And suitable togs for the turf,
Modistes now insist with emotion
I ought to be leaving the surf.

For flying's the sport of the season:
I look on my dance frocks and cry,
"I've diruses for all else in reason
But
What shall I wear in the sky?"

For motoring, tennis, and boating,
For riding and bridge I am fixed,
For aquaplanes, church and for voting
I'm costumed, but now I feel mixed.

The last word in sport's in the heavens,
And how I hate cowhide! I sigh,
"My wardrobe's in sizes and sevens,
For
What shall I wear in the sky?"
—"M. S." in New York Evening Post.

Uncle Jeff Snow Says:

Its mighty lucky for some of our best families and big eastern timber millionaires and tax dodgers that whiskey, fake affidavits and giner'l skulduggery can't be follered too fur back in bustin' up land titles. Time was when it was jist a joke to rob school children of a quarter section, and a whole circus to rob 'em of a township. One of these days some of our school children'll diskiver that use is the only title to land that God has give to humans.

The News in Paragraphs

World Happenings Briefed for Benefit of Journal Readers

GENERAL

Miss Anna Perris of Pittsburg had 19 relatives in the war, 17 of whom lost their lives.

Army discharges in demobilization in the United States had reached a total Saturday of 1,174,645 officers and men.

All of Southern California was shaken by an earthquake Sunday morning, lasting almost a minute. Little damage was done.

The United States employment service at Washington Saturday night reported 321,700 idle workers, an increase of 31,000 over the previous week.

On account of the strike of boilermakers, work on government ship contracts in the Oakland yards totaling $77,000,000 came to an end Saturday.

A Venezuelan alliance designed to work for the removal of President Gomez and the establishment of a "true republic" was organized at New York Saturday.

NORTHWEST NOTES

The Troutdale school has organized a boys' pig and poultry club.

Reedsport, on Coos Bay, with a population of 500, is seeking incorporation.

A shipment of nitrate for fertilization purposes will reach Vancouver March 1.

A Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen has been organized at North Bend.

Prospects are said to be fine in the Palouse country for a big crop of wheat this year.

The Yakima Valley bank gave its annual corn show Saturday. There were 15 contestants.

Five out of the 13 state championships for boys' and girls' club work in 1918 went to Yakima county.

A carload of registered dairy stock from the best herds of Missouri arrived at Vale a few days ago.

Mrs. Louise Powell, a resident of Clarke county for 47 years, died at Hockinson Saturday night, aged 62.

The four-minute men, who did such efficient work in war work activities at Raymond, have been discharged.

A campaign to raise money for the Y. W. C. A. will be put on in Vancouver and Clarke county, February 23 to 28.

Spruce manufacturers of the northwest met at Centralia Saturday and decided to form a box manufacturing association.

Of the 3,757,624 men of the United States army during the great war, Oregon furnished 30,116 and Washington 46,154.

George L. Rouse, a prominent merchant of Astoria and Warrenton and widely known in mining circles, is dead at Astoria.

It is estimated that there are about 200 alien slackers in Yakima county, and the local draft board recommends their deportation.

The cooperative sales organization at Hood River has distributed a net total of $991,000 to growers for the 1918 apple and pear crop.

Stockholders in the Selah-Naches irrigation district will issue $125,000 in bonds to be spent on permanent improvement of laterals.

John Dierdorff of Hillsboro and M. B. Twining of Oswego have been appointed to Annapolis naval academy by Representative Hawley.

Two Wallowa county soldiers, August W. Landquist and Peter Bue, chums from boyhood up, were killed in the last great drive in Argonne forest.

John Vandecouvering, near Forest Grove, during the month of January, sold milk to the local condensary from 14 cows to the amount of $576.31.

William Carter, an itinerant horse trader, was found murdered near Kennewick, Wash., Saturday. His skull had been crushed with a hand ax.

E. E. Garliche, a druggist at Centralia, is under arrest charged with selling medicated drops, the man who purchased them having become intoxicated.

Steel and wooden shipyards in Tacoma and Seattle will reopen their gates Wednesday morning. The Macy scale will be paid to all men who apply.

A spirit of discontent is developing among some 500 at Vancouver, formerly in the spruce division, because their applications for discharge have not been granted.

George Washington Recognized Happiness of Thrify People

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

Though Benjamin Franklin is generally considered to have been the nation's greatest apostle of thrift, George Washington, another great American, was no less outspoken in his declaration of the benefits of that virtue.

"There is no proverb in the whole catalogue of them," he said, "more true than that a penny saved is a penny got. Nothing but harmony, industry and frugality are necessary to make us a great and happy nation."

If Washington were alive today he would be heart and soul in the War Savings Stamp movement.

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