Oregon Journal

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON..........Publisher

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The foundations of our public morality must be laid deep in the public intelligence and virtue.—George William Curtis.

THEIR GAME

IN WHAT happened to Victor Mason, returned soldier, there is an illuminating story of Bolshevism.

He was penniless and without employment. The wobblies found him. He was a willing listener to their propaganda. He became a convert.

He was supplied with money, mysterious money, whose money nobody knows. With his pockets full of red literature, he went from Portland to meet the special train carrying the 65th, to let the soldiers in on the new gospel. He had turned Bolshevist agitator, a role that he quickly renounced when sane men explained to him the folly of his course.

It is an edifying incident. It shows that the propagandists are at work. It shows that they have money with which to carry on proselyting.

It tallies up perfectly with the story from Seattle to the effect that with the arrival of a Bolshevist ship from Russia manned by a Bolshevist crew, money began to be used in the spread of Bolshevist propaganda, ending finally, in the temporary domination of the labor situation by Bolshevist leadership.

It tallies up with the situation in Philadelphia, where federal authorities declare 10,000 reds are actively spreading their propaganda. Red literature is left in public buildings. Some of it threatens use of bombs on important structures. The postoffice and city hall have been threatened. Private factories are invaded, and terrorists look for those most likely to listen to their arguments. They preach and spout Bolshevism by the hour. Recruits are gathered in until presently the propaganda has full sway in the factory. Threatening literature is sent to the head of that institution. Terrorism is then in full swing. This is asserted by a prominent and experienced government secret service man at Philadelphia.

The plan is to make the government of the United States soviet in type. It is the same movement as that by the Spartacans in Germany. It would apply the Trotsky and Lenine scheme to America.

The case of Victor Mason in Portland, who was rescued from the Bolshevists, fed and given a job and is now a wobbly no longer, is concrete evidence of how to treat the disease.

Anything to lessen unemployment is the best antidote for Bolshevism. The minds unhinged by war are more susceptible than in normal times, and most minds were more or less unhinged by the conflict that tilted civilization and upset world equilibrium.

Make jobs for idle men, whether returning service men or not. Find work enough for all. Take back the lands of which the state was robbed and give those who want lands a chance at it.

We spent money lavishly to win the war, and must spend it in more than normal amounts on the unusual business of saving minds and men from mischievous consequences directly resultant from the war.

Any sane public work that promises aid in relieving unemployment is a tremendously splendid investment. It is the personal and public duty of all to encourage every activity that affords employment for idle men.

There has been no time just like this, and we must do things we have not done before.

The Public patly calls it a piece of political stupidity for the Democrats in congress to have permitted the Republican reactionaries to reject the suffrage amendment. The amendment must soon be submitted and the party in power when the submission is made will win immense credit. Very likely the submission will be made very soon after the coming change in the control of the senate. The Republican reactionaries will then swing into line "for the good of the party." Political blindness has seldom blundered worse than in the rejection of the suffrage amendment.

SLACKER MONEY

ENACTMENT of legislation to maintain the price of Liberty bonds was discussed Wednesday in the United States senate.

All over America at the time, and for a long time past, there were offers galore to buy bonds at reduced prices. There was and is so much clamor to buy bonds far below par that you wonder where all that money was when the bond drives were in progress.

When the United States government was appealing to the people of all walks and stations in life, when speakers and literal millions of citizens were calling upon all to buy Liberty bonds, where was all this money that is now so clamorous to buy the securities?

It was waiting to get something for nothing. It was biding its time, letting little men absorb the bonds and waiting for the day when the pinch of necessity or other misfortune would drive them to sell them at a sacrificial figure.

It makes no difference whose money it is that was in hiding then and is out Liberty bond buying now—it is profiteering money. It is parasitical money. It is mercenary money. It is slacker money. It is money that is preying upon the patriotism of those who did more than they could afford to do to support the fighters.

That is why the bonds are below par. The financiers, at least those financiers who profiteer, will declare otherwise. But just the same if all the money were as patriotic as the money of the man who bought bonds and was driven by financial pinch to sell, the universal loyalty would keep up the bond price.

But all money is not patriotic. A lot of it is paytriotic.

It was held back waiting for the time when it could profiteer out of the sacred Liberty bonds through which American mothers and fathers were supporting the great cause for which their sons were striving and dying in France.

The senators seemed to agree that there is no way to maintain the bonds at par. Are they sure?

Is not the shed blood of 70,000 noble American dead something on which an extraordinary nation can base extraordinary effort?

The Lewis county, Washington, farmers have decided to operate their exchange another year in spite of a technical "loss," on the books of the concern. The loss is compensated many times over by the actual gains the farmers have enjoyed by virtue of owning their market. Such a loss is purely imaginary. We might in the same way say that the expense of the courts or public schools is a loss to the country.

WRONGED SOLDIERS

PROTESTING that he was too ill to obey an order to drill, an American soldier in France disobeyed and was sentenced to death by a court martial. He was saved by presidential clemency.

An American soldier went to the bedside of his dying father without leave, and was sentenced to death. His life was saved by interference from Washington.

A sentence by court martial of 40 years was imposed upon a young soldier who had been in the army only three weeks, because he refused to give up a package of cigarettes to his superior officer, a second lieutenant.

A soldier convicted by court martial of having a pass in his possession, was sentenced to dishonorable discharge, forfeiture of pay, and imprisonment for 10 years. The sentence was later reduced to three years. After service of two months the judge advocate general has recommended suspension of the remainder of the sentence.

Dishonorable discharge, forfeiture of pay, and 40 years' imprisonment, afterwards reduced to 10 years, was the sentence pronounced upon a soldier who absented himself without leave.

A private, who, without leave, went home to see his wife and sick baby in destitute circumstances, was sentenced to 15 years' imprisonment. The sentence was later reduced to three years, but the 15 years' sentence remains as grim evidence of the genius of the American court martial.

These cases are from the testimony of the judge advocate general. They are examples of the military institution of America under the rules and regulations formulated by reactionary military officers. They are described by high military authority as making the American military establishment the most drastic and reactionary of any similar establishment in the world, Russia, Prussia and Spain alone excepted.

The Chamberlain bill proposes a reform of the system. The shocking character of the sentences administered for such trivial offenses shows that the reforms should be speedy and sweeping.

The change should have been carried out a generation ago.

Judge Wallace of Crook county says the projected Mount Hood Loop road would shorten the trip from Madras to Portland 80 miles. That is, it would cut down the distance one third, which is worth while. No wonder Judge Wallace and his fellow citizens of the interior country are eager for the road. Portland has as much to gain by it as they since easy communications make for trade. Road building might well be the great ambition of Oregon for the next 20 years.

The California court records show that George A. Fox was foxy enough to euchre Mrs. Anna G. Walters out of her $70,000 orange grove down near Los Angeles. He has been sent to prison for his trickery, his sentence running from one to 20 years. This is pleasant to read, but it leaves curiosity unsatisfied in one particular. Did Mrs. Walters get her orange grove back?

A PORTLAND ASSET

"IN COMPETITION with milk from all the larger cities of the West, Portland dairymen won five first places out of a possible six, along with one second and two thirds at the Western Dairy Instructor's convention at Boise, Idaho," says a Journal news story.

The five gold medals were for raw milk, pasteurized milk, raw and pasteurized cream and shippers' milk, and the second and third prizes were for raw cream and raw and pasteurized cream. The story adds that "for five years Portland milk products have not been bested in competition, but have carried away more first place medals than any other city in the West."

The story continues:

In the exhibit at Yakima in 1913, Portland won the gold medal as high city. Eight medals, $100 and 65 diplomas were brought here from the exposition at San Francisco. At the Portland convention in 1916 this city took six out of seven medals, and 16 out of 17 at Yakima last year.

It is enviable distinction. It is strong reassurance to Portland milk consumers. It is splendid advertising for the city.

It is reminder of the time back in 1909, when The Journal for nearly two years carried on a campaign for pure milk for Portland. We had a rotten milk supply then. Open cans of milk infested with flies fresh from nearby manure piles, were a common sight at many dairies. One herd of dairy cows from which Portland consumers were supplied, was found to be 100 per cent in the last stages of tuberculosis, and many other herds were dangerously infected. The state of mind of the dairymen was such that at one of their meetings a speaker was applauded to the echo who said: "The dirtiest dregs in the milk can are the best food for children." A dairy official publicly declared that "of 10 gallons of tuberculous milk, five gallons fed to hogs will kill them, while five gallons fed to boys will fatten them."

A discouraging feature of the then situation was that the pure milk campaign was violently opposed by the Portland Oregonian, which said among many other spiteful things that if dirty milk was good enough for our grandmothers it was good enough for us.

But the great cause of pure milk was finally won. Portland is known and heralded throughout the country by the prizes she has won as the pure milk city of America.

Vigilance should never be relaxed. The milk supply should remain uncontaminated. It is a Portland asset.

INFECTIOUS VICE

ONE of the strange and sinister phenomena with which medical men have to deal is that of "mental infection." It is not invariably sinister, because good traits are infectious as well as evil ones. But the good is only slightly infectious.

A rogue may live with a saint all his life and die a rogue still. And the chances are that he will tincture the saint with his roguery before he quits the world. For evil is virulently infectious. "One sickly sheep infects the flocks and poisons all the rest."

No poet ever dreamed of sending a healthy sheep among a flock of sick ones to impart his health to them. When Father Damien took up his residence among lepers it was with the expectation of dying a leper himself. What is true of the body is still more true of the mind.

Nations catch the vices of the nations they wage war upon.

We have the Poindexters and Knoxes insisting that wars must continue, that there is no hope of changing the old order and that we must not have a League of Nations, but have the same old inconclusive peace that has always begot new wars. Bolshevism and its propaganda is with us.

What an ironical trick of fate it would be, if, after spending 18 billions of money and sacrificing more than 60,000 lives to kill the weed of Prussianism, the Poindexters should be able to fasten Europe's twin maladies upon us!

SWINDLERS AT LARGE

SECRETARY GLASS is urging congress to pass what is equivalent to a national Blue Sky law.

He would require all corporations or persons desiring to sell stock through the mails or through advertisements circulated through the mails, to file with the secretary of the treasury comprehensive statements concerning the stock. It also would make the persons required to sign the statements personally responsible for any falsity therein. Provision would be made in the law for the victims of the misrepresentation to recover damages.

The mails are being flooded with stock flotations, many of doubtful worth and many fraudulent. Mining stocks, oil stocks and other gilded baits are offered in exchange for Liberty bonds, and there are reports from all parts of the country of persons who have fallen victims to the swindlers.

In his letter to Chairman Kitchin, Secretary Glass says:

The millions of holders of our Liberty bonds are being solicited by paid agents to exchange their bonds for these securities. Public protests are coming in from all parts of the United States. It is a grave menace both to the public and the government. It is an evil that should be suppressed.

BARKING FOR MORE WAR

Medievalists, Munition Makers and Mad-Dog Militarists in Chorus.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger (Republican), February 14.

These United States are still at war. Woodrow Wilson is a war president. We have hardly finished publishing the terrible casualty lists that recorded the cost to this country of securing that position of military supremacy which now is enabling us and our allies to prepare terms of peace. Our troops are in military occupation of German territory. Some of them sent to Russia, while the fighting in France was still fierce and undecided, for the perfectly legitimate purposes of protecting the military stores of the allies and preventing their capture by the forces of the kaiser, are today dyeing the winter snows of the Arctic Archangel area with good American blood in the course of military operations that our participation in the war forced upon them.

Has the time come, then, tested by the single fact that we are at war, when it is either patriotic or safe to shoot the president in the back as he stands up before all the world as the official spokesman of the American people?

* * *

But there is another test, one that will mean more to every American home that has had a "service star" in the window. The other test is the undisputed fact that President Wilson, whether or not his plans are the best or his efforts finally prove effective, is fighting day and night in the French capital to secure such a peace as will permit our American mothers to keep their boys hereafter and not send them to the shambles because the very life of our nation is menaced by a Europe-made quarrel. Five years ago we thought in this happy country that injustices in Europe were "deplorable" but characteristic; and that, while we certainly "deprecated" them without passion, they were not particularly any of our business. Now we know that even the least of these injustices may cause the death by violence of more Americans than the Europeans whom the injustice in question directly affects. So it is an American interest to provide a just peace for Europe.

* * *

This is what Woodrow Wilson—decent, peace-loving American citizen—is trying to do. He may have undertaken the impossible; but in the peasant villages of Poland, in the murderous coal mines of Silesia and in every conscript-cursed country from the Pacific to the Atlantic "the dumb driven cattle" there made of our brothers most earnestly hope and pray not. One thing at all events is very certain, and that is, that if Woodrow Wilson were to throw up his hands and come back to America with the message that he had found it impossible to get a peace carrying content and opportunity to all and that this latest peace must be like the old one, leaving some nations in shackles so intolerable as eventually to compel revolt, a great sigh of despair would sweep over the Old World that all the fanfares of imperialism could not drown.

* * *

Yet at the very crisis of his crusade, when the scales swing hourly between success and failure, a company of incorrigible partisans gathered in a luxurious New York hotel and, in the name of Lincoln, sought to assassinate the influence of a war president, wrestling with pressing problems of reconstruction on which hang the whole future, not of a nation, but of a world. It is amazing; it would be incredible if this petty spirit had not peeped out elsewhere before; its slashing assaults upon our war president were no doubt cabled to Europe and are being chuckled over today by every protagonist of the ancient and unholy system we had hoped to slay, a system of secret chicane, of callous bargainings in human flesh and of universal youth sacrificed to the Moloch of militarism.

* * *

James M. Beck, one of the speakers, took the responsibility of saying that the president, in his effort to secure a permanent peace, stands "as one man, and one man alone, against the express mandate of the American people * * * pledging this country so far as he can to policies subversive to all the pillars of this government and which set at naught the most sacred traditions as expressed in Washington's farewell address." Continuing, he added:

I say that Woodrow Wilson's foreign policy, from the time he took the reins of office until the present hour, has been a black stain of dishonor upon the American people. His principles have been a crazy patchwork of contradictions, but to one idea he has been consistently loyal; and that is that this great war, the greatest in the history of the world, must end in a peace without victory. He emphasized that in 1915, and at the present hour he only so far modifies this policy as to make it "peace without full victory," and that is exactly the significance of that which is now taking place in Paris, to the confusion of ourselves and our faithful allies.

* * *

Then Mr. Beck goes more into details. He accuses the president of making his League of Nations "a pretext" to dictate a peace without full victory, of committing "incredible baseness * * * in the name of the American people," of "bullying Great Britain and France," and of menacing financially crippled France with withdrawal of our financial support, and threatening Britain, dependent upon her navy, with a greater American navy if she does not accept his policy. He even invokes the shades of Lincoln and Washington, who are represented as amazed at "Woodrow Wilson's work in the last four years * * * sapping the foundations of our government with a policy of universal, world-wide intrigue that could only mean permanent abandonment of Washington's policy." As for Lincoln, he is made to complain: "I poured out my heart's blood to save the constitution of the United States, and that which I have saved you (the president) have gone far to undermine."

* * *

It is difficult to deal patiently with an irresponsible farrago of misrepresentation, partisan malice and haphazard bludgeoning like this. If the references to Washington have any discernible meaning, they imply that President Wilson has disobeyed Washington and gone in for "entangling alliances." Yet every schoolboy knows that that is exactly what he has most meticulously avoided doing; and those who have sat at the feet of Mr. Beck in his belligerent outbursts have imagined that an American "alliance" with the allies was exactly what the latter most wanted. President Wilson always refers to the allies as "the nations with which we are associated"—not allied—and his League of Nations is the only known scheme by which the United States can help these nations keep the peace without entering into "entangling alliances" with them. President Wilson is in this regard the true heir of Washington, and Mr. Beck has been one of the most persistent rebels against the Washington tradition. That is, of course, on the assumption that he has meant the plain implication of his own words — something one cannot be quite certain of after the irrelevances and non sequitturs of the Lincoln dinner.

As for "bullying France and Britain," that is a libel. The president has told France the plain truth—that a League of Nations is her only sure support. She cannot have an "entangling alliance" with this country to defend the annexation of the Saar valley or the western bank of the Rhine. Would Mr. Beck himself give her one? Not if his touching references to Washington had any meaning. The president also told the truth to Britain—nothing more. If she does not vest command of the sea in a league of nations, she will some day lose it to America. That is not "bullying," but the unescapable answer to a simple sum in arithmetic—population statistics—and human nature.

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.)

Denounces I. W. W. Methods

Portland, Feb. 15.—To the Editor of The Journal—Steps must be taken, and that soon, to weed out the I. W. W., or the government will have a lot of trouble, for if they are not allowed to operate under the name I. W. W. they will organize under some other name. What to do with them is a great question. The whipping post has been suggested, but that would do no good, for they imagine that they suffer as martyrs, and to chase them from town to town only encourages them. I have come to the conclusion that the best medicine for such people, if you cannot get them converted, is to put them to work on our public highways and force them to work. That would break their hearts quicker than anything else, for they certainly will not work unless they are forced to. I have had them in my employ in different parts of the United States and Canada for a good many years, and I have paid them more than the union scale, and I have built bunkhouses for them and furnished them beds and fuel free of charge, but they were too lazy to cut the wood and keep their bunkhouses clean, and, in one case, in North Dakota, they stole blankets from the railroad company and stole coal so that they would not have to go to the trouble of cutting the wood that I furnished them. It makes no difference how well you treat them, they simply will not work. They will work fairly well for the first two days, then every time the foreman's back is turned they will lay down on the work.

Before the conscription law was signed I suggested in a letter to President Wilson that the government had a better chance to do these men a kindness than anyone else, to force them into the army and make men of them, if that was possible. I received a letter from the secretary of war saying that "as soon as the conscription law was signed, many of these men would be drafted," but, evidently, the government discovered that the I. W. W. could not be trusted.

I have read an article by George L. Rauch, in which he claimed that education was the I. W. W.'s only hope. He is sadly mistaken, for some of these men are college graduates of every profession—doctors, lawyers, or even preachers—and as education alone has utterly failed in Germany, even so it would be with a degraded man, whether an I. W. W. or otherwise, and I never have seen a good I. W. W. It takes a higher power than education to convert a man; Christianity is the only thing that will do that.

A. J. CLARK.

The Foreign Born Wife

Portland, Feb. 14.—To the Editor of The Journal—A few evenings ago a number of our wounded soldiers arrived in Portland. Back they had come, not scathless, indeed, but living. Back from where flying missiles wrought havoc unspeakable, where human flesh cooked in liquid fire. It was a glad welcome home, and it is safe to venture the opinion that the welcome would not have been one whit less warm had each returning soldier brought with him a French bride. Each great-hearted mother would have had unstinted greetings for each shy newcomer, and each of the latter would have said, by action if not in words, as did Ruth of old, "Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God."

At Catigny, at Chateau-Thierry, at St. Mihiel, in the Argonne and elsewhere, our young crusaders proved themselves men. Shall we consider our heroes so lacking in intelligence that they must be dictated to in their choice of life partners? Does anyone think for a moment that they will suffer such dictation? Those of us who know the French people as they are, highly resent any assumption of their inferiority. The sowing of the French philosophers, flowered in the Declaration of Independence. Franklin and Jefferson were tremendously influenced by French thought. Where can be found a more stirring hymn for democracy than the "Marseillaise"? Would the glory of America be greater without the names of Paul Revere, Whittier, Stephen Girard, Gallatin, Fremont and Du Chaillu? That gallant American officer who said, "LaFayette, we are here," did not sneer at the French people.

Your Merrill correspondent, writing under date of February 8, appears to think that Americans with foreign born mothers are destined to be hyphenated. Woodrow Wilson's mother was foreign-born. What does the worthy lady of Merrill think of his Americanism? What is the greatest name in American naval annals? Farragut. Yet Farragut's father was a Spaniard. Americanism is not of the flesh but of the spirit. Read the names of those who shed their blood for democracy if you doubt it. And do not overlook the fact, in passing, that Luther's race was in arms under our banner—"Ackerman, Anspacher, Abendroth, Auer, Baumgartner, Bohlinger, Branstator, Bauer." Shame on little-Americanism. The writer is an American of the old stock, and a soldier as well He is married to a foreign-born wife and has no apologies to offer. "Evil to him who evil thinks of it." Your Merrill correspondent goes on to say, "As for the soldiers who marry French girls, one could not wish anything worse upon the soldier." She speaks of such a soldier as being "isolated in his own country." If any American soldier, white, black, yellow, red or brown, ever faces social ostracism on account of the nationality of his wife—tell it to the marines.

J. F. SANTEE.

The League of Nations

San Francisco, Feb. 13.—To the Editor of The Journal—Newspaper columns this morning tell us that had the war been continued another year new inventions would have made it twice as deadly and destructive as "all the four years that had gone before." This means also twice as ruinous in its money cost; for these inventions are extremely expensive; tanks already are billed at $50,000 each, and airplanes up to $100,000. Lacking some more ideal system, such as the League of Nations, which may prove a success if we resolve to make it one, the world must fall back on the old discredited "balance of power" with its "preparedness for war;" both of which have proved dead failures. Even from the point of view of national selfishness, does not common sense dictate that it would be quite worth while to give this League of Nations a trial, and to reconsider some of our old notions as to tariffs, balances of trade, sovereign rights, etc, when the sum total of all these alleged advantages is far more than offset by the actual money already wasted in war, not to mention the coming cost in cash, and worse—far worse—the blood and anguish of America's sons and mothers? Let us decide on a new deal—a square deal—for all humanity.

EDWARD BERWICK.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

The Canopic brought the pick of the troops.

* * *

Twenty years will hold Berger for a while, anyway.

* * *

All together, now, around and around with the Rotarians.

According to reports, some officials at the Hog Island shipyards tried to hog it all.

* * *

Notice where a Chinese has joined the I. W. W., his motto being, probably, "I won't wash."

* * *

It seems that there are a number of aviators anxious to go sailing, sailing, over the ocean waves.

General Pershing says he will not seek the presidential nomination, but even a general may change his mind.

Crook county wants connection with the proposed Hood River loop road, which will be very well if there are not too many crooks in it.

* * *

It is said that the fare on the proposed airship line from New York to Chicago will be about $520. Naturally, only the high-flyers will make the trip.

* * *

There are columns and columns of legislative news every day, but we've noticed that the summary of what really is accomplished doesn't take up very much space.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

The Pendleton East Oregonian testifies that "February is one of the most beautiful of the spring months."

From every mountain district in Baker county, the Democrat says, comes the good news that snow has been piling up the past 10 days to a depth that insures plenty of water for irrigation the coming summer.

More than 100 people attended the first meeting of the Pendleton Choral society at the Presbyterian church Monday night, and all pronounced it a splendid success. Everybody took part in the singing and enjoyed it, the East Oregonian says.

"No new cases of influenza have been reported in Eugene for 10 days and nearly every day one or more quarantine flags are taken down, leaving but very few up at the present time," is the Register's announcement made on Tuesday. "The epidemic in Eugene is considered a thing of the past."

Twenty traveling men whose homes are at Eugene, have formed an organization "to make Eugene the traveling man's home." One of its objects, as reported by the Register, is to "dispel the old idea that this city is a mighty poor place in which to spend Sundays." Accordingly, the Chamber of Commerce rooms are to be made available for all such sojourners.

JOURNAL MAN AT HOME

By Fred Lockley.

(Japan's national sport is the principal theme in Mr. Lockley's article for the day, introduced by a brief recital of the remarkable exploit of an Annamite wrestler whose feat Mr. Lockley witnessed near Bordeau.)

When I was stationed at Bordeaux, France, my duties frequently took me to La Corneau and Cazeau. At the former camp, which was about 30 miles from Bordeaux, I was asked to make a talk at the Christmas celebration, which, owing to the delay in the arrival of the Christmas packages from the home folk, was held early in February. It seemed strange to have Archachon oysters from the nearby sea coast the main item of the banquet, and still stranger to have the Christmas festivities held in February. Captain Orville Anderson was in command at La Corneau. He was a Montana man from Kalispel and a lovable, capable officer. He took me in the sidecar of his motorcycle from La Corneau to La Teste. He was killed in action last summer.

* * *

While visiting our boys at La Corneau I was greatly interested in the Annamites who were stationed there. They went about their work on the roads with large home woven straw hats and loosely woven straw coats to keep off the rain. They looked anything but soldiers, but when in uniform they drilled with a snappiness and precision that were hard to beat. One evening one of the Annamites challenged our men to a wrestling bout. Their champion wrestler was a little chap named Low Han. Our boys nicknamed him Low Hung, because he was heavy set and very short. He was about 5 feet 2 inches high, and during the evening he took on 11 of the best wrestlers among the Yanks and threw each and every one of his opponents easily. He simply settled down, and when our chaps grabbed at him he was like quicksilver, and they found themselves going over his shoulders in one, two, three order.

* * *

The Annamites, like their kinsmen, the Japanese, are skillful wrestlers. In the January issue of the Asia magazine a recent visitor to Japan describes Japan's pastime. According to the writer, Japanese wrestling is not exactly a ladylike sport. Wrestling is almost a part of Japan's religion, and dates back to an era antedating the birth of Christ. The writer in Asia says:

* * *

The wrestlers are trained in a relentless and Spartan school of training, in which bruises and smashups that would kill an ordinary man are regarded as a matter of course. As one Japanese devotee of the sport put it to me, "Gentle minded ladies might faint if they witnessed this very coarse training." It is all in the game for the novice to be gashed and bleeding from head to foot after being brutally knocked around the hard gravel of the private training arena during the morning exercising. The young students come out at 4 on cold mornings and train until 8. Their fat and muscles are hardened by continual ramming at wooden posts, and their heads are hardened, too, by pushing vigorously against the walls. According to the old tradition there are 48 devices or "hands"—12 thrusts, 12 grasps, 12 twists and 12 undergrips; but a champion of today has 150 or 160 hands at his disposal. The aim is a maximum of force with a minimum of disturbance. The commonest grip is an interlacing of arm or a grasp of the opponent's girdle and the victory goes to the one who thrusts his adversary out of the ring—one foot outside of the sandbags is sufficient.

* * *

Because of their enormous stature and girth, it has often been assumed by foreigners that the wrestlers are a race apart, a strange little group of native giants handed down from antiquity. As a matter of fact, the wrestlers, recruited from the fishing, farming and forester classes, have splendid physiques to begin with, and become strong and muscular through their long training and the encouragement that is given to their voracious appetites. Friends are very fond of giving them big banquets and are amused to see how much they can eat. One prominent trainer, when invited by his backers to a dinner, took all his students along with him, saying, "All my followers come along with me who can drink a gallon of sake apiece." There is a touch of Rabelaisian in it, especially when one contrasts it with the usual foreign impression of the dainty tea-sipping, cherry-feting Japanese.

* * *

The day arrives. In the court of the Ekoin temple, where the Kokugi-kwan, or wrestling amphitheatre, is situated, a large and noisy throng is circulating, through which an occasional wrestler struts, followed by admiring giesha girls and other satellites. Fat and pompous, with his topknot sleekly smoothed back, he glances around with a condescending air, knowing that he is the conquering hero of the moment. On one side of the long path stretches a row of booths serving tea. Rising over the hubub of voices and the clatter of wooden clogs on the stone pavement rolls the thump, thump of the big drum, which hangs in the yagura, a tower 40 feet high near the entrance to the amphitheatre. This is beaten day and night as long as the wrestling is going on. Somehow, wrestling would not be wrestling without the drums. From early in the morning until late at night on the day preceding the opening of the amphitheatre the drums reverbrate incessantly. The sporting blood of Tokio is up. All the juvenile and loose ends of the city crowds go through the main streets behind drums, which are carried on a pole by two men and beaten by a third, to announce that "sumo," or wrestling, is the one vital headliner that will crowd everything else out for the next 10 days.

Far off at the back, a mute protest to the drum in the yagura, is a sleepy cemetary with a crumbling monument—in all this commotion, a trembling finger pointing back to the origin of Ekoin, the Temple of the Nameless Dead. When a terrible fire in 1657 took a toll of 100,000 victims, a common pit was dug for all the bodies on the site of Ekoin, and the temple was erected to say masses for the dead. Because there was no support from the gifts of relatives, wrestling matches were organized and a small admission fee was charged to obtain an income for the temple. And now the wrestlers still stamp in the arena near "the Mound of Destitution" and the altar flanked by two scowling guardian statues of Nio-san.

* * *

The wrestling hall covers an acre and seats 13,000. Entering the circular hall one snatches glimpses through open doors of green room life—wrestlers getting their topknots greased and dressed in most meticulous fashion, and geisha girls watching the operation with suppressed giggles. Inside, tiers of seats slope down to the arena in the middle. The affable editor takes me into a large empty box commanding a fine view of the arena and whispers that the box of the crown prince is the next one to the left. A vast impersonal fusing together of thousands of heads, a dizzy hum of countless conversations tiring to unaccustomed foreign ears, a curious impression of somberness produced by the enormous patches of black and mouse gray and blue that predominate in any large Japanese group. The people are dividing their time between sipping tea, smoking their infinitesimal pipes, eating bowls of rice and watching the wrestling matches.

* * *

Down in the center is the arena, covered with a sloping roof like that of a Shinto shrine, gracefully recalling the time when wrestling matches were given in the court of a temple to trample the ground for building and the proceeds of the contest went to repair temples and shrines. Up in the roof is a little shrine to Noni no Sukune, the patron deity of wrestlers, to whom offerings of rice are made before the matches. In the first century before Christ, the emperor of Japan had an overbearing and insolent officer of the guard, one Kehaya. The emperor ordered the strongest men of the realm to wrestle with the herculean bully. Noni no Sukune challenged him to a bout and trampled him to death and received as an imperial reward a great estate. As a posthumous honor he was deified as the first to reduce wrestling to an elaborate science. The four pillars supporting the roof of the arena, each draped with a different color, white, blue, red and black, stand for the four seasons. The purple curtain with white wave pattern draping the eaves signifies passion calming the elements. At each of the four posts sits motionless, like a Buddha, one of the elders, or "toshiyori," retired wrestlers who have attained champion rank, and now organize matches, administer finances, take pupils, and receive a pension from the wrestling association.

OUR BOYS IN FRANCE

By Harry Hansen

Special Correspondence to The Journal and The Chicago Daily News.

Paris.—The French say Americans are hypocrites. They have told the boys so—politely, of course. The boys find that soldiers are served with wine here, and that in America no restaurant can legally serve them strong drink. They can smoke in the canteens of certain organizations here, and not in the clubrooms of the same organizations in America. They find religious organizations frankly and not covertly in politics. What effect these discoveries will have on the thinking soldier remains to be seen—it cannot be gauged offhand.

Have the boys acquired a taste for French cooking? Some have. It must be remembered that most of the boys have lived on "slum," and that only a minority have been billeted in French homes, or lived in Paris or other large cities, or have been in a branch of the service which made it possible to dine at French tables. Therefore the number of men who have acquired a taste for hors d'oeuvres and sauces and salads Francaise is small.

It would be a fine thing if the influence of army men could introduce the hors d'oeuvres to the American public, but no American restaurateur will do it. It means a loss to him. It would be excellent also if the American waiter would not speed the guest. But the practice of two hours for luncheon will never be in vogue in America. No employer would stand for it.

There has been some speculation about the attitude of the doughboys to her royal highness the American girl, after encountering the mild-mannered, submissive French creature, who has been bred to consider man an angelic dictator, and who lives up to the part, even though she doesn't believe it for a moment. Most ideas on this subject are the result of mere speculation. It isn't likely that casual acquaintance with half a dozen French girls through a year or two of residence in France will have changed the habits of a generation. The American lad will fall for the same old game.

Olden Oregon

First Protestant Church on the Coast Built by Methodists in 1842-4.

With the migration to Oregon there grew a demand for churches and schools. To meet this demand the Methodists began a church at Oregon City in 1842 and completed it in 1844. This was the first Protestant church on the Pacific Coast. However, the chapel of the Oregon Institute at Salem had been used for religious services as early as 1841. Prior to that time the Methodists held religious meetings in homes, in groves and in the mission building, their missionary work having been begun by Rev. Jason Lee in 1834.

Ragtag and Bobtail

Stories From Everywhere.

War Crosses

A FEW weeks ago three negro soldiers, all members of a regiment that had seen service, were overheard holding the following conversation, says the New York Globe: Said the first, "Dere's jes' one souveneer Ah wishes Ah had—one o' dese yere iron crosses from de body ob a dead German."

"Huh! Dat ain't nothin'!" scoffed the second. "I wants de real thing like de Frenchies has—a Cross de Gerry."

The third soldier sighed mournfully. "Dere's jes' one cross fo' dis boy," he said. "Ah jes' wants to git a cross de Atlantic—dat's all!"

Playing the Game

When Jimmy Jimson starts to pitch
At baseball in the lots,
He gives his little head a twitch,
He ties himself in knots,
He bends his body, lifts his knee,
And limbers up his toe,
And swings the ball amazingly
Before he lets it go.

But Tommy Tomson's not the same;
He doesn't move around
As Jimmy does; a different game
He plays upon the mound.
He sizes up the boy at bat,
He looks him in the eye;
Then takes a little step—like that—
And lets the pellet fly.

And thus the game of life is played.
When you are 1 and 20
You'll find in ev'ry line of trade
Of Jims and Toms a plenty.
I think this humble notion
For a moral well will serve:
There's nothing in the motion
If you haven't got the curve!
—A. H. Powell in Capper's Weekly.

Uncle Jeff Snow Says:

It is plum outer possibility fer a man to keep track of what's goin' on at Salem, with a two-ring circus oratin' and schemin' 18 hour a day. The senators passes the buck to the rep'sentatives, and they kick it back agin. Each one'll blame t'other fer what happened and what didn't happen, and no man or woman'll be able to tell who's responsible; and here's the 'nishative runnin' these 15 year, and the game still goin' on.

The News in Paragraphs

World Happenings Briefed for Benefit of Journal Readers

GENERAL

Cable service between this country and Guam, the Philippines, China and Japan has been interrupted.

The house has agreed to senate amendments on the postoffice bill, appropriating $850,000 to the air service and $200,000,000 for good roads.

Three thousand tons of gas shells made at the Edgewood arsenal, near Baltimore, were taken to sea a few days ago and dumped overboard.

President Poincare has written a French inscription for the equestrian statue of Lafayette, to be erected in Mount Vernon square, Baltimore.

The United States fuel administration announces that an increase of 75 cents per ton on the price of anthracite coal will be allowed in the near future.

Secretary Glass and Colonel Lindsay of the war risk insurance bureau are conducting an inquiry on costs, with a view to reestablishing the marine insurance bureau.

Three hundred mayors of cities throughout the country have accepted invitations to the labor conference to be held in Washington the first week in March for the purpose of outlining a reconstruction program.

NORTHWEST NOTES

Umapine has secured a permanent telephone line from Milton.

Pendleton pays nearly one fifth of the taxes in Umatilla county.

J. C. Matheney, aged 50, dropped dead at Pilot Rock last Monday of heart disease.

Boys' and girls' clubs are being organized throughout Clackamas county by T. L. Olmsted.

An election will be held at Selah, Wash., March 4, to vote on the question of incorporation.

The "W-1," the first concrete boat to be constructed at Vancouver, was launched Wednesday afternoon.

James Lindley, who drove four cows from Indiana to Oregon in 1853, is dead at his home in Lebanon, aged 89.

The city of Bend is $19,000 in debt, and a bond issue for that amount is talked of to place the city on a cash basis.

An increase in fares on the Spokane streetcar lines from 5 to 7 cents is asked in a petition to the public service commission.

Lieutenant Chapman of Sheridan, who returned to Camp Lewis a few days ago from overseas, has reenlisted for service in Siberia.

School Superintendent A. C. Davis of Yakima has asked for a leave of absence for six months that he may go to France for the Y. M. C. A.

The petition of the Washington & Idaho Water, Light & Power company for an electric franchise in Chehalis has been rejected by the city commission.

The farmers and dairymen of the western part of Umatilla county are holding an institute at Hermiston. Lectures and demonstrations are features of the program.

A new transportation company has been organized at Spokane that will carry freight and passengers by auto trucks over the network of roads of the Inland Empire.

H. E. Van Ogle, who, with a party, whipsawed lumber at Walla Walla to make a raft which carried them across the Columbia river in 1853, died at Orting, Wash., Wednesday, aged 94.

FOREIGN

Prices of all meats in England will be reduced 4 cents a pound beginning March 1.

General Joseph Pilsudski has announced his intention of resigning as chief of the Polish state.

Bolshevik forces operating in the Ukraine have suffered several severe defeats at the hands of the Ukrainians.

A drafting committee of three members has been appointed at Paris to draw up a convention for the international regime on parts, waterways and railroads.

A preachers' union is the latest suggestion advanced for the betterment of living conditions among the clergy of England. The idea is to boost salaries and cut the length of sermons.

Automobile in Garage for Winter; "Kiddies" Get War Savings Stamps

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

A friend of ours who has two automobiles, a small one for business and a large one for pleasure, was cleaning and tuning up the large car in preparation for the coming spring and summer, when he will again be able to take the family into the country on week-end trips.

"Yes, the old boat's been in the garage all winter," he said, "and the kiddies' War Savings Stamp books are several dollars to the good as a result.

"The money that we might have spent for gas, tires and repairs has been put into W. S. S., and besides the actual money saved and loaned to Uncle Sam we have been able by example to teach the youngsters the virtue of thrift and patriotism."

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