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AMERICA'S GREATEST NEED

The government needs ships and it needs them badly, but it needs something else much worse. The greatest need it faces just now is for the people to realize to the full that the country is at war. To understand that we have engaged in the most tremendous undertaking in our history, and that it will require the united efforts of every man and woman in the country to see that it is carried through to a victorious finish. Of course every one knows we are at war, but not one in a dozen realizes the gravity of the situation. If the war was on our own soil all would understand and a wave of patriotism would sweep over the country that would be resistless in its effects. As it is the war is the other side of the ocean, its sting has not been felt on this side. Indeed, instead of faring badly and suffering losses of American boys, we as a whole have prospered financially from the war and no hearthstones have been made desolate. It is because the average person does not realize the necessity of united and concerted action in every line that the liberty loan lags along as it is doing. Here in Marion county during the first week of the loan there was more money spent for autos than was invested in the loan.

It is high time that the war be given serious consideration, and that those who fancy it is far away and can never reach our shores wake up to the fact that this is true only if we make it so. We must help with all our resources and all our strength to destroy Prussianism with the help of the allies, or we must make the fight without their aid against a Germany strengthened by the tribute she will levy on the defeated allies. The war is far away, and it is our duty to keep it where it is and fight it to a finish in Europe instead of here in America. It is not someone's else war but yours and mine and that of every other American, native born or naturalized, and of every lover of world freedom. Oregon's quota of the liberty loan is about \$20 to every person within her borders. Everyone cannot subscribe that sum; many can not take even a \$50 bond, but that is so much the more reason that everyone who can, subscribe as liberally as possible. A fifty dollar subscription is little but when they are made by the thousands the aggregate runs quickly into the millions. Remember it is not a question of "how much should I subscribe" but of "how much can I loan the government to carry on my war and help the boys I have sent across the ocean to fight my battles." The failure of the loan would make America ridiculous in the eyes of the world; and later, when it realized the enormity of its neglect, contemptible in its own.

The shipyard strike at Portland is not yet settled and there is no indication that it will be soon. Everything but the closed shop is disposed of, but this is apparently a stumbling block which cannot be set aside, and an agreement reached. The men employed by the street car company set an example the men in the shipyards would do well to follow. After all, every person in the United States belongs to one union, and with few exceptions places that union above all others. It will be a good thing for union labor when it does the same. We are not disposed to discuss the open or closed shop. That is a question that should be left for some other time when it is not on the face of it, an attempt to take advantage of the country's necessities to win a point.

If there was ever a ball game at which the fans got full value for their money it was that at Chicago Saturday. It would have been worth the price of admission just to see the grand stand go crazy when the White Sox tied the game and again when they pulled out in the lead. Bedlam might show something like it but no other locality could. So far the teams have each won all the games played on home grounds, which would make New York due to win today and again tomorrow unless something happens to put the kibosh on the Jinx.

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WILL YOU LEND, OR PAY?

The federal government is asking the citizens of the United States to subscribe to a loan of from three to five billions of dollars. So far the subscriptions are not coming in as rapidly as they should. The question resolves itself into this: The government must have money to prosecute the war. That is an imperative necessity. It has undertaken to obtain this by borrowing from the people of the United States. If the money is loaned well and good. If it is not the government is going to find a way to get it. It has commandeered the ships of the country. It has fixed the price of wheat and coal. It has conscripted all able bodied men between the ages of twenty and thirty one. It has done whatever was necessary to enable it to prosecute the war, and it will continue this course. If it fails to borrow the money it will raise it by other means, and those from whom it draws the money will get neither principal nor interest back, for it will come in the shape of a tax. Those who refuse to do their share toward making the loan a success, will find themselves so placed that they will have to do their bit. By subscribing to the loan the cost of conducting the war will be spread over a number of years. If this is not done more drastic means will be employed and it will be largely a "pay as you go" war. The question for the citizens to decide is whether they would prefer to loan the government their surplus funds and get the principal back along with interest at four per cent, which owing to exemption from taxes and certain privileges equals six per cent; or to give up the same amount without any choice on their part and getting neither the principal nor the interest back.

This is the condition confronting the country and it is up to every citizen who wants to avoid the latter condition to subscribe, and that liberally to the liberty loan. It is loan or give. Which do you prefer?

A SENSIBLE SETTLEMENT


The threatened car strike in Portland has been averted, both sides agreeing to abide by the findings of the board of arbitration. The men get the eight hour day for which they contested and a raise of wages averaging 20 cents a day. Here is a case where Union labor acted sensibly, and won by so doing. The company also played fair showing the men its books, and admitting that wages were lower than they should be, showed its inability to pay the increased wage demanded without suffering loss. It agreed to stand by the board's decision and has arranged to do so. The matter of increasing the fares from five to six cents is still held open by the Public Service commission and no doubt further action will be taken. It is probable that with a showing made by the company that it cannot run at the increased expense, after a fair trial, that the fares on Portland's street cars will be placed at six cents. The case is important to the general public from the showing made that labor and capital can get together without the strike which causes loss to both, and which leaves soreness on both sides. All that is required to settle most labor troubles is a little patience and a square deal on each side.

The ferry boat will get a long rest now. It has done splendid service albeit it was unsatisfactory. It was well managed and did the best it could, but there were annoying delays, simply because there were more people wanting to cross than the boat could carry. The bridge is at last completed and this in spite of the Southern Pacific and the old city paving plant. The contractors have rushed the work whenever they could, but unfortunately they relied on the Southern Pacific and of course got left. However the temporary bridge is open for traffic and not only our old Polk county friends can again come to see us but tourists and Portland folks can come up one side of the river and return on the other, getting a fine view of the most beautiful and prolific valley on the continent.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

BACKING UNCLE SAM



In times of peace my robes are rent o'er every statesman's blunder; I clamor that our government, for boneheads, is a wonder. O'er congress than I rip and snort, to wrathful frenzy driven; it is a harmless indoor sport, to which most men are given. It doesn't jar our Uncle Sam, this pessimistic harping; he doesn't care a tinker's jam for criticism carping. In times of peace such talk will go, no voter it disgraces; it serves to let our statesmen know that we are keeping cases. But when our country's in a fight, and loyalty's essential, how good men hate the grouchy wight, with dirges penitential! Now, I am backing Uncle Sam, though all the grouchies hoot me; and I am silent as a clam if things don't chance to suit me. I still am talking much, by jings, but talking circumspectly; my Uncle Sam is doing things, and doing them correctly. My Uncle Sam is wise and great and all he does is proper; and I detest the sort of skate who's a disloyal yawper.

And He Did

HERE IS THE FIRST OF THE MONTH AND NOT A PENNY TO PAY MY BILLS WITH. I MUST DO SOMETHING!



The Daily Novelette

BACK FROM THE FRONT.

In response to the timid knock, Mrs. Lifebuoy Blink opened her door. At sight of the figure outside, she was about to close it again, when the knocker began speaking apologetically: "Lady I was at the front—"

"Come in, come in!" cried Mrs. Blink heartily.

Seating him at her husband's place at table, she set before him a bountiful repast of cold chicken, hot mustard and wine.

"I love heroes!" exclaimed Mrs. Blink, looking admiringly at his dusty but stalwart figure. "And you say you were at the front?"

"Yes," responded her guest, starting to attack the third leg of the chicken.

"Think of it!" cried Mrs. Blink. "Ever since 1914, I have been longing to actually talk to one of the great modern makers of history, and at last I have one before me! And you were actually at the front?"

The hero nodded with his mouth full of chicken and his ears tipped with gravy.

"And what valiant action did you perform at the front?"

"Well," explained the hero modestly, "I rang the bell, and nobody didn't seem to hear me, so I come around back

As a food hoarder the gopher can take the pennant. As a matter of fact he takes most anything else he can get his jaws on, and has an especial liking for a large winter stock of potatoes.

The tonnage lost through submarines last week supposing the ships sunk are an average with those sunk before as to size, was about 65,000. This indicates a loss for October of about 300,000 tons, which is only 100,000 tons more than the British production alone during the time. This is not enough to justify any hopes on the kaiser's part that the submarine frightfulness will get him anywhere or shorten the food supply of the allies. Only last week the German admiralty stated the submarines would yet win, but this time did not fix the date. That has been done several times, and still the date had to be postponed. It will be postponed indefinitely before long, but the submarine warfare will be kept up until the last minute, for the simple reason that when this is given up there is nothing which can be then held out to the German people in the way of hope. Once the kaiser admits the submarines are a failure and there will be ructions in his dominions. They are his last trump card.

Margaret Garrett's Husband

By JANE PHELPS
THE NIGHT OF THE MUSICAL

CHAPTER XXXI

To please Bob I took great pains with my appearance the night of Mrs. Root's musicale; but I anticipated no pleasurable evening, rather, I made up my mind that I was going to be bored. Anyway I was going, solely because Bob wished it. That I had a subconscious idea that if I pleased him in this I would the more easily get him to accede to my wishes, I did not admit.

He was all excitement and pleasant anticipation.

"We'll have a bully time!" he said as he struggled with a refractory collar button, "you'll meet a lot of nice people."

"For whom I won't care a straw," "Oh, come, Margaret! don't take that attitude. Of course you won't like them if you deliberately make up your mind not to before you see them. Be fair, give them a chance. And, Margaret," he spoke more soberly, "I wish you cared more for the people I like; my friends. It has always been part of my plan that when I married I would have my friends with me; make them welcome in my home."

It was none of MY plan to have our home invaded by a lot of gay unconventional men and women. But I made no reply. I would not annoy Bob by disagreeing then; but after this was over I would have my say.

We were to stop for Elsie and Tom. Elsie looked particularly lovely and bubbled with good spirits.

"I am just sure we'll have a splendid time!" she said as we drove along.

"Gladys Root always does things just right."

"What do you call just right?" I asked.

"Oh, she is artistic to her finger tips, and she gathers the right people around her; furnishes them a wonderful evening's entertainment; but leaves them

all so free, makes everyone so comfortable to talk about their latest hobby or to make love to their neighbor's wife," and she laughed mischievously.

"In other words she gives what Tom calls 'Bohemian parties'."

"Yes, and they're just lovely! so different from the cut and dried society affairs."

"Well I shall be glad when it is time to go home."

"For heaven's sake, Margaret! why you'll be like all the rest, once you get there. No one ever wants to go home, do they, Bob?" she called, interrupting a discussion Bob and Tom, who were in front of us, were having about some new golfer who had made an astonishing score.

"Wants what?" he asked as he turned around.

"Wants to go home from Gladys Root's," she laughed.

"No, indeed! why should you want to go home when they can stay here?" The very idea of Bob talking like that, I thought, indignant that he should speak of his home; slightly I called it. Why I was in his home; I loved him; and he loved me. Why in the world did he care about going to other places? Now he agreed with Elsie that he never wanted to go home from Mrs. Root's. I was sorry I had decided to go. It would have been wiser had I declined, even though Bob might have been annoyed for a few minutes.

Just as I arrived to this conclusion in my thoughts, we drew up in front of the studio building in which the Roots lived. Sounds of merriment reached us even before the motor stopped.

"Hurry, boys, I don't want to miss anything!" Elsie called, as she ran on ahead. I waited until Bob and Tom had attended to the car, then I followed soberly.

Mrs. Root welcomed us cordially.

She introduced me to two or three people then turned me over to John Kendall.

"You are such a friend of Bob's you will know what to do with Mrs. Garrett," she said as if I were something to be disposed of at will. "Bob knows everyone here, I think, so he can look out for himself. I see that he has found Maud Warren. He's fixed for an hour at least. You don't expect me to do anything for you and Tom, do you, Elsie?" she rattled on. "If you do you will be disappointed. Hustle around and find fun for yourselves."

Fun evidently was not hard to find, for soon I heard Elsie's gay laugh float out from the other side of the room; while Tom had made his way to a tall, thin, abominably dressed girl—at least I thought her badly dressed, who, John had told me was a very successful artist.

Mrs. Root was exquisitely dressed as were most of the women. The men were all in correct evening dress. The studio was beautifully lighted with softly shaded lights; and a famous violinist was to play. Yet I wished I were back home, and that Bob were with me. My lips tightened as I heard his hearty laugh ring out; then saw him bend over Miss Warren and say something at which she too joined him. Some one said "Sh—!" and all was quiet for a few moments until the violinist had finished, when the fun broke out again. At least they all seemed to think it fun.

"You don't appear to be enjoying yourself, Mrs. Garrett!" John Kendall broke in on my thoughts. He had been talking of a new author he had discovered. And had caught me yawning. "Let me introduce you to some of the ladies."

"I never care for affairs of this kind," I replied. "They bore me." (Tomorrow—The Musical)

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State University at Service of State

University of Oregon, Eugene, Oct. 14.—The school of commerce of the University of Oregon, again has made arrangements to supply Oregon people with information intended to assist in the development of the state's commercial and industrial interests.

This service now has been supplied to the business men of the state for the last two or three years, and has proved exceptionally helpful, especially to manufacturers and exporters who are endeavoring to reach into foreign markets. The school of commerce is in close co-operation with the federal department of commerce and with various other agencies that maintain connections in foreign countries.

The industrial and commercial service department of the school of commerce this year is in charge of Shad O. Krantz, who for 7 years before coming to the university was reporter on financial and industrial subjects for the Oregonian, and expects to use his newspaper experience to the advantage of that department. Anyone who is interested in this service can secure the bulletins issued regularly by the industrial and commercial service department, or special information on any subject, by addressing the School of Commerce, University of Oregon, Eugene.

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