Morning Oregonian

ESTABLISHED BY HENRY L. PITTOCK.

Published by The Oregonian Publishing Co., 135 Sixth Street, Portland, Oregon.

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Subscription rates—Invariably in advance:

(By Mail.)

Daily, Sunday included, one year	$8.00
Daily, Sunday included, six months	4.25
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Weekly, one year	1.00
Sunday, one year	2.50
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Daily, Sunday included, one year	$9.00
Daily, Sunday included, one month	.75
Daily, Sunday included, three months	2.25
Daily, without Sunday, one year	7.80
Daily, without Sunday, three months	1.95
Daily, without Sunday, one month	.65

How to Remit—Send postoffice money order, express or personal check on your local bank. Stamps, coin or currency are at owner's risk. Give postoffice address in full, including county and state.

Postage Rates—12 to 16 pages, 1 cent; 18 to 32 pages, 2 cents; 34 to 48 pages, 3 cents; 50 to 60 pages, 4 cents; 62 to 76 pages, 5 cents; 78 to 92 pages, 6 cents. Foreign postage, double rates.

Eastern Business Office—Verree & Conklin, Brunswick building, New York; Verree & Conklin, Steger building, Chicago; Verree & Conklin, Free Press building, Detroit, Mich.; San Francisco representative, R. J. Bidwell.

ONE PUBLIC? OR SEVERAL?

The sojourner in South Portland, who may be on his way afoot to get a view of the new playgrounds in Marquam Gulch, or who may perchance be speeding along Sixth street in his automobile, headed for Terwilliger boulevard, with its smooth pavement, winding curves and magnificent outline, cannot fail to have his esthetic sensibilities jarred a trifle, or more than a trifle, when he gets to Sixth and Grant streets. There he finds the skeleton of an abandoned reservoir, mossy, empty, hideous, a reminder of former usefulness and of present neglect. It covers an entire block. Once it was a more or less ornate square of interest to the hundreds and thousands of Portland people, who were wending their way on a holiday to Robinson's hill—(who knows now where Robinson's hill is and what it was?);—but now it is a haven for vandals and for boys wiling away their idle moments in a game of sheep-pen.

The block is public property. It has been ever since the city acquired the old waterworks a great many years ago. It has had no utility whatever since that remote age, some twenty-five or thirty years ago. Around in that vicinity also there used to be a quarter block belonging to the water plant. It was there a few years ago, and probably is there yet.

All over Portland are blocks and tracts of land, never used, or once used and abandoned, in state somewhat like the water block. A few years ago the school district closed the old Couch school in North Portland, and built a new school several blocks away, having first acquired the new site by purchase. But it held on to the old site and left the building to stand, or fall down, as might happen. There is a new Shattuck school and an old Shattuck school, the latter not good enough for the children of that district but suitable, it seems, for a school of commerce.

Thirty-five years ago the people of Portland built a new and splendid high school, a model of architectural elegance, after the ideas of the '80s. It was and is located at Fourteenth, Morrison and Alder, and it bids fair to stay till it is blown up or burns down. The public generally is not sure about its present uses, but there are rumors that it houses a night school and a few other highly desirable educational functions of our somewhat complicated and elaborate educational system.

There is an Atkinson school, too, long dedicated to the cobwebs, but just now or lately tenanted by beds for soldiers. It is held as a monument to the hundreds and thousands of Portland boys and girls who passed through its doors and out into the avenues of life and duty. There are other such instances of public property which served their day and generation, but are now given over to idleness. Anybody who will take the trouble to walk about town can gather his own exhibits.

The Portland Auditorium is located at a site not convenient to the entire public, and not approved at the outset, or now, by all. It may be remembered that there was a great dispute over the location, and it appeared once to be probable that the Auditorium would be built on the east side. It was then somewhat hastily put where it is—on a site which, it happened, the city had owned for many years, and had not been able to find use for. Finding a use for the site was apparently a controlling reason why the Auditorium was set down there. Can anyone think of another reason? It had been urged that a suitable place could be found at the old Lincoln high school site on Fourteenth street. In the opinion of The Oregonian and of others, it was an ideal suggestion. But the block belongs to the school district, and not to the city, and the school board bluntly refused to turn over the property for the auditorium; and nothing could be done about it.

The public that patronizes the public schools, and pays for them, is the same public that patronizes the Auditorium, and paid for it. Yet officialdom makes a distinction and refuses to give over for the public benefit a utility which the public owns, but cannot control. No way could even be found, apparently, through which the municipality could buy the site from the school district. The public would thus, of course, have been buying of itself, paying itself for what it already owned, and there would have been no profit or loss in the transaction; but nobody thought of it, or of a way to do it.

The purpose of The Oregonian, in making these random observations, is not so much to complain about the accumulation of public property, as to suggest that all such property ought to be available for any proper public use. If the water block in South Portland is suitable for a park, or an armory, or a school, or a city hospital, it should not be held vacant through many years in the vague notion that some day it may be needed for a reservoir. Just now a survey is being made by a commission of industrial sites. The same commission, or another like it, could profitably look into the public property situation and devise a plan by which the ownership of all sites could be co-ordinated and the fiction that there are several publics, each independent of the other, and not one public, duly abandoned.

The new movement to plant trees as living memorials to men who lost their lives in the war received decided impetus from the action of students of Georgetown university at their commencement exercises recently in setting fifty-four trees for this purpose. This also calls attention to the fact that the American Forestry association, which designed the bronze markers accompanying each tree, has opened a national honor roll, and will enter upon a campaign to encourage tree planting of this sort, not only by other colleges this year, but by alumni associations to commemorate the deeds of their associates, and by incoming classes to form groves under which to gather in future reunions. The practice may easily result in a large contribution to arboriculture. If it had been begun by Georgetown by the first entering class there would now be a good many thousand trees, some of which would be 130 years old. Tree planting is gaining in favor for material as well as esthetic and sentimental reasons.

DIETZ, SLACKER.

The jury at Spokane could not agree whether "Lone-Star" Dietz, who claims to be an Indian, had perjured himself in his questionnaire and was subject to punishment. But whether an Indian or not an Indian the net result of the trial is to show that Dietz is a slacker.

"Lone-Star" Dietz is a graduate of Carlisle. He had been educated there by his government, which, he says, is not his own. He became a football coach, and was employed by Washington State college at $3500 per year. When the war broke out Dietz' patriotism took the form of hiring himself out as coach of the Mare Island football team at $300 per month. Doubtless football was a needful occupation for the marines, and served to keep up their morale; but Dietz, who had refused to go to war, was not thinking of marines' morale. He was looking out for Dietz' pocket, and keeping Dietz' skin intact, out of the trenches.

The Dietz tale is quite romantic. He says he had an Indian mother and a white father, and that his father's white wife became his foster mother and reared him as her own. It may be a true story. But whether it is true or not, it is irrelevant to the real issue, which is that Dietz, whether an Indian, or not an Indian, or a half-breed, was in fact an American, and that he took directly from a benevolent government its bounty, and refused to give it any service in return, except for large pay.

The real Indians repudiate Dietz. No wonder. The whites claim him as their own only to show him up and put him where he belongs, either in prison or in the limbo of public contempt. What is done with him may make a difference to Dietz, but not now to the public.

DEADLOCK IN TRANSPORTATION.

In Boston it has been demonstrated that an increase of 40 per cent in car-fares does not necessarily provide an increase of 40 per cent in gross revenue. What has been demonstrated in other cities which have abandoned the 5-cent fare is not disclosed at the moment, but in Boston the result has been both positive and interesting.

In the first four months of a 7-cent fare the increase in revenue was only 11 per cent. The actual falling off in passenger rides was 21,972,995. The period included that of the influenza epidemic, which it is admitted had something to do with the case, but influenza is not regarded as wholly responsible. The conclusion is reached that more people walk when the fare is 7 cents than walk when it is 5 cents.

The Boston elevated, which the figures concern, is now operated on the "service at cost" basis. Fares are fixed under a state law at a figure intended to produce costs, maintenance and a fair dividend on the investment. If revenues by application of such fares result in a deficit the taxpayers foot the bill. The fare has now been placed at 8 cents, and if deductions from previous experience are correct there should be a further falling off in number of passenger rides, with possibility that the average monthly deficit of $200,000 will not be made good.

So what is the solution if the 5-cent fare will not provide sufficient revenue and if increases result in the offset of lost patronage? The two-zone system—10 cents for the long haul and 5 cents for the short—is now proposed in Boston. The system remains to be tried in this country. It has the objection in theory that it will produce congestion in close-in districts, and unbalance established realty values and rentals.

There is more in the rapid transit problem than the present inconvenience of paying more than formerly for the ride. In the absence of profits and of failure of higher fares to produce profits companies will make no extensions. Growing cities will sooner or later find transportation itself an issue.

LET THE SURVEY GO AHEAD.

The proposed survey of the commercial and industrial needs of Portland is long overdue, and should not be further delayed by bickering among the city commissioners. Portland stands high as a manufacturing city, but what it has accomplished is a mere beginning compared with what it might accomplish by proper public action and concerted, public-spirited effort among property owners. An appointment of the survey committee of fifteen proposed by Mayor Baker was an advance in that direction, there should be no hesitation about putting it to work with the modest funds for which it asks.

For years we have been hearing of men who proposed to locate factories in Portland, but who grew weary of the search for sites or for local encouragement and went to other cities, where their wants were quickly supplied. Other cities have bureaus which keep records of sites, stating area, transportation facilities by rail and water, sources and cost of raw material, markets, and everything needed to guide a man in deciding on a location. This information saves a stranger from a long survey of the city on his own account. The cost would not be great, but nothing of the kind is provided here.

It has been proposed that an industrial development company be organized to investigate all proposed new industries, to indorse those which have merit and to subscribe a portion of the capital. There has been oceans of talk about this project, but nothing has been done. If there is any good reason why nothing should be done, those who know it have kept it carefully to themselves.

Portland is now going out after ocean commerce. That commerce both demands and creates manufactures. It demands them to consume imported raw materials and to produce finished goods as export cargoes. It creates them by bringing materials from abroad and by assembling them with domestic materials to be worked into finished products. It is no accident that New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and many other ports are manufacturing cities. Commerce and manufactures each attract the other. Both commerce and manufactures will come faster and in larger volume if we make the way easy for them and cultivate them. If we confine attention to commerce, we shall neglect one-half of the proposition.

The mayor has appointed a good committee of men, each of whom can contribute knowledge and experience to some part of the survey. They are public-spirited men, in whom the people can repose confidence. Let them get to work and, when the survey is complete, let us stop talking and act. The world is moving fast, and this city must speed up in order to keep up with the procession.

KEEPING CHEERFUL.

It will not have escaped notice that the delegates to the Greeters' convention are uniformly a cheery lot of men. From the time of the first innkeeper we have associated the profession of thus catering to the comfort of the public with a rotund, sunny countenance and a bright, ingratiating smile. The hotel clerk with a grouch does not fit the picture, somehow. If he exists, he is the exception to the rule.

The secret of this invariably optimistic outlook on life probably is found in the words of one of the speakers at the convention, who said that "he who would be a successful hotelman must first learn to serve." There is something about the fact of service which makes for charity toward others and for unselfishness. The hotel clerk may not have formulated a philosophy in words, but he is the unconscious exemplar of the principle. Besides, it is capable of proof that a happy demeanor pays dividends. The habit is easy to acquire and once acquired will never be laid aside.

Those who patronize hotels may learn something by studying these Greeters. So, also, may others. Service for others gets one out of oneself, and the unselfish man has no room for gloom in his makeup.

A NEW DRIVE FOR RECRUITS.

The effort to enlist 100,000 men for the regular army of the United States finds the country in a new attitude toward the military service and holding a revised opinion of the opportunities of the soldier. Recruiting is now going on in fifty-six American cities, and it is the experience of the officers in charge that most of the 30 per cent which is represented by re-enlistments is influenced by pure satisfaction with army life, while a large part of the remaining 70 per cent is moved by the promise of vocational and general education which the army under the new dispensation proposes to give the soldier.

If, as some fear, the unemployment problem is likely to become vexatious, the new army will contribute to its solution in two ways. It will furnish openings for those who are without jobs or who are uncertain as to the future, and it will train young men now unskilled for trades in which they are practically certain to find remunerative employment later. The burden of unemployment nearly always falls upon the unskilled.

The offer of choice of nearly a hundred trades, ranging from those of cook and carpenter to wireless expert, master electrician and airplane mechanic, marks a definite improvement over the pre-war status of the soldier, who could hope for little better than the policing of an army post.

The recruiting officers will have a good deal to say on this subject while the campaign is on. They are supported in their claims by the official announcement of policy of the war department, which aims to combine military training with that of the civilian, and to return its men to their former status better fitted for it than they were before they entered the service.

MISSIONARY DAYS.

The death at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, the other day of Mrs. Eliza Spalding Warren reduces the number of survivors of the Whitman massacre to ten. The youngest of these, Mrs. Mina Kimball Megler, now living at Astoria, is 73 years old, and the eldest, Mrs. Helen M. Saunders Church, a recent resident of Albany, is 86. All live to remind us of the amazing development, social as well as industrial, which has been accomplished in the Oregon country in one lifetime.

Mrs. Warren was ten years old at the time of the massacre and was one of the prisoners taken by the Indians and held both for ransom and, perhaps, as hostages for the safety of the wily Indians themselves, and who were rescued through the efforts of Peter Skene Ogden, then factor of the Hudson's Bay company at Fort Vancouver. She was the second white child born in the Pacific northwest, the first being Alice Clarissa, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Marcus Whitman, who was accidentally drowned at the Walilatpu when less than three years old.

The birthplace of Mrs. Warren recalls the success of the Lapwai mission, situated at the junction of the Clearwater and Lapwai rivers, only a short distance below the point where Lewis and Clark, in 1805, reached the navigable waters of the Columbia. Here, at a time when missionary enterprise in the west was beginning to decline, and when hostility of the Indians toward the encroachments of the whites was growing, Mrs. Warren's father and mother, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Spalding, were able to report consistent progress. Their's was, indeed, in the early '40s, the most prosperous of the missions. It was shown here that the missionaries who had elected to disregard Dr. McLoughlin's counsel to pitch their camps west of the Cascades under his protection had a superior grade of Indians to deal with, although, as it turned out, a more hostile band. Success of the Lapwai mission, such as it was, was due in part to the greater avidity of the eastern Indians for education. Also the more favorable reports received from there may have been due in part to the profound optimism of the Rev. Mr. Spalding, who saw life through rose-colored spectacles.

Eliza Spalding was 6 years old when her father wrote that "the cause of religion and of civilization has steadily advanced among this people from the beginning." There were then twelve Indian members of the church and fifty had been received on probation. But it was still more encouraging to note that the school had 234 pupils and that chiefs as well as children were learning to read and to write. Even more significant was the fact that the Indians were taking up husbandry. This was a vindication of the policy urged as early as 1820 by the Rev. Jedediah Morse, who proposed to the government that civilization of the Indians should be undertaken by education families, composed not only of missionary preachers but of teachers and artisans. The effort to carry this policy into effect is illustrated by the personnel of the now surviving members of the massacre. The Saunders family were teachers. Mr. Osborn, whose daughter, Mrs. Nancy Jacobs, still lives in Portland, was a helper at the Whitman mission, where he had gone in 1845. Mr. Canfield, a son and daughter of whom are still living, was a blacksmith. Dr. Whitman combined the professions of preacher, teacher and physician. The wives of both Dr. Whitman and the Rev. Mr. Spalding aided in establishing the work by translating English works into the Indian tongues. Such measure of success as attended the early efforts of the missionaries is attributable to the practical association of industrial education with religious charity.

There are few persons still living of whom it can be said that they have witnessed practically the full permanent development of the Oregon country. The "pioneers of pioneers," as the early explorers and fur traders are sometimes called, are in a slightly different category. The trading policy was not always consistent with the idea of future development of a white man's settlement. The missions at Lapwai and Walilatpu, in particular the latter, had an important part in encouraging permanent immigration. The material influence of Whitman mission as a way station probably was very large.

THE WAR'S SHIPPING LOSSES.

The most surprising feature of an analysis of world shipping losses during the war, which has been made by Henry C. Wiltbank for the Rudder, is that more ships were sunk by mines than U-boats. He places the total loss of allies and neutrals from all causes at 15,136,000 tons, and attributes 42 per cent to mines, 38 per cent to U-boats, 16 per cent to marine risks and 4 per cent to raiders and seizures. Probably a large proportion of the losses by mines were actually due to U-boats, for many of the latter were mine layers, especially in the last two years.

Losses of ships and cargoes from all causes are estimated at the enormous total of $7,775,000,000, covering about 7000 vessels. But, considering the drain on the man power and industrial resources of the world, it is wonderful that the allies and neutrals replaced 96 per cent of their lost tonnage, while Germany replaced only 66 per cent, Austria 70 per cent and Turkey 48 per cent.

Destruction and new construction have caused much shifting of rank among the nations. Great Britain still leads with greatly diminished tonnage, and the United States has risen to second place with an increase of 3,400,000 tons, or within almost half a million of Britain's net loss. Germany was third on armistice day, but has since been deprived of almost all its ships. Japan is fourth, and France and Italy have fallen far behind.

The most impressive fact is the rise of the United States to second place. This country's tonnage has increased from 1,076,000 on August 1, 1914, to 4,478,000 on November 11, 1918, notwithstanding a loss of 700,000 tons in the war. The race for the lead is now between this country and Britain with Japan rapidly gaining. There is still a great deficiency to make good, when allowance is made for the normal increase which should have occurred during the war and for the bad condition of the remaining pre-war vessels.

The man of the house showed a great aversion for the basement when there was nothing to do there but split wood and fire up the furnace, but after July 1, when he has made a good cache of the forbidden beverage, he will find it the coziest place in the house. Of course this does not apply to Oregon, for in this state the caches were made long ago, and some of them have dwindled sadly.

The late Frank Toevs went into the newspaper "game" because he liked it and he made good, as in fact he could have done in any profession. He was that kind of man who does a day's work in the prescribed time and a little more for good measure. That he died young—only 56—is incidental in the greatest calling on earth where a man wears out and does not know it.

General Coxey should organize a new army composed of all the bolshevists in the United States and should lead them to Russia. All America would speed the parting guests and Lenine would welcome them.

The word "safe" as a name for a place where valuables are secure against robbery has become a misnomer. It is a standing invitation to burglars to come and open the big steel box and help themselves.

Most men rather would go to jail than claim the benefit to be derived from proof of illegitimacy, as in the Delts case. He did not get that streak from Indian blood, which never has been yellow.

Portland will have a real independence celebration the coming Fourth, when every one does as he pleases (if unmarried) and follows no set programme. Hooray for the Fourth!

It is said the U-boat commanders are in a suicides' club to defeat justice. Most of them are just "brave" enough to be self-killers, for suicide is cowardly any way you look at it.

John Reed's attempt to form a soviet in New York did not follow Petrograd precedents, the proletariat needing further enlightenment on blessings of bolshevism.

Good sign when soap goes up. The more expensive it becomes the more it will be used by people who need it.

The worst of it in the coffee rise is that a fellow cannot get even by drinking tea, which distinctively is feminine.

Now Germany plans, such is the rumor, to war on Poland. May be. Germany is crazy.

If the Beavers do not jigger some we must change the name to "Antepenults."

Holland let the crown prince go, no doubt, with a crossed-fingers blessing.

The Germans are preparing to break the treaty before it is signed.

Winnipeg has had enough for a hundred years.

Good rain and just right.

Those Who Come and Go.

Wearing a $12 silk shirt, the sheriff of Harney county complained that the federal grand jury had made him come to Portland just as he was trying to round up cattle thieves. "Cattle rustling is not a thing of the past," sighed W. A. Goodman, who has three times been elected to preserve law and order in 10,000 square miles, Harney county being larger than Massachusetts and Rhode Island combined. "The thieves take 'em in bunches, alter the brands and then drive them over to No Man's Land, the high desert range occupying a corner of Harney and Lake counties." Mr. Goodman doesn't look the part of a cattle-land sheriff of the movies. He is short, doesn't wear hair pants nor tote a couple of .45s strapped to his side, nor does he sport a Stetson. In Harney county, however, the voters want results rather than "atmosphere," which accounts for the way Sheriff Goodman keeps holding down the job.

"While there is only a normal market for lumber, production is not normal," explains William Carsen of Burlington, Ia., who is at the Hotel Portland. "This accounts for the steadily rising prices. The eight-hour day on the coast cuts down production about 25 per cent. In the south, where the day is anywhere from ten hours up, and the wage scale low, production is low owing to the unusually wet season, and in the north there was very little snow last winter, which handicapped the getting out of logs—the logs are taken out over the snow in that section." Mr. Carsen is here to meet J. H. Owen of Brookings, Or., being interested with Mr. Owens and others in the lumber plant at that deep-sea harbor at the mouth of the Chetco river in Curry county.

Hotel customs change, as "Uncle Billy" Bartlett, aged 70, observed at the convention of Greeters at the Multnomah. Mr. Bartlett is here from Astoria and is at the Multnomah. "I couldn't grasp all the new-fangled ideas of the speakers about studying human nature and the psychology of hotel patronage and all that," observed Mr. Bartlett. "It wasn't like that in the olden days. People didn't roll up in automobiles to be met by a string of porters and bellboys. We just told 'em they were welcome and to tie their horses in the shed and come in and stick their shins near the fire. If a fellow dared to order a bath, we referred him to the river. And the funny part of it is that in the old days people slept just as well and did a darn sight less kicking."

Known as the father of irrigation, W. W. Caviness of Vale, Or., is at the Hotel Oregon. Mr. Caviness is a pioneer in the irrigation work in this state. He started first in Umatilla and later went to Malheur county. He regards the new law by which the state guarantees the payment of interest on irrigation projects as one of the greatest movements toward the development of Oregon and says that by the enactment of this law at the June 3 election irrigation, instead of being a local matter, became a state problem.

This is official, for the statement is made by the chief of police, Al Roberts, who is at the Perkins: "Pendleton will be wide open on July Fourth, and it will be wide open twice during the Round Up. You can make all the noise you want. There is more inquiry about this year's Round Up than any previous one, and it promises to be the premiere of the lot. It will be an all-star show, for some of the stars who were overseas are back home, full of pep. Anyone who sees the Round Up and can't get a thrill has something wrong and should consult a doctor pronto."

"Cap" George Fletcher, who in his earlier days was well known in Oregon as a trapshooter and who now lives at Walla Walla, has been an enthusiastic attendant at the northwest sportsmen's meet the past week. He is an ardent admirers of Frank Troeh. "It's funny," commented Mr. Fleteher at the Multnomah, "what a little typographical error will do. I picked up one of the Washington papers a day or two ago and read in bold headlines, 'Frank Troch leads in crap shooting contest.'"

Looking like an exhibit in the annual floral parade, a machine was driven into town yesterday from Government Camp, buried under a mass of rhododendron blossoms. L. F. Pridemore gathered the blooms and piloted the car to the Hotel Portland. The mountain of flora was used last night to decorate the tables at the Greeters' banquet at the Multnomah, and made a sensation.

A young man was standing at the desk of the Benson when he received a telegram, and on opening it he nearly collapsed. He said the wire contained the information that his wife was suing him for divorce and that his bank account was tied up and he couldn't draw a dollar, and his partner was clearing out. "And," he added, "this is my birthday."

"Give me the key to Mr. Blank's room, "directed a young woman to a clerk at one of the hotels yesterday. "I'm his wife." The clerk looked her over suspiciously. "You are Mrs. Blank? He hasn't registered you." "That's all right," she explained. "He uses the hotel room as his office, but he lives at my house with me." She got the key.

Between the time he left Empire, Or., and his arrival in Portland, George Tobin lost every cent he carried. Someone, on the train, lifted out his pocketbook, emptied its contents and put the wallet back in Tobin's pocket. After registering at the Perkins, he started out to find someone who would identify him at a bank so he could refill the purse.

Lon S. Hill, formerly of Cottage Grove, is at the Imperial. He is now in the wholesale lumber business at San Francisco. Mr. Hill knows lumber from the tree to the planed plank and has served his term as a lumber jack.

Neil C. Hurley, of the Hurley machine works of Chicago, is in the city, but up to last night had not been able to negotiate a room.

To attend the federal grand jury, E. L. Schwartzlander is at the Imperial. He is the government agent at the Umatilla Indian reservation.

Motoring from Los Angeles to their home in Seattle, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Heiskell arrived at the Hotel Oregon yesterday.

Exceptions in Soldiers' Aid Law.

PORTLAND, June 26.—(To the Editor.)—Kindly inform me concerning the soldiers' and sailors' educational law as to whether this amount is just for the overseas men or is it for all enlisted men, including S. A. C. T.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Overseas service is not necessary to receive educational aid unless the soldier was in the limited service. S. A. T. C. men are denied the benefits of the act.

Crest of 1894 Flood.

SANDY, Or., June 26.—(To the Editor.)—On what date did the June flood of about 25 years ago reach the highest point? One says it was June 7, 1894; another says it was June 4. Which, if either, is right? C. L. FISK.

The crest of the spring flood in 1894, the highest of which there is a record, was reached on June 7.

HIGH PRICES ARE ACCOUNTED FOR

New Level Reached Through Operation of Natural Laws.

TILLAMOOK, Or., June 25.—(To the Editor.)—War conditions have brought about a new set of circumstances, the most important of which is that prices for all commodities have been established on a new plane, and they are likely to stay there. At any rate, the sooner the community realizes that pre-war prices are no longer an indication of what should be expected the better.

Prices are determined in the main by the volume of production, of consumption, and, probably more than by either of these, by currency, bank credits, etc.

1. Production—After the civil war the return of prices to pre-war level, though it took 13 years to accomplish, was immediately aided by the development of new machinery and new kinds of business organizations. No one will seriously contend that the possibilities of the immediate future for increased efficiency or novel methods in production or distribution (with few exceptions) are likely to ever approach those which came between 1865 and 1890—a period which marked the transformation of our entire business structure from hand methods to machine methods, from pound to tonnage methods.

2. Consumption—In view of the vast destruction wrought by the war and now to be made good by reconstruction, and in view of the accumulation of the demand for many things which could not be supplied during the war, demand in many fundamental lines is bound to be large and urgent for some time to come.

3. Circulating medium—The credit expansion and currency inflation of the leading countries of the world, including our own, during the past five years has been on an entirely unprecedented scale. The process of contraction and deflation, to the extent it is possible, and likely to be approved by public opinion, will take many years.

The conclusion must be inevitable that we have arrived at a new price level. This level in the early future may go somewhat lower, or it may go somewhat higher, than at present prevailing, but it seems certain that there cannot be any immediate or radical recession.

Those who hope for materially lower prices will have to wait a long time. Be a bull on commodities a bear on stocks, advertise and you will make money. OPTIMISTIC PROFITEER.

DECIDES TO REMAIN IN THE ARMY

Reasons That Move Veteran to Reconsider "Never Again" Resolution.

PORTLAND, June 26.—(To the Editor.)—The following letter may be of interest to your readers, especially the young men of this state. The letter is from a boy who decided to stay in the army, made good, and writes his old buddy, asking him to return. The letter reads, in part:

HAZELHURST FIELDS, Mineola, Long Island, N. Y., June 1.—Dear Old Bunkie George: Was it all as rosy as you pictured in the long weeks while you waited for the transport after the armistice? Do your war experiences still heed 'em breathless, or do you catch them suppressing a yawn? Does the old job or the new job seem monotonous and confining?

Does the family "understand" you the way I did? Is the bunch at home as regular a crowd as was your messmates in the chow line?

In spite of all of those resolutions, those "never agains" that you used to say so fervently when the army was mentioned, haven't you caught yourself thinking pleasantly of your experiences? Don't you feel sorry for the fellow who didn't get into the big game?

It seems to me that when Uncle Sam is calling fellows back every veteran of war experience would "re-up" to train the new air service workers in how it's really done. It's a cinch to get your old rating back, and with the big percentage of new men promotion should be lifted from a silver plate.

When aerial navigation arrives, and it's coming strong, with your army training you will be prepared to name your terms for a civilian job. George, practical experience in this old life is the thing that counts.

You used to kick on the old army game, but remember a peace army is different than life in the field. You live in honest-to-God barracks, fitted with every convenience of the modern home; believe me, boy, it's like living in a palace compared to those 40 hommes and 8 chevaux.

We are eating like kings and from regular "china" plates with implements of the real stuff (Rogers, 1847, so it says on the back). Our evenings are our own and it's always a hike to a real American city, not French.

After all, the army is a man's game and I suppose I will remain in until old uncle kicks me out. I am now at the top of the ladder in the non-com grade and by this time next year expect to be one of those fellows who kicks around with the leather putts. However, I could not do as well in civil life, so am perfectly happy, as you can see. If you ever arrive at the time when you want to come back in the service let me know. There are a world of vacancies, and for good men there is no stopping. DICK.

Did realization meet expectations?

G. E. H.

METRIC SYSTEM IS CONVENIENT

Easy to Use and Adoption Would Be Promoter of Commerce.

PORTLAND, June 26.—(To the Editor.)—I plead for the adoption of the metric system of weights and measures. During the war we had thousands upon thousands of metric measures from battlefronts in Europe in the daily press, and in nearly every instance the home papers were kind enough to give the equivalents in our own barbarian numbers in order that we might understand. How often have you not told the readers that a kilometer is about five-eighths of a mile? Would it be hard to remember that while the distance to Astoria is 100 miles it is 160 kilometers?

Then we read about the 155-bore guns on the French front; about milk by the litre; about the width of No Man's Land in meters, and about shells weighing so many kilos.

Practically all the world uses the metric system but the English-speaking peoples. It is unfortunate that we should allow ourselves to lag so. It is established by law among us since 1866. We are too indolent to change. I hold it is a moral duty to discard unnecessary hindrance. Science established a fact, a truth, but what good is it unless we make use of it?

We lose in trade millions of dollars a year because we stick to a system that has been thrown in the ash barrel by everybody save old John Bull. But even he will be compelled to relax on this folly sooner or later. It is only his (and our) mental indolence and egotism that prevent us from taking a step forward in physical advance. Every school, college and university uses the metric system in the instruction of chemistry and physics.

Let me conclude with an example for those who dread the unknown monster. By the metric system I can express any sum of money with the sign of only one denomination—the dollar mark usually. I can write in one line the billions, millions of dollars, cents, mills and any fraction thereof. The English can't do that with their half dozen denominations. And we can't give the weight of a carload of goods in one denomination. We must express it in tons, pounds, ounces, drachms and grains, and perhaps pennyweights or carats. ERNEST BARTON.

Distance to Manila.

MILL CITY, Or., June 26.—(To the Editor.)—Kindly give the distance from Seattle, Wash., to the Philippine Islands. We had a little debate over it. A. EVANOFF.

The distance between Seattle and Manila, as given on government maps, is approximately 6583 miles, nautical.

In Other Days.

Twenty-five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian, June 27, 1894.

Tacoma.—From all over the state the national guard of Washington is on its way to Woodland park, five miles this side of Olympia, where the annual encampment will take place. Company G of this city left Wednesday to prepare camp.

San Francisco.—Italians of San Francisco do not sympathize with France in the death of President Carnot. Tonight a mass meeting of Italians broke up in a riot when expressions of condolence were uttered by speakers.

The Portland Cricket club was organized last evening by a number of admirers of the old English sport. C. W. Lawrence was elected captain, J. Flinders secretary and W. J. Johnson treasurer.

The steamer Signal came up last night, having 39 Chinese passengers on board.

In the matter of incorporating the town of Montavilla, the county court made an order yesterday, setting July 13 as the date for an election to decide the question. Reichwein's hall at Montavilla is the place for taking a vote on the question. There is a difference of opinion as to whether the settlement and the settlers will be given an opportunity to decide the question at this time and place mentioned.

STATESMEN ARE NOT OF ONE MIND

Some Rated as High as Mr. Taft Find Faults in League Pact.

PORTLAND, June 26.—(To the Editor.)—My friend, Colonel Bowen, demurs to my letter on grounds which are embarrassing to controvert, but which deserve a brief notice. He defers to the judgment of Mr. Taft, which he modestly prefers to his own and properly prefers to the judgment of myself and of "professors" generally. He thus delegates his function of citizenship to a man of acknowledged competency.

I shall certainly not quarrel with him in his estimation of Mr. Taft or of myself or of professors in general. I have been too long a professor not to know the limitations of the caste. I none the less think there are serious difficulties in the way of his choice. Pass for Mr. Taft, but how about Mr. Root? Is there an American living who rates his judgment lower than Mr. Taft's? And Mr. Root says we need a clearer pronouncement regarding the Monroe doctrine, a more untrammeled right of withdrawal, and, above all, release from that terrible guaranty of existing territorial frontiers. That is the first difficulty. The big men who so far outweigh mere professors are on both sides. Indeed, as I count on my fingers those whom I have long since learned to trust, the cons work my fingers harder than the pros.

And after all, ought Colonel Bowen or even the professors thus to delegate their functions? The big men are wiser than we, no doubt, but after all when a people seriously buckles down to a problem like this it has a way of reaching a conclusion that is better than any that the big men can reach for us. And it is better simply because it fits the psychology of the people—fits it because it is made by it. A democracy grows its own adaptations as an animal grows its own skin. It beats the best tailor-made suit all out as a fit. That is the whole justification of a democracy. The people are not wiser than their big men, quite obviously, but they have the power to fit institutions to their own psychology as no other agency can do; and this fit is necessary to make these institutions live and function.

That is just what isn't being done in the present case. President Wilson feels sure he can fit us even at a distance, but we want to try it on. Mr. Taft acknowledges that it won't be a very good fit, but thinks we may fall out with the tailor and get nothing if we insist. I wonder if the impatient defenders of the league have really noted what the opposition ask. We do not ask that there should be no league. The opposition in the senate does not mean that. It means merely that we want a fit and not a misfit. We want the league to express the psychology of our people. It must do so to be a success. That psychology may be eccentric or defective, but it is ours. We don't want to take chances on Mr. Wilson's ready-made clothes. Mr. Knox says, take our measure first. Mr. Root says, let us try it on before we take it for good. Isn't that fair?

And it need not delay actual peace a day. The big men say so, not the professors. I mistrust those who hurry us so are really afraid it isn't a fit. I fancy that even Colonel Bowen isn't really deferring to Mr. Taft. He decided in favor of the league and then lauded the wisdom of Mr. Taft because he confirmed his opinion. Else why not Mr. Root? H. H. POWERS.

FATE OF SHIP HANGS IN BALANCE

D. A. R. Will Aid in Maintaining U. S. S. Oregon, Promises Regent.

EUGENE, Or., June 25.—(To the Editor.)—Through the kindness of Captain Fields, commandant of the navy-yard at Bremerton, I was, a few days since, accorded the privilege of visiting the battleship Oregon, where, her work done, she lies at anchor in the waters of the sound, to be later used as a target unless the state of Oregon rouses sufficiently to realize that here is her great opportunity.

The object of our visit was to aid in securing from the ship some memento which might find a worthy place in the University of Oregon to be for all time a fitting reminder of the wonderful achievements of the famous old battleship.

Making my request, I found Captain Fields deeply interested in the return of the Oregon and hoping as devoutly as any resident of Oregon that the ship may be taken over by the state. Pending the decision, the vessel is being guarded and cared for, no one being allowed to go on board without special permission. Anchored half a mile from the shore, the Oregon is the center of interest to visitors at the navy-yard.

Just how much has been done toward acceptance by the state of the offer of the government I do not know, but surely we will not forget that the Oregon, a pathetic figure in her desolation, is ours—she belongs to us, if only we pledge her maintenance—and she should be moored in Oregon waters. We have choice of two things—either she will be dismantled and used as a target, or she will be, as far as is possible, restored and sent free of cost to any point designated by the state.

We must not fail to give the youth of our state this one lesson in patriotism. The state of Massachusetts cares for the old frigate Constitution. Shall we do less for the Oregon? The rooms at Mount Vernon are cared for by the different states. May not the patriotic societies of Oregon take up a similar work in this case?

Personally, I hope to see the state chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution have state headquarters on board the Oregon, and feel that I may safely pledge in advance the interest and support of every Oregon Daughter.

And let every child in every school in the state be given this lesson in loyalty and reverence.

Bring home the Oregon.

MRS. F. M. WILKINS,
State Regent Daughters of the American Revolution.