

Pacific Coast Representatives
A. W. Styles, Inc.
Portland, Seattle, San Francisco,
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Pacific Bldg., Red Brydon-Jack in charge.

OUR "DEVASTATED" FORESTS.

Our old friend, Gifford Pinchot, who comes from the state where they spend half a million dollars to elect a senator who is refused his seat, and who probably has never seen an Oregon forest, has tonight not known what it was if he did see it, is still at his old job of discouraging the use of wood by declaring that great public domains are being devastated and that, within a few years we shall be without sufficient timber to make matches and toothpicks.

In Pinchot's latest attack, a report made before the Society of American Foresters at Des Moines, Ia., this week, he is joined by Major George F. Adhern, whom Pinchot, in a note to newspapers, describes as a distinguished authority on the present conditions of American forests.

Pinchot evidently knows as much about forests in the coast states as the employe of the forestry department about 25 years ago, at which time about a dozen men patrolled the forests of the state, who wrote the chief forester at Portland, "The fire season is upon us. Have the leaves raked from under the trees in the forests under your jurisdiction."

In their joint report, Pinchot and Adhern said that forest fires continue to devastate forest areas and burn up great quantities of standing timber. Following this statement to another that 34,000,000 acres of forest lands were burned over in 1928. The inference that the authors evidently intend to have drawn from these two statements is that standing timber was destroyed during 1928 on 34,000,000 acres.

Such statements, with such an inference, are bound to influence residents of eastern states who know nothing about forests of the Pacific northwest and less about forest fires therein. They are likely to believe that it is a patriotic duty not to use wood when some other material will do nearly as well. It is because of such statements as these that the consumption of lumber in the United States dropped from a per capita consumption of 460 board feet in 1900 to a consumption of 316 board feet in 1925.

It is because of such statements as these that a large part of the overripe forests of Oregon will decay and do no one any good. For the false impressions gained about the great forest fires of this coast country, we are somewhat to blame, for we permit news agencies to send out reports that indicate that the larger part of our forest lands are burned over each year, when as a matter of fact damage to green timber is negligible.

Residents in other states picture Oregon during the dry season as a fiery cauldron, and probably would be astounded to learn that residents in districts a half mile from one of these great forest fires, if not engaged in fighting the flames, gazed about their daily tasks as usual, without fear of destruction of their homes, without fear of suffocation of their families, without fear of any kind.

Residents in other states who read of these devastating forest fires probably would be incredulous if they heard that standing timber "destroyed" by a forest fire can be saved in its entirety if at once sent to the saws.

"Many lumbermen," Gifford and Adhern said, "especially on the Pacific coast, are today in trouble because they got together, largely by fraud, greater forest areas than they can profitably carry."

Pinchot and Adhern should be more specific. Residents of Oregon would be pleased to have them come out here and point out the great tracts that have been obtained by fraud. While they were pointing these out we might point out a lot of things they don't know about Oregon forests.

OUR GIRLS AND WOMEN.

A visitor from Cottage Grove in Long Beach, Cal., sends The Sentinel a postcard which some civic organization there has had printed in large lots for distribution. The postcard starts:

Where are the prettiest?
Long Beach.
Where are women the whitest?
Long Beach.
Other statements boldly made on the same card may not be challenged but these we have quoted may be, and should be. In fact, this writer rarely goes on his hind legs, the best advertised male limbs in the world, to issue such a challenge, and is willing to stake what ever he has or hopes to have on the result.

We'll take our ordinary garden variety of flapper, with knees exposed and otherwise, we'll take her as she arises in the morning before she has a chance to calcimine beauty out of her face, and we'll pit her against the best from the most select of the select of Long Beach's beauties. That much for the pretty part.

For the test of wit, we have made arrangements with six Cottage Grove husbands who will pit their wives against any 100 women from Long Beach or the world for fancy, homely, quick, cutting or any mixture of repartee.

Bring on your Long Beach beauties and your Long Beach wits. We challenge the world.

A good New Year's resolution for Oregonians to adopt would be one to bear in mind that the gods help those who help themselves.

The Protestant churches of the United States have about 32,000,000 members, 210,000 churches and \$2,000,000,000 invested in church property. There are 200 denominations.

THINGS WE THINK

Things Others Think and What We Think of the Things Others Think.

RECENTLY CHARLES AUGUSTUS SPIRAGUS, still past owner of the Corvallis Gazette-Times, writing in the Salem Statesman, to which he now gives his time, said that Corvallis has among many other notable things, the most brilliant editor on the Pacific coast.

The least that Editor Claudius Elclair Ingalls of Corvallis can say is that Salem has by all odds the most discerning editor in the state.

THERE ARE MORE MEN

who live to be 95 before they are 55 than afterward.

A CALIFORNIA PREACHER chides his brethren because of the poor English they use in their prayers, and wants to know what the Lord is likely to think of supplicants couched in ungrammatical language.

The chances are that if the good Lord saw a Californian stop talking about California long enough to pray he would be so startled he wouldn't notice the quality of the English.

Anyway the Californians tell us they have everything they want, so what difference does it make what the good Lord thinks.

Another thing, if those who can't pray grammatically have no chance of entering the pearly gates, the good Lord's hesitations claim those who write contributions for newspapers.

Those who believe it a sin to beat a public service corporation are not numerous enough to cause a traffic jam if all should gather on New York's busiest corner.

A correspondent in the Eugene Register doubts the accuracy of the census of wild game. It probably is padded, the enumerators keep a record of animals which hunters report as getting away.

A scientist examining a skull a million years old unearthed in China called attention to the unusually large brain cavity.

We should say that the race hasn't advanced much in a million years.

In Lane county education the 4H's are as important as the three R's.

The Western Leader tells us there are 200 dialects in the United States.

We believe that is an underestimate, we have more than that number of institutions of higher learning.

If men don't quit ranting about how they would dislike to see women go back to the old street sweeper dress, we are sure to have them.

Women talk too much, and men chew tobacco.

Edwin P. Shattuck, lobbyist against a tariff on sugar, tells a senate committee that he never discussed the subject with his personal friend, the president. This should have a cautioning effect upon the saturnine senators.

SANTA CLAUS AND SUCCESS.

(Eugene Register.) Success comes very seldom to those who sit idly and wait for it to fall into their laps. With very few exceptions, it has to be run down, grappled with and conquered.

Here in Oregon, for example, we have been so busy with too much simple faith in Santa Claus.

We have said to ourselves: "We have vast natural resources. Our forests are tremendous. Our soil is rich and abundant. Our hills are filled with metals and our streams fairly drip power. We have harbors for ocean commerce."

"We have nothing to worry about, because one of these days rich and able newcomers from afar will appear among us and with their money and their brains will develop these vast natural resources of ours and make us all prosperous beyond belief."

That is a pretty myth, just as the idea that Santa will come jingling up to the roof and thence down the chimney to fill our stockings with gifts is a pretty myth.

While we have been waiting hopefully for Santa Claus to bring us development and prosperity, through the utilization of our natural resources, we have been doing relatively little ourselves in the way of developing these resources.

All through the state of Oregon these days one hears this statement: "What we need is a new type of leadership." That is substantially true. We need leaders who will lead us away from the initiative-destroying idea that Santa Claus will provide for the development of Oregon's resources.

MOUNT VIEW.

(Special to the Sentinel.) Dec. 31.—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Downes, accompanied by Mrs. Downes' sister, Miss Marcella Daily of Eugene, motored to Redding, Tuesday to spend Christmas with the women's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Daily. Miss Daily remained but Mr. and Mrs. Downes returned Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ponsford and sons Dale and Russell of Thornton Corners and Hallie Monroe of Klamath Falls were Christmas guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Schneider.

Mr. and Mrs. Butte Mooney and children of Blue Mountain and Mr. and Mrs. Leonard of Walden spent Christmas day with Mr. and Mrs. George Layne.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Myers of Delight valley visited Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Bert Myers.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Snauer and family of Walden, Miss Mary Layne of the neighborhood and Leon and Ed Arne of Broadbent spent Christmas day with Mr. and Mrs. Claude Arne.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hands entertained at their home on Christmas day Mr. Hands' parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Hands, and his brother and the latter's wife, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hands, Mrs. Roy Hands' mother, Mrs. Sherman, and the latter's two daughters, Misses Ada and Pauline Sherman of Reedport, and Mrs. Thaddeus of Salem.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bales and Dorothy Bales spent Christmas with Mrs. Bales' parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Green of Hebron, where a family reunion was held.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Arne and family and Miss Myrtle Snauer went to Corvallis Sunday to visit Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Phillips.

Mrs. Mamie Spough and Miss Geraldine Spough of Eugene and Mr. and Mrs. Allen Staley of Portland were Christmas day guests of Mrs. Amanda Sears.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Arne and family visited Thursday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Glen Linebaugh of Walden.

Mrs. Kate Sears of Cottage Grove and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sears and little daughter of Wendling spent Sunday with Mrs. Amanda Sears.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Myers and family spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Louis Layne of Blue Mountain.

Miss Forest Schneider returned Sunday to Klamath Falls, where she resumed teaching Monday. She had spent a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Schneider.

Mrs. C. R. Dear is spending the holidays in Seattle with her father and sister and expects to return in a week or ten days.

Motor Car Oddly Named

Some fanciful names were given many of the early makes of motor cars. A few of them, long out of the picture, were Automobile, in 1901; Buckmobile, in 1903; Brownicker, in 1905; Ben Hur, in 1917; Comet, in 1908; Dixie Flyer, in 1917; Everybody's, in 1908; Gasmobile, in 1901; Great Smith, in 1911; Gearless, in 1920; Mercury, in 1904; Motorette, in 1911; Mighty Michigan, in 1913; U. S. Long Distance, in 1903; and Vogue in 1921.

Odd Golfing Courses

Honolulu possesses one of the world's queerest sports grounds in the Hole-in-One Golf club, with its nineteenth hole tee on the edge of a live volcano; while an equally strange golf course is that at Jinja, on Lake Victoria. The hippopotamus is such a frequent visitor that balls may be removed from its tracks without penalty.

In Praise of Work

Accustom a man to 16 hours of work a day, and he will regard 10 hours' work as a soft easy job. In 1901; Buckmobile, in 1903; Brownicker, in 1905; Ben Hur, in 1917; Comet, in 1908; Dixie Flyer, in 1917; Everybody's, in 1908; Gasmobile, in 1901; Great Smith, in 1911; Gearless, in 1920; Mercury, in 1904; Motorette, in 1911; Mighty Michigan, in 1913; U. S. Long Distance, in 1903; and Vogue in 1921.

Meany!

A fairly good way to tense an estimable neighbor woman, we discovered yesterday, is to remark in an offhand manner, as she settles down to tell about her hospital experience, that in a number of cases lately surgical operations have been successfully resorted to to cure criminal tendencies.—Ohio State Journal.

First White House Tenant

President John Adams was the first President to live there. Washington lived in two houses in New York city and one in Philadelphia during his terms, and Adams lived in the house visited by Washington in Philadelphia until the removal to the city of Washington in 1800.

Great Continent's Names

According to certain authorities, the name Europe is derived from the Assyrian "Irbi" or "Ereb," which means the setting sun or the West, while the name Asia is derived from the Assyrian "Assu," meaning the rising sun or the East.

Working and Living

Working for a living is a poor way of getting along. We become slaves of our jobs, and there is no joy in accomplishment. Instead of working for a living try living for a work, and see if you are not better satisfied.—Grit.

Unnecessary

At a recent New York banquet the diners represented a total wealth of \$2,000,000,000. We understand that the estate's usual practice of counting the spoons after the proceedings was discontinued.

Don't Worry

Fear and worry are as unnecessary as they are debilitating. They are our race's heritage from the dim dawn of time, and only clear-thinking, audacious souls have risen above them, says American Magazine.

Odd Things About Bed

Bed is a bundle of paradoxes; we go to it with reluctance, yet we quit it with regret; we make up our minds every night to leave it early, but we make up our bodies every morning to keep it late.—Colton.

Small Things Count

The lives of truest heroism are those in which there are no great deeds to look back upon. It is the little things well done that go to make up a successful and truly good life.—Roosevelt.

If I can only keep my good name, I shall be rich enough.—Plautus.

CHRISTMAS IN CHINA.

SHANGHAI, China, Nov. 7.—(To the Editor.)—Christmas is coming before long, when people will feel as much like children as they ever do, and think as much about them, so let me tell you a bit about my kiddy "chinks" and my work among them.

Soon after coming to China I went with a missionary to see an idol temple. The missionary preached to the Buddhist priests. They didn't seem impressed with the message. The missionary said to me, "There is not much hope for these old priests. They are confirmed idol-worshippers. I was surprised at his remark, feeling God's holy spirit could convert even the hardened priests. Leaving the temple we had to pass through a great gatehouse. It was four huge idol "gate-keepers," fierce, savage, ugly, with hands upraised ready to strike any who might displease them. They did strike terror into a little child, whose mother was bringing it into the temple to worship. As we were passing by the little one was screaming with fright; but the mother put the wee one's hands up and made it go through the acts of worship in spite of its terror.

Then I realized why the Chinese are confirmed idolaters. They are taught to worship idols even when babies. And I saw that our hope of winning China was not in preaching to the priests, though that must not be neglected; but was in getting the children. So, as soon as I could talk Chinese and a missionary lady suggested starting a ragged Sunday school for the street kiddies not far from her home, I was ready to help. She asked the dayman if we could have it in his shed. He consented, so we began our first ragged S. S. Crowds of little people came. How they delighted to sing, "Jesus Loves Me" (Jesus Loves Me). Many of that cow-headed Sunday school came to love Jesus and became useful members in the church.

When I came to Shanghai and went about preaching, children a plenty were in the streets. I remembered that Sunday school and wanted these "yaller" people to have the same joys. I rented a room and started a Sunday school with no pupils! I stood inside and sang, "Jesus Loves Me." Children came to the door. I was glad and said, "Come in." The kiddies ran for home as fast as their legs could carry them! They had heard that foreigners use eyes and hearts of Chinese children to make medicine for western children. I sang again and big people came to listen. The wee ones took courage and peeped in. I talked of Jesus and His love for little and big people, and gave the kiddies cards, asked them to come again and bring their friends and I would give them all cards. Next Sunday ten came and the next 20, then 40, and soon my small room was full of "brownies." They learned to sing and liked to sing and we literally sang the gospel in to their hearts. Now Jesus has lots of little friends in Shanghai. They do not run from me any more; but run to me shouting, "Jesus man coming," and grasping my fingers, lead me to the Sunday school.

I wish you could know my wee brownies. I am sure you would love them as I do. Every Christmas I try to give them a jolly time, friends at home sending me money for their treat. Christmas is not far away and I am already getting ready for the glad day. No Chinese kiddies will hang up their stockings and no home will have a Christmas tree. Christmas will be cold and bare for millions of kiddies; but I like to bring brightness into the lives of more than 800 of my brownies. They will delight as much in some foolish little toy as we and we literally sang the gospel in to their hearts. Now Jesus has lots of little friends in Shanghai. They do not run from me any more; but run to me shouting, "Jesus man coming," and grasping my fingers, lead me to the Sunday school.

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