The Oregonian

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Entered at Portland, Oregon, Postoffice as second-class matter.
Subscription Rates—Invariably in advance.

(By Mail.)

Daily, Sunday included, one year	$8.00
Daily, Sunday included, six months	4.25
Daily, Sunday included, three months	2.25
Daily, Sunday included, one month	.75
Daily, without Sunday, one year	6.00
Daily, without Sunday, six months	3.25
Daily, without Sunday, three months	1.75
Daily, without Sunday, one month	.60
Weekly, one year	1.50
Sunday, one year	2.00
Sunday and Weekly, one year	3.50

(By Carrier.)

Daily, Sunday included, one year	9.00
Daily, Sunday included, one month	.75

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

Postage Rates—12 to 16 pages, 1 cent; 18 to 22 pages, 2 cents; 24 to 30 pages, 3 cents; 32 to 40 pages, 4 cents; 42 to 54 pages, 5 cents; 56 to 62 pages, 6 cents. Foreign postage, double rates.

Eastern Business Office—Verree & Conklin, Brunswick building, New York; Verree & Conklin, Steger building, Chicago; San Francisco representative, R. J. Bidwell, 742 Market street.

PORTLAND, TUESDAY, NOV. 16, 1915.

PORTLAND.

From the time sixty-odd years ago when sundry energetic citizens of the embryonic metropolis of Oregon by the labor of their own sturdy arms helped to build a wagon road through the adjacent hills, and created a market for the products of the fertile Tualatin valley, there has never been a real question of Portland's preeminence in the great territory drained by the Columbia and Willamette rivers. There were in those early days ambitious rivals of the young and striving city; there was tremendous competition among them. Let it be not imagined that the final triumph of Portland was due to favoring fortune or to advantageous location, or to discriminating forces such as great railroad corporations which have powerfully helped other cities to establish themselves as commercial and industrial centers. What Portland has Portland has secured in large part by thrift, by foresight and by service, and by quick and firm grasp of opportunity. Of course there was a foundation of natural position, making a reason for Portland. But Portland is nevertheless man's creation, not nature's. It is not in any sense an accident. It is the work of the brains and hands of men who had faith and vision and prescience and patience and pluck.

Just now it has become fashionable in some parts of Oregon to discuss, with undisguised harshness and equally apparent prejudice, the Portland "hog." There is no such animal. This is not to say that there are not greedy individuals and selfish interests here; but they do not incarnate the effective spirit and feeling of Portland.

To say that Portland has sought to build itself up at the expense of the state, and not as a consequence of the state's primary progress and development, is to do an injustice to Portland. The people of Portland have no illusions as to any prosperity separated from the state's prosperity. They have no wish or hope of growth and advancement not common to all of Oregon. They believe in the destiny of the wonderful valleys, the productive hills and the rich plains of the state. They acknowledge a duty to promote the welfare of the state as a whole; and, where they have seen and understood their obligation, they have not usually failed to perform it.

It may be supposed that The Oregonian does not speak these words out of a mere polite purpose to vindicate Portland in the eyes of its own people and of the people of Oregon. Not at all. But it has thought it well to say about Portland some things which many unthinking persons have apparently forgotten and which others have conveniently ignored. Long ago Portland saw that the prime essential to the building of a city upon its present site was to develop Oregon and the Columbia River basin. That was the reason it sought to project roads into its adjacent territory. It was for the same reason that boats, built with Portland labor and money, began to ply upon the tributary rivers. Ships seeking commerce with the world were dispatched over the seas, laden with the products of Oregon agriculture and other industry. Portages were built around the obstructing cascades and the troublesome dalles. Local manufactories were fostered. Railroads were needed and adventurous and public-spirited men furnished the money for their construction up the Willamette Valley and later up the Columbia River. These and many other things were done by Portland men and by Portland means; and they are the foundations of the city, as they were and are in considerable part the instrumentalities through which the virgin forests of the state were penetrated and utilized and the tillable lands settled and cultivated. But they were only the beginnings of the city as it stands today. The whole story would far surpass the limits of an ordinary newspaper article.

Let us remind our complaining friends of an achievement or two fairly to be credited to Portland in later years, after the early and critical era of self-help had perhaps passed. A little more than a decade ago the City of Portland raised a large sum of money, and, supported by a liberal and interested state, created and gave to the world a beautiful exposition—an event which all observing persons agree was of incalculable benefit to the entire Pacific Northwest. A little later a great disaster overtook another Pacific Coast city, through earthquake and fire, and the sympathetic citizens of Portland raised quickly more than $300,000, and sent it to their suffering neighbors. They did more. They sent personal help in a large body of physicians, nurses, and workers who gave of their skill and time whatever was needed.

For years the Port of Portland has sought to deepen the river channel to the sea, and it has alone expended something like $6,000,000 in that great project. A year or so ago, to protect the important work at the entrance of the Columbia, it appropriated $300,000 to a project which belongs to the Federal Government. An open river through the Inland Empire appeared to be a commercial necessity, and Portland worked indefatigably to that end through many years. The advantages and opportunities of Oregon and Washington were not sufficiently known to the world at large, and Portland through its Commercial Club and Chamber of Commerce, in co-operation with the Oregon Development League, devoted large sums and much intelligent work through trained men to the greater advertisement of the Pacific Northwest. It set a high example of disinterested service by striving to promote the interest of Oregon first, and of Portland only as an incident to the general scheme. Portland speaks for Portland in terms of Oregon.

During a great part of this time the forward-looking people of the metropolis have been confronted by problems not directly related to the state, but peculiar to their own battle for supremacy. The community has seen, for example, that other cities have had the particular favor of great interests. It has been the definite object of railroad and steamship discrimination. It has been denied the advantages fairly and admittedly pertaining to a site on a great river, at the end of a water-grade haul which avoids the mountains towering between other places and their trade fields. It has not had from overseas carriers, operating in connection with railroads, its just recognition as a port. The railroad development of Central Oregon, so auspiciously begun, has not been carried forward to any large advantage either to city or state, all in striking contrast to the extensive railroad development of our neighboring state. But a project for building a railroad system through the heart of the state is now being undertaken under Portland auspices. It is supported with the traditional Portland spirit and it bids fair to be a reality before a long time.

It is needless to multiply the record of Portland's contributions to the general weal. Undeniably it has been thought that results would be beneficial to the city, and undeniably expectation has been realized. But Portland's motive is not on that account to be held improper or unworthy. The design of The Oregonian in offering these considerations is mainly to show, if it can, that Portland is entitled to a fair opportunity to work out its own destiny. Every other part of Oregon has an equal right to do what it can for itself; and there is a mutual obligation for one to aid the other, and all the others. But it will scarcely be urged that Portland's duty to the state, or to the smaller cities of the state, requires it to surrender anything it may have honestly achieved to them, or any of them, for their exclusive benefit, or to impair its own interest for the local advantage of some other, or to divide with another the fruits of effort not made in common. It cannot reasonably be asked. It will not be. But its whole duty to Oregon Portland will perform.

WHERE DOES PORTLAND BELONG?

The news that Portland has been, or will be, or may be, dropped from the Pacific Coast baseball league may be regarded as quite startling, if true. But it is a calamity which Portland will somehow endeavor to survive. It cannot be imagined that the reason is that the pennant too often comes north, although it is something like treason to California for an outsider to capture any honor for which the Golden State may be striving.

But is Portland's natural alliance in the sporting world with San Francisco and Los Angeles? Or is it with Tacoma, Seattle and Spokane? The reply ought not to be difficult.

If San Francisco and the other Southern cities manifest a heart-consuming desire to quit Portland, why, it ought to be easy for Portland to quit them and go where geographically it belongs.

SAVED FROM A MISTAKE.

The offense of the loquacious assistant postmaster of the town of Winnetka, Ill., which aroused the patriotic ire of his superior, the postmaster, was that he showed disrespect for the President of the United States in saying that a "man should wait at least a year after his wife died before remarrying; but a President should wait longer."

Of course President Wilson intends to wait longer—several long months, indeed—but we do not understand that either the indignant Illinois postmaster or the quick-action assistant Postmaster-General who approved the dismissal, rests upon that conclusive fact for justification. They merely insist that criticism of the President by a public officer is disrespect, and that disrespect warrants summary expulsion from the Government service.

It is pleasing to note that President Wilson has interfered and restored the postal official. It is not to be assumed, to be sure, that the President justifies the original criticism. But free speech is an inalienable right, not to be denied to any citizen, even when he holds office, and the love affair of a President is a reasonably interesting topic of conversation. The President realizes the inborn habit of gossip among men, and he knows that the surest way to stimulate it is to make an effort to put on the lid.

The hasty and unwise subordinates and partisans of President Wilson have been saved from a silly blunder. There is no such thing as lese majeste in free America.

USES AND ABUSES OF HISTORY.

Peace propagandists and militarists alike draw upon history to support their several contentions. Whenever anyone wants to prove anything these days he drags history into the controversy by the heels. Ancient, mediæval or modern history is made to do service, each observer selecting his incidents and presenting his conclusions in the manner best suited to his needs.

It is an ancient and futile game. We must agree with the idea that there is no better way of gauging the future than through a study of the past. But how are we to study the past? How are we to know what evidence to accept and what to reject in applying ancient occurrences to modern events? History presents many broad lessons which have been analyzed and accepted by reasonable men. But when we make a general use of historical events to measure the events of today, we are likely to trip up. Froude suggested that to be entirely just in our estimate of other ages is not only difficult but impossible. Even what is passing in our own presence is seen indistinctly.

There is a tale concerning Frederick the Great, who was fond of history, that he would order his secretary to "bring me my liar" when he wanted a historical work. Sir Robert Walpole once declared with great vehemence that all history is a lie. Coleridge contended that passion and partisanship so blind us that the fairest and soundest lessons of history are lost. Gibbon persisted that history is little more than the register of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind. Macaulay observed that in every incident there is a mixture of good and evil; that a little exaggeration, a little suppression, a judicious use of epithets, a watchful and searching skepticism with respect to the evidence on one side, a convenient credulity with respect to every report or tradition on the other, may easily make a saint of Laud or a tyrant of Henry the Fourth.

The judicious use of history is essential. Cicero taught us that not to know what has been transacted in former times is to be always a child. If no use is made of the labors of past ages the world must remain always in the infancy of knowledge. But the abuse of history, the use of isolated facts in proving a particular contention or supporting a particular point of view is assuming proportions in the practices of the present day wherein it should be discouraged. View with suspicion the man who would prove too much by history.

DECEIVING THE SICK.

Once more the Government has drawn in its dragnet and found therein some fifty of those pernicious traffickers in human afflictions who dispense fraudulently labeled patent medicines and drugs. The number is rather appalling, and we need feel no particular surprise at learning that the list includes several persistent offenders. Apparently the business of deceiving the sick and halt is profitable, and those conscienceless wretches who profit in it are willing to write off the occasional reverses brought about through fines. Possibly a fund to pay fines is set down as a regular part of the operating expense.

Under the particular enactment whereby they may be prosecuted, provision is made that no misrepresentation must be set down as to the curative or therapeutic properties of a drug. This is designed to prevent those glaring deceptions which led persons suffering from serious disorders to place their dependence in worthless drugs. Such deceptions always have been put forth in the most superlative terms. Positive assurance is given the sufferer that two or three bottles of a certain remedy will cure anything from nervous prostration to leprosy. That favorite nostrums for the more common of the serious ailments have established many fortunes in the country is easily appreciated in view of the fact that the concoctions can be put up for a few cents and sold for a dollar or more per liquid ounce.

As pointed out by the Department of Agriculture, this is a serious economic loss. The drug dealers are getting something for nothing and are on no higher moral plane than the professional gambler or confidence man. But there is a far more serious side of the deception. Sufferers who should hasten to secure competent medical attention are induced to try these fraudulent remedies. By coincidence they may improve for a time. Yet this delay permits the malady to gain a serious or even fatal foothold. By the time they find that the remedy is worthless, their condition may have reached a stage where it will not yield readily to the most skilful treatment. If death ensues is it too much to credit the demise against the miscreants who deal in mislabeled remedies? The possibilities of such a traffic are so serious that would it not seem wise to provide a more stringent penalty than a maximum fine of $100? Prison terms for second offenders would better meet the requirements of the situation.

MUSIC FOR THE COW.

Press dispatches tell us that Mrs. Ada Nowie, "noted Wisconsin agricultural specialist," has known for years that cows "have temperament, a conception of orderly dwellings and a faculty of appreciating courteous, genial treatment."

One might naturally think, if he did not know to the contrary, that Mrs. Nowie had made a discovery. Far from it. Any observant dairyman in the country old enough could have told the same thing any day in the last half of a century, while Mrs. Nowie has known it for only eight years.

Go down to the asylum farm near Salem and see how the cows are treated there; observe the great cow palace that certain members of our Legislature made much fun of, with its stained glass windows and its walls of porcelain, or near-porcelain. Why, Dr. Steiner could give Mrs. Nowie cards and spades in up-to-date methods of treating bossie.

It is true Mrs. Nowie has outdone us by providing music as an accompaniment to milking. She is reported to have said that with this innovation "the cows gave more milk and gave it more cheerfully." No doubt. But wait until the next Legislature convenes and Dr. Steiner gets an appropriation for a pipe organ for his dairy barn! Real music, not canned music, is what bossy wants! If our legislators do their duty Oregon will have on the asylum farm the nearest approach to a modern dairy barn there is on earth!

We should, however, go a step further. An appropriation should be made to enable Professor Dryden, the poultryman par excellence of the country, to install a victrola, with a goodly selection of classical records, in his poultry quarters. Not a doubt in the world but, with this improvement, Professor Dryden would knock out the whole world with his O. A. C. hens. As an educator think what it would mean. Biddy would soon begin to croon her lullabys to music, the raucous voice of the rooster and the strident tones of biddy would soon be softened, mellowed, harmonized and uttered in perfect tune. Not a doubt of it in the world. And then biddy would lay more eggs, better eggs and do it "more cheerfully."

So it rests with the members of the Legislature to come to the rescue of Oregon and put this false prophetess of Wisconsin among the discards. She has "discovered" nothing that our Oregon experts have not known for years, while we have "thunk of things" almost unbelievable.

ON AVOIDING THE DIVORCE COURT.

More advice to the married. Perhaps no one will pay any heed. As Swift once inquired in one of his perennially bitter moods, how is it possible to expect mankind to take advice when they will not so much as take warning? However, a Cleveland judge has re-charted the whole sea of matrimony, and he avers that his recipes are certain to bring happiness to those who follow them. He has formulated his conclusions after officiating at 424 knot-cutting contests.

In the first place, he warns people not to get married at all until they have been acquainted one year. This is wisdom. True, there has been some disagreement on the point. Shakespeare said that the hasty marriage seldom proveth well, while Beecher insisted that deferred marriages are temptations to wickedness. However, we feel certain that both these gentlemen would agree with the time limit fixed by the judge. A year of waiting would prevent many a hopeless marriage.

Don't nag your husband, is the second pearl of wisdom to fall from the Cleveland oracle. Truly hell hath no fury like a woman who nags. It would be interesting to know just what percentage of divorces has been precipitated by nagging on the part of one or other of the contracting parties. It is a habit which grows into a chain of discontent too strong to be broken except through the medium of legal separation.

"Teach your eyes to see fewer faults and more virtues" is the next admonition, and this points the way to avoidance of the preceding evil. How much unhappiness would be escaped if the impatient husband, instead of noting the tiny dust speck, singled out the hundred and one evidences of orderliness in the household. How brighter the lives were the wife able to see the kindly deeds in their true light rather than permit them to be obscured by some minor transgression or thoughtlessness.

Don't interrupt your husband while he is reading a paper or enjoying some hobby. Sound advice. In the first place, he is entitled to the right of concentration. In the second place, interruption in such a moment may precipitate harsh words which he does not really mean, and which should have been avoided. Many a shipwreck on the sea of matrimony has been brought about by some careless word or act.

Kiss your wife goodby in the morning and say "How do you do?" at night. The first part of that advice may be subscribed to, but the second clause may require modification in many instances. It all depends on the tenderness of the husband. One who has been using extravagant terms of endearment might cause himself much unpleasantness by greeting his wife with a mere "How do you do?"

That is all the advice the good judge has to offer, but he insists that if these simple rules of conduct are followed, and the law, by the way, is adhered to, his work as a divorce judge will be greatly lightened. Which is an end pleasant to contemplate. If our divorce jurists can lessen their duties by propagating rules of matrimonial conduct, the country will be enthusiastically willing to support them in idleness.

If every citizen of the United States could be induced to apply the lessons of the war by regulating his diet so as to conserve his health and energies, what a vast fund of physical, mental and moral power we should have available for expenditure every year. If all opposition to preventive medicine could be broken down and if inoculation against disease could be made universal in this country, what a terrible waste of life and energy we should stop. Extend those health measures to all nations, and the results in preserving, prolonging and improving human life would be so beneficial that the war, prodigious as is its price, would seem cheap by comparison.

Governor Withycombe designates for Thanksgiving day the date named by President Wilson. Once upon a time an Oregon Governor chose a different day, just to be inharmonious, for Governor and President were members of the same political party. There was little confusion in the observance, for there was mightily little for which to give thanks, except that things could not be worse.

Mrs. Ada Nowie, the Wisconsin woman who milks her cows to music and who desires to embellish their stalls like boudoirs, should not stop there. She should shampoo them daily with perfumed soap and should manicure their hoofs and horns. Nothing is too good for a cultured cow.

Adherence to neutrality will prevent exhibition of the moving pictures taken a week ago by the submarine people of the sinking of a French steamship, and that is altogether too bad. Some of the photographs, however, may leak into this country.

With Senator Chamberlain opposing cloture lest it endanger National defense bills and Secretary McAdoo urging it in behalf of his shipping bill, there is serious rivalry between the two leading Administration measures.

A great many people are under the impression this is "good weather for ducks" and say so, but they are wrong. The duck does not enjoy water this way any more than the human being.

It is perfectly natural for some factions to blame Kitchener. Be it remembered that people blamed Grant, yet Grant at Appomattox will be remembered when the objectors are forgotten.

A few years ago farmers said corn could not be made a commercially successful crop in Oregon. Now we have corn shows from Malheur to Coos County. Anything will grow in Oregon.

Obregon, with 7000 of his rabble, miscalled infantry, artillery and cavalry, is "marching" on Villa, and if the latter kindly will await his arrival there may be something done.

This is the beginning of good old Winter in Oregon, where you do not bank up the house, but just keep the eaves and troughs free and let her rain.

If life at Guam makes German sailors insane, how does it affect Americans?

British statesmen would be better employed in fighting the enemy than in passing the buck for past blunders.

Fay was a German spy and his evidence against his employers must be taken for what it is worth.

The combined squawk of those 35,000 turkeys should almost drown the din of a bombardment.

British take the air raids with Britishe phlegm, but the Italian cries "Vendetta!"

Better defer the Peace Congress until the fighting nations are willing to attend.

Just now the poor mariner is well off if he is a long way offshore.

Shall we ever know the truth about how the Ancona was sunk?

Austrian frightfulness competes with that of Germany.

European War Primer

By National Geographical Society.

Goettingen, where is situated the much-described and widely heralded camp for war prisoners, is a small German city intimate in the memories of many Americans who have spent among the most pleasant years of their life as students in its famed university. For more than a hundred years there has been a colony of American residents here, and Benjamin Franklin is honored as the founder of American traditions in Goettingen. Thus, Americans have taken their part in the university's history throughout all of its strongest years.

The old university town nestles beside a low, broken range of hills called the Hainberg, the newer part of the town climbing up the evergreen forested slopes, the older part spreading out into the sunny narrow valley of the Leine; more intimate, peaceful and enchanting setting could not be well imagined. The town itself, like our American Washington, is embowered in groves of trees, while behind it its forested hills rise in a solid mass of green, broken only by a slender gray tower, a memorial to Prince Bismarck. The valley land around the town is fresh green meadow and grain fields through the Summer, and a wide expanse thinly covered with snow in Winter.

Across the valley, to the south, the framing of the picture is completed by a series of heavier hills which climb higher and higher toward the mountainous country around Muenden. Between these hills flows the meek and muddy Leine, a river by German courtesy, but one of such proportions that all visiting Americans jump across it when it wanders over their paths. The Leine is one of the many examples of European rivers inches deep and feet across.

* * *

In the old days Goettingen was a strongly defended city, the great earthen walls, more than 30 feet thick, still enclose the older parts of the town, now ringed around upon their sides by massive trees, which complete a shady walk around the town. The old wall is Goettingen's most popular promenade and one upon which many an American, now closely following the war news, has idled away pleasant afternoons and evenings. These surroundings, probably, could not be better suited for the establishment of a healthful camp for prisoners, for on all sides is the freshness of the country and quieting perspectives of the idyllic scenery.

Somewhat above 38,000 make up the town of Goettingen, and most of these are interested directly or indirectly in its world-renowned university. The buildings of the university are found scattered in all parts of the town, big and new along more recent streets, old and dilapidated in the twisted streets of the ancient city. In its parks, cafes and byways, in normal times, almost every language under the sun could be heard, for Goettingen was a city to which all countries sent their students. It was known throughout Germany as a "work university," in contrast to the more fashionable universities at Heidelberg and Bonn, and among its graduates, highly trained Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen and Germans are now playing prominent parts in the theater of world events.

* * *

Besides that of its great university, Goettingen has a secondary fame—an excellent brand of sausage, manufactured primarily for the students, but respected throughout Germany. Also, there were made within its confines various scientific instruments noted for their delicate accuracy. The sausage and the instrument manufacture, however, were too intimately linked with the being of the university to detract from its fame. The American colony at Goettingen was another feature of the little city's life. Due to the generosity of a German who felt the desirability of student friendships between Americans, Germans and Englishment, there was completed for the colony a beautiful clubhouse beside the railway station. In the clubhouse were located rooms of the American colony, including a large colony library in English and a number of classrooms in which subjects were taught and discussed best adapted to bring about a deeper understanding of the German speech, customs, ideals and aspirations. The membership of the colony which moved into these rooms in 1908 numbered more than 100, whereas the colony, from year to year, fluctuated in membership approximately between 50 to 150. Some members of the colony came to Goettingen many years ago and, captivated by the charm of the little city, have never found heart to leave it.

KALAMA NEVER IN THE RUNNING

Town Not Early Competitor With Portland for Metropolitan Cup.

PORTLAND, Nov. 13.—(To the Editor.)—In his "special correspondence" to The Oregonian November 9, Addison Bennett, writing of happenings at Kalama about the time of the beginning of the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad at that place, says:

> But long before that, away back in the early '50s, perhaps in the late '40s, Kalama was a city of great promise. Indeed, in the early days of Portland there were two towns on the great Columbia that were running Portland a close race for what might be called the metropolitan cup; that is as to which should be the metropolis of the future. These two towns were St. Helens, on the Oregon shore, and Kalama, on the Washington side.

This, your correspondent says, he wrote "on information and belief." I have a somewhat intimate knowledge of, and personal acquaintance with, the country about Kalama, extending back 15 or 20 years before the time when the Northern Pacific Railroad Company commenced operations on the Columbia River.

In the '40s no white man was settled on or near where Kalama was since built. The only inhabitant that I saw there at that time was an old Indian who had been the chief and was the last of his tribe. He said his people were all mimaloos (dead). To the whites called him "Old Mimaloos."

In the early '50s James Rockey, M. G. Hensel and a Mr. Dray settled along the Lower Kalama River, and a Mr. Davenport was holding down, as a donation claim, the land on which was later built the present town of Kalama. The railroad company bought it in the early '70s, and, up to that time, nobody ever even thought of a town to be in that region.

It is a fact, however, that in the early '50s St. Helens was thought by some to be the coming city. The Pacific Steamship Company from San Francisco refused to bring its ships above that place, built a wharf and warehouse there, and unloaded its freight and passengers. It got itself very much disliked by Portland people for a time. But then, Portland scored by purchasing the steamer Goldhunter and putting her on that run.

Then there was a treaty, and the original company brought its freight and passengers to Portland right over those shoals and sandbars that had been claimed by the company to be impossible. Then St. Helens dropped out of the race. But the idea that Kalama was ever even a slow third in the "metropolitan cup race" is a pipe dream.

ED C. ROSS.

Payment of Back Pension.

PORTLAND, Nov. 15.—(To the Editor.)—Kindly state whether a soldier of the Civil War can get a back pension from the time he gets his honorable discharge up to the time he made his application for pension, and if so, would same apply to soldier's widow?

A. ELSWORTH.

The pension in both cases dates from the time of filing the application.

ONE WEAK SPOT IN MOVEMENT.

Portland Fails to Patronize Resident Commercial Travelers, Says Writer.

PORTLAND, Or., Nov. 15.—(To the Editor.)—As a commercial man every time I come within the field of the Portland newspapers I am imbued with the spirit of the made-in-Oregon movement as advocated by the press and by the stores generally throughout Portland.

Your educational movement of giving preference to Oregon products, Oregon enterprises and Oregon people is in the right spirit and in the right direction. But seemingly a large class of men who make their homes in Portland are not getting an even break from those who are loudest in their advocacy of this movement.

It is fair to suppose that there are at least 350 to 500 commercial men who make their homes in Portland, possibly twice that number—many who maintain permanent sample-rooms and have families, buy their eatables and wearing apparel of Portland houses, patronize their houses of pleasure and amusement, pay taxes, help keep up the forms of city government. But in many cases they are turned down when presenting their merchandise for orders in favor of outsiders who come semi-annually, pay a hotel for two days or so, contribute nothing to the upbuilding of the city or its enterprises.

It is not over-estimating when we say these resident commercial men put from $750,000 to $1,000,000 into circulation in Portland. If this "patronize Oregon" movement is right, what is the matter with your resident commercial men, whose homes are with you, getting their share of the business? The general information I gather on the road is that Portland is less loyal to its resident commercial men than any other city on the Coast.

I made my home in Portland for two years. My family bought their needs from Portland merchants, our little mite was spent in the different little avenues one spends money in his everyday life. Still, in that time, I was never favored with an order. Not that my merchandise was not right, because it appeals to equally as proficient buyers in Seattle, Tacoma and Spokane, but because we were not given a chance.

I am not saying this in a manner of criticism, but with a view of enlisting the promoters of this "helping Oregon" spirit to consider the commercial men who make Portland their home, spend their money with you and are interested in the welfare of your city.

NON-RESIDENT SALESMAN.

CITY DECLARED WORSE OFFENDER

Town Accused of Locking Boys in Jail Maintained in Violation of Own Law.

SILVERTON, Or., Nov. 14.—(To the Editor.)—October 31 was "open town" in Silverton, as well as in every live town in the United States of America. Our good citizens and our boys and girls, as a rule, do not believe in doing wrong, in destroying property or in injuring anybody. But this Halloween night is a great time for young and old. Little girls and boys, accompanied by their mothers, carried jack-o'-lanterns and other weird things about to frighten each other into ecstacies of joy. Some were wrapped in sheets and were as much frightened as those who saw them, but it was all in the game, all for fun; each one played his or her part well.

But it is sad to say that some boys who have not learned the limit of a good time did foolishly destroy part of a bunch of bananas and a jar of pickles. These boys did not understand that they were thus becoming criminals or they probably would never have committed the crime of destroying property. But they did do it, and they thus aroused the watchful officers of our little city, who, as is often done in times of great excitement, arrested the first bunch of "suspects" they could get the long hooks of the law fastened into. Six young men—young men who had not eaten a banana or sucked a pickle—were "run in." They had technically violated one of the city's wise ordinances with noisy laughter on the street, to be sure, and they all pleaded guilty to the accusation of disorderly conduct.

Then comes in the city's part of this unhallowed holiday. These boys were cast into a dungeon, a filthy, foul, 10 by 12 hole.

The city requires others, living on the same street where its dungeon is situated, to connect with the sewer, and yet it will deposit its own filth under its building, endangering not only the health of those imprisoned, but the very lives of all its law-abiding citizens. Technically these young men violated ordinance No. 57, and, like honest boys, they pleaded guilty, but will the city, which has violated a higher law, now plead guilty? Will it now build a sanitary building for its wards and connect it with the sewer?

ONE WHO KNOWS.

THE FINNERAN-O'FLAHERTY ROW.

Some Difference Seen Between "Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady."

PORTLAND, Nov. 15.—(To the Editor.)—The account of the beginning of the Finneran-O'Flaherty dispute in last Saturday's Oregonian was very bright—but just why didn't Mr. Rolfe finish the story? Why didn't he tell how, when the fight was over, they were better friends than ever? How Mrs. O'Flaherty went and sat up all night when the Finneran baby was sick and how, when poverty came to the O'Flaherties, Mrs. Finneran divided her bit of meal and the few potatoes she had, share and share alike with them?

Of course, Madame Culture and Lady Snip were too refined to fight, but they never forgot their quarrel, and neither let pass an opportunity of slandering the other as long as they lived.

And that is the difference between the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady, "who are just alike under their skins."

SARAH HINDS WILDER.

1895 Thorburn avenue.

New York Now Largest City.

PERRYDALE, Or., Nov. 14.—(To the Editor.) — The Oregonian recently stated that New York is the largest city in the world. There is considerable contention here that it is an error. Will you kindly say which is the largest city, also what the population of New York City and London was at the latest census. Thanking you in advance.

A READER.

The World Almanac gives the population of New York as 5,535,537; London, 4,522,964. The latter figures are for registration London. Including metropolitan and police districts London's population is placed at 7,252,963; a somewhat parallel inclusion of suburbs as to New York would give that city approximately 7,500,000 inhabitants. The London figures are from the 1911 census; New York figures according to census and health bulletins of 1911. The war has probably affected London's population. Official figures for Paris, for example, show 869,454 fewer families within the city walls in 1914 than in 1911.

Two Winston Churchills.

WILLOWS, Or., Nov. 15.—(To the Editor.)—(1) Kindly explain what is meant by a "war of attrition." (2) Is Winston Spencer Churchill, the English Lord, the same Winston Churchill who is author of "The Crossing" and "The Crisis"?

A READER.

(1) The word attrition means the act of wearing down. A war of attrition is one devoted to a process of exhausting the strength of the enemy, gradually. (2) They are not the same. Winston Churchill, the author, was born in St. Louis and resides in New Hampshire.

Twenty-five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of November 16, 1890.

Washington, Nov. 15.—The President has gone to the reception this afternoon to the Indians of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show.

New York, Nov. 15.—Assignee Cromwell, of Decker, Howell & Co., received a cablegram from Henry Villard today, stating the latter will sail for New York on the 20th. Cromwell says Villard has not lost faith in the enterprise with which he is connected.

Oakland, Nov. 15.—Capt. J. C. Ainsworth has let the contract for rebuilding his country residence at Roselawn, recently destroyed by fire. The new house will cost about $13,000 for carpenter work.

The next attraction in the Star course of entertainment will be the Swedish quartet and Miss Lura Barden, the dramatic reader, from Detroit.

The meeting of the Transcontinental Railroad Association convenes tomorrow at Chicago. Portland is represented by B. Campbell, his name having been substituted for that of James B. Woodworth.

A meeting of the Indian War Veterans was held in the County Court room at 1:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon. About 30 of the gray-haired, weather-beaten survivors of the days that tried men's souls were in attendance, and the usual routine work of the association was disposed of.

There seems to be a dearth of funds in the county treasury, as most of the warrants issued on the treasury are indorsed and made payable at one of the city banks. The cause of the depleted condition of the treasury is a mystery to some, but there is no cause for alarm, as the county is able to pay any and all debts.

A record of building in the past year at Eugene, as compiled by the Register, shows $157,291 have been expended.

Half Century Ago.

From The Oregonian of November 16, 1865.

New York, Nov. 13.—A great indignation is felt in Government and diplomatic circles at the wanton attack of Spain on Chili. The Spanish squadron for the blockade consists of seven frigates. It is represented that great unanimity prevails among the Chilenos.

Raleigh, N. C.,—Jonathan Worth, secessionist, is certainly elected Governor over William Holden, Union, by from five to ten thousand majority.

Washington.—The body of Captain Wirtz, it has been decided by the President, is to be interred in the penitentiary grounds, where Payne and others are buried.

The Walla Walla Statesman of the 10th inst. contains the salutatory of its new proprietor, W. H. Newell.

New York.—General John E. Logan has been tendered the mission to Japan, and it is understood he accepts.

The chief engineer of the fire department of the city gratefully acknowledges the receipt of a deed from C. Barrell and wife for a tract of land, 100 feet, square in the Mount Crawford Cemetery, for the use of the department. The trust is accepted and the grounds will be properly cared for and made suitable for the purpose for which it was designed.

OREGON FOR VERSATILE CITIZENS

Mr. Cummings Ready to Uphold State's Fame in Any Difficult Endeavor.

HEPPNER, Or., Nov. 14.—(To the Editor.)—I read in The Oregonian that a gentleman was walking 12,000 miles; that when he will have finished, he is going to walk 1000 miles in 1000 hours, walking one mile each consecutive hour. That would not be any stunt for a thoroughbred Oregonian. Many Oregonians believe Oregon climate and Oregon environment produce hardier and stronger men than are produced elsewhere. I believe so myself, and I would like to see it tried out.

I am 53 years of age. I was born in Oregon and I have lived in Oregon all of my life. I will walk 1000 miles in 500 consecutive hours, walking two miles each hour for a purse of $100, or I will walk 1000 miles in 400 consecutive hours for a purse of $150, and by heck, I will walk 1000 miles in 350 consecutive hours for a purse of $250, with the stipulation that I am not to receive anything if I fail.

I believe it more advisable to walk over the same ground mapped out by the other gentleman for his 1000-mile walk. Oregonians need have no qualm in placing Oregon's reputation on my legs, for they are Oregon legs, and have never been weakened with booze.

I am one of Oregon's happy fellows who can do nearly anything. I can cut cordwood (for the City of Portland). I can quickly put life in any gasoline engine. I can rival the original Arkansas Traveler on the fiddle, and, by heck, I can write doggerel, subjects, "Oregon," "Streetcars" and "What Put Us on the Bum."

LET US GIVE THANKS.

"Let us give thanks," the old man said,
"Give thanks to him for daily bread.
Give thanks that those we hold most dear,
Are still permitted to be here,
Give thanks that we are not at war,
As, o'er the seas, the nations are.
That we are not in daily fear,
Of news something like this to hear,
'It is our painful duty to
Write from the front and say to you,
Your son John like a hero fell,
Today, midst rain of shot and shell.
Your grief and anguish we, too, share.
Such men as he we ill can spare.'
Let us give thanks that we are still
At peace, and pray the Father's will
May be that our great, glorious land
Shall give a friendly, helping hand
To those distressed, across the sea,
In sorrow bowed; and may it be,
That, ere Thanksgiving comes once more,
They shall be freed from cruel war."

HORACE WILLIAM MACNEAL,
546 East Ninth street North.

Wine Per Month.

SCOTTS MILLS, Or., Nov. 14.—(To the Editor.—Please inform me how much wine per month (Riesling or claret) a person may order.

No more than two quarts within a period of four consecutive weeks after January 1, 1916.

"All Members of This Club"

Newspaper readers are like members of a club.

The newspaper is run in accordance to their wishes, and they do not hesitate to protest when it is not.

Each part of each issue renders some particular service.

The advertising is like the club bulletin board.

It keeps the members—the great army of newspaper readers—informed as to what's what and who's who.

Newspaper readers consult this advertising just as they would their old family lawyer.