The Oregonian

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PORTLAND, TUESDAY, APRIL 16, 1916.

SOLVING SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

Practical dissolution of the family as the primary social unit by modern conditions of life is the central fact with which the recent conferences on social problems in Portland had to deal. Decline of parental discipline over children has caused the community to undertake duties which properly fall on parents. Increase of divorce and desertion has aggravated parental neglect and has thrown the entire care of many children on the community. At the same time the community of its own motion has undertaken the custody of insane and mentally defective persons, a duty which formerly fell upon the family and in many cases was entirely undone.

The churches and the schools have done much to atone for parental neglect, but they cannot entirely fill the place of father and mother. They necessarily deal with children in the mass and cannot devote to each child's training that care which his individual characteristics demand and which none but a wise and affectionate parent can or will give. Zeal for the task once undertaken tempts those in charge of civic activities to extend it until they are apt to displace the parent almost entirely as the moral guide of his child. Much is lost, both to parent and child, by this substitution.

Unconsciously in that case many a parent is led to resist evil promptings by thought of the effect which a misstep might have on his child, while the latter ceases to look up to his father and mother as his guides and follows his own devices when out of school. In former times, when families consisted of six, eight and ten children, parents necessarily enforced stricter discipline than is required in modern families, which rarely exceed four, and children then did much to train each other.

We need to readjust the relation of the family to the community in such a way that parental responsibility will be restored and preserved, and that schools, churches and public institutions will only supplement the work of parents, displacing them only where death, mental or physical disability or crime has made a complete substitute necessary. Moral teaching, which is common to all religions and is a powerful aid to the state, should originate in the home and should be followed in the schools far more than is now the case. It should be reinforced by religious teaching in the church and Sunday school, but the latter should impress on the parents the saying of Dr. Cope that "the religious training of your children rests, after all, in the home." To use a forcible colloquialism, both church and school should "put it right up to the parents" to mold their children's morals and religion, and should impart only that teaching which can be given best to groups. The church, the school and the public institution should refuse to usurp the authority which the parent is only too willing to abdicate.

The great progress of medical science has classified as insane or defective many a child who would formerly have been sent to such private asylums as Charles Reade pilloried in "Very Hard Cash," or would have been known as "the village idiot" or as simple-minded. Thus statistics show an increase of insanity which is more apparent than real. It is universally recognized that the custody of such persons can best be undertaken by the state in institutions where skilled medical care may frequently effect a cure, but in relieving the patient's family of all expense in the matter the state has assumed an unjust burden.

In proposing that the feeble-minded be permanently segregated and prevented from propagating their like, Superintendent J. N. Smith, of the state institution for their care, brought forward the principle which justifies all state activity in educating the young intellectually, morally and manually and in caring for the mentally diseased. That principle is that the state has a direct interest in promoting development of a healthy community and in raising it to a constantly higher stage of mentality, physique and morals. When all our thoughts are on efficiency, we realize that the first requisites are a sound mind in a sound body, kept so by sound morals. We realize that the contest for supremacy among nations, whether military or economic, will be won by that nation whose population reaches the highest general average in these respects.

Superior quality in man can be produced only by the same means as are adopted with animals and plants—by selection of the best for reproduction and by rejection of the worst. It is impractical at this stage of development to select the best men and women as the parents of the next generation, but we should at least make a beginning by rejecting the worst, who are the insane, the defective and the criminal. These can be rendered physically incapable of reproduction by a simple and painless operation.

Protests may be entered in the name of humanity and through fear that the power which would necessarily be given to a few would be abused. Since defectives are a burden on the community, surely the community has a right to veto the production of their like, and there can be no inhumanity in preventing the birth of a child which is not yet conceived. If we are to shrink from investing any man or woman with power to sterilize lest it be abused, then no power to guard the state against evil should be delegated. If we reduce the possibility of abuse to a small minimum, the great good gained will atone for the small evil that is done and will justify our action.

All our efforts to rebuild the family, train the child, better social conditions for the adult and eliminate the unfit will be justified if they carry us one step forward toward the perfect state, which is the ideal of all social reformers.

NOT A PROGRESSIVE?

Senator Cummins made a speech at Medford the other day and our prized Democratic and non-partisan contemporary, the Mail-Tribune, is highly displeased and disappointed. "There was nothing," says the Medford paper, "there was nothing in his message to the people as a Presidential candidate to justify ranking him with the progressives of today." The other day this same paper had a terrific arraignment of Justice Hughes as a standpatter and reactionary.

The ideal progressive of our little Medford friend is La Follette. All the others have blighted the early Democratic hope that they would finally wreck completely the Republican party and give first aid and comfort always to the Democrats. They have gone back. La Follette only holds the Progressive bridge across the Democratic Tiber against the reactionary hosts.

A Portland Democratic paper finds itself in harmony with the Medford idea, for it proposes Mr. La Follette for the Republican nomination for President and asks Republican voters to write in his name on the Oregon ballot.

The Oregonian gives the scheme the benefit of complete publicity. If the Democratic candidate for the Republican nomination can carry the primary it is well enough to have a thorough showdown.

While Senator La Follette appears to be holding his own in the Democratic party in Oregon, it is worth while to remind the public that his hold on the Republican party in Wisconsin is slipping. The delegation from Wisconsin to Chicago is about evenly divided between La Follette and his opponents. The days when the Republican party in his state was a personal asset of Mr. La Follette are past.

SPITEFUL WARFARE ON MR. COFFEY.

One day, a year or so ago, a company of politicians called upon County Clerk Coffey and demanded that a liberal share of the patronage of his office, in the way of clerical appointments, be turned over to them. There was an outright refusal by the County Clerk to surrender his prerogative as the responsible appointing power in his office to anybody.

To that incident may be traced the beginnings of the present vehement campaign being waged against Mr. Coffey for renomination and re-election. To that end there is an appeal to religious prejudice—a campaign weapon wholly without excuse in a free American community—and the charge has been spread broadcast that Mr. Coffey has drawn two salaries—one as receiver of a bankrupt long-distance telephone company and the other as County Clerk.

Mr. Coffey was receiver of this concern when he was first elected County Clerk. In due time he closed up its affairs, and turned it over to its new owners as a going concern. This was many months ago. It was a real achievement.

As County Clerk, Mr. Coffey has performed his duties with fidelity and efficiency. The office is admirably organized, there is due regard for economy, and the service rendered is prompt, courteous and thorough. There is no criticism from any source that he has not made an excellent County Clerk.

The war upon Mr. Coffey has been spiteful and bitter. Matters have been introduced which have no place in the campaign. He has not had fair play. For that reason, The Oregonian feels it a duty to call attention to the character of the campaign against him and to say that the alternative to Coffey's election is to turn the office over to the politicians.

Does the public want the jobs parceled out to the "gang," or does it want real service on its merits?

THE CASE OF PROHIBITION.

Mr. Churchill's estimate, founded on various statistics, that purchase of liquor in Oregon has been reduced 95 per cent, is impressive, but not so impressive as the reduction in drunkenness and the depletion of the Police Court docket.

While one cannot but admit that consumption of intoxicants has decreased under operation of the prohibition law, statistics at this stage are hardly reliable. Mr. Churchill takes the April importations as the basis for his calculations. But importations have been increasing month by month as the year progressed. His figures take no account of large stocks laid by or of illicit traffic.

Quantity of intoxicants consumed is not an exact indication of benefits accruing from a prohibition statute. Potency of liquor is a prime factor in determining its deleterious results. The cases of drunkenness now brought to police attention are generally those caused by use of pure alcohol. One pint of alcohol is the equivalent of more than four gallons of beer in intoxicating properties.

Moreover, a pint of alcohol may cause death or delirium tremens, whereas four gallons of beer cannot ordinarily be consumed rapidly enough to cause either. The prohibition statute would, in our opinion, be more conducive to sobriety if the breweries were permitted to manufacture beer for direct sale to householders and the sale of pure alcohol were wholly inhibited.

This opinion is expressed only to point a contrast. We are not now advocating the opening of the breweries. But we do believe that abuse of the druggists' privilege of selling alcohol offers a serious problem for solution.

THE WAR WITH FAMINE.

The worst fate of all that can result from the war is that of the non-combatant population which remains behind in territory that is occupied by Germany. The latter country has barely enough food for its own population and regards as spoils of war all that it finds in an enemy's country. Were the non-combatants permitted to keep what they can buy, industry is at a standstill and they can earn little or no money wherewith to buy. If the farmers grow any crops, they may be taken by the enemy or overrun and destroyed by the armies. The blockade prevents imports except for the relief fund and it prevents exports wherewith to buy abroad, even if anything were produced for export.

That is the hapless plight of the 6,000,000 of Belgium, the 1,250,000 of Northeastern France and the 12,000,000 of Russian Poland. The Relief Commission headed by Mr. Hoover alone has the right to pass through the lines with food that is not subject to seizure, and its resources are taxed by the immensity of its task. The burst of generosity with which the United States responded to Belgium's first cry of distress has passed, but the need of all the occupied regions becomes greater as their slender stocks become exhausted.

The occasion calls for constant, frequent, liberal giving until the fortune of war or peace opens the distressed countries to commerce. None should hesitate to give because his mite seems ridiculously small by comparison with the greatness of the need. If each one can save one Belgian, Frenchman or Pole from starvation for one day, he will have gained something in the war with famine. Many by giving often may save millions.

ROMANCE IN THE WANT AD.

As a human document the humble want ad is entitled to special recognition and should be perused not only by those who seek bargains but by observers of human nature. It gives an insight into the lives of fellow townsmen that can be had in no other way. Not only is the classified page a dependable index to the prosperity and spirit of a city, but it betrays something of the people's joys and woes, their reverses and tragedies, as well as their aspirations and needs.

One who picks up a London newspaper must be impressed with this fact. News matter and editorial matter have little to say of the tragedies made insignificant by great events at home and abroad. But the want ads, particularly those of the "personal" column, have a hundred subtle tales of rare human value.

Wounded and lonely officers are offered the companionship of matrimony by despairing spinsters or desolate misses. Appeals come, at regular advertising rates, for sympathetic and cheerful correspondents, these as a leavening for the hard life of the trenches. War photographs, country homes, heirlooms, paintings are offered for sale. A significant appeal comes from officers of the active army for the loan of pistols or field glasses, thus revealing that the problem of equipment has not yet been adjusted by the British. Women are offered positions constructing aeroplanes for war use. English civilians are urged to give camp kits, revolvers and other useful articles for the use of the soldiers.

What more eloquent of the ravages of war? People are reduced to the selling of family treasures. Soldiers are craving implements of their temporary profession which the arsenals fail to provide. Both sexes are seeking mates during the stress of war. Viewed from this distance, there is nothing in the London newspaper more interesting nor more enlightening than these little advertisements, which tell plain, unvarnished truths.

DICKENS AS A BUSINESS MAN.

Evidently collection of letters, historical relics, paintings, bronzes and art bric-a-brac is becoming a lost art in America, for while the early years of the present century were notable for the millions expended in bringing such treasures from Europe the present year is remarkable for the return to market of these same wares. Following close upon the sale of the immortal Morgan tapestries comes announcement that the letters of Charles Dickens in the celebrated Coggeshall library of New York will be disposed of shortly at public auction. This is the second sale of Dickens letters within the year. The letters and manuscripts of other authors, including Robert Louis Stevenson and even Richard Harding Davis, have been on the market during the past few months.

There are 600 letters by Dickens in the Coggeshall library, and of these 125 have never been published. They were written by the great novelist to his sub-editor on "Household Worlds" and "All the Year Round." A number of them are reproduced by the New York Sun by permission of the owner, and one who reads them must seek in vain for any sentiment or phrase suggestive of the Dickens everyone knows. They are the letters of a business man, couched in terse words, and give explicit instructions to subordinates. They are the antithesis of the Dickens love letters, which, it might be observed, should never have been given to the public with their revelations of Dickens' infidelities and domestic harshnesses. Naturally, his original love letters brought their holders a substantial return, and would be as good as Government bonds on the market today, such is the perversity of some mortals.

Whether the Dickens business letters will bring out large bids remains to be seen. Despite their prosaic nature, a certain sentimental value is attached to such documents by those who care more for the by-products than the real gold of genius. In one of these letters Dickens, on a lecture tour, pauses to observe: "I made 340 pounds last week; and have made 1000 guineas in the month of August." No doubt, with his keen eye to receipts, Dickens would enjoy a visit to the coming auction sale when the merest scratches of his matchless pen are to be sold, in spite of their paucity of literary value.

PAY FOR THE MILITIA.

While the most enthusiastic of the big-Army men realize the difficulties that lie in the way of recruiting the establishment up to 206,000 under the present volunteer system, the task of multiplying the National Guard of the country by three offers fewer difficulties. While it has been contended that trouble is now encountered in keeping the organized militia recruited up to 129,000, that fact bears no relationship to the problem of increasing the number to 425,000. The increase will not be effected by adding to the strength of organizations already in existence, but by establishing new units. With an attractive payroll attached to each company, troop and battery, enterprising communities the country over will be contending for the profitable privilege of recruiting one or more units.

The National Guard of the country has been maintained in the past not only by volunteer enlistment but without any rate of compensation to the men who devote their time and attention to the service. The man who belongs has found his service a source of considerable hard work while the officers have found that in addition to work there is considerable expense to be met out of personal funds. The small pay given for ten days in camp by no means covers the incidental expenses of being an officer during the year. Nor is he certain that his commission will pass at face value in event of war, since there has been some doubt as to the availability of the militia for employment in operations outside the limits of the United States.

The new Army bill removes this doubt, requires a dual oath of allegiance and pays officers and men enough to render the service both attractive and profitable. The community is interested for the reason that the company is now a source of both protection and revenue. What fire-eating Governor of the Cole Blease type would dare defy the Government and disband the National Guard when such an act would take more than $1,000,000 in cash and property out of the state. The payroll of a militia organization of 10,000 men will be more than $800,000 a year. A company of 75 men in a small community will bring $5000 a year into that place.

The disciplining and training of these troops will be directed by the War Department, it is provided. Inspections and examinations can be depended upon to keep the citizen soldiers busy if they would keep their places. Whether they will become dependable soldiers under this system remains to be seen. Certainly the conditions are now favorable to achievement of that end. Even if they do not become as proficient as regulars, it must be remembered that one citizen soldier costs only a seventh as much as a regular. And, besides, regulars are not to be had in sufficient numbers until the country turns finally to its one hope of an economical and thorough security—universal service.

Should Western Senators be unable to prevent passage of the general land-leasing bill, they should exhaust every means permitted by the rules of the Senate to secure an amendment specifically providing that leased public land shall be subject to taxation by the states. An attempt was made to insert such an amendment in the Ferris water-power bill when the House was considering it, but was foiled by the ultra-conservationists. Should the leasing system be adopted and prove successful, great coal mining and oil towns would spring up. They would pay no real estate taxes to states or counties, though they would impose heavy expense on the states for enforcement of law. The West should resist to the last, in Congress and the courts, the attempt to inflict the leasing system upon it. If it should fall there, effort should be concentrated on making leased land taxable.

Waco is too big a city—even for Texas—to indulge in such a horror as occurred yesterday. To be sure, the victim was a bad negro and deserved death; but that was coming in a legal way. They do not stall justice with technicalities down there, for the white lawyer knows better, and one of the other color, if he exists, is too wise to try. If lynching stopped the crime for which it is used as punishment, there would be a shade of color to justify it; but it does not. It glorifies the victim and the crime continues. Perhaps the fifteen thousand spectators slept well last night and perhaps they did not.

Paul R. Huffer's attack on the memory of George Washington has had a good effect which he did not intend. It has made active and aggressive the patriotism which reveres the Father of His Country and has made Colonel Joab only one among many champions of the first President's good name. Also it has caused the disloyal who approve of Huffer's slanders to stand out where they can be seen and counted.

The proposal to set the clocks an hour ahead should be revived and pushed to a finish. Arising an hour earlier these glorious morns puts ginger into a man to last him all day, with plenty left for work on the lawn during the added hour of daylight.

Southern Idaho's loss of the season's fruit crop is appalling; but the Idaho man cannot stay down. Something just as good can be grown. The country never does get enough cantaloupe and watermelon, for example.

However, the year is at hand wherein real Americans can deliver a telling rebuke to spineless diplomacy and un-American yielding of American rights.

Streetcars can travel as fast as the motorman pleases as long as the rate is reasonable, which suits the passenger homeward bound for dinner.

No flag other than the Stars and Stripes will be allowed in Tacoma's Memorial day parade. That's the kind of spirit needed these days.

Weekly week ends are very refreshing to Mr. Wilson. However, he will be able to take quite an extensive vacation after next March.

Non-combatants in Northern France are near starvation. All Europe may feel the pinch of hunger before the melee is ended.

President Poincaire says France will fight until Germany admits defeat. And the new French martial spirit is behind him.

A London mob storms a peace meeting, but it will be observed the members of the mob are not among those who enlist.

There is bound to be a boom in virus before the million and a quarter Porto Ricans are vaccinated.

The Army bill has been agreed upon. Now let foreign powers beware. Particularly Santo Domingo.

Asquith might try temporary home rule for Ireland as a war measure to keep the island quiet.

The Chicago convention will be the one place where the "crowd in" must stay out.

Not only do we fail to catch Villa but raids into America are not being stopped.

This is Humane week, and the mule that gets "skinned" has a kick coming.

There will be a lot of disappointed men in town the end of this week.

Short skirts are to stay, in spite of criticism. Or because of it.

Three days more in which the candidates may build air castles.

Get a sample ballot and when in doubt, ask your neighbor.

It is true in politics that one good term deserves another.

"Hill 304" does not seem to be spelled just right.

Mr. Cordray knows how to pick his weather.

Another submarine crisis is about due.

Gleams Through the Mist.

BY DEAN COLLINS.

CONCERNING FIGURES.

I fear I will never rise high in the sphere
Of banking endeavor and finance and such;
In figuring int'rest I always appear
To show an ability not very much;
My talents for business, they go on a crutch;
I never could learn and nobody could teach.
But I've one line of figuring no one can touch—
When the figures I deal with are figures of speech.

At dancing I always was somewhat a dunce,
As many a fair lady's toes will attest;
I mastered the easiest rudiments once,
But balked on the fine points, it must be confessed.
The tangoes and glides and the walks and the rest
Of the classiest figures I never could reach;
But in one line of rhythm I challenge the best—
When the figures I deal with are figures of speech.

I fear, as a sculptor, I'd be quite a frost,
Though I have a friend who has mastered the art.
The figure of Venus would surely be lost
Ere I finished the sketch in the clay I might start;
At molding wax figures I never was smart,
Though I often attempted to model a peach;
But one line of sculpture, I know it by heart—
When the figures I deal with are figures of speech.

L'ENVOI.

So friends, let us everyone stick to his line,
And there will be plenty of glory for each.
Your figures give you no more pleasure than mine—
When the figures I deal with are figures of speech.

"Sir," said the Courteous Office Boy, coming in with a sandwich for the Muse, "is the writing of free verse a brand new fad, as we have been led to think?"

"Why do you ask, my son?" I said, dexteriously appropriating the sandwich for myself.

"Well, sire," said the C. O. B., "I've been contributing verse to your colyum for three years now and I've never gotten anything for it yet—"

"Yes, yes! continue!"

"Well, all I've got to say is: if that isn't what you'd call free verse——"

And, come to think of it, aspiring potes have been writing free verse for a long time, haven't they?

NAMES IS NAMES.

Cassius ran bills at the store,
For he was always rash;
Now bill collectors more and more
Keep coming after Cash.

In these days of efficiency there ought to be some way of devising a method for utilizing the by-products of a primary campaign, such as candidates' cards frinstance.

We used to play poker for the bock with 'em, and in those good old days four judges would beat a full-house on District Attorneys and Constables.

Or we might use 'em to repaper the house every Spring, and instead of a wisteria room and a rosebud room and so on, we could work out alternate designs of bald-headed and non-bald-headed legislators, or develop a pretty little circuit judge motif in the parlor, featuring a frieze of Sheriffs and County Clerks.

It's a field that some efficiency expert ought to look into—and we can furnish him 11 pocketfuls of cards to begin on.

TOURISTS PRONOUNCING GAZETEER

Newcomers spring, with nerve serene, a
Remark about the town Helena;
But very soon you'll hear them tellin' a
Worse tenderfoot, that it is Helena.

The garbage carts, no more they'll park 'em
Along the gulch that's known as Marquam.

The seagulls' calls for food yet sound
Above the waves in Puget Sound.

They catch the smelt and nets enmesh em
In streams that flow quite close to Gresham.

The waterfall doth splatter well
The landscape up at Latourell.

THOSE FOND VICES.

The comic supplement is crude;
I like it;
It teaches children to be rude;
I like it;
It makes them saucy, pert and smart;
It makes their reverence depart;
It is a libel against art;
I like it.

Oh, kleptomania is a crime;
I like it;
It makes one finally do time;
I like it;
It brands you with a felon's brand;
And from society you're canned;
And judges harshly reprimand;
I like it.

THE SHORTEST POME.

We have with us today as candidates for a place in the Academy of Abbreviated Potes, Hon. Wallace R. Struble, the well-known militarist; Mrs. O. M. Plummer, introduced by O. M. Plummer, the school boarder, and F. D. Hawley, of Pilot Rock.

Gentlemen, and lady be seated!

The pome offered by these three comes under the title of "Stung!", "Why He Arose!" and "A Midsummer Pastoral" and its text follows:

G!
B!

Bill Cuddy after Luke McLuking around for some time suggested the following which we print, not because it is the shortest pome in the language, but because he says that it will be a pome of well-nigh universal appeal. The title is "The Fat Girl in the Fashionable Short Skirt" and the pome lyricked by Bill, follows thus:

⅛
Calf.

The shortest pome in the English language will positively appear in the very near future and in the meantime, we extend the submarine zone to include all further contributions of two-letter stanzas.

PREPAREDNESS PARADE ON MAY 30

Suggestion Is Offered for Big Memorial Day Feature.

PORTLAND, May 16.—(To the Editor.)—What more auspicious time could be selected for a vast preparedness parade than on May 30, Memorial day?

The Sunday Oregonian contains a splendid programme for May 30 in honor of our Nation's dead soldiers and sailors. It says that previous to the principal part of the programme of the day, at the German House, where literary exercises will be held, the grand parade will take place.

Why not make the main feature of this Memorial day a grand preparedness parade? And let everyone who believes in preparedness help make this the greatest parade ever held in Portland's history.

The pride of all organizations, the Grand Army of the Republic, should lead this big parade.

All ex-Army and ex-Navy men should have a section.

All former members of the National Guard not now affiliated with other organizations should have a section assigned to them in charge of General Charles F. Bebee, to be designated the Militia Veterans' League.

Let banners, properly inscribed, be carried by each section.

Everyone believes in preparedness. But a few will not admit it.

As an example where all citizens unite in preparedness, take our present city government: Its police force and fire department are organized and prepared for a purpose, viz: to protect and prepare the city against mob rule, lawlessness and arson bandits. Were it not for these two branches of our municipality, the Villas in every city would be a source of terror and annoyance.

The preparedness programme is identical with a city's police and fire patrol, but on a large scale. It plans to protect and prepare our Nation against those who would overrun, crush and destroy us.

Then why not all join hands in a Nation's protection, which is just as essential as a city's?

Lawyers, physicians, preachers, all professions, all trades and all occupations should take part.

The writer suggests that a more suitable place for the literary portion of the programme would be the Multnomah Field. A much larger audience can be accommodated at this place than at the German House or other enclosed structure. ROBERT H. BLOSSOM.

NOW NOTHING MORE TO LOOK FOR

Golf Links Put Finishing Touch to Life, Says Sarcastic Writer.

PORTLAND, Or., May 16.—(To the Editor.)—Whereas our City Commissioners in their affectionate regard for the workingman have put good city money into a municipal golf links, there remains the question of maintenance of this common utility so that all may partake of the investment.

In order that the populace may have the facilities for increasing its knowledge of this highly cultured game an appeal is in order now for the city fathers to buy a couple of carloads of golf balls and the proper propellers for engaging in this grand old game. Some of the workingmen of Portland are in need of brassies and uniforms therewith to contest.

Inasmuch as most workingmen work throughout the day the city fathers in their generosity ought to provide a lighting system on the links so that the workingman can get his proportionate share of the golfing after supper. A nineteenth hole, possibly, would add zest to the putting.

Doubtless the City Council will be willing to pass an ordinance giving all city employes holidays on Tuesdays and Thursdays for their golf practice. Efficiency is what our Council is after, so it is highly important that all good citizens should take up golf so that Portland may eventually come into ascendency in swiping the gutta percha with a club.

Golf is vastly more important than anything else, so the force of "white wings" can be put to work manicuring the links. At odd moments they can act as caddies. We ought by all means have a municipal golf umpire to check and summarize the long clouts.

There isn't much more in life that our Council can accomplish. Their great mission is finished. The world may now go to rack.

We should worry. We have our golf links. Man needs little here below, and if his representatives provide enough golf he ought to be satisfied.

J. B. COTTINGHAM.

CAT IS MOST SNEAKING ANIMAL

Poultry Raiser Admits They're Cute, but Expects to Protect Her Chicks.

PORTLAND, May 16.—(To the Editor.)—Please permit me a few remarks in regard to "cats." One writer states that cats are the worst abused animals that live. How about our dogs and horses—our best friends and most useful animals? I have had horses, cats, dogs, chickens, pigeons, and last but not least Belgian hares, to care for, and I love animals and birds and teach my children to do the same.

I had a lovely cat which never touched our chickens, but used to go into our neighbor's chicken pen and catch the little chicks. Finally we bought property in another section of the city. We disposed of every pet but our chickens.

Last Spring I paid a big price for setting eggs, and out of about 75 chicks we raised 18. We had good coops, but the cats got them in spite of anything we might do.

One day last Summer I sat on the back lawn and in came a big Tom over our fence. I "hollered" at him, and he kept coming, and before I got to the little chicks he had one and was back over the fence again.

A agree with the writer, and think a person found dropping cats bught to be punished. I know of milkmen who have been known to drop as many as three or four cats in one night. I happen to know, too, that the cats which stole our chickens have homes and are big, sleek, fat felines.

Of course, cats are cute and smart, and we do grow attached to them. But that does not excuse their sneaking habit, and a cat is the most sneaking animal alive. Also, believe me, when cats start this year to steal my chickens I am going to "get" some cats. We have our yard fenced off, and any trespassing by cats is forbidden.

MRS. J. S. W.

Part of the Treatment.

Maritime Medical News.

Patient (to pretty nurse)—Will you be my wife when I recover? Pretty Nurse—Certainly. Patient—Then you love me? Pretty Nurse—Oh, no; that's merely a part of the treatment. I must keep my patients cheerful; I promised this morning to run away with a married man who has lost both of his legs.

In a Milliner's Shop.

Kansas City Star.

"My dear wife spent her early years in a milliner's shop," said a wealthy self-made man the other day. "Mine spends most of her time there now," growled his friend. "She's pretty dear, too."

Woman Who Hesitates.

Indianapolis Star.

"They say," remarked the spinster boarder, "that the woman who hesitates is lost." "Lost is not the proper word for it," growled the fussy old bachelor at the pedal extremity of the table. "She's extinct."

Daughter of Revolution.

Exchange.

Marjorie (watching expert ice skater)—How can that girl revolve so long on one foot? Dorothy—Probably she's a Daughter of the Devolution.

In Other Days.

Half a Century Ago.

From The Oregonian of May 16, 1866.

The citizens of The Dalles held a meeting last night for the purpose, as expressed in the call, of devising means to put a stop to the Indian depredations that are being committed on the Canyon City road.

The upper ward of this city is improving very rapidly. Last year at this time there was not a dwelling on the east side of Front street above the Penitentiary. Now we find the bank thickly set with neat cottages.

We were shown yesterday at the assay office of Wells-Fargo & Co. the handsomest gold brick that we have yet seen. It was made from pure dust of the John Day mines and was valued at $8305.

The Indians killed a man about ten miles from Canyon City last Friday. He was shot with arrows in 22 places and was apparently beaten over the head with a club.

It is asserted on good authority that the Copperheads of this county have abandoned the hope of carrying the elections here and are already exporting their forces to other counties where they think they may be successful.

Twenty-five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of May 16, 1891.

The United States Attorney-General having decided against the expenditure of the National Government for the construction of a temporary portage around the Cascades, the state of Oregon has decided to build.

The Albina Council has granted franchises to the Willamette Bridge Railway Company for extensions of their lines on Mississippi avenue to Multnomah Addition and on Williams avenue to Piedmont, three miles in all.

Consolidation will quickly give Portland a standing among the big cities. It will promote a growth through which within two years we shall have a population of more than 100,000.

Constantinople, May 15.—Russia has addressed a communication to the Porte substantially threatening force unless the Dardanelles shall be opened to the commerce and the volunteer fleet of Russia.

Washington, May 16.—A rumor that has more than the ordinary credibility in such matters says that Senator Edmunds will be made minister to England and that Robert T. Lincoln, now in that position, will be made Secretary of War.

PUTTING IT OVER ON THE VOTERS

Democratic Scheme to Spring Ticket at Eleventh Hour.

PORTLAND, May 15.—(To the Editor.)—A splendid motto for Republicans next Friday would be: "Don't be fooled. Watch and wait. Look out for the ticket of the invisible government to be sprung at the eleventh hour." It will be under the lead of one of the men who was at the head of the Democratic campaign six years ago.

This invisible government, which in the past has given us two Democratic Senators and a Democratic Governor, wears gum shoes and speaks in a whisper. It is not now so invisible as it was.

What is there in the story now running the rounds that an up-valley state candidate has fallen down in his attempt to "tie up three Multnomah County candidates in a combine on an invisible "anti ticket," so-called, because the Multnomah candidate don't wish to furnish all the capital? It is understood that they are straight Republicans, and that the use that has been made of their names on the streets is not authorized by them.

There is said to be a suspecion prevalent everywhere that any candidate who ties up with the Democratic managers and Democratic papers in this Republican year is going to hear from it later on. Where is the Republican candidate who can afford to tie up with another candidate who is supported by all the Democratic press and opposed by all the Republican press? Truly, now is the time for Republicans to watch and wait. Swal anything that looks like a Democratic combine.

REPUBLICAN.

NOMENCLATURE MAKES HIM WILD

Why Empty Office of Coffey and Fill With Beveridge? Asks Mr. Smug.

PORTLAND, May 15.—(To the Editor.)—If my memory serves me correctly it was The Oregonian that recently gave the pronunciation of the word, or name rather, "Villa" as if spelled "Vee-ya," which sounds like a Chinese adverb, and The Oregonian also recently gave the pronunciation of the words "Sinn Fein" (of recent Irish fame) as if spelled "Shane Fane," which sounds like the tones of a Swiss church bell.

Now having seen the Mexican General Obregon's name in print so often of late I am wondering whether we should pronounce it O'Brien or O'Shaughnessy.

Another thing that has perplexed me greatly is the fact that the County Clerk's office is at present filled with or rather by Coffey, and there are those who contend that the County Clerk's office should be filled by a Beveridge. Well, what's the use? Isn't coffee a beverage?

SMITH.

Pronounced down at Clatskanie, Smug.

Mother's Day Badge.

PORTLAND, May 15.—(To the Editor.)—Yesterday I wore a white carnation in honor of my mother, who lives in an Eastern city, but was much distressed to be informed late in the day that I should be wearing a red, because the white signified that the wearer's mother is not in the land of the living. I generally keep up on such matters, but if this ruling upon the colors of flowers worn on Mother's day is new it has escaped my notice. Will you kindly straighten the matter out for me? A READER.

The accepted badge for Mother's day is the white carnation. The distinction made in colors for dead and living is not general.

Location of School.

YAMHILL, Or., May 15.—(To the Editor.)—To settle an argument, will you please state through the columns of your paper the location of the Lincoln High School? What streets bound it?

A SUBSCRIBER.

Broadway, Park, Market and Mill.

Looking Forward
The Summer Home

People are already beginning to plan for their Summer vacations.

Once again the newspaper proves to be their best friend—whether they want to select their hotel or cottage, or buy the furnishings they will need.

Glance through the advertising in today's Oregonian and see how well it answers the questions in your mind.

The advertisements are singing to the music of your needs. They have anticipated your very thoughts.

The greatest public service agents of today are the advertising columns of a good newspaper.