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PORTLAND, SATURDAY, AUG. 12, 1916.

HIDING THEIR GUILT.

Mr. Hughes' charges, which have been proved to the hilt, that E. Dana Durand was removed and that E. Lester Jones was appointed from partisan motives are abundantly corroborated by the general policy of the Administration toward the civil service as betrayed in a correspondence between the United States Civil Service Commission and the National Civil Service Reform League. The League has received numerous complaints that the practical effect of the executive order of May 7, 1913, requiring fourth-class postmasters to submit to competitive examination, was in many instances to secure the appointment of Democratic postmasters in place of the former incumbents, most of whom were Republicans; also that Postmaster-General Burleson, in putting into effect his policy of motorization of the rural free delivery service, turned out the old rural carriers and filled the vacancies in large part with Democrats who took new examinations.

On September 10, 1913, the League asked permission to examine some of the records regarding fourth-class postmasterships and on April 13, 1914, stated that it desired to learn the number of candidates who took part in the examinations, the names of the successful candidates with their ratings, the names of the candidates appointed from the list, and whether the previous incumbents of the offices entered the examinations. The Commission denied the request, "owing to the congestion of the work of the office." Finally a conference was held on March 31, 1916, between the Commission's and the League's council, at which John L. McIlhenny, president of the Commission, told Richard H. Dana, president of the League, that if access were given to these records it might lead to such criticism of the Administration as would seriously embarrass it. He persisted in his refusal to grant the League's request.

The secretary of the League on April 19 wrote to the Commission reiterating the request and asking it to establish a general rule granting public inspection of its records under proper supervision. No reply being received, the request was repeated on May 24. A week later the matter was taken up with President Wilson, who asked for further information. The League complied on July 3 in a letter from President Dana. He denounced the policy of secrecy as "a denial of a right which belongs to the individual or an association of individuals in a democracy to know what their officials are doing and how they are doing it."

Mr. Wilson replied on July 19, stating that the correspondence had been referred to the Commission "with the suggestion that in their annual report for the fiscal year 1916 the Commission disclose the method employed by them and by the Postoffice Department, together with the results obtained thereby." He said the chairman of the Commission denied that its refusal to grant access to its records was "based on any fear that the records would lead to criticism of the Administration" or that there was "the slightest apprehension that any proper criticism can be made of the manner in which the executive order has been administered." The chairman of the Commission had said "that his refusal to permit general access to the files and the holding of such record as confidential is based upon good administrative practice."

In a letter dated May 27, but which did not reach the League till July 22, Mr. McIlhenny assumes that the League had asked for that for which it had not asked, namely, "confidential letters and reports from the departments," and gives reasons why such records should be "kept inviolate" and says that "the inferences drawn from certain records may be erroneous if considered apart from other records." The Commission suggests that the charges be referred to Congress or to the Commission for investigation.

In reply to both this and the President's letter, Mr. Dana wrote to Mr. Wilson on August 1. He called attention to the two months' delay in sending the Commission's letter and pronounced its reasons for denying the League's request "in part irrelevant, in part self-contradictory, in part disingenuous, and in part such as leads to a conclusion diametrically opposed to the action of the Commission." He pointed out that the League had not asked, as the Commission assumed, leave to inspect "confidential letters or reports from other departments," or leave to "search at will the files of the National Commission." It had only asked to inspect the eligible registers. He said that such information had never been refused except during a short period in 1899, and he quoted Commissioner John R. Proctor as having said in a dissenting opinion regarding that refusal:

> Nothing so much fosters the spoils system as secrecy in the administration of patronage. I consider the action of the Commission contrary to the principles of republican government. People have a right to know what their officials are doing and if the records are closed to their inspection they will imagine evils which do not exist.

Replying to the suggestion that the League ask Congress to investigate, Mr. Dana said:

> Is it likely that Congress can find time for such an investigation until after March, 1917? If it could find time, is it likely that a Democratic Congress would investigate the acts of a branch of the Democratic administration—that dispensers of patronage would inquire closely into the record of its dispensation?

As to the Commission's suggestion that the League let the Commission investigate, Mr. Dana said:

> It would be a most incompetent body which could not draw up a report furnishing a plausible explanation for even the gravest abuses.

The President suggested that the Commission disclose its "methods" in its annual report for 1916, but the League sought names and facts as well as methods and results. Moreover, the Commission's report will not be published until after election day.

That is the record of a two-years' struggle by the League to learn the truth about charges that nearly 50,000 postoffices and many thousand rural carriers' positions have been opened to the spoilsmen. It arouses suspicion that the Commission, which was established to guard the civil service from the spoilsmen, has been made an instrument of their raids. It shows that the Commission actively co-operates with the President and Congress in concealing the facts. The charges involve both the Commission and Congress, yet the League is asked to be content with an investigation of the conduct of these bodies by themselves. The Wilson Administration asks to be continued in office on its record, yet it proposes that an important part of that record be withheld from the public until after the election and that then only an ex parte, partisan presentation be made to the people. This policy of secrecy will be taken by the public as evidence of guilt. It should be so taken.

$6000 WORTH OF PIFFLE.

It is a significant fact that the number of marriage licenses issued by the Clerk of Multnomah County has dwindled one-half in four years. But it is significant not of a decreasing population nor of loss of interest in the marriage tie. It merely shows in a concrete way what a useless and unpopular law will do.

It would be foolish to assume that fully one-half the number of men who would ordinarily marry in Multnomah County go elsewhere because they are unable to pass the required physical examination. That would be an unheard-of acknowledgment of the prevalence of venereal disease. It would follow, if such an assumption were true, that one-half the male population is continually afflicted.

More than the disease element figures in the loss of marriage-license revenues in Multnomah County. The man who knows he is physically fit to contract the marriage relation naturally objects to payment of $3.50 for a physician's certificate. Probably a good many of the couples who obtained licenses in Portland formerly came here from points in Washington. It is quite the style in some circles to go out of town to wed. But Portland is no longer the destination of these pilgrimages. The state has put up a so-called eugenics barrier at the border.

There is nothing worth the name eugenics in the Oregon marriage law. The bridegroom must obtain a health certificate from a licensed physician, but all physicians admit that the certificate perforce indicates but a cursory and by no means conclusive examination. For indulgence in popular piffle the county is deprived of nearly $6000 in revenues annually, its own citizens are put to inconvenience and visitors are kept away.

REDFIELD, THE TALKER.

Secretary Redfield is just a trifle too quick on the trigger, for he shoots—with his mouth—before he is sure of his ammunition or his target. He ought to have known that it is dangerous to run counter to an antagonist like Mr. Hughes. There never was a more complete coup than the Durand rejoinder upon Mr. Redfield. There is nothing more for Redfield to say; he has said too much already.

Redfield is a talker—only a talker. He fits in well with an Administration of mere talk. This is not the only time he has gone on record with loud assertion, only to wind up with no kind of performance.

On July 24, 1915, the steamer Eastland was sunk in the Chicago River with the loss of more than 800 lives. It was a shocking tragedy and called for a rigid investigation of the Federal steamship inspection service. It was promised.

President Wilson said the investigation would be "thorough enough to satisfy everybody" and that "nothing will be omitted to bring forth all the facts and fix the responsibility."

Secretary Redfield declared that he "had given assurances that as soon as possible in the Fall a searching inquiry will be made into the whole administration of the steamboat inspection service, under the supervision of the Navy Department and the public, so that there shall be no question of its impartial character."

There was an inquiry and the board—local steamboat inspectors and five citizens—on August 5, 1915, reported: "Not having completed our investigation, we are not prepared at this time to express an opinion as to who is to blame, nor what agencies contributed to the capsizing of the Eastland."

The board has never met since that time. The whole Eastland incident is evidently forgotten at Washington.

Yet there are people who think the sum total of the Administration's duty is to be found in words. How long before there will be another Eastland horror?

NO PAD AND PENCIL CAMPAIGN.

On the face of figures based on election reports of 1912, the Republicans have an easy victory ahead, and many political prophets are figuring in that way. They add together the Taft and Roosevelt votes, show a majority over Wilson in enough states to ensure Hughes' election and say, "There's nothing to it but Republican victory." To clinch their conclusion, they list the states where the Democratic vote showed a small plurality over Taft and Roosevelt combined and say that there Hughes has a good fighting chance.

While The Oregonian believes that the prevailing sentiment of the United States is in favor of the Republican party as represented by Mr. Hughes, the necessary votes to elect him cannot be gained without working for them. Nearly all of the men and women who voted for Taft and Roosevelt in 1912 will be predisposed in favor of Hughes, but they must be aroused to the voting point. This election is being fought on issues very different from those of four years ago. The questions of foreign policy and preparedness, which are now paramount, were not thought of then; the questions which were paramount then are forgotten or subordinated now.

Though the staunch Nationalism which underlies all Republican principles places the party in a strong position to win, it must educate the voters on the new issues and on its attitude toward them in order to get out the vote. The tariff question is to the fore now as then, and the war has supplied the Republican party with new and convincing arguments in favor of its protective policy, but it needs to be placed before the voters in the new light shed upon it by the war. All of the events of the last four years are likely to cause many changes of sides on such issues as firm maintenance of American rights versus Wilsonism, preparedness versus pacifism and its ally, the pork barrel. It is incumbent upon Republicans to conduct so vigorous a campaign that the balance of these changes shall be in their favor.

The Republican party has so good an opportunity to win that The Oregonian entertains no doubt that, if it makes full use of this opportunity, it will win. But the election cannot be won by arithmetic. It must be won by placing before the voters the policy of the Republican party and the character and ability of Mr. Hughes in sharp contrast with the policy of the Democratic party and the character and ability of Mr. Wilson as exemplified by their acts. In that manner victory can be assured.

JOSEPH BUCHTEL.

Joseph Buchtel has passed on, after sixty-four years' continuous residence in Portland. Not the greatest of its citizens, perhaps, he had, nevertheless, for long years a peculiar and important relation to the life of the city. He came here, a young and very active man, when there were but a few hundred people and it was barely more than a frontier settlement on a great river.

But young Buchtel soon found many opportunities for service and he performed them. He was a photographer, and for long years he conducted a photographic establishment, and there are today thousands of daguerreotypes and the more modern pictures in the Northwest that are the product of his skill and taste. He was an athlete and a sportsman in the best sense; and he was chief of the fire department in the days when the "boys" ran with the "machine"; and he was a baseball player, when that popular pastime was in its infancy. With all these side activities he was an aggressive and successful business man, who gave much useful service to the public welfare. Indeed, his interest in the progress of Portland never waned, and he did what he could for the common weal to the end.

Mr. Buchtel was widely known. His passing reduces by one the diminishing list of the earliest pioneers, who laid here the foundations of a state and bequeathed a noble heritage to their sons and daughters.

SCHOOL ON LABOR DAY.

Besides the deference and recognition that need not be grudged to labor by all classes on Labor day, there is a practical reason, from the workers' standpoint, for closing the schools on that day.

Labor day is set apart as a brief season for rest, recreation and formal observance. It is a day to which the wives and children look forward, as well as the husbands and fathers. From the standpoint of physical need, perhaps, the children do not require an additional day of rest and play at the end of the Summer vacation, but to require their presence at school will certainly keep the mothers from participating in the day's events. They must stay at home to get the children off to school and to care for them when they return.

There is no other Summer holiday when all one's friends and acquaintances are so thoroughly footloose to co-operate in healthful recreation. The true father, too, wants the whole family with him on Labor day.

It is a day of family and community gathering, pleasure and communion. Without the children and without the mothers Labor day festivities would lose their savor and benefits. By all means, let the school year begin a day later.

NO NEED TO GO ABROAD.

Neither the art treasures of the Old World, nor its wonders of architecture, nor the age of its civilization, nor the grandeur of its natural scenery explain satisfactorily the enormous travel to Europe from the United States that was marked until a little more than two years ago. There was a good deal of hypocrisy in the reasons given by American travelers. So far as art treasures were concerned, only a small proportion of our tourists ever gave them more than a perfunctory glance. The ancient civilization might have interested a few scholars and students, but we all know that the great proportion of those who bought steamship tickets were of a far different class. So far as natural scenery goes, we have that at home, and the world—particularly America—is just beginning to find out that right here in the Cascades and the Rockies there are wonders not to be rivaled by any Switzerland or Tyrol.

Travel in Europe, our new experience seems to have proved in a marked degree, was based largely upon desire created by advertising, and upon the custom of "following the crowd" that prevails in all matters in which our busy business men have no particularly profound interest. All the more accessible parts of Europe have been well advertised, and the steamship companies and tourist agencies have had a wholly normal and easily explainable incentive for conducting a scientific and effective press-agent campaign. The advantages of travel de luxe, offered by modern ocean liners, have not been without their influence. But so far as travel in comfort on land might have been a factor, we do things better on the American side. It is agreed that nowhere in the world have railroads reached the high degree of efficiency in their passenger departments that has been attained in America.

It must have been, in a large degree, ignorance of the charms of our own country. For America has marvels without end. For every cathedral that Europe can produce, and for every mosque in Asia, we have a lofty mountain peak, a gigantic grove or a mammoth cave. We have our battle fields for those who insist upon them, and in our cliff dwellings and our mounds we have forgotten civilizations. Yet we do not put too much stress upon the past, for, as we have said, we do not believe that many pleasure seekers, back in the inner recesses of their consciousness, are much moved by profound philosophical reflections when they make up the itinerary of their tour. We have, in the last analysis, everything at home that moved the average man and his family when he went abroad—new and wonderful scenes, great beauties, complete change from the monotonies of city and business life, comfort in travel, and health resorts innumerable. There is everything but the crowd and the habit—and these are artificial creations, which we can make if we will.

We think that nowhere in Europe is there anything finer than the scenery of Glacier Park, or Yellowstone Park, or, nearer home, Mount Hood, which is soon to be made easily accessible to all, or our Crater Lake Park, or the Oregon caves. Europe, with all its glories, has none of them. They are becoming easier to reach every season. Recent admission of automobiles to the parks has robbed the parks only of a passing "wild West" flavor; it has, on the other hand, made them more popular with those to whom the jolting stagecoach was a real hardship. Everywhere in America the hotels, say those who have tried both kinds, are as comfortable as the average tourist inn of Europe—and not run on the principle of extortion.

The tourist public is still seeking gratification of, its desire for travel. This is the moment of opportunity for our own country. But we must not hide our light under a bushel. The European tide was, in large measure, the result of the work of the press agent and the travel bureau. It is time for us to organize on a similar basis. The good work is only just begun.

We have the International Custom Tailors' Association to thank for the prospect of a world without galluses. The tailors have just decreed that suspenders not only are unfashionable, which ought to be enough, but that they are entirely useless appendages to the apparel of men. There are, of course, those of us whose hip bones make natural hanging pegs for trousers, and there are a few fortunate ones of more rotund proportions whose ability to keep inside their clothes without mechanical assistance always has seemed to border on genius, but the tailors, in convention assembled, have held out hope for the ordinary mortal who feels that he either must hang his nether garments from his shoulders or run constant risk of getting himself arrested. This device, offered as a boon, consists of a girdle, to which the trousers are fastened with buttons, which reminds us, somehow, of the days when we were very small and wore a "two-piece suit," which kept mother busy sewing buttons on most of the time.

> The Republicans are rejoicing over the conversion of two heretofore supposed Democrats of Polk County to the standard of Hughes. The Woodrow Wilson League of Dallas has enrolled in its membership more than a dozen voters who are registered as Republicans and several more who, until this year, were members of that party, but who have come out openly for the Democratic ticket.—Dallas Itemizer.

Quite likely. The registration rolls of Oregon are a standing advertisement of the willingness of many men to stultify—not to say perjure—themselves by declaring their allegiance to one party when they belong to another. There is no significance whatever to the fact that men who are enrolled as Republicans are members of a Woodrow Wilson league, except that they belong to the latter and never did to the former.

The Pennsylvania Railroad, of which the president, Samuel Rea, is to visit Portland, is one of the boasts of the United States. It is one of the few best-built, best-operated and best-paying railroads in the United States. It is controlled by a large number of stockholders, not by a few magnates, and may be said to be in the hands of the people. It provides for its employes when they are sick, compensates them when they are injured, insures their lives and limbs, takes care of their savings and pensions them when they grow old. This is the reaction from the great strike of 1877, which centered on the Pennsylvania system.

The war expenses of the four principal allied nations are now nearly $1,800,000,000 a month, according to Alfred Neymarck, the French statistician. Britain spends $500,000,000 and France $520,000,000 a month, Italy will have spent about $4,000,000,000 by the end of 1916 and these three nations together will have spent about $30,000,000,000. Russia's huge total remains to be added.

John M. Thurston was one of the Nation's important men in his day. He is now almost forgotten, though only eighteen years ago a speech which he delivered in the Senate did much to precipitate the Spanish war. We might paraphrase the poet by saying, "Who remembers the wars and the men of yesteryear?"

Democratic Senators seem strangely averse to going on record on the immigration bill at this session or to putting the President on record as disagreeing with them. Progressive Republicans gleefully intensify Democratic embarrassment by insisting on action.

Moonshining in Portland is an industry that must be stopped. Red liquor made in a lawful way is good enough or bad enough, depending on the point of view, but the white stuff of the moonshiner is killing in its nature.

Ray Preston, deputy Sheriff of Baker, is of the old-time quality of officer, such as appears in the moving pictures. Disarming and capturing sixteen lawless men in a bunch was no little feat.

Graduates of the school for teaching girls motherhood, proposed under the will of the widow of Senator Palmer, will have little difficulty in marrying. The diploma will catch a man, first flash.

If everyone in favor of prohibition would contribute, the cause would win. If all opposed would pungle, that side would win. This is the line of talk, and, after all, it's merely a count of votes.

The women's duel at Winchester suggests the possibility of a new code in which the choice will be between hatpins and fingernails instead of between swords and pistols.

Turkey declines to allow Americans to administer relief to Christians in Syria. The Turkish idea is that Christians are better if they die.

The cost of wheat bread may be rising, but Americans are far from the necessity of eating potato bread.

When it becomes too warm to stick around office or home, hop a car for one of the breathing spots.

Port Orford proves its wealth and its hospitality by showering its visitors with precious stones.

If renewed candidacy is left to the conscience of a sorehead, the ballot is the sufferer.

The speeder on the highway wishes the cycle cops were more conspicuous.

Oregon is full of "dominant Americanism," Mr. Hughes.

Mr. Hughes must save his voice for Portland, anyway.

Be careful of your own and the baby's diet.

Lafferty will "also ran."

This is real Summer.

FOUR BOUQUETS AND ONE BRICK

Colonel Wood Produces Heart to Heart Letters on Nursing Mothers' Bill.

PORTLAND, Aug. 11.—(To the Editor.)—I was very sorry to see in The Oregonian a letter showing some hostility to the "nursing mothers amendment." Beer is given to nursing mothers for their constitutions. Any attempt to deprive them of this liquid cereal is therefore necessarily unconstitutional and, moreover, is contrary to the spirit of the United States Constitution, which prohibits cruel and unusual punishment. Had Elihu Root partaken liberally of beer there is no doubt whatever that the state of New York, as well as Mr. Root, would have had a new constitution. Not that Mr. Root is classed with nursing mothers—the cases are different. The best answer to these inhuman attempts to deprive poor mothers of their nourishment is found in the following correspondence:

C. E. S. Wood, chairman nursing mothers' amendment committee—Sir: I am only 17 years old, but I want to thank you for your efforts in behalf of nursing mothers. My mother commenced drinking beer when I was three days old and I can distinctly remember the difference. My hair began to grow and I gained steadily in weight. In less than two months I could get my foot into my mouth and you have no idea what a comfort it was. I am perfectly convinced that but for mother's beer I would not now be half as smart as I am. Your little friend, ALICE KOHL.

Col. C. E. S Wood, progressive chairman, Portland, Oregon—Dear Colonel: I think you and General Rosenvelt are the two greatest men of our time. You are both so shy and retiring and so unselfish and devoted to principle. If I had a son I would want him to serve under one of you two military patriots, but, alas, I fear that is not to be, as I am now 46 and unmarried. And yet "dum spiro spero." However, I want to say I am working for your nursing mothers' bill. It is absolutely right. I live in Portland and so naturally am with the poor a great deal. I know that beer is to a nursing mother what clover and barley chop are to a nursing cow. God bless you both.

PRUDENCE ABIGAIL BARLEYBREW.

P. S.—I mean you and Gen. Rosenvelt, not the cow.

C. E. S Woods—Sir: Referring to your bill for the relief of nursing mothers: As one who, I understand, dabbles in poetry you will appreciate the tribute to beer in the beautiful lyric, "The Lorelei.

Come to your bier so cold and white
And my cold, white, loving hands,
Where the hours bear flowers
Of the heart's delight
And the stars which fall
From the upper night
Drop down in golden sands.

O come from the crooked paths which vex
In the weary upper air,
From the fears and tears
And the love lorn wrecks
To the nymphs who wreathe with pearls
their necks
And their drifting golden hair.

Yours for temperance.

FELICIA MUDD.

C. E. S. Wood, chairman nursing mothers' committee—As the mother of 17 (all living), let me tell you you are doing a good work. You have no idea of what a tax on your strength it is to be a mother. And I assure you when you have been the mother of 17 you will feel almost exhausted. I could not have stood it but for beer. Mr. Wm. Sabbath is all wrong. He never was a mother. I feel it is my right. I hope you will win. You have our 18 prayers (My husband has stopped praying.)

LILY BELL (MRS.)

P. S.—Where can I get one of those Margaret Sanger pamphlets? I can, if given time, furnish any number of such letters.

Absolute candor compels me to give the other side. I will say, however, that it is the only letter of the kind I have received.

C. S. Woods, brewers' chairman—If, after hearing the strong argument of Rev. Mr. Sunday, you ain't ashamed of your morals, you ought to be of your ignorance. Setting yourself up as the champion of the Demon Beer and trying to ruin the lives of nursing mothers and babes in their cradle. Every drop of alcohol is poison, even in pie. One of my neighbors has a little boy that was a good little boy of 5 years till he fell, but the other day he fell and cut his finger and she poured alcohol on it and he hit her. Yet you defend a vile drug that makes a son strike his mother.

Another friend of mine was rubbing her husband's head with a tonic that had 6 per cent alcohol and she took advantage of that quiet moment to tell him some things about himself, and she hadn't been rubbing it in for more than 15 minutes when he got up and left her. Yet you advocate the Demon Beer that has 4 per cent of this poison which leads to mother beating and wife desertion. I tell you one drop is enough.

I knew a sad case. He was a dog, gentle and quiet by nature, but used to drink out of a bucket in the back yard. A man put one single drop of alcohol into the bucket of water and the dog began to lap it and the man kicked the dog and the dog went mad and bit the man. It completely changed his nature. Yet you talk of 4 per cent. You must be thinking of your bank account. Either you are paid by the brewers or you are wickedly ignorant. What brought on this fearful war? Beer. You put germs into alcohol and see how quick they die, and what is bad for germs is bad for Germans. Yet you talk of beer being harmless. Bah!

PRISCILLA P. SIMMONS.

I will be glad to supply any number of similar letters supporting the nursing mothers amendment.

C. E. S. WOOD,
Chairman Committee Nursing Mothers Amendment.

GOLDENDALE'S BEAUTIES SHOWN

Tourist Travel Trebled Since Panama-Pacific Exposition.

GOLDENDALE, Wash., Aug. 10.—(To the Editor.)—Referring to a letter published in a recent issue of The Oregonian under The Dalles date line and signed "A Citizen," in which the writer seems to think that he was discovered the Klickitat Valley and Goldendale, I take the liberty of writing you a few lines to correct the impression. The Klickitat Valley was discovered by John J. Golden, founder of the town of Goldendale, in 1858, according to the best authentic local history obtainable.

Since that time the praises of the natural scenic beauties, the resources and the development work carried on since the mighty herds of the Yakima chieftain, Kahmiakan, were forced to retreat from the bunch grass of the Klickitat Valley by the advancing flood of civilization, have been spread all over the universe, as readers of The Oregonian well know.

William S. Parrot, who died not long ago at his home in Goldendale, was an artist of world-wide fame and some of his best paintings were made from the scenic grandeur of the Klickitat country. Now we have Samuel Hill, of good roads fame, with us. Mr. Hill owns a 5000-acre farm at Maryhill, with seven miles of hard-surface road within its boundaries that has been exploited the world over as the last word in road construction. Mr. Hill is now constructing a $250,000 mansion overlooking the Celilo Falls on his farm and has exploited the wonders of Klickitat and Goldendale all over the United States by means of the movie views that have been taken here since he came.

As to automobile tourist travel through Goldendale and the Klickitat Valley, there has been three times as much of it this year as there was in 1915—the year of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Many tourists who have been here this Summer say they have heard of Goldendale and the Klickitat Valley through other tourists who have been here, but express themselves surprised at finding such an up-to-date little city and such excellent roads as they find in the Klickitat country.

Goldendale is on the main route of the Central Washington Highway, as posted along the entire route, and no tourists passing through have expressed themselves as having had any difficulty in finding the roads leading to the Klickitat Valley and Goldendale.

ROBERT BALLOU.

Both Husbands in League.

Boston Transcript.

"Maud's husband and Kate's are fast friends, aren't they?" "Maud and Kate think they are. They both get home about two in the morning."

CONFIDENCE IN LEADER SHAKEN

Mr. Lattimer Proposes Slogan to Displace "Too Proud to Fight."

M'KEE, Or., Aug. 10.—(To the Editor.)—I am an American citizen whose ancestry dates back to colonial days. I do not know, nor do I care to know, any but American ideals. I love American ideas of liberty and fair play. I care naught for blood or title. Character only determines one's true worth.

I have been a strong defender of and a believer in America's greatness and prestige among the nations of the earth. I have always felt and am trying to continue to feel that no prouder distinction can fall to man than to be an American citizen.

I have stoutly defended our present Executive on various occasions because I felt it a duty, though I have no confidence in Democratic policies in general.

When the President was contending for the right of Americans to sail on the high seas even though their berths smelled strong of powder, I still said if they could do so and still be within their neutral rights this Government should stop at nothing to guarantee those rights. But when our ships were boarded and seamen illegally removed; when our mail was seized and much of it confiscated; when our trade with neutrals was hampered; when our business firms were placed on the blacklist, and when the only response we could get to all our protests was in substance, "What's all the noise about; why do you make so many sour faces? Can't you be reasonable? What if in our expediency we do tramp on your corns, aren't we furnishing the free salve to cure them?"

Then, again, when our flag is dragged in the mire and is torn and trampled upon, when our citizens are massacred and their homes and property devastated and confiscated, when our border is raided time after time, when our soldiers who are trying to catch a murderer are brutally slain, when an outlaw who has been responsible for much of the wrongs we have suffered is recognized by this Government as the first military chief, and when in the face of all these charges I can still hold up my head and maintain that I am proud that I am an American, can you question the percentage of my Americanism?

I admit my pride has been wounded, my confidence in our leader has been shaken. I have no patience in the statement that "a nation may be so just that it is too proud to fight." When a nation takes such a slogan for its motto it will soon fall a prey to the greed of others. A better motto would be, it seems to me, for this Nation, "We will respect the rights of all nations and we are a hundred million strong to defend ours."

J. A. LATTIMER.

SETTING A CAMPAIGN PRECEDENT

Candidate Gets Off State's Payroll to Tour State.

Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

The Town Crier, in its current issue, cites a precedent in politics which it says "will startle a good many of those who are just now seeking nomination for public office and at the same time holding safe to present positions on the public payroll."

W. W. Sherman, a candidate for the Republican nomination for Treasurer of State, furnishes this startling precedent.

For several years he has been the efficient chief deputy in the Treasurer's office, serving under Lewis and Meath. In becoming an active candidate for the Treasurership he has separated himself from the state's payroll—secured leave of absence without pay or resigned—and thus is enabled to go before the people with a clear conscience and ask their support of his candidacy in the primary. The taxpayers are not paying his campaign expenses.

The Post-Intelligencer agrees with the Town Crier that it is a notable precedent. More than that, it believes that a man so high-minded and so square with himself and with the state as to set such a precedent deserves favorable consideration at the hands of the voters. In fact, he deserves to win. The public service needs that type of men.

Difference in Locality.

Exchange.

"Pa, what's the difference between a patriot and a jingo?"

"A patriot, my son, is one whose bosom swells with pride of his country, while in a jingo the swelling appears in his head."

Not Reliable Enough.

Washington D. C.) Star.

"Wasn't our friend's speech largely made up of platitudes?" "No," replied Senator Sorghum. "He didn't say anything that was reliable enough even to be classed as a platitude."

Playing With Fire.

Exchange.

Her—No doubt you think I am older than I really am.

Him—Not at all. I'm sure you are not as old as you look.

In Other Days.

Twenty-five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian August 12, 1891.

Boston, Aug. 12.—James Russell Lowell, the poet, author and statesman, died this (Wednesday) morning at 2:10 o'clock. He was born February 22, 1819.

Patti will make a concert tour embracing 75 cities next year. Signor Arditto will be her conductor.

Zed Wilson, the veteran surgeon, died at his home, 270 Front street, yesterday.

William Churchill, a South Portland lettercarrier has trained his horse to follow him pretty close when he is about his business of carrying letters. The horse has become so proficiently trained that yesterday he attempted to follow Mr. Churchill down a steep bank near the river, with the result the cart capsized and tumbled the animal into a hole. An unknown man, in attempting to extricate the animal, was kicked 20 feet for his trouble.

The Czar of Russia has notified the Princess Gouneffesky, the morganatic widow of the late Czar, Alexander II, that she must not visit the imperial family on terms of intimacy and that her peculiar relationship cannot be recognized at court.

Dr. William McLean, well-known veterinary surgeon, recently killed a cougar near Foley Springs.

Rev. A. L. Lindsley, one of the foremost Presbyterian ministers of the country and formerly at the head of the First church here, is dead from injuries received in a runaway last Sunday afternoon.

SUFFRAGE IS ADVANCED RAPIDLY

Concentrated Action on Congress Is Producing Results.

PORTLAND, Aug. 11.—(To the Editor.)—The Democratic women who broke into print yesterday because of the brand of nonpartisanship or overwrought nerves seem to oppose the movement of women to make the Federal suffrage amendment the paramount issue, lest it arouse the opposition of men in non-suffrage states, would do well to consider what some of their own sex will think of them. The awful spectacle of women uniting just once for a common purpose of humanity would be a shameless sight in the eyes of men.

The further action of the Federated Clubs in passing resolutions condemning the woman's party sounds much like the "holdup" policies of this distinguished party of Oregon feminine intelligence as practiced in 1914 under the leadership of some of the most incensed.

The political sagacity of the woman's party leaders cannot be easily matched by any of the political parties. Their ability to convene and rationally decide on political methods best suited for campaign purposes is proved by the leaps and bounds suffrage has taken since their concentrated action upon Congress.

Today the suffrage plank is in all political platforms and one Presidential candidate favors its speedy passage.

Has this little band toiled and worked in vain for their sisters? Have we no pure, unadulterated sex loyalty?

MRS. L. W. THERKELSEN.

Strange Battle Tactics.

New York Mail.

"Since the commencement of the battle the enemy has received large reinforcements," the announcement says. "Yesterday and last night strong hostile attacks were made against several points of our new positions." They based their opinion on frequent rulings by Secretary Lansing that presence of Americans aboard attacked merchantmen must be shown before this Government could demand explanation, disavowal or reparation.

Past and Gone.

Exchange.

"Republics are ungrateful." "I don't complain," replied the Senator. "Sometimes I'm rather thankful that a republic is inclined as a rule to forget what's past and gone."

His Rich Wife.

Buffalo, N. Y., Courier.

"You married a rich wife, didn't you?" asked Jones of his friend. "Yes," he sighed, "but she's not declared any dividend yet."

Finds Exercise, Anyhow.

Life.

Judge—This man was a stranger to you! Then why did you pick a fight with him? Kelly—All me friends are away on their vacations.

Secret Chambers in English Castles
Described in
The Sunday Oregonian

While the possibility of an invasion of Great Britain is more or less remote, the threats imposed by the terrible war have loosened the old locks and bolts of hidden chambers and passages in many English castles. Read the story in Sunday's Oregonian.

COOS BAY'S CELEBRATION—Within the next few weeks railroad service between Portland and the principal cities and towns of Coos Bay will be a reality. Interest now centers on that locality. A series of interesting pictures will tell readers of The Sunday Oregonian something of the nature and resources of the country.

STUDY OF HAWAIIAN LIFE—An American school teacher who recently toured the Hawaiian Islands has written an interesting and instructive account of the life and conditions there. It will be printed—with illustrations—tomorrow.

LOOK FOR YOUR POEM—Your favorite poem may be printed on the "old poem" page tomorrow. Look for it.

ORIENTAL PARIAHS NOT ALL ORIENTAL—A traveler in the Orient has discovered that many European women—white women—have been forced into menial positions in some of the Oriental countries. This makes interesting reading.

SALUTE!—This is the subject of one of Temple's sketches tomorrow. The others are equally attractive.

THE IRON CLAW—Arthur Stringer's sensational drama is still running in the Sunday paper and appearing simultaneously in the motion-picture theaters. The final installment will appear tomorrow.

HERBERT KAUFMAN—Another page of poems, editorials and philosophy by this gifted writer.

BOYS AND GIRLS, ATTENTION!—Just see what the Teenie Weenies are going to do tomorrow. It will be worth the price of the paper alone.

HELPING MOTHER—Did you know that Uncle Sam maintains at Washington a department intended to lighten the burden of housekeepers? He does. You can find out all about it by reading tomorrow's paper.

CARPENTER AT DAWSON—This is one of the most entertaining stories that Frank G. Carpenter has written since he went to Alaska. It will tell of the adventures of some of the fortune hunters who have gone into the far northern country.

LATE HAPPENINGS in the motion-picture world will have full attention, as will sports, society, automobiles and real estate. Several pages will be devoted to fresh reports from the beaches. All other departments will be fully up to the usual standard.