

Morning Oregonian

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AS SEEN BY HIS OWN PEOPLE.

President Wilson returns to the United States occupying a position in the eyes of the American people and of the world such as no former president has held.

When Mr. Wilson sailed for Europe seven months ago he had just displayed anew the finest qualities of the party leader, though he was engaged upon a task which enjoined on him a breadth of vision transcending the bounds of party and, in some degree, of country.

Having brought defeat upon himself by an appeal to party upon circumstances which demanded that partisanship be sunk in patriotism, he faced a congress the majority of which was smarting under his reflections of its loyalty.

Yet it is said that Burleson will remain in the interest of the patriotic party. It is too late; nothing can save the democratic party next year, except republican stupidity.

So far as known, President Wilson has never asked anybody to resign, not even Creel. It is a little late to begin; but 1920 is approaching rapidly, and heroic efforts to relieve the democratic ship of its numerous torments are being made.

The Oregonian one day last week asked the Pendleton East Oregonian, a democratic organ, to "give its idea of the merit and quality of President Wilson's cabinet."

It is especially significant that the largest increase in manufacture of industrial alcohol took place between 1913, the year before the war began, and 1917, the year when the war was in its full swing.

Both the high price of grain and the moral question involved in its use otherwise than as food while there are starving people in the world appear to dictate a discriminating policy in tax legislation.

The Mooney strike ended last night, but some of the big-shop employers are throwing in a few days for good measure.

That's a bit of sound advice from Fire Marshal Grenfell to locate the nearest box. Getting a fire house over the phone is uncertain.

Mr. Marshall has survived the ordeal of a near presidential victory well, though never in sight of the job.

Developments in the New case show it pays to live clean from the start.

Easy on the meat diet these warm days. Try the fish.

This is regular beach weather and the call is strong.

How does the old U. S. A. look, Woodrow?

visions bear the plain impress of his opinions. Mr. Wilson returns to be acclaimed by the American people as one of the great minds not only of America, but of the world.

It will not be complete until the treaty, including the covenant, has been ratified by the senate, and the most obstacles to ratification are of the president's own making.

It is not enough to say that the senate should have risen superior to feelings of offended dignity, and should do so in the deliberations which are to come in a matter such as this.

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The greatest force in creating public opinion on behalf of the league has been the League to Enforce Peace, and the one principal cause of its failure is ex-President Taft, who is a comparatively poor man.

In discussing a subject of such deep interest to the welfare not only of this country but of the world, Mr. Poindexter should rise above those appeals to shallow prejudice which bring back memories of the days when he traveled under the colors of the defunct populist party.

The position occupied by alcohol in the arts and sciences is not to be disputed, and this gives point to the campaign now being waged before congress by the American Chemical Society and other scientific bodies for legislation in connection with enforcement of prohibition which will insure the free supply of alcohol for use in scientific research and the development of "fuel, dye and other lawful industries."

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ment the industry is expected to develop a product that can compete with gasoline. It has possibilities also as an illuminant in regions where gas and electricity are not available.

Secretary Lane has shown himself to be a trained logician in his reply to objections entered by Herbert Myrick of Springfield, Mass., editor of Farm Home.

It is the belief of the secretary that men who have shown themselves capable of the "hardest job on earth" are capable also of being trained as farmers.

The number of people going on the land practically at one time, considered in connection with all the improvements, public and private, will very greatly enhance the value of the land.

Combining the responsibilities of deputy county commissioner, E. D. McKee of Wasco is in the city on business connected with his political office.

On a 7500-mile automobile trip William Hamilton Osborne arrived in Portland yesterday morning and chugged away again.

"Bulkheads are being put in and in a few days the Port of Astoria will have its dredge making the sand fill on Young's bay, which will be part of the Columbia highway between Astoria and Seaside."

"Canneries are paying \$80 a ton for pears this year and there is a short crop," sighed C. A. Park of the Wallace orchards, in Polk county, a Portland visitor.

Very well satisfied, indeed, is J. A. Rook with his fourth of July. He returned to the Benson yesterday from Coeur d'Alene with a fist full of money.

Mrs. J. W. Blaket of Oro Fino, Idaho, is registered at the Hotel Oregon. In early days there was a theater in Portland called the Fino, named after the Idaho town, which was then a mining camp.

Long distance motorists are becoming common in the Portland hotel sector. Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Kruller arrived at the Perkins yesterday from Benkelman, Neb.

Serman Wade, one of the county commissioners of Gilliam, and anxious to see the president's word about Senator Chamberlain related to a war department controversy and not in any manner to the prerogatives of the senate in connection with the peace treaty.

Former sheriff of Umatilla, J. M. Bentley, of Pendleton, is at the Perkins for a few days.

Drigible Gasoline Consumption—Pendleton, Or., July 7.—(To the Editor)—Please publish the amount of gasoline it took to bring the big British airship across the ocean.

The airship began the journey with 4900 gallons of gasoline. When the landing field was reached, news reports say there was sufficient left to keep the engine moving only 30 minutes longer.

Louisville Courier-Journal. "You remember the story of the maid who said her mistress was taking a course in cosmetics?"

New Physician Antebled. Boston Transcript. Fortune teller (reading from scroll)—"You have money coming to you, but you are going to lose it."

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Those Who Come and Go. Oil excitement equalling a gold stampede in early days is on at Hoquiam Wash. J. P. Anderson, a railroad conductor, who headquarters at the Perkins, says that the last four nights these plants are sleeping in the parlor of a hotel.

By the first of October," predicts A. J. Hill of the Warren Construction company, who has returned from an inspection tour.

"One of the finest systems of county roads anywhere in the state is being constructed in Douglas county," was the proud assertion of County Judge Marsters, who is at the Hotel Oregon.

Salem came within an ace of being the suburb of the state capital instead of being the capital itself.

He had his trip to Portland for nothing, did Rowell L. Connor, district attorney for Yamhill county, reinforced by the county court and various citizens.

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More Truth Than Poetry. By James J. Montague. AS TO THE CAVE MAN. I like to read these cave-man tales; There is a strange, romantic glamour in books which tell of whiskered males Who did their wooing with a hammer.

I've often thought that if today One might knock down an Aphrodite Who had the crust to say him nay, Girls wouldn't be so highly strait.

And then again I think perhaps Those yams of how young folks were Were penned by prehistoric chaps Who probably exaggerated.

For, since the days of Mother Eve 'Twas never safe to go on wood, Without so much as "Oh, you leave," If she informed you: "Nothing doing."

Remember John D. made oil stocks. He never bought 'em.

By Grace E. Hall. You say so very still I sensed a thrill. Dead! That was what I heard—it!

Dead! That was what I heard—it! You? You? The only one who ever really knew.

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In Other Days. Twenty-five Years Ago. From The Oregonian of July 9, 1894. Washington.—Just before midnight President Cleveland issued a proclamation putting the city of Chicago under martial law because of the rioting that has been in progress in connection with the railroad strike.

The splendid new house of worship of the First Baptist church, Twelfth and Taylor streets, was dedicated yesterday, the dedicatory sermon being preached by Rev. J. Q. A. Henry.

Local features of the railway strike were resumption of service by the Northern Pacific and the decision of the conductors to stand by the railroad companies.

Horses are selling at the lowest prices seen in 15 years. Army men have been purchasing in the Portland territory at an average price of \$75.

From The Oregonian of July 9, 1899. Montreal.—L. H. Gravel, a Frenchman at Paris make it seem doubtful if his health will ever permit him to return.

San Francisco.—The fruitgrowers and dealers of California met in convention yesterday and organized an association that will try to solve problems of shipping fruit to the east.

The postoffice is now established in its new and more commodious quarters at the corner of the corner of Alder and First streets.

J. A. Crawford, who has just returned from Great Britain, informs us that he saw several men mining for gold at Chehalis point by means of sluicing operations.

AMERICAN INTELLECTUALS' REPLY. Sympathy Expressed for Friends of Germany in France. The Oregonian has received an advance sheet of George Viereck's American Monthly (which was known as the Fatherland until incidents connected with the attitude toward our participation in the war with Germany made it advisable to change the name) containing the reply of a number of American "intellectual workers in many divergent paths" to the appeal of Henri Barbusse and others of Paris and Hugo von Hoffmannthal, Richard Beer-Hofmann and others of Vienna, originally published in L'Humanite at Paris.

"These are great voices," they have outshouted the roar of long-embattled cannon and fire. They ring out above all the clamor of the world, on either side the rivers of blood, who still, to the weep of the world, traffic in states and an ignominious peace.

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