Morning Oregonian

ESTABLISHED BY HENRY L. PITTOCK.

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THE HIGH COST OF LIVING.

It did not need a threat by the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen to "use the protective feature of the brotherhood" unless something is done about the high cost of living, to make known to all people the increasing gravity of the situation, but the latest move will serve, perhaps, to crystallize opinion on the subject. It is to be hoped that it will result in action. Decision of the government to offer $125,000,000 worth of army supplies direct to the people may have a moral effect on the market as a whole. It is seen by this time, at any rate, that occasion no longer exists for further protecting the market against a slump. Prices of necessities continue to soar. They must come down, or else the breaking point will be reached.

At this point we may expect a redoubling of efforts by all the interests involved in the complicated scheme of production to fix responsibility for existing conditions. Two departments of the federal government, acting independently, have recently published figures tending to show that the farmer has been receiving a larger share of the total price paid for foodstuffs than ever before in our history. This, if true, will furnish interesting data for renewal of the discussion whether the farmer or the middleman is the chief beneficiary. It will surprise most persons, however, to learn that the department of agriculture figures that farmers are now receiving, on an average, more than three times as much for their principal crops as they received on an average in the period from 1866 to 1908. The latter period is used by the department as the basis of comparison.

Using the average price received by the farmer in this period for wheat, corn, rye, oats, buckwheat, barley, potatoes, hay, flax and cotton, which the department sets down as 100, it is found that farmers' prices in 1914 were 137, in 1915 they were 139 and in 1916 they were 144. In 1917, the year in which we entered the war, they jumped to 289. There was a slight relative decline, to 272, in 1918, and this year they have advanced to 310. The same report shows that farm prices this year average 13.7 per cent more than last year, 7 per cent more than in 1918 and 84 per cent more than the average of the last ten years. On hogs, cattle, sheep and poultry prices this year are 10 per cent higher than last year, 27 per cent higher than in 1917 and 87 per cent higher than the average for the last ten years.

A report of the department of labor, issued at the same time, estimates that for the six-year period from 1913 to 1919 increase in retail prices of all articles of food in thirty principal cities of the United States has been 85 per cent. Six articles showing an increase of 100 per cent or more are: Lard, 123 per cent; flour, 118 per cent; bacon, 114 per cent; potatoes, 107 per cent; ham and cornmeal, 100 per cent. Other increases range from 70 per cent for fresh milk to 96 per cent for lamb.

Formation of anti-profiteering leagues throughout the country indicates that the people are passing beyond the stage of vocal protest and are organizing for action. It is not quite plain what these leagues can do that is constructive, unless they include in their membership a considerable number of the profiteers and succeed in imbuing them with the spirit of self-sacrifice. Much is said about "profiteering" by persons who would resent it if they themselves were being charged with being profiteers. Yet if prices are to come down, the start must be made somewhere. Who will be first to announce a live and let live policy? Does everyone speak at once? Voluntary action, however, would be highly popular and might forestall more oppressive measures that are practically certain to be taken unless relief comes quickly. We do not want price-fixing by the government, and we are suspicious as a people of all attempts to interfere in normal times with the working of the law of supply and demand. But times are not normal and hungry people are inclined to commit excesses. The spectacle of a people fully employed, at what a few years ago would have been regarded as high wages, and still unable to make those wages cover the cost of the necessities of life, is not inspiring. It invites a train of disasters which we do not like to contemplate.

There is still time for the profiteers big and little to show their patriotism by exhibiting a little of the self-denial upon which they plumed themselves while the war was on. Will they act voluntarily? Perhaps, and probably, not. But if they do not, the consequences will be on their own heads. The misfortune is that a good many innocent may be forced to suffer with the guilty.

The spirit of democracy is not permanently served by the change of names of occupations, such as has just been made by the New York board of education in designating its janitors as "custodians." The excellent word "servant" illustrates the point that the new word is likely soon to become as hateful as the old. After servants went out of vogue we had, for a short time, the "hired girl," who was transformed into "maid" and is now hard to get even as a "domestic assistant." Some of the militant spirit would not go amiss if it were applied to defense of the old terms. The servant undoubtedly is the political equal of the "master," and sometimes is his moral superior, but he persists in thinking that a new nomenclature will make his work more agreeable. We are already wondering what the "custodian" will become. We suggest "intendant," with a suitable increase in salary.

THIRSTY NEW YORK.

A Portland merchant back from New York brings the interesting intelligence that the hotels and cafes there have nearly doubled the charges for rooms and for food, in order to discredit prohibition. It is not easy to understand the workings of the New York restaurateur's mind. He has evolved a working theory that, if he charges more for food, the patron will make a loud call for drink, which must somehow be heard in congress, so that the nation may be persuaded to retrace its steps along the booze route to the days and ways of the barroom and the cafe.

But what the famished wayfarer wants is drink now, not in some long-distant time in the uncertain future. The scheme of the New York proprietors will make him pay more for both food and drink. A wiser policy would doubtless be to reduce the charges for eatables, so that something might be left for illicit but greatly desired potables. For the word has gone out that if one is willing to pay the price he can get whatever he wants in exhilarating refreshments in most New York cafes.

The sober truth is that a great contributing cause of the success of prohibition is the high cost of drinking. Highballs at $1 apiece or whisky at $15 per bottle clinch the most earnest and zealous efforts of the reformers to extirpate the wicked traffic. A price-list of good old red-eye, or pale yellow Scotch, will quench even the most avid thirst. The prohibitionists are finding out that about all that is necessary now is to stop the manufacture of liquor. Nature will then take its course and do the rest.

GETTING ON.

The presidential invitation to various republican senators to call at the White House and confer with him on the league of nations is a grand idea, though a trifle belated. Contemporary news chronicles are silent as to whether the senators thus honored are personally conducted by Tumulty or House or Dr. Grayson. It would be an interesting detail, though perhaps not important.

Yet how otherwise could a mere republican senator find his way to the mysterious and august recesses of the White House? Few of them had been there before; some of them will probably not be there again under the present administration. For have they not reported that, though they had a talk with the president—a most cordial and helpful meeting of minds—they came away with their purpose fortified to ratify the treaty, but to ratify with reservations?

What is the use taking counsel with a senator if he is not to take the president's word for it? To be sure; the president rarely makes a speech but he commends, in his usual felicitous language, the taking of counsel; but he has seldom tried it. It must be disappointing to him to take his own advice by taking counsel, and have nothing come of it. The senators are a stubborn lot. Why should it be necessary for a president to have anything to do with them?

But perhaps the meeting of minds and the taking of counsel at the White House are bearing fruit in ways quite unexpected. The senators have not been converted to the presidential theory that they should take the treaty as it is, without the change of a syllable; but how about Mr. Wilson? Here we have the authority of David Lawrence, of the New York Evening Post, for the statement that the presidential mind is more adaptable to the reservation plan than is commonly supposed. Says Mr. Lawrence, one of the few correspondents who is able to find his way in and out of the White House:

> The president probably would accept an interpretation or statement saying that the obligations of article X could not be carried out without the consent of our war-making power, the congress, though he believes such a statement superfluous. Nor could there be objection to a definition or appendix on the Monroe doctrine. These could be defended as affecting peculiarly American circumstances.

If that is so—and probably it is—the president and the senators are apparently getting on. The senators—enough of them to defeat the treaty if they stand their ground—will not accept it without reservations. But the president will accept it with reservations. The next step is to decide on what reservations.

NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITY.

The statement that, of approximately four million soldiers who insured their lives under the war risk insurance act, approximately three million already have permitted their policies to lapse, reveals a condition that is regrettable if it is not alarming. The opportunity afforded by the government to obtain protection at a rate which was attractive from a business viewpoint ought not to have been neglected by any soldier. The principle of life insurance is well established. Well-intentioned people no longer look upon it as a species of "blood money," as some did a generation ago. The prudent man now includes insurance in his family budget, along with provision for groceries and clothing and education for his children. It is, indeed, the only guarantee he can give that these will be forthcoming after he is gone.

It would be enlightening to have a statement from the war insurance board as to the extent to which bureaucratic incompetency has been responsible for the apathy with which returning soldiers now view the subject of insurance. It cannot be said that the bureau has exercised any of the enterprise, or the regard for the welfare of its insured, which would have characterized the work of a private company. Its clerical employes have often messed things badly. The feeling of impatience engendered by contact with war insurance has reacted against insurance in general. It will take much educational work to recover the ground which the bureau has permitted to be lost at Washington.

The war insurance policy was one of the great constructive achievements of the war. The decision to continue the policies in force after demobilization, with certain modifications to fit new conditions, was an inspired afterthought. The latter gave the discharged soldier the privilege, without re-examination, of continuing his insurance without a break. It would seem as if, properly handled, the insurance system should have been made intensely popular.

An example of what might have been done is furnished by the experience of insurance companies not connected with the government. There was a boom in their business at a time when government competition was keen, due to appreciation of the value of insurance aroused among those who were not eligible as war risks. These have not been permitting lapses in the proportion which characterizes the government business. The government seems to have been long on conception and short on working out administrative details. The federal bureau probably is to blame for a good deal of the abandonment of insurance by discharged service men. It has a short time in which to spread the propaganda that each man has six months in which to rehabilitate himself, but it is to be feared that it will fall down here, as it has done in other respects.

AMERICAN TEAM WORK.

President Vincent's review of the work of the Rockefeller Foundation for 1918 contains an interesting allusion to the work of Americans in teaching the French people how to combat tuberculosis. A nation that had produced a Louis Pasteur could not have been lacking in the fundamental knowledge, it was argued by some, which was necessary to combat disease. "It may well be asked," says the review, "whether it was not presumptuous for Americans to go crusading against tuberculosis" in such a country. The Rockefeller special commission on its arrival in France found already in existence examples of almost every kind of agency known to modern medicine and public health administration as effective in combatting consumption. French scientific men understood underlying principles and the theory of control. Much was being done when the commission arrived.

The fundamental difference between the French and American methods, Dr. Vincent explains, was soon made apparent in the fact that "in France ideas do not spread as rapidly as they do in the United States." There are relatively few French national organizations which can quickly inform every community of what is being done in every other. The "boosting" spirit is largely lacking in Gallic character. The dominating influence of individualism, both personal and in the group or community, however it may have operated for development of character, was not favorable to eradication of communicable disease.

Details of the work of American physicians and nurses are of chiefly technical interest. The outstanding fact is that "the American contribution has been a demonstration of organized team play." The thought may occur to some that a people who have set so inspiring an example to a foreign nation may have further use for the same team spirit at home. It would be a curious anomaly if after our experience abroad we should fail at home to measure up to the standard of which we have been boasting. The measure of what Americans can do when they will is furnished by the estimate of French medical scientists that our campaign against tuberculosis in that country has been a complete success.

WASHINGTON'S CANDIDATE.

If one may fairly judge from an admonitory editorial in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, the issue among republicans of Washington over the presidential nomination is not whether the candidacy of Senator Poindexter shall be endorsed but whether the endorsement of Poindexter shall be of the first-last-and-all-the-time quality. Says the Seattle newspaper:

> Present indications make Mr. Poindexter this state's first choice. On that score there has been no controversy—and there need be none. But this does not mean that Mr. Poindexter fills the mind of the republicans of this state to the exclusion, now and for all time, of every other man who is or may be considered a contender for the nomination.
>
> There is every reason why Mr. Poindexter's personal friends and active supporters should feel gratified by what seems to be a unanimous decision at a day so far distant from the time for action. There is no reason why they should complicate the situation in this state by overzealous propaganda against any other possible candidate. It isn't necessary—anyone can see that; and the probable and very natural effect will be to postpone the response of those republicans who have acquiesced in the indorsement of Mr. Poindexter because it seemed the right thing to do, but who will not be denied the privilege of discussing the chances of others.

It does seem rather premature to attempt to hog-tie the party in Washington to any candidate, be he a favorite son or not a favorite son. The Poindexter boom may never spread beyond the confines of Washington, and an inseparable attachment to it would deprive the state's delegation of the joyful privilege of ultimately climbing on the band wagon. True, Mr. Poindexter's present prominence nationally, which is due to his opposition to the league of nations covenant, may put him in the favorite class with some wing of the party or a new party. But on an anti-league of nations platform he is a contender among republicans with two other presidential possibilities for popular acclaim—Senator Johnson of California and Senator Borah of Idaho.

Just now the position of league opponent does not appear to be a promising one. Here is Oregon with presidential candidacies, formal and informal, battering on three sides, all of them sustained primarily by opposition to the league covenant. Yet the eyes of Oregon republicans are not now bent on Poindexter, or Borah, or Johnson. They gaze eastward to Taft and Hughes and Leonard Wood.

Oregon sentiment probably does not differ from that in other states which have no candidates of their own for the nomination. Yet if the league covenant remains in the balance to the detriment of ratification of the peace treaty it will become an issue that will try men's souls and may cause a different drift in sentiment concerning candidates in many parts of the nation. The outlook would then be for a convention platform controversy, to which the money issue and progressive issue of other days would hardly be comparable in intensity, with an outcome which no common political seer can foretell.

Not even are the issues made up at the present time. It is apparent that Mr. Poindexter's friends perceive this. There is being distributed in behalf of his candidacy a handsome pamphlet which in from 4000 to 5000 words relates his achievements. It is issued by "friends who believe he should be elected president of the United States in 1920." The reader unacquainted with Mr. Poindexter's politics must read the pamphlet closely to determine what they are. His later affiliations are revealed only by casual reference; his earlier affiliations are mentioned not at all.

This pamphlet is not offered as an address to republicans by republicans, but could stand as an offer by friends of a candidate for president to any party that might think he filled the bill. If this be a correct interpretation, it does not imply that Mr. Poindexter is made to play an unfamiliar role. Time has rather blunted recollection of his evolution from a Virginia democrat into a republican senator, but there were several temporary halts and a digression or two along the way. It is a matter of firm recollection, however, that during his last senatorial campaign the same democratic newspapers that now call him a reactionary spoke with rapture of his progressive qualities.

The voting in other years indicates clearly that the people of Washington like their junior senator, whether anybody else has an opinion about him or not, and whether opinions held are favorable or unfavorable. It is a loyalty pleasant to behold. One can only wish that there was some national figure concerning whom the party in all states was as singular in mind. But as there is not, the advice of the Seattle paper is good. It is not a fit time to be bound or gagged about any candidate.

THE BOY ON THE FARM.

The plan of State Senator Patterson of Polk county to keep the boys on the farm by teaching them how to raise pure-bred livestock is not new, but it can hardly be stressed too much. It has been tried in various localities, always, if reports are to be believed, with success. The boys' pig clubs were an outcome of this idea. They had the support of country bankers in the great corn-growing states when the war was stimulating food production. Sound business men everywhere indorsed them after experience with their workings. There were similar calf clubs here and there. Boys have made surprising progress with sheep.

Farmer boys leave the farm for two reasons. City wages lure them, and work without incentive repels them. City wages may, indeed, all go for bare necessities, but they at least are the boy's to spend. "It was my calf but his cow," said a farmer's son, summing up in a sentence the common grievance of country boys against short-sighted parents. The endless round of chores, so hateful to boys, would be lightened if there were a definite reward at the end of them.

There is decided fascination in the business of raising high-grade stock of whatever kind. It needs no argument to prove that the finer animal requires little more feed and not a great deal more of personal attention than the scrub, and the sense of pride that it awakens lightens every task. Breeding is a high art, which one never wholly masters, and there is always a goal ahead to strive for. It furnishes an ideal fillip for the everyday work on the farm.

Every movement that promises to hold the boys to farming deserves attention. The big problem of food production is not going to be solved by getting inexperienced and poorly adapted city folk to take up agriculture. The country boy is at home in his environment; if we can find a way to keep him there a good many of our troubles will be over. Senator Patterson offers one entirely feasible plan.

It is the privilege of the sex to wear something. Clothing, of course, goes with ordained right, but the extras come from habit and custom. The earring helps camouflage (war word, but still good) a big ear and the necklace takes the edge from a scrawny neck, but the bracelet, except for holding a watch, is useless. The nether limbs need no adornment, as much as is apparent, though the jeweled garter has its use, as may be observed on occasion. These desultory remarks are brought forth by thoughts of an event to be pulled off tomorrow in which the utter absurdity of jeweled decoration will be manifest, proving that the wise old guy who once said "beauty unadorned is adorned the most" must have had a job with Saturday afternoons off and knew where to go.

Having heard about the movement to have more art in industry, the postoffice department is gravely considering a new color scheme for postage stamps. The public's first concern, meanwhile, is the power of the stamp to procure efficient service.

Our troops in Russia are about to withdraw and let the Siberian railway take care of itself. And as we probably shall not want to use the road for a long time to come, we are especially glad the boys are coming home.

We are wholly unable to understand President Wilson's decision to remain in Washington on account of the heat. Can it be that all stories we have heard about Washington summers were wrong?

When the news of the Chicago rioting spreads in Europe they will wonder why nothing is said about the red man, for Chicago to them must be in the Indian country.

Apply to your postmaster for price lists of bargain sales of foodstuffs by the government. He has not much to do and in present temperatures it may warm him up.

The sharpest business folk in the Oregon country are fixing to come down to Portland right away for buyers' week.

Sometimes you see a man "packing" home stuff in one of those net affairs, but you don't hear what he is saying to himself.

We can't quite figure out where the hat-check pirate is going to come in under the 10 per cent of cost tipping system.

The luxury tax is a nuisance, all right, but there is still a way open to every one to avoid paying it.

The difference between lingerie and bathing suits is a mere matter of environment.

Do not be misled into putting up the heating stove. This is merely "stray" weather.

Your phone bill is due today, and please use temperate language.

With a minimum of 55 degrees the buyer of furs is not so foolish.

There will be two generals, but March will play second violin.

Ho, Adamson! Time for another rise!

Burleson is off the wire at last.

Those Who Come and Go.

"Coquille valley is just beginning to come into its own," announced E. E. Johnson, who, in addition to being mayor of that Coos county town, is also operating the big mill in the city. "The dairymen had a struggle for a long time trying to finance themselves, for prices were low. Now they are making money and are developing their resources and the dairy industry in Coquille and its vicinity will soon be one of the greatest of its kind in the west." Mayor Johnson says that Coquille is building a bridge and fill which will connect with the state highway. The fill is now being made and will be completed this fall. When finished it will join with the road from Myrtle Point on one side and the concrete road to Marshfield on the other. Mr. Johnson is at the Imperial, on a business trip to Portland.

"When the contractor has paved from the Multnomah county line to Cascade Locks, it will probably be necessary to close the Columbia highway between Hood River and the locks," says C. H. Whitmore, division state highway engineer. "The traffic over the highway is so great that to permit the machines to traverse the road while the pavement is being laid would materially interfere with the work. The number of foreign machines coming over the highway is enormous. Fully 50 per cent of the machines I counted at Hood River were foreign cars." Mr. Whitmore was looking around between Mosier and The Dalles with Amos Benson to see what sort of a location can be had at Hog canyon. This section of the highway will be an expensive piece of construction, no matter what location is selected.

"Not since the days that they were fighting Indians in Gilliam county has there been so much building as is going on in Condon now," reports J. R. Crowe. Once upon a time Mr. Crowe was manager of the Hotel Marion, at Salem, but now he has a hotel in Condon. Business is getting so good and the travel is so heavy that he cannot accommodate all who apply, so Mr. Crowe is having a new $50,000 hotel erected. A contract has been let for a garage, 75x100 feet, to be of concrete or hollow tile, and Frank Pliter will erect a reinforced concrete building, 41x100 feet. There is a new bank building going up. In addition to the business blocks, several private dwellings are under way. Mr. Crowe is advocating having the council pass an ordinance imposing an occupation tax, so that money can be raised to improve the streets.

Bursting with enthusiasm over the grandeur of Crater lake and its indigo-blue water, its jagged cliffs and its wizard island, Bert E. Haney, United States attorney, has returned from his vacation. Mr. Haney admits that the sight of Crater lake is worth the trip. Even the smothering dust of the road is forgiven when the lake is viewed. Next month 200 automobiles will leave Medford for the lake with the delegates to the National Editorial association. The hotel at the lake will take care of the visitors, but the Medford people will have to sleep out with their cars. To make things as easy as possible for the tourists, the cars will be spaced five minutes apart.

A man who can bring a carload of hogs to market these days is more than a mere capitalist. John Monahan of Condon piloted a carload of grunters and another of sheep to Portland and the check he received in exchange for these animals would even make John D. Rockefeller sit up and take notice. Men who are giving a little attention to pigs are living on easy street. Some idea of the prosperity of the Condon section is attested by the report that James Murtha sold his ranch recently for $115,000, and this didn't include the stock. Mr. Murtha still has 10,000 head of sheep.

Having brought to Portland five carloads of cattle, H. S. Neal, mayor of Lone Rock, returned home last night. There are about 200 people at Lone Rock, but they had a Fourth of July celebration, with the mayor as master of ceremonies, which made history. Arthur and John Madden, sheepmen of Lone Rock, have also returned home after a week-end visit to Portland. The town derives its name from a gigantic rock, which is one of the many natural freaks to be found in Oregon. If you ask anyone from Lone Rock what the rock is like, they sum it all up as follows: "Well, it is the darndest thing!"

A woman in one of the hotels complained to the management that two diamonds which she had pinned to a waist had disappeared when the waist was sent to the laundry. The woman accused one of the maids of stealing the gems and the hotel called in a detective agency to investigate the case. The detectives obtained no clew, the jewels were not recovered and the woman departed for Eugene. In straightening up the room after the woman left, the housekeeper found the diamonds tied in a handkerchief on the floor behind the dresser. The jewels were restored but the woman neglected to apologize to the maid.

Crawling over the mountain roads along the coast at ten miles an hour, when the going was good, Mr. and Mrs. Roy McLean arrived at the Multnomah yesterday on their way to their home at Portage, Wash. They are firm advocates of wider and straighter roads, where the speed can be increased to at least 15 miles an hour and the roads are reasonably safe. For the 400 miles up the coast they scarcely ever found a place where the road was wide enough for another car to pass without one car hugging the bank and the other hanging over the edge.

William D. Gregory, assistant cashier of the Baker-Boyer National bank of Walla Walla, Wash., is a Portland visitor this week. He reports harvesting operations well under way in the wheat belt, with farmers bending all energies toward completing their work before danger of wet weather halting operations. As the season has been so abnormally dry, there is a feeling that early fall rains may interfere with the garnering of the wheat crop.

After 23 years four men held a reunion in the Multnomah last night. W. A. Salmon, who is connected with the interstate commerce commission, in 1896 was working in a camp with Willard H. Hauser, Grant Smith and E. V. Hauser. When Mr. Salmon arrived at the Multnomah he found the two Hausers and Smith in the lobby. It was the first time the quartet had assembled since they parted in the camp in the middle west. In those days Grant Smith and the Hausers were just starting out in the contracting game.

When Albert Anderson has the approaches filled to the overhead at Divide, in the Callapooia mountains, one of the worst man-killing spots on the Pacific highway will be eliminated. The overhead, made of concrete and spanning the tracks of the Southern Pacific, has been completed and the earth approaches are now being made. Mr. Anderson is at the Perkins.

Having motored from their home in Tacoma to California, Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bernard arrived at the Hotel Oregon on the back track. They reported that the roads are in fair condition and made no complaint because the Pacific highway is torn up by the construction crews.

Revised Advice Furnished.
Boston Transcript.

If you want a thing well done don't do it yourself unless you know how.

More Truth Than Poetry.

By James J. Montague.

EXPERIENCE.

"Adam had no history, and he got along
very well."—Henry Ford.

When Adam first went courting Eve
The sex was swathed in mystery.
He knew not how the jades deceive;—
He hadn't any history.
He could not know that any maid
Could love a man, could sigh to him,
Could kiss him, 'neath a fig tree's shade,
And subsequently lie to him.

No tales nor novels could he find
Of maids in huts or palaces
To give poor Adam any kind
Of basis for analysis!
He'd never heard of Borgias, who
Would poison, stab, or smother one,
He thought his girl was quite true blue—
He'd never known another one.

So when she held the apple out
He promptly took a bite of it,
And never had the slightest doubt
About the wrong or right of it.
And though the serpent chuckled low
Down in the knavish throat of him,
The luckless Adam did not know
That Eve had made a goat of him.

Thus Adam fell, for woman then
Was shrouded round with mystery.
Unlike us more enlightened men,
He had no help from history.
We've read in wise and learned books
What many a maid and matron did,
Yet just the same we get the hooks,
Exactly as old Adam did.

* * *

No Need of Wasting 'Em.

It would be foolish to destroy the idle beer and whisky barrels. With clothes at present prices, a lot of us will soon need a few good barrels to hang in our wardrobes for emergency use.

* * *

And It Will Be Filled, Too.

The church of the future will have a golf course adjoining, and pull off matches after every service.

* * *

The Hardest Job of His Life.

The former kaiser has quit sawing wood. He is sticking in the house trying to think up an alibi.

RHODES SCHOLARS NOT TESTED

It Is Too Early to Say That They Have Not Made Good.

PORTLAND, July 31.—(To the Editor.)—In an editorial of July 14 you write of the failure of the Rhodes scholarship scheme, drawing information from an article by Professor Kennedy in School and Society June 28. Doubtless you will welcome facts tending to show reasonable success of the scheme.

The assertion that only "one-third of the scholars have made good thoroughly" suggests the questions, what standards are used and, secondly, what specific data is there relative to those standards? If it is expected that each Rhodes scholar, or a fair percentage of the scholars should, during Oxford days or within ten years after graduation, be an intellectual genius and a public figure, then the scholarships may be termed a failure. And if, as some newspapers have asserted, it is expected that a group of 300 men under 40 years of age should be able to prevent war between Germany and the allies, then truly the scholarships are a failure. Professor Kennedy merely points out present lack of enthusiasm and tries to assign reasons.

I have at hand a 1913 record of the first Rhodes men, compiled six years after they left Oxford. University graduates who have been out only six years have had little time to "distinguish themselves in public life," but eight of the 40 had by that time published 21 books; 12 were practicing law; 19 were professors in educational institutions; one was a dean in a state university, and the others were in business, the ministry, journalism, United States geological survey or the consular service. That is a pretty fair record for men six years out of college.

An incomplete war record compiled in June, 1918, shows that about 150 of the nearly 200 Rhodes scholars in the army and navy were commissioned officers. Forty other scholars were engaged in war welfare work in France, Egypt, Mesopotamia. Several were in government service at Washington, three with the war trade board in Denmark or London. Two were sent as experts to the peace conference at Paris.

The lack in numbers of candidates for the scholarships has been due to (1) ignorance of what the scholarships are and the conditions of competition, and (2) ignorance of what Oxford University teaches and what graduation from it means educationally. I should be glad to furnish information to anyone interested. It should be known generally that Oxford offers work in the sciences and professions as well as in the humanities. The reason for shortage of candidates which Professor Kennedy assigns, namely, the lack of sympathy by American youth with Cecil Rhodes' ideals, would be telling (1) if American youth knew about those ideals, (2) if those ideals were anti-American, (3) if they harmfully affected the operation of the scholarships. Three large "ifs." Most American youth never heard of Rhodes or his ideals and when they learn of the scholarships they learn little about the founder.

Two facts are revealed by your editorial, as by-products: (1) That it is early to judge of the success of the scholarships, (2) that those pronouncing it a failure, without stating standards to which scholars are expected to reach, resort to generalizations. The oldest Rhodes scholar cannot yet have reached his 40th year. The first scholars to leave Oxford left only 12 years ago. As yet there is no adequate compilation of records. Meanwhile what snatches of record we possess point to reasonable success.

Recently conditions of entrance, resulting in the abolition of the qualifying examination, and new conditions of appointment have been got under way. It now remains for Oregon, under the new order of things, to produce numerous condidates.

HAROLD S. MERRIAM,
Secretary of the Committee of Selection of Rhodes Scholars for the State of Oregon.

Not the Same Hans Zenger.

AURORA, Or., July 29.—(To the Editor.)—I see in your columns a list of aliens and slackers in which also appears my name. As I am not the Hans Zenger mentioned in your aliens list from employment committee, Portland Legion post No. 1, I would like to state that I served in company H, 1st infantry, 8th division; that I am an American-born citizen and that I am honorably discharged, that I am the stepson of an honorable citizen of Clackamas county, Mr. Charles Kraxberger, one of the directors of the Aurora bank, who also wears medals of loyalty for labor performed in our campaign for freedom and rights, and it certainly hurts when one sees one's name in the list of aliens and when one is also wosking in Oregon City most of the time.

Please have it mentioned that it is not Hans Zenger of Aurora, one of whom also works at Oregon City, Or.

HANS ZENGER.

Address of Henry Ford.

GRANTS PASS, Or., July 30.—(To the Editor.)—Please publish both the business address and the residence address of Henry Ford, the Detroit automobile manufacturer.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Henry Ford's home is at Dearborn, Mich.; his office address is Woodward avenue (Highland Park), Detroit, Mich.

In Other Days.

Twenty-five Years Ago.
From The Oregonian of August 1, 1869.

Washington.—Major-General Oliver Otis Howard will be 65 on November 4 and will on that date go on the retired list. General Howard favors a standing army of 60,000 men.

There is a probability that the Oregon Railway & Navigation company will, in the near future, put another steamer on the run between Portland and San Francisco.

The pulpit attack of Dr. George R. Wallace upon Kyrle Bellew and Mrs. Potter on Sunday is still the topic of the day, particularly since scores of witnesses insist that it was not Mr. Bellew and Mrs. Potter who were present and walked out of the church.

G. company has entry blanks out for its big bicycle tournament, the first ever planned for the city.

ROCK PALACES HAVE NO TENANTS

Wonderful City of Antiquity to Remain in Control of Turks.

"Though Turkey will be dismembered and pushed out of Europe, the Ottoman Empire probably will continue in control of some of the sacred shrines and most precious history spots of Asia," says a bulletin from the National Geographic society.

"For example, there is the rock city of Petra, known as the 'safe deposit' of caravans en route with precious wares to Tyre and Sidon—which also contains 'Pharaoh's Treasury.'"

The bulletin quotes from a communication by Franklin E. Hoskins describing Petra as follows:

"The highlands east of the Jordan river are strewn with ruins marking the rise and fall of successive civilizations—Semitic, Greek, Roman, Christian, Mohammedan and Crusader. These ruins have been preserved for the modern explorer by the tides of nomadic life which have swept up from the Arabian desert; but at the southern end of this no man's land, deep in the mountains of Edom, lies one of the strangest, most beautiful and most enchanting spots upon this earth—the rock city of Petra. Its story carries us back to the dawn of human history.

* * *

"In the days of the Nabatheans Petra became the central point to which the caravans from the interior of Arabia, Persia and India came laden with all the precious commodities of the east and from which these commodities were were distributed through Egypt, Palestine, Syria and all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, for even Tyre and Sidon derived many of their precious wares and dyes from Petra.

"The rock city was always to these regions and peoples what Rome was to the Romans and Jerusalem to the Jews. Horites, Edomites, Nabatheans and Romans have all rejoiced and boasted in the possession of this unique stronghold and most remarkable city of antiquity.

"The entrance to the rock city is the most striking gateway to any city on our planet. It is a narrow cleft or defile, bisecting a mountain of many-hued sandstone, winding through the rock as though it was the most plastic of clay. This sike or defile is nearly two miles long. Its general contour is a wide, semi-circular swing from the right to the left, with innumerable short bends, having sharp curves and corners in its general course.

"The width of the sike varies from 12 feet at its narrowest point to 35 or 40 feet at other places. Where the gloomy walls actually overhang the roadway and almost shut out the blue ribbon of sky, it seems narrower, and perhaps at many points above the stream the walls do come closer than 12 feet. The heights of the perpendicular side cliffs have been estimated at from 200 to 1000 feet. Heights, like distances, in this clear desert air are deceptive, but after many tests and observations we are prepared to say that at places they are almost sheer for 300 to 400 feet.

* * *

"Seen at morning, at midday or at midnight, the sike, this matchless entrance to a hidden city, is unquestionably one of the great glories of ancient Petra. Along its cool, gloomy gorge file the caravans of antiquity—from Damascus and the east, from the desert, from Egypt and the heart of Africa. Kings, queens and conquerors have all marveled at its beauties and its strangeness. Wealth untold went in and out of it for centuries, and for over 1200 years it has been silent and deserted.

"Carved in the fact of the cliff, half revealed, half concealed in the growing shadows, is one of the largest, most perfect and most beautiful monuments of antiquity—Pharaoh's Treasury. Almost as perfect as the day it came from beneath the sculptor's chisel, 1500 or 2000 years ago; colored with the natural hues of the brilliant sandstone, which added an indescribable element to the architectural beauty; flanked and surmounted by the cliffs, which had been carved and tinted in turn by the powers of nature; approached by the mysterious defile—it is almost overpowering in its effect."

LAND OF THE PURPLE SAGE.

Out in the purple sage the silence there
is sleeping
And coyotes through the canyons wild
go on;
Perchance a wind-gust wanders, a
shadow that is creeping,
A cry that wakes the silence of the
dawn.

So silent and so lonely, so full of weary
longing,
So desolate with lack of human tread,
And yet methinks a host of beauty wild
is thronging
The reaches where the purple sage
is spread.

To dread is not to know them; to know
them is to love;
To live and love and labor there is
life,
In touch with all the vastness about
them and above,
The hardships that will harden and
strengthen men for strife.

The cliff-walled, yellow canyons, the
russet of the rocks,
The trails that have no ending and no
age,
The shallow lonely waters to feed the
scattered flocks,
The riders and the red herds and the
sage.

The blazing of the sunsets, the
twilights creeping over,
The coyotes in deep canyons cry terror in the night;
The dawn and then the daylight, and
many a cowboy rover
Rides again the wild steed and hankers for the fight.

All in the land of sage where silence
there is sleeping
Land of the purple canyons and amber of the dawn,
A vagrant wind caressing, a lonely
shadow creeping,
A cry that moves the silence and is
gone.

—CLAUDE WEIMER.

Return of 17th Field Artillery.

PORTLAND, July 31.—(To the Editor.)—I am anxious to know whether the 17th field artillery, 2d division, is listed for return.

MOTHER.

The infantry regiments of the 2d division are due in this country August 3. The field artillery regiments have been designated for return and possibly have sailed.