Morning Oregonian

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THE MINERS' FINAL WORD.

The "final word" of the United Mine Workers is that they refuse to revoke the strike order as a condition of negotiation for settlement of their demands on the operators. They say:

> The strike will be so big and have such far-reaching effects that we do not believe it can last very long before a crisis is reached.

What they mean is that they want to negotiate with the strike club held threateningly over the operators' heads in one hand and with a pen in the other hand, while they say: "Sign here." Their expectation is that, if the operators refuse to sign, the suffering and loss caused by the strike to the whole nation will be so great and far-reaching that the American people will say to the operators: "Pay them their price, and we will stand the cost, though it double the price of coal."

These are all the conditions of a holdup. They differ only in detail from those which exist when a bank robber thrusts a gun in the teller's face and says, "Throw up your hands," while a confederate takes the money. There is no element of negotiation while the threat of force is present in the shape of an irrevocable strike order unless certain terms are accepted.

This is not a strike. It is a conspiracy of half a million men to hold up the American people. As the Russian soviet compels men to fight for it lest their families starve or be murdered, so the miners propose to compel the American people to pay what they demand, with the alternative of freezing, hunger and idleness. This mere statement of the conditions shows the broad distinction between the right of "a man" to quit work when he pleases and the right of half a million men to quit work in combination at such a time and under such circumstances.

The plea that the war is over, that the existing contract has therefore expired and that the present demands and threat of a strike involve no breach of contract, is too weak for consideration. The war is not over when Germany is violating the treaty immediately after ratifying it and when the war emergency still prevails in the coal industry. The war will end, actually as well as legally, when the president proclaims peace.

When the miners state that the operators refused to negotiate with them, they state what is false. The operators sent delegates to the joint scale conference, as they stated in their reply to the miners' demands, "for the purpose of negotiating a contract to be effective immediately upon the legal expiration of the present contract." They protested against the conditions under which they were called on to negotiate, saying:

> The operators have sent their accredited representatives to this conference with full power to negotiate a contract as provided by the call. We regret to find that the miners' convention from which you come has failed to vest in you corresponding power and discretion. With your authority apparently limited to a presentation of the excessive demands above set forth and to reconvene your convention or execute your instructions to call a general strike November 1, we are faced with the alternative of granting your demands in full or of requesting you to go back for authority to negotiate with us in conformity with the call.
>
> The operators hold that no abrogation of the existing contract can be had prior to its legal termination, except by the mutual agreement of all the parties thereto, the operators, the miners and the government. We are ready and willing to negotiate a new contract to succeed at its legal expiration the contract now in effect, but we must insist that such negotiations be entered into in a spirit of reasonableness and that the representatives of the miners be vested with their usual discretionary power to really negotiate. Only under such conditions is it possible to reach a prompt and definite conclusion and to preserve the principles of collective bargaining.

If the miners would stand by their existing contract and would send men free to negotiate, the operators were ready to negotiate a new contract to succeed that now in force. Because they refuse to negotiate with men who begin by contract-breaking and who come with the strike club in hand and with authority only to dictate, the miners accuse them of refusal to negotiate at all. For a match to this perversion of facts we must go to Germany or bolshevist Russia. The miners say they are "willing and anxious to meet the coal operators for the purpose of negotiating an agreement," yet they insist on the strike, which is a violation of their present contract and is an instrument of compulsion, not of negotiation.

Nor does denial that one purpose of the strike is to force nationalization of mines on the government agree with circumstances, although that scheme is not among the demands sent to the operators. At the same convention as adopted the miners' demands on the operators, there were adopted resolutions demanding "the immediate nationalization of the coal mining industry" and ordering the union officers to have a bill prepared for congress providing for government purchase of the mines, for their operation by the government and for equal representation of the miners on the managing commission—an exact parallel of the Plumb plan for the railroads. The convention also instructed its representatives "to urge in the coming conference with the representatives of the railroad workers' unions a working alliance for the purpose of securing the adoption of the Plumb plan" and resolved to "carry its fight for nationalization of mines into the dominion of Canada." This is evidence of a purpose to imitate the triple alliance which convulsed Great Britain, and to use the strike as a weapon of direct action on congress and the people in behalf of bolshevist legislation. It was timed to influence congress when railroad and other reconstruction bills are under consideration, and to influence the people by cutting off the supply of fuel and by tying up the railroads when winter is at hand.

This is an attempt to terrorize the government and to hold up the American people, which Attorney-General Palmer rightly describes as "a more deadly attack on the life of the nation than an invading army." In combating this attack on its life the government will have the support of all people who resent terrorism and who wish to preserve the American republic. The precedent of the steel strike warrants the belief that many miners will continue work if they are guarded from violence, and that the radicals will be ready to resort to violence if not restrained by the forces of the law. The government should show no weakness about using all its powers to enforce order, to keep the mines in operation and to rid the country of the revolutionary agitators who are ultimately responsible for this attack on the nation.

ANOTHER ALIBI.

The Oregonian notes that the Evening Journal has a conspicuous headline to the effect that "The Oregonian Error May Cost Dr. Boyd His Position." If The Oregonian made an error in its report of Dr. Boyd's farewell sermon it is inconceivable that he will not be able to demonstrate it satisfactorily to his church and his employment. We hope he will, indeed, though the discovery of the so-called misquotation has been unhappily long delayed.

In any event The Oregonian declines to accept responsibility either for what Dr. Boyd said, or for the action of the theological seminary, or what it thinks or supposes he said. It is the business of that body to know.

Whatever happens, it must be a great relief to the sensitive soul of the Journal to know that it is not in any way to be the cause of Dr. Boyd's losing his job, if he loses it, though our conscientious contemporary had the same account, condensed, of that memorable sermon as The Oregonian had. Did The Journal reporter also misunderstand the eloquent doctor? Or must it confess that it appropriated without credit its account from The Oregonian?

Somehow we are reminded of that other anxious occasion when the esteemed Journal was cited for contempt because it had ventured to discuss a criminal case then on trial in the federal court. It escaped the penalty of its transgression by successfully showing that not a single member of the jury had read The Journal. It may be able to prove another great journalistic alibi by showing that nobody concerned in the Boyd affair saw its account.

ELASTICITY OF ENGLISH.

An authority on international relations recorded, about twenty-five years ago, the observation that in every instance in which the United States had been party to a treaty written wholly in English the meaning of one or more clauses had come into dispute, but that in no instance in which this country had been party to a treaty written in two languages had there ever been question as to its meaning.

The peace treaty with Germany has both English and French authorized texts, yet none of the senators in dispute over interpretation of the covenant has thought to procure the French text for purpose of comparison. At least if one of them has, the result has not been disclosed to the public.

Although the fact has nothing to do with difficulty of interpretation it is interesting to the student of the treaty to observe that it is written in English, in the restricted sense of the word. One finds therein the words "labour," "harbour," "favour," "recognise" and others. But the distinguishing feature is found not alone in the matter of spelling. How many Americans can offhand define the verb "opt." The word is rarely used in America, but is not uncommon in England. Its use in the following clause of the treaty relating to the plebiscite as to sovereignty of Schleswig makes clear its meaning:

> "Persons who have exercised the above right to opt must within the ensuing twelve months transfer their place of residence to the state in favour of which they have opted."

"Opt" may be found in the dictionary, but one would look there in vain for "nacelle" and fuselage." The latter are French contributions to the vocabulary of the person, be he American or English, who would speak intelligently of airplane parts. They are given definite recognition in the English text of the treaty in the requirement that Germany surrender certain aeronautical equipment.

CONTINUING THE THRIFT MOVEMENT.

The statement by Paul M. Warburg, ex-member of the Federal Reserve board, that "the more rapidly our national debt is genuinely paid for by the savings of the people, the sooner shall we be able to get away from the necessity of drastic taxation," is matched by that of Dwight W. Morrow, before the International Trade conference at Atlantic City the other day, that "the hero of that enterprise (the combination of the people in a campaign of saving) will be the old-fashioned man who spends less than he produces and thus creates the fund without which all the plans for the restoration of Europe must come to naught." Reading "America" for "Europe" in the preceding sentence does not make it less true. There has been waste and there must be thrift to atone for it. No country on the globe has escaped the waste.

Mr. Morrow told the delegates to the conference that if the people of the United States would save, in production over consumption, only 20 cents a day for 300 days the problem would be largely solved. Obviously there are individuals among the 100,000,000 who could not save 20 cents a day or any other amount, but as an average the figure would not seem to be impossible. Although 20 cents is a small amount, it produces the stupendous aggregate of $6,000,000,000, which it is admitted would go a long way toward restoring credit and therefore industry, and bringing the world back to normal again.

The essence of thrift is not niggardliness, but excess of production over consumption. It ought to be possible for a vast number to produce the equivalent of 20 cents a day more than they are now producing, while holding consumption at the present level. This is as applicable to large industry as to isolated individual instances.

No abstruse economic problem is involved in the proposition that before we can pay we must produce and save. The burden of the war can be removed in no other way.

THE SOCIAL UNIT PLAN.

The social unit plan, which is being advocated by experimenters in sociology as a means of reviving the community spirit which existed in high degree in the days of our town-meeting ancestors, and is a distinct part of our Anglo-Saxon heritage, finds practical justification in figures prepared in Cincinnati, where it has had its first extensive trial. It appears that the death rate in the social unit area during last year's influenza epidemic was only 2.2 a thousand, whereas it was 4.10 in the remainder of the city, and 5.80 in the remainder of the three wards of which the social units were a part. That the idea is locally popular is indicated by the result of a referendum vote on its continuance—4034 for and 120 against.

The New England town meeting had its counterpart in the miners' courts of the west, which furnished the pioneers with all the law that they had during the formative period and made good the Anglo-Saxon claim to a fundamental sense of justice. They were symbolical of a period in which all the people took a personal interest in public affairs, and in which the sense of individual responsibility was greater then it is now because intimate participation in local affairs was practically universal. That this sense of responsibility is now in danger of becoming dormant is conceded by observers who are not alarmists. Whatever the causes—and these are as complex as the factors that have entered into development of our civilization—it is not a condition to be overlooked.

The social unit plan is one of the most interesting of our recent experiments in the promotion of neighborly feeling. It is natural that it should have found most fruitful ground in the more thickly populated districts, but it contains the germ of an idea that is adapted to nearly every community. It gets as far as possible away from the idea that "what is everybody's business is nobody's business," particularly in matters of government, and it is said that where it has been tried it has been marked by revival of patriotism. It is not hard to imagine the extension of this feeling from the local "unit" to the state and nation.

THE FUTURE OF MONARCHY.

The fact that President Wilson was sick in bed when he received King Albert of Belgium adds to rather than detracts from the interest attaching to the event. It caused all form and ceremony to be waived and brought the two men together as men rather than as heads of two nations. It gave the king's visit somewhat the character of a visit of sympathy to a sick friend instead of an official call in courtesy to a brother statesman for exchange of hollow compliments.

King Albert's visit is peculiarly significant, because he, as a hereditary ruler, has been unusually honored by the people of a republic at a time when monarchy has fallen to low esteem, when members of deposed dynasties are renouncing their claims and titles of rank and accepting their place as plain citizens of republics, in fact when monarchy seems approaching extinction. The greatest unintentional service which has been done to freedom by the Hohenzollerns, Hapsburgs and Romanoffs is that they have brought monarchy into utter disrepute and have wrecked its claims to superiority over democratic rule as a means of good government and public welfare.

Albert has done all that any man humanly could to reinstate the institution of monarchy in the good opinion of the world. His proud defiance of the German invader, his tenacity in continuing the fight when driven to a bleak corner of his country, his able leadership of his people and his unfaltering confidence in their ultimate liberation when their fortunes seemed darkest—all these qualities have marked him as the most chivalrous hero that the war has produced, lifting him to a pedestal where he commands the admiration of republicans and monarchists alike. Yet he has not been spoiled by all the praise that has been heaped on him. He remains simple and sincere, still the devoted servant of his people.

Appearance of such a man when the trend is so strongly toward republics leads us to contrast some kingdoms with some republics—for example Belgium under Albert with Mexico under Carranza. We are led to judge by the inward spirit rather than by the outward form of a government. The Belgian dynasty was elected by popular representatives, and the people rule as truly there as in the United States, but the ruling head of the elected dynasty gives the government a degree of stability. By way of contrast, Mexico, though in name a republic, is in fact ruled by a despot and since it gained independence has enjoyed peace only during the despotic reign of Diaz. Portugal was abominably misgoverned under the kings, but as a republic it has been in chronic revolution.

STICKING POINTS IN DEVELOPMENT.

Casper L. Redfield's studies in genetics, which have recently brought him notice because of his conclusion that acquired traits are transmissible, bear new fruit in his contention that in all progress there are certain "sticking points" which require especial effort to overcome, but which nevertheless can be overcome if the effort is made. In an article in the Medical Record Mr. Redfield says that failure to recognize the existence of these sticking points and to take them into consideration in the treatment of children is an important cause of much injustice.

The flagellata, which are unicellular animals which live in water and reproduce by fission, furnish Mr. Redfield with a logical starting point. Experiments were made by a scientist who subjected the flagellata to gradually increasing temperatures. Beginning with animals living and reproducing in water at about 60 degrees Fahr., he occupied about two months in raising the temperature to 73 degrees. At 73.5 degrees some deaths occurred and he found it impossible for some time to get by this point. But after consuming two months in raising the temperature a single degree and keeping the animals alive, progress was much more rapid. At 78 degrees another danger point was reached which it took eight months to overcome. But in six years he succeeded in producing animals which could live in water at 158 degrees. The average rate of progress was about 16 degrees a year, or one and one-third degrees a month, but it was not uniform. A strong point that Mr. Redfield makes is that this became easier as time went on. Progress from 142 to 158 was made in less than four months.

Mr. Redfield finds that the analogy is borne out by examination of the performances of noted race horses at different ages and by the milk product of pure-bred cows. Goldsmith Maid, who gained in trotting power from the age of eight to the age of twenty, and of Flora Temple, who similarly developed from five to sixteen, are classical examples. The difficulty of proving a contention by the case method, where so many unascertainable factors may be involved, will be appreciated by investigators, but Mr. Redfield makes a sincere effort not to generalize too hopefully. The occurrence of "sticking" points in every instance which he has examined lead him to conclude that they are the rule. This phase of his study, which is open to examination by all who have access to the records of performances of animals, will be pursued at leisure by those who enjoy that sort of thing.

The Binet tests of intelligence recognize the principle of development of mental power by exercise of that power in children, and other tests indicate that mental development may be continued by persistent mental exercise through adult life to comparatively old age. But the service, if any, which Mr. Redfield performs is in calling attention to the fact that the sticking point, which is common in almost every life experience, is not a sign that progress has come to a standstill. The child who "does fairly well for a time in school," comes to a standstill where continued efforts produce no observable progress, and "if the sticking point is a particularly tough one is called stupid or feeble-minded," may be only repeating the life-experience of the flagellatus. It may be infinitely important to know this. The psychological begins to intrude at this point upon the physiological, and to increase the danger. The child who, coming to a merely physiological pause, learns that he is looked down on, gets discouraged and stops trying. Thus the physiological sticking point becomes a psychological one also, the latter reacts upon the former, and the effect is to stop further progress by checking the effort to overcome the obstacle.

The outcome of Mr. Redfield's theory, like that of the theory of evolution in general, is optimistic. It indicates that, omitting individuals who have organic mental defects comparable to the loss of a limb, "sticking points" are normally to be expected, and can certainly be overcome if the effort is persistently made. In the light of this novel physiological explanation of common periods of intellectual stagnation occurring in both children and adults, "stick-to-itiveness" takes on a new meaning and promises a new reward.

In the estimation of the committee on public information money seems to have been the cheapest thing in the world. Checks hidden in files and many out-of-the-way places and strewn on the floor form a fair picture of its business methods. Its record in giving out information about aircraft and other war affairs shows it to have been as reckless with facts as with money. For some reasons we have thought that the war came to an end too soon, but it could not have ended too soon to kill the wasteful Creel bureau.

Probably the best explanation of the Milwaukee railroad company's vehement denials that it wants the Olympic peninsula railroad is that, however much it may want the road, it dare not buy after so much stir has been made. But after a while, when affairs have quieted down, we shall see what will happen.

It was the first division which gave the Germans a taste of American fighting spirit at Belleau Wood and Chateau Thierry. If any strong arm methods should be adopted to force unwilling miners to strike, they will show how they treated the boches.

The replies of Washington senators and representatives to the question how they stand on the open shop shows which of them are sidesteppers and which meet an issue squarely.

Five years ago the cotton-growers were crying for help in getting rid of their cotton. Now they sell it at 75 cents a pound and cry for help in taking care of their money.

Wisely the miners decide to let men stay in the mines to keep them in condition. They want them in working shape when they resume. Considerate fellows, for themselves!

There is no way of getting the statement officially, but take it for a fact, the local burglar first looks for bottled goods.

Most of the applicants for enumerating the census are women and it well may be hoped they get the jobs.

If the candy bar were a necessity, dealers who profiteer in it would be jailed; but candy is a luxury.

New York courts enjoin the sale of one-half of 1 per cent stuff and that is not even a mouth wash.

Miss your wandering boy this morning? Perhaps the police caught him pranking last night.

This is the month of the turkey and with it the problem of how much.

It will not be Chicago without its Montgomery Ward.

When government says "must" it means just that.

"Nothing doing!" can be read either way.

Plenty of "white coal."

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE PRESS.

Swinburne Puts Meter and Rhythm of Child's Poem into Classic Drama.

It may well be, writes Willis Fletcher Johnson in the New York Sun, that Swinburne caught the beat of Greek poetry by hearing his nursery governess read Jane Taylor's "The Chatter Box"; for certainly the meter and the rhythm of that old-fashioned poem of childhood are exactly reproduced in his English version of Aristophanes' "Grand Chorus of Birds." Nor is there any essential incongruity in this identity of form in a great classic drama and a nursery jingle. The form is perfectly adapted to both.

A similar case of borrowing a meter is well authenticated in which Swinburne also figures, but as the source borrowed from and not as the borrower. When Bret Harte first read Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon" the meter and rhythm of one of its marvelous choruses obsessed and captivated him. He could not get rid of it. For days he went about repeating audibly or inaudibly:

> Who shall seek then and bring
> And restore thee the day,
> When the dove dipped her wing
> And the oars won their way
> Where the narrowing Symplegades
> whitened the cliffs of Propontis
> with spray?

until finally he got relief by weaving the magic meter into a lyric of his own:

> Then I looked up at Nye,
> And he gazed upon me;
> And he rose with a sigh
> And said, "Can this be?
> We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor!"
> —and he went for that heathen Chinee.

The contrast between "The Chatter Box" and the "Grand Chorus of Birds" finds a companion piece in that between "Atalanta" and "The Heathen Chinee."

* * *

The title of purchasing agent for a machine and foundry company does not sound like one that would attract women, but it is the one that is tacked fast to Miss Mary O'Neill, who has held it for a number of years, says the New York Commercial. Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of business pass through Miss O'Neill's hands annually as purchasing agent for the American Machine & Foundry company of Brooklyn, manufacturers of machinery used in the tobacco trade.

The story of Miss O'Neill's business success starts 16½ years ago as stenographer. At that time her firm employed 90 men. Now their force numbers over 1600 and Miss O'Neill.

The job is an unusual one, and perhaps the nature of it has had much to do with the fact that Miss O'Neill feels that she could have attained a much higher margin of success if she had been a man. She has known instances where salesmen have refused the business of the company rather than do business with a woman, but she has found that after she had proved that she knew as much about it as they did she found them easy to deal with.

* * *

Inez Irwin the brilliant novelist, said in an address on eugenics in Boston recently:

"Mercenary marriages are bad not only for the children, but for the contracting parties as well. The parties to mercenary marriages fight like cat and dog.

"The poor young husband of one of these marriages had a terrific fight at breakfast on a spring morning with his rich and withered wife. That afternoon he drove home in a magnificent new touring car. He called his wife out to see it. His good humor was quite restored. She, however, said bitterly, for the breakfast quarrel still rankled in her breast:

"'It's a fine car, a very fine car, but if it hadn't been for my money it wouldn't be here.'

"'Well, my love,' said the young husband, 'if it hadn't been for your money you wouldn't be here either.'"

* * *

Bert A. Boyd, an Indianapolis grain dealer, played a joke on some members of the Indiana congressional delegation, writes the Washington correspondent of the Indianapolis News. It was not a cruel joke on some, because the joys and "kicking of a good bottle" have never appealed to them, but it can be said with definiteness that when Mr. Boyd sent to each member a quart bottle with the label "a bottle of rye," some of the Indianans were delighted for a moment or two.

Inspection, however, showed that the bottle of rye was what it was said to be. It was a bottle of grains of rye, and was not liquid. Each member also received from Mr. Boyd a poem, one stanza of which follows:

> Place this bottle on your table,
> Bow your head and kiss the label
> Then imagine, if you're able,
> That you're back to days gone by.

* * *

A man with a cracked derby in his hand and ragged coat pinned expertly together with ten-penny nails slid professionally through the door of the Roosevelt Memorial association headquarters in the Garrick building and coughed, says the Chicago Tribune.

Richard L. Kelley, secretary of the memorial fund drive, looked up and snapped: "Get out! No beggars allowed. We're raising money ourselves."

"That's what I came to see about," said the knight of the road huskily. "I come to give, not to get. You see, Mr. Roosevelt was police commissioner in New York once, and I was a cop, and they framed me. He saved me my job. He wouldn't remember me if he were alive, but I never forgot it. Here's two bucks. I panhandled it in Evanston this morning for him. Nope, no name."

* * *

Dr. Robert Bridges, poet laureate of Great Britain, celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of his birth, October 23. By appointment of the British premier Dr. Bridges became poet laureate in 1913, in succession to the late Alfred Austin. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, studied medicine and practiced as a hospital physician until 1882, when he retired. For a time he privately printed his poetry and other compositions. The "Growth of Love" is a series of 69 sonnets privately circulated from 1876 to 1888. Among his volumes is "Shorter Poems," in which his best work is to be found. Others are "Nero," a historical tragedy; "Palicio," a romantic drama in the Elizabethan manner, and "Humors of the Court," a comedy. Although he has never measured up to the standard of popularity attained by some of his distinguished predecessors, Dr. Bridges is credited with exerting great influence in a select circle.

Those Who Come and Go.

"The cold weather in central Oregon reminds me of a blizzard I was in back in Nebraska in 1888," says A. Zbinden of Fossil. "I was practically frozen to death. Caught in the blizzard I was frozen stiff while on horseback. The animal found its way through the storm to the barn door and on striking the door, I was knocked to the ground. One of the dogs on the ranch found me and brought the family out and I was carried to shelter. For 60 days I was laid up." Although Mr. Zbinden has a big ranch near Fossil, he registers at the Imperial from Seattle, possibly because once on a time he was a member of the city council of Seattle and is at present a part owner in one of the few Seattle hotels not controlled by Japanese.

It begins to look as if the family of the new pastor of the Presbyterian church at Tillamook will not live with him for some time to come. The Rev. Allan A. McRae, the pastor, who is at the Hotel Washington, says that Tillamook is so crowded and there is such a scarcity of dwellings that he has not been able yet to find a house for his family. There are no houses to be had in the county seat, or in the smaller towns of that county.

"This coal strike situation looks serious," observed State Senator Alex LaFollette of Marion county to Frank Seufert, the pioneer cannery man of The Dalles. "Maybe there won't be enough coal to cook food." Mr. Seufert mulled the matter and replied: "Well, the less there is in the stomach, the better the brain works." The Marion county solon, who is built on generous lines around the equator, glanced at his figure and said: "I've often wondered what was the matter with me. I guess you've explained it."

Oregon's supreme bench was mobilized in Portland yesterday. Four of the justices were at the Imperial and the chief justice was at the Multnomah. Those at the Imperial were Judges Burnett, Benson, Harris and Johns, while Judge McBride was at the Multnomah. One of the difficulties of being a member of the supreme court is the attention one receives from the legal fraternity. The judges could scarcely walk a block in Portland yesterday without being intercepted and chatted with by lawyers.

For a complete rest, William R. Dawes is visiting the west. Mr. Dawes is the vice-president and cashier of the Central Trust company of Illinois. One of his first desires on arriving at the Multnomah was to view the Columbia highway. Mr. Dawes is interested in roads and says that Illinois recently voted $60,000,000 bonds for constructing highways and there are five federal road projects under way in that state.

Salesmen of men's ready-to-wear clothing are late in arriving this season. Normally the hotels would be filled with these drummers, but while many are on the road they have not reached this point. Owing to the high prices of men's suits, there are fewer salesmen out seeking orders this year than for many seasons past.

Mrs. J. E. Beekman and Miss Beekman of Jacksonville, Or., arrived at the Hotel Portland yesterday and will remain in the city for the winter. The Beekman family is one of the best known in Jacksonville and the Beekman bank was a unique institution of its kind on the Pacific coast.

Fred V. Hessey was the first captain Greeter Fred M. Sayles had when he was in the army. Mr. Hessey was the mess officer on the ship when he returned and had the feeding of 6000 men three times a day. With his wife, Mr. Hessey is at the Multnomah, on his way to San Francisco, where he makes his home.

"My orders in the three days I was in Seattle amounted to $5000. As a starter in Portland today, my sales were $3000, with two more days to go on. Such orders as that show the confidence of the merchants in the larger cities of the Pacific northwest," declared a commercial man at the Multnomah.

He just announces his home as "French Ship," does Cripler Jean, a Gallic mariner, who hove to overnight at the Hotel Oregon. The visitor is off the French boat now in the harbor, which is the first of a line intended to operate between this port and the old country.

To visit his son-in-law, former State Senator Claude McColloch, Judge M. D. Clifford is in the city from Baker. The judge got his start at Canyon City, Or., where for years, as a democratic candidate, he defeated all comers of the republican persuasion.

After a successful season conducting the Government Springs, on the upper Columbia, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Markham have come to Portland for the winter and are at the Hotel Washington. They will live in Laurelhurst until next spring.

There is a steadily increasing demand for soap, reports A. H. Driedwell of Seattle, who is at the Hotel Washington. This is a demand which exactly suits him, as he is in the business of selling soap.

Miss Barbara Booth, daughter of Senator R. A. Booth of Eugene, passed through the city yesterday with Mrs. V. A. Peterson. During the war Miss Booth was engaged in welfare work and only recently returned home.

Direct from the escolta come Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Berger. The couple arrived at the Benson yesterday and report that the Philippine islands are thriving and that Manila is moving along at a lively rate commercially.

George R. Hyslop, grain expert at the Oregon Agricultural college, is at the Multnomah. Some time ago Mr. Hyslop had the responsibility of grading the wheat of eastern Oregon's vast ranches.

Miss Jean Porter, daughter of John D. Porter, railroad contractor of Spokane, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Kenneth D. Hauser, at the Multnomah.

F. A. Gleason, a stockman operating in the Antelope district, has arrived at the Perkins. He brought a shipment to the stockyards with him.

A sheepman of Prineville, who admits that the sheep business has been good the past year, is F. L. Dodge, who is among the arrivals at the Perkins.

With a velour hat and a Charley Chaplin overcoat, Tom Nolan, the dry goods merchant of Corvallis, landed at the Hotel Portland.

E. E. Johnson of Coquille is in the city on business and is registered at the Imperial. Mr. Johnson operates one of the large lumber mills in the Coos county city.

To visit his wife, who is in a Portland hospital recovering from an operation, Judge J. B. Bridges of Olympia, Wash., arrived in the city yesterday and is at the Benson.

Connected with the shipping firm of Matsui & Co., Ltd.; S. Masuda and M. Sasaki are at the Benson. They are from the New York branch of the organization.

Thomas W. Howson, a mining man, who has headquarters in Seattle, is at the Perkins.

Precept.

By Grace E. Hall.

> Out in a rose-wreathed arbor in a little rocking chair,
> A dainty little maiden sewed sedately and with care;
> She ruffled tiny garments and she fitted each sleeve,
> Nor paused to play, for no delay was in this make-believe.
>
> The sunbeams kissed a golden head bowed o'er a staring doll,
> Which lay within a bassinet beside the bedroom wall;
> The little mother's face was grave as, spoon in hand she stood,
> And seriously the potion gave, as loving mother should.
>
> Another day, with angry face and all too angry eyes,
> She piled the rod to sawdust back, nor paused at china cries;
> She slammed the door and left alone the recalcitrant doll,
> With lips stern-set showed no regret at fancied baby call.
>
> A thousand times within a year this winsome maiden tries
> The habits, tricks and tempers that are shown before her eyes;
> And when in coming years the dolls shall laugh and cry and coo,
> Their mothers will apply the tactics taught by me and you!

REWARDS ARE SLOW BUT SURE

Mr. Cooper Writes of Walnut Culture and Harvesting Methods.

McMINNVILLE, Or., Oct. 30.—(To the Editor.) — Walnut growers and those interested in walnut growing certainly read The Oregonian. Recently The Oregonian printed an item referring those to me who want information on the subject, and now that the walnut harvest is on inquiries have multiplied, and I will ask you to help me disseminate information such as we have.

There is a shortage of grafted walnut trees at all of the nurseries in the northwest, so far as I know. Nearly all nurseries sell walnut trees or will procure them for customers when they are to be had. Some plant the nuts, either black or English, and graft when necessary, when the tree is large enough, which will be from three to five years. Anyone who goes into walnut growing will need patience, but the rewards will come. The varieties most suited to this section are largely according to what the nurseryman has to sell and what the grower has planted. Franquette, Wiltz, Mayette and Meyhan predominate—all good.

Harvesting the walnut is a simple process. Pick up the nuts soon after they fall from the trees, every two or three days before they become discolored, and wash them. A good way to wash nuts is to make a wire basket of 1-inch mesh poultry netting to fit inside a washtub; fill the tub with water and pour in a half bushel or more of nuts and churn them around for a minute or so with a broom; lift them out and lower them into another tub of water to rinse them; lift them out and pour them onto a wire tray for drying. Plenty of air must circulate through the nuts or they will mold. Temperature should not get above 90 degrees. Do not keep them in sacks or buckets more than 10 or 12 hours after they are picked up from the ground or they will mold. The above method is for a small crop. For a large crop, write Charles Trunk, Dundee. He has made a washer.

J. C. COOPER.

Finding Discharged Soldier.

CHERRY GROVE, Or., Oct. 29.—(To the Editor.)—Please tell me how I could locate a soldier friend who was discharged from Houston, Tex., last March.

At that time I was in a hospital and not allowed to write or receive any letters, and weeks after, when I was allowed my mail, my friend had been discharged and I had lost all trace of him. His name is Earl T. Canfield and he belonged to squadron L, and if there is any chance to locate him I would like to find it.

SOLDIER.

There is no government department or other agency that maintains a record of the whereabouts of discharged soldiers. Records in the office of the adjutant-general, Washington, D. C., would disclose the place of residence of the soldier at the time of enlistment, but not whether he is now living at that place.

Medicine Refused.

Baltimore American.

Doctor—"Did you give the patient the insomnia medicine I ordered?" Amateur Nurse—"Yes, doctor, but he got so angry whenever I woke him up to give it to him."

More Truth Than Poetry.

By James J. Montague.

> ART.
>
> I could not write a trashy play
> With sodden theme and dreary lines
> Like those you see along Broadway
> Beneath the big electric signs.
> No trifling drama could I pen
> For which the populace would fall,
> And pay their cash to see—but then,
> I could not write a play at all.
> But I will state that if I could,
> I would.
>
> I could not write the sort of tale
> Put forth by Mr. Harold Wright
> Which critics bitterly assail
> But people buy with wild delight.
> The hack's dull trade I could not play
> To gain the popular support.
> In point of fact, I doubt that I
> Could write a book of any sort
> But would I thus attain success?
> Yes, Yes!
>
> I know crude writing is not art
> And art alone is worth the while,
> It's most ignoble to depart
> From the accepted rules of style,
> But one can't live by art alone
> And if the product of my pen
> Although it made the critics groan
> Would earn a thousand now and then,
> Would I write stuff that wasn't good?
> I would!

* * *

Marshal Foch Please Write.

Now that the loser has told how he lost the war, perhaps the winner will tell us how he won it.

* * *

Somebody Must Be Hoarding It.

"Worst Sugar Shortage Since War" —Headline. What's become of the tons of it that used to go into the cocktails?

* * *

Unless There's a Cellar in the New York Yacht Club.

If Lipton does succeed in lifting the cup this time he'll have to bring along the stuff to fill it.

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In Other Days.

Twenty-Five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of November 1, 1894.

In 1884 the number of miles of railroad constructed and operated as the Southern Pacific lines in Oregon was 443; in 1894 the total mileage is 653.

At a special meeting of the Chamber of Commerce last night it was voted to memorialize congress to take prompt action to construct the Nicaragua canal.

Samuel Klein, father of one of The Dalles express robbers, has made up the $200 which the boys spent, so the entire $14,000 has been recovered.

Today is the date set for completion of the Bull Run water works contract, but no department is entirely completed.

Fifty Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of November 1, 1869.

Hartford.—Addresses were made at the woman suffrage convention today by Mrs. Lloyd Garrison and Mrs. Stanton.

Washington.—It is estimated that 760,000,000 letters passed through the mails last year, an increase of 40,000,000 over any previous year.

The closing examination of the term in the Oregon City seminary will take place Thursday and the term will close Friday.

The Willamette river has not for many years been as low as now.

Packages to Canada.

WHEELER, Or., Oct. 30.—(To the Editor.)—Please tell me how I can send a package to Canada, containing a sweater, shirt and like articles of wearing apparel.

GERTRUDE BROWN.

It is necessary to make application for an export permit. Address Will H. Moore, collector of customs, custom house, Portland, Or., giving full information as to articles you wish to send, value of the articles and as to conditions under which you wish to send the package, and you will be advised as to method to employ.

People Are Kind.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I see you have me billed for a return engagement in Plunkville," boomed Yorick Hamm. "Let me see, I was there last in 1905." "Yes, but don't worry. People have had time to forget."

They Laugh at the Flight of Years-- These Staunch and Eminently Serviceable "Old" Men

How old are you? Have the years touched your thatch with silver or thinned it away as a memory? A fig for mere years, anyhow—you are as old as you feel, and there are services yet waiting your effort and your thought. In the Sunday issue are cited any number of prominent men, powers in the world of unabated vigor, whose years alone would classify them as fit for slippers and a fireside. John Wanamaker, Samuel Gompers, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, Chauncey M. Depew, John Burroughs, and a score of others, all testify that the path toward the sunset is a busy and useful one, if men but choose.

HORRORS OF CHILD BEGGARY IN MEXICO—Here is a yarn to shudder at, with the prayer that light may sometime, and soon, dawn after the long darkness that has rested upon Mexico. It deals with the slavery of children, abducted for the profession of beggary, and mutilated horribly to excite the pity of alms-givers. It is authentic in every detail and the stories presented are from the reports of American Humane association, which delegated trained investigators to probe this barbarism of the southern republic, land of contradictions and terror.

PORTLAND'S MANLESS HOTELS — When the modern young woman, by circumstance or choice, cleaves the ties of family and friends in other cities, and comes to Portland to carve out a career in the business world—there is no lack of homes for her. In The Sunday Oregonian, with illustrations of cosy quarters where women make their homes while serving the world of affairs, is a special article by DeWitt Harry. It discusses the "manless hotels" of Portland, cleanly, comfortable, and responding to a definite need of the modern era.

THE LOVE MATCH THAT HAS SCANDALIZED ROUMANIA—Court etiquette and the rule of royalty that kingly blood must never stoop to the love of one of lesser birth, were swept aside by Crown Prince Carol, of Roumania, when he fled with Zizi Lambrino, otherwise the "Little Parisienne" of Bucharest, and set his royal mama and the rest of the royal household on their royal noses—figuratively speaking. A lively romance from real life, in the Sunday issue, with pictures of the young lovers.

THE VICTORY AT SEA—Heard about the "depth charge," haven't