Morning Oregonian

ESTABLISHED BY HENRY L. PITTOCK.

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AFTER ONE YEAR.

This first anniversary of the armistice with Germany is a day for rejoicing over the tremendous victory of which it was the climax. It is a day to honor the men and women who won it by their valor, their self-sacrifice, their patient endurance, by all the powers of manhood and womanhood. We mention women as well as men in this connection, for they did their part right up to the battle line in caring for the wounded and sick, in providing food for the hungry and rest for the weary, and in keeping before the soldiers a reminder of the folks at home for whom they were battling. It is also a day to honor those who worked zealously at home in every branch of activity to win victory and to provide for the soldiers and sailors. It is a day when every good American should register a vow, and keep it, that he will do his full part to insure that no man who wore khaki shall ever want. The most practical, immediate way to do this is to subscribe to the Red Cross, the one great, never-failing, unresting agency of mercy.

As we look back with the advantage of a year's perspective on those momentous first few days of November and consider the events of that year, doubts arise whether the war should have ended when it did. As things seemed then, the allies had won all they wanted. The Americans had beaten the German left, the British and Belgians the German right and the French were hammering the German center to pieces. The enemy confessed himself beaten, his army was disorganized, his fleet in mutiny, the kaiser a fugitive, the people in revolution and democracy seemingly triumphant. The allies dictated armistice terms which to all appearances reduced the enemy to military impotence.

But subsequent events suggest that Germany needed an absolute knock-out blow. It welcomed the soldiers in Berlin as "our undefeated army" and gave many signs that, though it had become democratic in form it still remained militarist, faithless and ruthless in spirit. Its objections to the peace terms were a mass of denials or distortions of the truth. Though driven by threats of renewed hostilities to sign the treaty, it immediately began to break it. The allies seriously erred in not providing for occupation of the eastern as well as the western provinces. By this neglect they left an open highway to the Baltic provinces. They left Von der Goltz's army in that region, where he draws recruits from Prussia and where he remains in defiance of the armistice, of the demands of the allies and of the German government. On November 11 an advance had begun which would have enveloped Metz, would have cut the sole remaining line of retreat, would have destroyed the German army and would have sent its fragments fleeing like a rabble across the Rhine. It was estimated that this could have been accomplished in ten days. If this final blow had been struck, more severe terms could have been included in the armistice and the history of the last year might have been changed much for the better.

The lessons of the last year, however, teach us to turn from what might have been, to what is, and to profit by the mistakes of that year in performing the duties of the future. When the armistice was signed, only the first part of the work was finished, and in a certain sense it was the easiest part, for the American and the allied nations had been fired with a spirit of self-sacrifice which infused them with resistless power. With the cessation of hostilities this energizing spirit has been lost and with too many has given place to selfish care for their own national and personal interests. The fervor of battle has been succeeded by the coldly practical and spiritually depressing work of the peace conference, by the labor troubles, disorders and local wars to which the people have abandoned themselves. Imagining that danger ended when war with Germany stopped, the people assume that the work of the war is finished and that they may safely fight out their internal differences. Hence the ill-omened events at Fiume, at Budapest, in Silesia, the Baltic provinces and in Turkey, where the allies are again defied.

The truth is that the war tore down the old structure of Europe, and the building of a new structure has barely begun. The work now in hand is dull drudgery compared with the awful, yet exhilarating work of battle, but if it be neglected or ill done, that which has been done at the cost of millions of lives will be thrown away. The work now in hand consists in binding the nations together in a league which shall prevent future wars, at least of such magnitude, in deciding the terms of peace and executing them. While this is being done, the people must be fed and clothed and put to work, that production may be resumed on a greater scale than ever and that the waste of war may be replaced.

The lead in this work must be taken by the United States, for the nations are one family in which the big and strong must help the small and weak. We have suffered least, are still strong and have abundance, while others have suffered to the point of exhaustion and impoverishment. Then it becomes us to ratify the German treaty with such reservations as will guard our rights without impairing the effectiveness of the league, to quell the forces of revolution and disorder at home, to increase production to the maximum, to provide in liberal measure food, clothing and medical care for those nations which lack all of these things and to restore trade to its channels. Our own peace and security rest on general peace founded on freedom and justice. We can best guard this interest by generous helpfulness to other nations. We are the big brother among nations. Let us act the part. Each individual cannot contribute to that end better than by joining the Red Cross.

PASSING OF JOHN P. WARD.

John P. Ward lived the later years of his long life in retirement in Portland, so that he was not personally known to many persons except those whose residence dates back a quarter of a century and more. To them he was well known. The announcement of his death revives the full political story of Oregon running from the stirring days of the civil war through the momentous triple decade and more that began with reconstruction and ended with the election of McKinley in 1896. In all that long time John P. Ward had much to do with politics and political management in Oregon. He held many offices, and he discharged every trust with fidelity and capacity. His resourcefulness in practical political management was very great and made his favor and his service valuable both to individuals and to his party. It is likely that he knew as much from personal participation of the ins and outs of Oregon politics as any man, living or dead. He had a rare memory and a just appreciation of the part that other men had played and it was a pleasure and a benefit always to listen to him.

The Oregon of today is a different commonwealth from the Oregon of a half century ago. Politics are different, of course, less intense, less personal, even less vital in any party sense. Mr. Ward lived in a time when the entire current of affairs was controlled, or very greatly colored, by politics, when every political happening had a definite relation to the public interest—industrial, economic, social. In a very marked degree, politics were more interesting then than now. As loyalty is less clearly acknowledged, and as organization has been all but abandoned, there has been no special use for managers of the peculiar and very remarkable talents of such men as Mr. Ward, and they have passed to the rear. But he and his activities are nevertheless a part of Oregon's history, and they will not be forgotten. Nor will he be forgotten, for many men trusted him, and they made no mistake.

THE GULLIBLES.

The greediest people usually are the gullible ones. Overweening desire to get something for nothing is quite likely to lead its possessors into a trap. Sixty taxicab chauffeurs in New York, for example, recently paid liberal initiation fees to a man who knew human nature and who explained to them that the traffic policeman and the judge of the traffic court were members of a well-known fraternal order, and that all they needed to do would be to give a certain sign to the officer on post and they would be permitted to violate the laws with impunity. The same was to apply in court if by a mischance the policeman did not respond.

Of course these representations were false, as nearly any "hick" from the backwoods west of Jersey City and Weehawken would have known instinctively, and as the chauffeurs severally were destined to know the first time they attempted to give the mysterious signal and dash by in violation of the ordinance. The incident is illuminating because a New York taxi driver is supposed to represent about the last word in sophisticatedness. He is skilled in the art of extorting coin from the pockets of the unwary—and unable to comprehend that the rest of the world is not also in a conspiracy to live by its wits at the expense of any who may not have the wit to protect themselves.

The big confidence men long ago learned not to waste their time on the small fry. Cassie Chadwick won her measure of success by picking her victims among financiers whose outstanding trait was cupidity. No honest man was ever caught by a green-goods or a sick-engineer swindle. Men who make their money in devious ways are prime raw material for the get-rich-quick artist. The author of the Wallingford stories made his hero attractive because the latter almost always got the better of men whose own schemes were at least questionable. Robin Hood justified common thievery on the ground that he took nothing from those who had come by their wealth honestly.

The New York taxi chauffeurs who were so neatly taken in will not come in for anybody's sympathy. They ought to have known from their own experience that crookedness really doesn't pay. Who, as a matter of fact, ever heard of a crook who died wealthy? Dishonesty practically without exception defeats itself if it is given time enough.

THE RED WAR ON AMERICA.

The documents seized in raids on the quarters of the Union of Russian Workmen prove all that has been alleged, or even suspected, in regard to the purpose behind the strikes of this year, and the purpose of this and similar revolutionary organizations. They incite strikes for these ends, and they divert to these ends strikes begun by others for the ordinary aims of labor. Strikes are to be the skirmish fire which ushers in revolution, and they are to be extended until they expand into actual revolution. A clean sweep is to be made of all existing government, of all those who maintain it and of all evidences of property, of religion, until godless anarchy reigns supreme.

Soviet Russia, prostrate for two years under the red terror, is thus to be duplicated in the United States. The ruthless methods proposed are the same as were pursued by Lenine and his confederates. The terms used are the same, even to the "village commune," a distinctly Russian institution. We find the same hatred of religion as characterizes the reds of Russia. General Pershing is branded as a director of wholesale murder, though wholesale murder is urged in the cause of revolution.

The conspiracy which has been broken up is fulfillment of the threat of Lenine to make his bloody Russian Utopia worldwide. It is attempted extension to America of the system which he directs from Moscow. It is war on the United States, on democratic institutions, on the right of a man to own anything, on the right of a man to believe in and worship God. It would substitute for this republic an oligarchy wading in blood like that which rules Russia. It is a part of a general war on human liberty, civilization, religion as they have toilsomely progressed for a thousand years since the dark ages. Its success would take the world back to the condition to which it was reduced by the barbarian invasion of the Roman empire.

All of this adds force to what has already been said of the folly displayed by President Wilson and the allies in not making relentless war on bolshevist Russia when it openly defied them and threatened to destroy them in the summer of 1918. While they have been sending such men as Bullitt and Steffens to negotiate, Lenine has been making war on them in their own territory by means of strikes, conspiracy and propaganda. The one rational course was to turn all their forces against bolshevism as soon as they had beaten Germany and to crush it in its breeding place. It was no mere matter of intervention between two factions which struggled for supremacy in Russia; it was a matter of war on a declared enemy of civilization, and of saving Russia as a part of the work of saving civilization.

That this was not done is due to the presence in the administration of parlor bolshevists, who judged bolshevism by its communist ideals and refused to believe its hideous deeds be expended to carry on the city's part of the district improvements in prospect. These improvements are the accumulation of the work postponed because of the war. The engineering costs they call for represent almost wholly a new item. With that item eliminated the city will still be short $280,000 in 1920 as compared with this year's revenues. What is then the proper economy? Shall parks and playgrounds be closed, and the fire department and police department be reduced? What is economy under such circumstances? What are we going to do about it? Do without or pay more taxes?

ANOTHER NOTE-WRITING FIZZLE.

D'Annunzio and his filibustering army are in Fiume. Who will put them out? Not Italy, for Italian soldiers could not be driven to attack them. Not France and Britain, for they seem to have agreed with Italy on a plan by which Italy will get all that he expects to get and by which he may be enabled to claim a victory. But President Wilson refuses to accede to this plan, whatever it is in detail, and thus removal of a source of friction among the allies is delayed.

The rebellious poet can be put out of Fiume only by force. It is a moral certainty that President Wilson will not propose to use force and that, if he should, congress would not consent and the allies would not help, probably would vigorously oppose. Then we seem to have launched on another note-writing campaign similar to those with Mexico and Germany, by which American diplomacy was brought into contempt because there was known to be no disposition to back the notes with force. Respect for the United States was not restored until we began to follow up words with deeds, yet the president leads the allies into another note-writing campaign, not only with Italy, but with Germany.

Though Italy has a colorable claim to Fiume, the Jugo-Slavs have the better of the argument, but the allies have lost the opportunity to enforce their decision. This could have been insured only by occupation by the disinterested allies in such force as could have overcome any attack, with plain notice that either Italians or Jugo-Slavs would be resisted. Their best escape from a dilemma of their own making is to make the best compromise they can and to trust the league of nations to do more exact justice.

WHAT ABOUT IT?

"The real questions before the taxpayers," says a correspondent today, in discussing the special city election, "are whether economy and efficiency in expenditure of tax funds are practiced, are the proposed improvements so necessary that they should be done before the effect of war on prices has passed, and is it honest for one who will profit by such increased expenditures to vote for them?"

The improvements referred to by the correspondent are improvements already petitioned for by property owners who stand ready themselves to pay for them in the form of district assessments. The only bearing the additional tax levy has on these improvements is the ability that will thereby be conferred on the city to perform the engineering work. While the improvements in prospect will cost about $3,500,000 the charge imposed by them upon the taxpayers generally will be about 5 per cent of that amount. It is clear that every other property owner will profit to the extent of 5 per cent of the value of these improvements if they are carried forward. If the property owners directly benefited are willing to pay 95 per cent of the cost of the work, it would be small indeed for the general public which pays but 5 per cent thereof, to object because of present-day prices, the inflation of which may be permanent.

On the question of municipal extravagance comparative figures shed an interesting light. For the year 1914 the city of Portland had available for general fund expenditures the sum of $3,367,267. This sum comprised tax revenues, saloon and other license revenues and a balance carried over from the preceding year.

For the year 1919, the city has had available for general fund expenditures acquired from all sources the sum of $3,223,591.

At the end of 1914, however, there was a balance left of $609,275, while this year there will be nothing left. It is therefore indicated that it has cost in 1919 only $365,000 more than in 1914 to run the city. Yet since 1914 the city has been increased in area by annexations from 53 square miles to 66.36 square miles; about 60,000 persons have been added to its population; its park and playground areas have been added to; it has an auditorium to maintain which it did not have in 1914 and it has a vastly greater area of pavement to keep clean and in repair. On top of these every article which the city must purchase has greatly increased in price and it has, as a matter of fundamental justice, been necessary to pay higher wages and salaries.

As already stated there will be no balance carried over from this year. From 1918 there was a balance carried over of $281,202. Unless the additional tax levies are authorized Portland, therefore, stands to have less than $100,000 more than it had in the low-cost era of 1914 for general expenses of a much larger city. And it will have $281,202 less than it had in 1919.

It is a grim prospect. It can hardly be expected that $175,000 can then

SYNTHETIC SUGAR.

We consume in the United States in normal times about 86 pounds of sugar a year, by comparison with 66.6 pounds per capita in 1899—only twenty years ago. A century ago sugar was a rarity. We made no sugar at all in America until the middle of the eighteenth century. Yet so rapidly do the luxuries of one period become the necessities of another that we are on the verge of suffering because our supply promises to be reduced by a little more than 3 per cent, to a point that is still 25 per cent above our per capita consumption at two decades since.

So we are in a mood to hail the announcement of Dr. Osterhout, Harvard professor, fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and an eminent chemist, that sugar can be made in the laboratory. The riddle, he says, has been solved in several different ways. Iron rust exposed to the prismatic rays of the sun through water makes formaldehyde, and from formaldehyde certain forms of sugar can be made. Other ways of making sugar synthetically are through employment of the ultra-violet rays, radium and electricity. Chemists obtained their clue by observing the manner in which plants transform carbon dioxide gas and water into sugar and later into starch, either of which forms can be preserved.

But there is a fly in the ointment. There is a flaw in every scheme that is developed for creating something out of nothing. The professor, asserting that synthetic sugar is entirely possible, admits that while the chemist can duplicate the processes of nature, the latter still has the inside economic track. The laboratory process is enormously expensive, by comparison with that of the plant, which goes on storing up carbon dioxide and converting it into sugar through the action of rain and dew and subsurface irrigation, and works while chemists sleep, and yields its completed product with small charge for the operation. The plant itself undersells the synthetic method by so wide a margin that we may be sure there will be no synthetic sugar in the market in time to supplement the 1919 crop.

Queen Elizabeth regarded is as a privilege to be able to munch an occasional bit of sugar cane—then a curiosity in Europe. There were no sugar bowls on the tables of any people 250 years ago. We shall never be content to return to those sugarless days, but they serve to remind us that we can subsist on a good deal less sugar than we are now consuming and keep our health if stern necessity requires.

The old-time "great American desert" is in the throes of an early blizzard. Blizzards are a climatic overhead in that region, yet it is a great country in which to live, and greater yet to leave and come to Oregon.

Funny, isn't it, how the voice of the people calls, and calls, and calls on so many of the boys to sacrifice themselves on the altar of public service and run for secretary of state?

Railroad conductors in Japan have been shorn of their gold-braided uniforms and swords. As long as they have their ticket punches left, the situation is not necessarily desperate.

Probably the 3000 gallons of milk alleged to be wasted in San Francisco each day are skimmilk, and who is buying that stuff in these days of "cream" wages?

The forces of the poet D'Annunzio and the Italian government are reported to have clashed at Fiume. Another game in the iambic pentameter league.

Why should workers be needed in this big city to bring the Red Cross quota to a finish? Perhaps Portland, as customary, awaits the eleventh hour.

Ever notice most of these moonshiners being caught have foreign-sounding names? Wonder what they think the United States is.

There is a man in California who has been asleep two weeks, and lots of fellows who never will catch up are just bound to envy him.

The Albany Chinese laundryman who saved only $1000 in 40 years was evidently not a true laundryman, but a philanthropist.

Cauliflower is out of the market, but its cousin broccoli is about due. Broccoli is an Oregon specialty, by the way.

Plenty of noise is wanted in today's celebration. Here's a chance for the man who is always blowing his own horn.

Can General Denikine be expecting to take his Thanksgiving dinner in Petrograd?

Lloyd George has put the "O. K." on Lady Astor and what "Lloydie" says goes.

Two more holidays this year—both regular, and that will be about enough.

The poet who called November days "melancholy" spoke by the card.

A dollar is a dollar—yes, but it's a Red Cross dollar today. Make it so.

Two hundred Reds have been arrested, and better make it 2000.

Steady, Mr. Gompers, steady! Buckle up the breeching!

Never mind the weather! Whoop 'er up!

A little license is allowable today.

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE PRESS

Search After Origin of "Dickens'" Names Semi-Literary Hobby.

One of the most interesting semi-literary hobbies is the search after the origin of "Dickens' names." It is specially interesting, no doubt, because nobody can prove to demonstration that his particular "solution" is the correct one, and, as a consequence, the long list of potential discoveries is seldom reduced, much less exhausted. One of the latest "strikes" is a possible origin for the old favorite, "Chadband."

A recent writer tells how, a few years ago, in one of the small hamlets between Sutton and Epsom, there stood a small tailor's shop bearing in large letters the name "Chadband." And he goes on to wonder whether Dickens, "going down by road to Dorking, noticed the name, and kept it for future use," for on that route he would have passed the very door of the shop.

The writer seems to think it highly likely, whilst, in proof that Dickens actually made the journey, was it not in the town of Dorking that there stood the Marquis of Granby? And was it not the hostess of the Marquis of Granby who ultimately became Mrs. Weller?" asks the Christian Science Monitor.

* * *

"Uncle Joe" Cannon is sometimes a little absent-minded. Not long ago Governor Frank O. Lowden of Mr. Cannon's state came to Washington to testify on the national budget system and perhaps to examine a little into the health of his presidential boom. After the committee session he was strolling uptown toward his hotel, when he encountered "Uncle Joe" walking slowly, with his head down, evidently immersed in thought.

"Pardon me, sir," said the governor, "but could you direct me to the Shoreham?"

"Certainly," said "Uncle Joe." "I'll show you just where it is."

They walked perhaps half a block, when Mr. Cannon seemed to come out of his trance and glanced up at his companion, who, meantime, had been keeping perfectly quiet.

"What the h——!" sputtered "Uncle Joe." He has known Lowden all his life.

* * *

Rebecca Dick, better known as "Mother Dick," who is dead in New York, was 95 years old and was revered by the families and children of Riverton street for her many charities. The house in which she lived is owned by Max Dick, her son, and is known as "the house of 200 babies." The house is occupied by 60 families and 200 babies.

When rents on the east side began to increase Mrs. Dick requested her son not to raise the rents of tenants, and in some cases she had the rents of tenants reduced to help them to meet the high cost of living.

Mrs. Dick was sitting on the stoop distributing fruit among the children who thronged about her, when she suddenly became ill. Just before she died she again requested her son to take care of the children and not to raise the rents of the tenants.

* * *

A worthy successor to Baron Munchausen has been found. He is Henry J. Connors of Peterboro, N. Y., who vouches for the truth of this rural tale:

Seven years ago Connors hung his vest on a fence in the barnyard. A calf chewed up the pocket of the garment, in which was a standard gold watch.

Business of seven years passing, as they say in the movies. The butcher arrives on the scene and the animal, a staid old milch cow, becomes steaks and stew beef. But that isn't all; the missing watch was found in such a position between the lungs of the cow that the respiration—the closing and filling of the lungs—had kept the stem wound, and the watch, so Connors says, had lost only four minutes in seven years.

* * *

Jeremiah T. Mahoney, as administrator of the estate of the late Raphel Kirchner, artist, filed suit for $10,000 against Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr. He alleges that about May, 1917, Mrs. Ziegfeld obtained certain portraits painted by Mr. Kirchner, who died August 2, 1918, leaving them to Mrs. Nina Kichner, his widow and executrix.

The portraits, it is said, are those of Miss Hazel Lewis, the Fairbanks twins, Misses Ann Pennington, Helen Barnes, Eleanor Doll, Grace Jones, Ethel Davies, May Wallace, Grace Darling and Marion Davies.

* * *

Friends of the late John Morven Carrere, New York architect, have erected a memorial in the form of an exedra and staircase leading from the park at the level of Riverside drive and Ninety-eighth street to the park below. Mr. Carrere was killed in a street car accident in 1911. The memorial, of pink Milford granite, was designed by Thomas Hastings, Mr. Carrere's partner. The dedication was made by Joseph H. Friedlander and was received by Commissioner of Parks Francis B. Gallatin on behalf of New York city. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia university, made the principal address.

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The Charlotte (N. C.) Republican says the story is told that during the period the Wheeler Bros.' elephant was wrecking the garden of a West Seminary street lady the gentle one, turning to one of the showmen, stated with some emphasis that unless the circus folk took their elephant out of her yard at once she would call a lawyer. "My dear madam," said the showman, "if you know of any lawyer who can persuade the elephant to get out of your yard, for heaven's sake send for him."

* * *

Miss Eunice A. Beecher, youngest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. William C. Beecher, Brooklyn, and granddaughter of the late Henry Ward Beecher, was married recently to George S. White. The ceremony was performed in Plymouth church, Brooklyn, which was made famous by her distinguished grandfather, and was followed by a reception in the lecture room, the bridal party standing in front of a portrait of the great preacher.

Cause and Effect.

Tillamook Headlight.

Attention is called to the fact that the wages of teachers in colleges have failed to keep pace with the increase in the cost of living. The college professors have had tough sledding ever since a college professor was elected president.

Those Who Come and Go.

Robbed of his wallet, containing all his money and his railroad ticket, George McKay has reason to remember Chicago. Mr. McKay, since he sold his ranch near Fossil several years ago, kills time attending movies and sporting events. He went east to attend the world series and it was toward the end of the series, in Chicago, that someone lifted his poke. Being philosophical, Mr. McKay says that it is a regrettable thing for the pickpocket that he did not get the wallet when the Oregon sport enthusiast first arrived in the east, for after he had spent a wad of coin for tickets to the game, the roll of bills was greatly depleted when it was finally confiscated. On one of his trips to the game, as he was standing in line, a small boy came along and Mr. McKay asked if the youngster was going in. The boy said he couldn't afford it, so the Oregon cattleman took the boy into the game, paying $25 for the boy's ticket. Mr. McKay is at the Perkins

"There's romance in business," admitted G. B. Weatherly of San Francisco, at the Benson. "Take the concern which I represent. Three years ago it started with $150, and last week it incorporated for $1,000,000, and it is spending thousands of dollars in national advertising. Now, the man who invented this particular article was broke, but he owned a monkey and a friend offered him $8 for it. The future inventor went to get the monkey, which escaped into a bicycle repair shop and got some sticky stuff on its paws. While trying to clean the paws, the monkey owner hit on the idea for the invention, so instead of selling the monkey he sold his motorcycle for $50 and experimented; borrowed $50 more and experimented, and after negotiating a loan for another $90, perfected his invention. That was three years ago and yesterday I received a letter saying business has increased so that it is necessary to increase the capitalization to a million dollars."

"The Panama canal is getting nearly all of its lumber from the Pacific northwest. I think about 15,000,000 feet have been shipped from Oregon this year," says J. B. Ellison, registered at the Multnomah, who is here to inspect lumber shipments from Oregon ports destined for the canal. "The yellow pine lumbermen of the south lost out because the northwest bids were considerably lower. I haven't been at the canal in three years and do not know present conditions, but I do know the canal is in perfect working order. From the Pacific to the Atlantic is about 42 miles and it is possible to put the largest ships through in nine hours, if necessary. The canal zone is 26 miles wide, that is, 10 miles on each side of the canal. The government employs about 6000 men and about 15,000 soldiers looking after Uncle Sam's interests. There is always the possibility of a quake which might put the big ditch out of commission for a while."

When R. L. Sitz sold his ranch in eastern Oregon, he started out to find some section of the world which might suit him better. Mr. Sitz browsed around southern California and sampled the climate, and then he traveled all over western Oregon looking for his ideal and finally wound up by returning to eastern Oregon and settling down in the little town of Drewsey, which once had a couple of saloons, but now consists of a postoffice and a store or two. Mr. Sitz was a member of the legislature for a term. Yesterday he came to Portland with his son and it was the first time the boy ever saw a big city.

"And just when I was starting for home," said Fred Herman, "a service car smashed into me, busted a rear wheel and put my car out of commission." Which is the reason why Mr. and Mrs. Herman were at the Imperial yesterday instead of being on their way to their home in Rainier, where Mr. Herman practices law. Before entering the legal profession Mr. Herman was a clerk at the Imperial and, once upon a time, he confessed, he traveled with a circus.

William Jones of Juntura, Or.—they call him Bill—who is registered at the Imperial, is president of two or three banks, owns some 2000 head of cattle and a couple of ranches. All of which shows that there are plenty of opportunities for an industrious man to accumulate wealth in sections of Oregon which the pavement hounds of Portland consider remote.

A. C. Spurlock of Riverdale, a shipping point for ranchers in Malheur county, and Deane Goodman, another stockman, whose headquarters are at Juntura, are in Portland as witnesses in a case in the federal court in which the Warm Springs irrigation project is clashing with the owners of a ranch which will be inundated by the waters of the irrigation dam.

At his ranch on Otis creek, in Malheur county, A. H. Altnow has a spring of warm water which he uses to irrigate with. The spring produces 250 miners' inches of water and is sufficient to irrigate quite an area of the ranch. Mr. Altnow has a big hay ranch, partly the result of the warm water. Mr. Altnow is registered at the Imperial.

Twenty-four hotel men of Portland held a meeting yesterday afternoon at the Multnomah. They agree on many things, but mostly on the opinion that there is no need for another big hotel in this city. Business is good for all the hotels as matters stand, but the introduction of an establishment with 700 rooms, more or less, would put a crimp into the hotels now operating, they feel.

N. B. Vickery, owner of Ye Alpine Inn, on Mount Lowe, one of the tourist meccas of those who visit Los Angeles, is at the Multnomah with Mrs. Vickery. About everyone who visits Mr. Vickery's place walks a trail out to a commanding point and ties his or her card with name and address on a bush. The trees and bushes are loaded down with fluttering cards waving in the vagrant breeze. Mr. Vickery is on his way north.

Arthur M. Moody, county clerk of Harney county, is among the arrivals at the Hotel Portland. Mr. Moody is a democrat, for in Harney county the democrats have a habit of clipping a man into office every once in a while, which gives some concern to the republicans. However, the republicans intend to change all that.

To be on hand for the livestock exhibition, A. H. Chambers of Olympia registered at the Perkins yesterday. He also brought a shipment of cattle to the local yards. Mr. Chambers sends his stuff to the Portland market, although he is nearer to Seattle.

B. R. Westbrook, an Albany hotelman, was in Portland yesterday. With Grant Pirtle, who also operates a hotel in Albany, Westbrook will entertain the Oregon Hotelmen's association for two days, December 5 and 6.

Fred Schwartz of Roseburg was at the Multnomah yesterday. When at home, Mr. Schwartz divides his time between conducting a hotel and managing a hardware store.

The navy recruiting band rise and shine at the Hotel Oregon when they hit the deck during their stay in Portland. The musicians arrived yesterday.

HARD BOUT WITH WOOD ALCOHOL

"Stick" in Eggnog Would Have Killed Him But for Chinaman.

McMINNVILLE, Or., Nov. 10.—(To the Editor.)—Saturday The Oregonian contained an account of a number of men going blind after a debauch on wood alcohol. If they, like the writer, live to tell the tale, it is to be hoped they may hereafter abstain for all time to come. And I'm thinking they will. However, for fear that others may follow suit, I will tell just how such an experience feels. This may act as a warning to those so inclined to stray from the straight and narrow path. Such a diet I want to say right now will ruin the stomach of an iron man capable of digesting tin cans and brickbats. Hereby hangs the tale.

Years ago a young fellow and myself were "hashers" on the good ship Lurline, plying between Portland and the Cascades. One afternoon while the steamer was tied to the dock and all hands on the hurricane deck were ashore watching the head butcher disembowel salmon in the cannery, my friend and I entered the galley. The first thing that caught our eyes was a bottle labeled alcohol, on a shelf.

The word "alcohol" was in big, bold type over an insignificant skull and crossbones. The facts are we had no eyes for the latter, if we saw it at all, nor sensed the warning the symbols conveyed; that is, not then. But we did a little later on.

A teakettle was singing merrily on the range; a sugar bowl, glasses and spoons and a platter of eggs stood hard by. So we concluded to make an egg nog. While Jack beat up the eggs I added the hot water, sugar and nutmeg, and the thing was done. Proficiency was ours. Had we not seen big Ed make 'em hundreds of times behind the bar in the old Esmond hotel?

That was a long time ago, yet, for all the years that have elapsed I can yet see old Hup Lee, the cook, as he burst into the galley two hours later, and hear him yell, "Gee Christ, you dink 'em wood alcohol!"

Hup Lee was no doctor, only a lowly Chink. But he was onto his job; moreover, he knew how to keep his mouth shut, which, by the way, explains why The Oregonian was cheated out of a highly good news item.

Such copious draughts of lukewarm mustard water and salt I hope never to swallow again; neither do I wish to feed so many little river fish over the rail of a river steamer. Never do I wish to look at the grand Columbia crags through such fast-dimming eyes nor hiccough such molten quantities of egg and blood and slime that found their way through my nostrils in place of my teeth, so tightly clinched were they that it took a stove poker to pry them open; neither do I want to be twisted into knots, set fire to within and ooze such beads of perspiration when helpless from paralysis. If you think this picture overdrawn, just try it and see for yourself.

About the only solace I derive from this incident is tinctured by the pleasant memory of a soothing draught forced down my throat of dark brown stuff in a bottle in which floated sundry objects resembling a cross between a dried prune and a mummified bullfrog. As a pharmacist, I should like to know what it was, for it did the work. But old Hup Lee is dead now and lies sleeping way over yonder in old Cathay.

"Wood alcohol" is a misnomer. It should be renamed. The very word is a temptation; it's first to catch the eye of the very thirsty, who will always take a chance. The skull and crossbones should come first—in big, bold type; the new name next. It should be dispensed only in clear white glass containers and colored blue by the addition of four grains of methelene blue to the gallon.

TOM ROGERS.

IMPROVEMENTS NOT OPPORTUNE

Correspondent Elects to Stand Guard Over District Assessments.

PORTLAND, Nov. 10.—(To the Editor.)—It is hardly fair to pick out for comment a minor proposition and neglect the majors. The real question before the taxpayers is whether economy and efficiency in the expenditure of tax funds are practiced, are the proposed improvements so necessary that they should be done before the effect of war on prices has passed, and is it honest for one who will profit by such increased expenditures to vote for them. It is obvious that inflated prices and profits, due to war conditions, still rule, with fear induced by unrest and instability an excuse for higher profits as a safety factor. Until stable conditions are re-established, good sense dictates that only essential and productive expenditures should be made.

To undertake the large programme of improvement for the reason advanced by the city council, which is to give employment or rather to prevent unemployment, appears to me to be another form of the philanthropy or charity or benevolence formerly represented during a hard-time period here by the municipal woodyard, etc. Economy and production of essentials are the prime requisites at this time.

Again, the argument that for an average tax of only $2 several millions of improvements will be possible (at some one else's expense), is manifestly intentionally misleading. Two powerful interests will undoubtedly favor the improvement programme—labor and capital. Both want employment without too much regard to the man who has to pay, a legitimate desire if the majority of those who pay express a willingness to do so. GEORGE RAE.

Those who will pay have already expressed a willingness to do so. The proposed improvements are district improvements amounting to $3,500,000, petitioned for by the owners of property that will be directly assessed and pay the bill. Only 5 per cent of this sum is to be raised by general taxation and is for engineering costs. The need of approximately $175,000 to do the city's share of this work is but one of numerous items of increased departmental costs which the proposed tax increase will provide. Property owners in general have no interest whatever in the cost of these improvements or their opportunness except as to the 5 per cent engineering charge.

Final Citizenship Papers.

PORTLAND, Oct. 10.—(To the Editor.)—Kindly inform me where to inquire for my final citizenship papers. W. F. J.

Go to the United States district court, postoffice building, or to the state circuit court, courthouse. For advice consult United States naturalization service, custom-house.

Age of Harold Howell.

BANDON, Or., Nov. 9.—(To the Editor.)—I wish to inform you that Harold Howell's age is 14 years, which was sworn to on the witness stand and which I can prove from the records where he was born. The Oregonian, Monday, November 3, placed his age at 15 years, which is wrong. So therefore, I request you to correct the mistake. O. O. HOWELL.

More Truth Than Poetry.

By James J. Montague.

A SONG OF WRONGS.

Caruso sings a trifling song
While ululating thousands cheer him,
And every person in the throng
Pays fifteen bucks a seat to hear him.
If I should sing the self same piece
I'd waken public consternation,
And, more than likely, the police
Would drag me roughly to the station.

John D. a thumping check can sign
And in the Wall street district flash it,
And financiers will stand in line,
Delighted if he lets them cash it.
But if I signed the self same check
Or one not half as big as his'n,
A cop would grab me by the neck
And clap me in the nearest prison.

When Reverend Mr. Maynard flies,
The plane that he commands conveys him
In soaring spirals to the skies,
He wills its course, and it obeys him.
But if I drove the self same plane
And sought to reach the skies above me,
My friends would later search in vain
To find the merest vestige of me.

I might, of course, bewail my lot,
I might put in my leisure sighing
Because no talent I have got
For singing, writing checks or flying.
I might pour forth a moan of woe
On many griefs that I could mention,
But I don't do it, for I know
You wouldn't pay the least attention!

* * *

Ask the Bootleggers.

With strict prohibition enforcement when you say 2.75 it doesn't mean the alcoholic content, but the price.

* * *

Too Much to Hope For.

We should like to see capital and labor shaking hands instead of fists.

* * *

It Will Keep Better Now.

We used to be afraid the coal supply would be exhausted in our lifetime, but that was before the miners began to strike.

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In Other Days.

Twenty-five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of November 11, 1894.

Washington, D. C.—As a result of negotiations now pending it is confidently believed the United States will be asked soon to mediate between China and Japan with a view to bringing about peace.

Based on the allegation that gambling houses of the city were regularly paying hundreds of dollars per month for protection the committee of 100 adopted a resolution favoring investigation.

From Lane county it is reported that James Wilhelm has unearthed a 12-foot vein of coal on Bear creek, about 11 miles from Treaswell.

Theodore G. Hoech, prominent civil engineer from Berlin, hearing the title of "royal Prussian inspector of public works," has been visiting Portland the past two days.

Fifty Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of November 11, 1869.

Nashville, Tenn.—Andrew Johnson, badly unnerved by his failure of election to the senate, has been receiving only his most intimate friends who call to condole with him.

Boston.—Clergymen of the state are to present a petition to Governor Claflin praying him not to issue a proclamation for Thanksgiving unless he can initiate measures for better observance of the day as a season of fasting, humiliation and prayer.

The Tualatin Navigation company started its boats yesterday, the Onward to go to Hillsboro and the Harriet to run on Oswego lake, connecting with the Onward.

Yesterday morning the locomotive of the Oregon Central railroad was fired up and a trial run made from the machine shops to the turntable, a distance of two and a fourth miles.

The Measure.

By Grace E. Hall.

Not by the days but by the heart
should time be counted here.
And sometimes I am very young,
with dark locks on my brow;
My step is light with youthful hope,
my eyes are keen and clear,
And pierce the ever-shif