Morning Oregonian

ESTABLISHED BY HENRY L. PITTOCK.

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THE LEAGUE CRISIS.

Back in Oklahoma, the other day, there was a special election in the fifth congressional district to name the successor of Representative Thompson, who had died. Mr. Thompson, a democrat, had been elected in 1916 by the comfortable plurality of 5000, and in 1918, when the republicans were generally successful throughout the nation, he had nearly as great a margin of safety. Now a republican has been chosen by about 1000 plurality in a district which has usually been held secure by the democracy.

The reason in part is to be found in the general dissatisfaction with the national administration and the restored prestige of the opposition; but only in part. It would not wholly account for a reversal so sudden and so marked. The explanation lies in the league of nations. It was the issue in Oklahoma. The republican candidate stood for the league with reservations, which is in accord with the general attitude of his party, and the democratic candidate supported the covenant as it stands. In other words, he was with the administration and the administration senators who throughout a long and stubborn fight had accepted the autocratic dictum of the White House that there must be no alteration, or modification, or revision whatsoever, even to the substitution of a single word. The answer of the voters was an unmistakable repudiation of President Wilson and his league. It was not less distinctly a pronouncement for a league, but with reservations which are designed to define the American policy within the league.

It is not too much to say that the position of the people of Oklahoma is a reflection of general opinion and desire throughout the United States. The great body of American citizenship, acknowledging their duty and responsibility to other nations, and conscious of their international leadership and the respect and confidence of the world, have their own consent to enter a league; but they would remove all reasonable ground for misunderstanding or misinterpretation by declaring beforehand what they will do and what they will not do, or permit to be done, so far as exclusive American interests are concerned. This is their mandate to the United States senate, as expressed explicitly in Oklahoma and as shown implicitly by the trend of sentiment everywhere. Only here and there is a voice raised against membership in any league; but all, or nearly all, are for peace, stability, order and progress in all nations, and agree that the best chance for them is through an international compact.

President Wilson has understood that the American public was for a league, and all it promises and implies; but he has failed to understand that he was not given a commission to go alone to Paris and speak for the United States. He has sought to interpret the common consent for a league into a mandate on the senate to ratify unconditionally the league he brought back from Paris, and he was mistaken. He has not consulted at any time the United States senate, which is under the constitution the executive's partner in the making of treaties, but he has at his convenience and in his own fashion made conversational reports to certain senators. He has rejected at all times until now all appeals for amendment, or reservation, or interpretation—and he has required his representatives in the senate, doubtless against their will, to stand or fall by the written word. Now we see that the two factions of the senate have reached an impasse, from which it can be extricated only by the exercise of moderation and cool judgment on both sides. Of the ninety-six senators it is a fair estimate that eighty are for A league, and of the eighty less than forty are for THE league; and about fifteen or sixteen are for no league. It will be a sad commentary on American political methods if the sixteen senators shall in the end triumph over the eighty and emerge from the many months' debate with no league.

CUTTING DOWN ORCHARDS.

In the long run the producer who is too much influenced by the breeze of every passing public fancy becomes a loser. The report of the state department of agriculture of Missouri, which shows that the number of apple trees in that state is only half as great as it was in 1910, illustrates the point. The further statement that this year's crop is only 70 per cent of normal as to quality and 48 per cent as to quantity is also significant. Deterioration in quality shows that growers have already begun to neglect their fruit trees, which in the end is sure to result in further loss of markets and finally in destruction of more orchards.

Horticulture in this country has passed through several periods comparable to this one. Within recent memory there was an epidemic of uprooting prune orchards, the result of a brief period of low prices with a poor crop or two, in Washington and Oregon. How much this has cost growers it is impossible to estimate, but the number who more recently have been trying to get new nursery stock and not always getting it indicate that a good many would have profited largely if they had been a little more patient.

Missouri once stood on an eminence in apple culture. It does not stand alone among older states in which orchard destruction has been going on. The same reports of poorer quality of fruit come from New York and from the Ohio valley. It is necessary, in entering into the fruit-growing industry, to take a rather broader view than in the production of annual crops. Destruction of a productive tree takes an asset that it has required years to produce and will take years to replace. Meanwhile temporary "overproduction" becomes a thing of the past, the cycle inevitably repeats itself, and those who regarded their business as a life work reap the reward.

This is one of the particulars in which horticulture differs from agriculture. And the true horticulturist, of course, takes care of his trees even in the off years. There is no known limit to the life of a scientifically-kept orchard, but it is easy to destroy the efforts of a lifetime with a few hours' labor with an ax.

CALVIN U. GANTENBEIN.

The death of Judge Gantenbein is received by the public with pained surprise. Few men in Portland were more widely known; and few had led a more active life. He was just past the meridian, and he was apparently in robust health. His going illustrates anew the tenuousness of the tie that holds all mortal beings. For some it breaks soon; for all it breaks inevitably.

Judge Gantenbein had served usefully and honorably on the bench of Multnomah for ten or more years. He had an excellent record there; but his best remembered service was as a soldier. He had as a young man entered the Oregon national guard and earned promotion through various grades until he became colonel of the Third regiment. He responded to his country's call and followed the flag to the Philippines, where he acquitted himself gallantly under fire. Again he sought to enter the service in the war with Germany, having a commission as colonel in the reserve; and he attended the first officers' training camp at the Presidio, accepting the lot there of the private soldier; but the government saw fit to impose conditions upon him which he thought he could not accept and he returned to the bench. His long and conspicuous connection with the national guard will not soon be forgotten by the men who served with or under him, nor by the public.

Judge Gantenbein was a linguist and was once a teacher of foreign languages. He was always a student and his decisions were marked by care, clearness and legal understanding. He had the confidence of many friends and he sought always to requite it. As a dean of the Oregon law school he came in contact with many novitiates in the profession, and to them he was always helpful and sympathetic. He was a political figure of consequence, and his service in such circles will be missed. Altogether his career touched numerous angles, and his passing will be occasion for general regret.

THE LIVESTOCK SHOW.

Looking backward, from the vantage ground of the splendid livestock exhibition now being held in the new building in North Portland, on the seven previous expositions that have been held in temporary quarters, one may wonder that the latter were tolerated as long as they were. Yet the past has furnished its lessons, one of which has been that the stockmen of the northwest are loyal, almost to a man, to Portland; that if they endured inferior quarters and poor accommodations it was because they had faith that these would sooner or later be remedied; and that, probably, they saw through it all the logic of the event. The advantage to the livestock industry of holding the annual exposition at this point has been apparent from the beginning.

Now, thanks largely to the loyal co-operation of these men, the real beginning has been made. From the dust and mud and ashes of the tents in which the first shows were held, a colossal new building has arisen—almost like magic—and the exposition holds forth in its own home. The exposition still is, as its successors will be, a Portland institution in the sense that it is held in Portland, but Portland owes a debt of gratitude to the exhibitors who lent their aid in financing the enterprise, and without whose constant future help all of our labor and theirs will come to naught. Portland, even Oregon, cannot hold a great exposition unassisted. All that either can do is to set the stage ready for the ringing up of the curtain. If the curtain rises on empty stalls, the show will die. There is, however, nothing in the present situation to justify anything but optimism. The showing now being made, the great number of entries and, in particular, the excellent quality of the stock on exhibition, point to permanent and increasing success.

Geographically, Portland is the strategic point for the great livestock exposition of the west. On the north, we have the great Canadian provinces to draw from; on the east the vast region extending from the Great Lakes on the north to Arizona on the south. It is noteworthy that in the present show there are exhibits representing all of the territory mentioned.

When, a few months ago, the question of adding to the daylight show of meat and milk animals and draft horses, a night show for the benefit of saddle, carriage, coach and other classes of hunters, roadsters and work horses, some said that we lacked the horses, the riders, the drivers and the horse lovers and enthusiasts. Hence, said the pessimists, such a show would not prosper here as like events have prospered at Chicago, New York and Kansas City. It was only the argument of guess work; but now we have the argument of fact to show that the pessimists were wrong and the optimists right, for some 4000 paid admissions was the record both on Monday night and Tuesday night. A fair estimate for the six nights would be close to 30,000 admissions.

It is necessary in estimating the benefits to Portland from holding these annual affairs to understand that they are not expected to yield large or immediate cash dividends. The stockholders undoubtedly would be well enough pleased if they eventually realized 5 or 6 per cent on the investment. But indirectly, the people at home perhaps have never before put money into a venture with more brilliant promise of growth and stability. Probably no other could make so many permanent friends for us among the people scattered over a territory comprising nearly a million square miles. Breeders of fine stock from the nature of their calling are men of substance and enterprise. They will first come to see and learn. Seeing and learning, it is conceivable that they will ship their stock to Portland yards. More or less gradually, they will grow to regard Portland as their reserve banking center and trading point. Bringing with them their wives and families, being apprised by degrees of our educational advantages, and establishing social and domestic as well as commercial ties, they will, we believe, some day come to look on Portland as home. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished, a not too remote possibility of the exposition now in progress and one certain to be realized if our visitors are made to comprehend the true warmth of the hospitality which every Portlander must feel.

SHORT CUT AROUND THE WORLD.

With all the exuberance of youth Lord Fisher, the aged builder of the modern British navy, proposes a new, quick line of communication for the greater part of the distance around the world, which may stagger some people with its magnitude but will also stagger others with its simplicity.

Angered by a decision that Rosyth, on the east coast of Scotland, is to be headquarters of the Atlantic fleet, he says: "Surely if there is to be an Atlantic fleet, it ought to be on the Atlantic," and selects "Blacksod bay, on the west coast of Ireland—one of the finest harbors in the world and the nearest land to America, as the best headquarters. He then in a letter to the London Times explains his scheme as follows:

> I am going to ask Schwab, of the Bethlehem Steel Works, to run a line of huge passenger steamers (100,000 tons!) from a harbor outside New York to Blacksod bay, a new type going 40 miles an hour (Ireness don't signify, to Blacksod bay!). Then from there he will make a bit of railway to Achill. Good railway exists from Achill to Larne. Thirty miles Channel Tube, Larne to Stranraer. Stranraer to Dover. Dover channel tube to Calais. Calais to Constantinople direct. Channel tube under Bosphorus. Then Bagdad railway direct to Calcutta, and Burma and China (to Pekin) and Japan (Japanese tube already projected!) There you are! The Americans will do it! We are bankrupt—if not in money, yet in enterprise! Schwab will do it.
>
> "He'll get the ships, he'll get the tubes. And he'll get the money, too!"

The distance is short across a peninsula from Blacksod bay to Achill, whence a railroad runs to Larne in Antrim, on the northeast coast. The tube would cross the North channel to Stranraer, at the head of Loch Ryan, in the southwest corner of Scotland. Thence the route to Bagdad would be complete but for the tubes under the English channel, which are now seriously projected, and the Bosphorus, and the construction of the short remaining stretch of the Bagdad railroad. The British have already extended that road to Basra, and would have to build another across southern Persia to meet the road which extends half way across Baluchistan into India. The old admiral's vaulting ambition makes nothing of the task of building railroads through Indo-China and China to Pekin, and his scheme stops with Japan, leaving the Pacific ocean to cross. A more northern route through Germany, Russia and Siberia could cross Bering strait to Alaska by another tube. Then, in time, probably much time, a railroad might be built through Alaska, Yukon territory and British Columbia to connect with the Canadian and American railroad systems, and the flank of the broad Pacific ocean would be turned.

A suggestion that Fisher was mad moved his friend, Sir Percy Scott, who truly predicted the great part which the submarine would play in war, to write a letter, in which he said:

> What madness is there in Lord Fisher's proposal? Like all good ideas, it is very simple; he suggests a quick route from America to Europe and from there to Japan. His proposal involves a quick line of steamers and a few tubes. A quick line of steamers only means increase of length and engine power, with suitable harbors at each end; there is no difficulty about that. Tubes—well, there is no difficulty about them.

Then comes "J. R. F." with an indorsement, saying: "The quick Atlantic route is bound to come. If we do not take it up, our American friends will." He tells of a scheme concocted in New York for a direct line from that city to Vigo, Spain, which would avoid the icebergs and fogs of Newfoundland and would connect with European railroads. Seeing danger of diversion of commerce from Britain, he proposes a new harbor on the northeast coast of Newfoundland, a railroad already built across that island leading to Cape Ray, whence a train ferry would run across Cabot straight to Cape Breton on the mainland. This route would avoid the fogs and would eliminate the sea voyage parallel to the American coast to New York, which is one-third of the trans-Atlantic trip. This, with Lord Fisher's big ships, would bring us "within measurable distance of a three-day crossing."

DEAL WITH FACTS, NOT FORMS.

Nominally and officially, the strike of bituminous miners has been called off; actually and unofficially, the strike is still on. Formally the officers of the United Mine Workers have obeyed the order of Judge Anderson to revoke the strike order; actually, the members of the union have not taken that action to be an order to resume work, or have chosen to disregard it if that were the intent, or have received some secret instructions by underground wire to give no heed to it. Ostensibly, the strike club, removal of which was demanded by the operators as a condition of going into conference with the miners, has been removed; actually, that club still hangs over the heads of operators and people in the shape of general suspension of coal production and imminent coal famine. Operators and miners have met in conference, but a week has expired and they have not got down to business.

The people are not concerned with the outward appearances presented by the documents on file in the federal court at Indianapolis and by the meetings of miners and operators in conference at Washington. They are concerned with the concrete fact that the miners are not at work and that coal is not being produced. That fact points to formal compliance with, but actual defiance of, the order of the court. This is defiance of the law, of the government, which is the people of the United States. Various circumstances indicate that some influence is at work to prevent miners from resuming work wherever they show a disposition to do so. Those at some of the Washington mines voted to work, but were induced to rescind that action. Some Wyoming miners went into the mines, but were "persuaded" by Austrian radicals to come out again. Whence comes the initiative of these movements?

Samuel Gompers' defiant utterances on the eve of formal submission by the miners' officials may have been more than an empty boast. The injunction does not apply to him or to the funds of the American Federation of Labor. It does not apply to the railroad brotherhoods, which have taken as strong ground as Mr. Gompers in favor of the unlimited right to tie up the whole country by strikes. Attorney-General Palmer might discover that these organizations have taken over the conduct and financing of the strike in the hope of proving that the people are powerless to prevent success of a strike in any great industry and therefore must submit to the dictation of any compactly organized minority of the population.

It is welcome news that word has been passed to the coal conference that action is regarded by the federal authorities as absolutely imperative, and that Fuel Administrator Garfield is prepared to present the situation to the conference forcibly. But more is needed than hastening action by the conference. The supremacy of the government must be established, for that means the supremacy of all the people over any part of the people. The government must bring to justice and punish any persons who prevent or obstruct working of the mines. It must demonstrate its power to have coal produced, with or without the consent of the United Mine Workers, the American Federation of Labor or any other organization. It must prove that the law of the United States is supreme over the law of any private association, and that the rights of all the people are superior to the actual or pretended rights of any association or any industry.

We hear many vociferous assertions of the rights of "the people" by men and bodies of men who really mean rights claimed for parts of the people against the whole people. These men are simply enlarged duplicates of the three tailors of Tooley street who issued a proclamation in the name of "We, the people of England." The people of England did not accept the rule of the three tailors, and the people of the United States do not accept that of their imitators. The audacity of these imitators has grown with continued weak concessions by the administration for political ends until radicals have gained control of the labor unions and use them in an effort to control the government for the purpose of destroying it. Slowly the administration has realized the truth that it has been sowing cockles in the American wheat field, which have grown up into a bountiful crop of I. W. W., non-partisan league, bolshevism and anarchism and have raised the red flag above the Stars and Stripes. It has at last set its hand to the work of separating the cockles from the wheat and burning them. It must make amends for its errors by doing the job thoroughly. The coal miners' strike is the first test of its thoroughness, and the people—all the people, not the vociferous minority—watch for results.

President Wilson's eagerness to have Secretary Glass transformed into Senator Glass is explained by his need of every possible vote in the senate, also by his need of good politicians and debaters in the upper house. Mr. Glass proved his value by steering the federal reserve bill through the house.

Katherine Clemmons Gould intimates woman in business will not succeed while she spends time powdering her nose. Nevertheless, the red nose is not attractive in an office and woman knows it and will continue to powder. Who blames her?

A Washington dispatch says Joseph M. Rieg, manager of Columbia Beach, at Portland, is in Washington on a tour to investigate amusement facilities in different cities of the country. We should think his tour would end right there.

Somebody has to be the goat when a football team doesn't win its game. Hence, indications of a good many changes among the coaches of Pacific coast conference football teams next season.

Oregon firs are going to Peru to be Christmas trees, and Oregon can furnish the world with the real article, something much better than the "shrubbery" that is used of necessity.

An allegation in a complaint for divorce by a wife the other day was that the husband had been at home only two nights in four years. Shocking! Who wound the clock?

Judging from the quantities of seized liquor that were being held for "personal use," there are a few men who expect to live to be as old as Methusaleh.

Reports of the high cost of living in the Arctic should be taken with a little salt. We haven't noticed any advance in the quotations on walrus blubber.

Remember when you thought 25 cents a good price for turkey? All right. Ready? Just shut your eyes and double it with a grin this year.

"Plan sweeping war on Reds" announces a contemporary headline. That's exactly the kind of war that is needed. Sweep them out.

Idaho nonpartisans must find other ways to "raise the wind" than by suing the Boise Statesman and Frank Gooding for libel.

A Bend jury holds that every dog is entitled to one bite. Presume they don't mean to extend the same courtesy to rattlesnakes.

The dollar Mex. is actually worth a dollar at last. It probably is the last of the despised list to come into its own.

The high cost of living is not likely to come down a great deal until the cost of profiteering is made higher.

Three thousand Shriners in town today, and but a shadow of a coming event.

Owing to shortage of grasshoppers last summer, turkey comes high this year.

Stars and Starmakers.

By Leon Cass Baer.

EVA TANGUAY has had her face done over. She had the good sense to leave her figure alone. Heaven has been good to the irrepressible Eva from her toes to her neck, but her face has not been her fortune, sir, in many years. So Eva took matters into her own fair hands. It came about because Eva aspires to be a picture actress. A year ago she made a venture into the motion-picture game.

The quoted report of the director when her first appearances were run on the screen savors more of the truthful than elegant. What the director said is, in part (as we say in the paper when we don't want to run the whole thing), "Heavy bags under the eyes, double chin, yawning dimples which look like shellholes in No Man's Land. Fine acting, but poor mug."

"I should be perturbed," remarked Eva. "If my face doesn't suit you, I'll change it. I don't care."

Which is the first chapter.

Chapter two will follow immediately.

* * *

Today Eva is on her way, plus a new face, to motion-picture land. The puffs under the eyes which have interested the first ten rows many a night are gone. The chin which used to sag matronly is as rounded as an athletic schoolgirl's. The dimples are faint dents in peachy cheeks.

In a surgeon's operating room in New York the miracle came about. The flesh was drawn tightly upward and backward from the bones of the face and a sharp knife applied to the bulges. A pound, nearly, was taken out by two incisions. The scars are covered by the mass of Tangtay hair.

Eva's two extra chins were next trimmed down. The operation was the same in this case.

* * *

This is chapter three, still on the subject of Eva. A Chicago account of her departure says:

"Eva Tanguay left here yesterday in the private car, Columbia, for Hollywood, Cal., where she has a magnificent residence, purchased by her last winter.

Before going west Miss Tanguay disposed of all of her holdings in the east, including real estate in and around New York city.

Eddie Weber, musical director for Miss Tanguay, accompanied her to the coast.

Miss Tanguay abandoned an auto tour across the country because it was too much of a strain, to engage the private car for $2100. She engaged it so that she could carry two dogs, a spaniel and a poodle.

Told that she would not be allowed to take the pups in a stateroom Miss Tanguay had reserved, she turned them over to a woman here to mind. Next morning she sent for them again, saying she hadn't slept all night over the thought of her pets in strange hands. She then hired the car, and at the last moment was told she couldn't take the canines abroad that, either, but she managed to obtain a special dispensation permitting it.

* * *

George M. Cohan's daughter by his first wife, Ethel Levy, is to make her debut soon in a London production called "Mr. Pip Passes," in which Dion Boucicault is to star. The girl's name is Georgette Cohan.

* * *

Brenda Fowler has a baby girl, born November 9, in Connecticut, where Brenda has married a G. D. Sherman, a non-professional, and retired forever from the stage. Brenda used to be a Baker player, and later headlined on the Orpheum with Ethel Clifton. The two girls wrote the sketches they presented.

* * *

Ruth Chatterton's play, "In the Merrie Month of May," was rechristened for the New York presentation. It is now "Moonlight and Honeysuckle." Reports say that it is not proving a success and will end its run this month.

* * *

"Lightnin'" will remain at the Galety in New York until June, when Frank Bacon has completed arrangements to lift the company intact across the continent to San Francisco without a break in the tour. Frank Bacon is so beloved in San Francisco and the play itself is such a gem, that the engagement there could extend way into the summer. This will be Mr. Bacon's realization of a dream he cherishes to show the people where he was born and raised, his first New York starring success.

* * *

Dan Bruce and Margot Duffet, who both used to be Baker players, are on Keith's vaudeville circuit in the east. They have a sketch called "Thru the Keyhole," written for them by Hilliard Booth. It's a comedy, with a novelty surprise climax and the attractive Margot has a swarm of smart clothes.

* * *

William Rock is coming to us this winter over the Orpheum. He used to be with Maude Fulton and later with Frances White in vaudeville. Now he has a new act.

* * *

Blanche Ring's son, Gordon McNichel, was married last week in New York to Hallie Manning, one of the dancers in William Rock's act.

* * *

Those two perennials, Kolb and Dill, are preparing to resume their activities some time in December in a new show, "The Cellar Fiends," written by Max Dill, with the lyrics and music by Jean Havez.

* * *

Daphne Polland will spend the Christmas tide with relatives of her husband in Seattle. Daphne is the diminutive comedienne from Australia by way of San Francisco, who has been a big hit in "Joy Bells" the musical revue at the London Hippodrome.

* * *

A Salt Lake City girl, Wanda Lyons, is in the London "Joy Bells" show. Wanda was playing in Portland on Pantages circuit as one of the girly girls in one of the usual girly girl acts when Al Jolson, who was appearing at the Heilig, gave her a place in his company.

"Ten-Year-Old Boy Wanted."

PORTLAND, Nov. 19.—(To the Editor.)—If the person writing in the Sunday Oregonian and signing "Reader," inquiring about a boy will telephone Marshall 898 we will try to help in the selection. NEIGHBOR.

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE TIMES

Water Power of United States Exceeds That of Any Other Country.

The United States has more water power than any other country, with 28,100,000 potential horsepower. Canada is next, with 19,000,000 horsepower. In point of hydro-electric development, Norway is first, and Canada second. The United States trails along after these two.

It should not be so, says the Buffalo Express. The United States, when it has the power waiting to be developed, when the manufacturing centers are as near the source of power as are Canada's, when capital and engineering skill are at least as much at our command as at Canada's should lead.

J. B. Challies, superintendent of the dominion water power branch of the department of the interior, gives five reasons why Canada has progressed so far in hydro-electric development. The third reason is "The action of dominion and provincial governments in having the water possibilities thoroughly investigated and intelligently administered."

If Mr. Challies put them down in order of their importance his third reason should have been first.

* * *

A Los Angeles lawyer is working as a common sailor on board a ship in order to qualify himself thoroughly as chief counsel for the Seamen's union, to defend the federal seamen's act before the supreme court of the United States. This is interesting, whether it be done from devotion to the cause, a desire for notoriety or for advertising purposes, says the Sacramento Bee. But it is scarcely probable that any justices of the court will in like manner seek to improve their ability to understand and determine the points in issue. And it might not be amiss to remark that either Andrew Furuseth or Walter Macarthur could make a better showing for the seamen even before the supreme court than any admitted lawyer—for either is a perfect encyclopedia of the maritime laws of all ages and all countries.

* * *

The only religion that fixes a date for the end of the world is that of the Hindus. According to their faith, the universe periodically emanates from and again enters into Brahma. The period during which the universe evolves into existence is called Manvantara, or a day of Brahma; that during which it is unmanifested a Pralaya, or Brahma's night. The former period is divided into four separate periods, and the world is supposed to be in the last period, which began 3101 or 3102 B. C. This period is 432,000 mundane years, of which 5020 have elapsed, so that they figure the world has 426,980 years still to exist.

Hebrews give the world but 6000 years to exist, according to their Talmudic chronologies, followed by a reign of peace of 1000 years before the last judgment. The Mohammedans believe the end of the world is a secret known to God only. They say the angel Gabriel admitted his ignorance of it when asked by Mohammed.

* * *

Mount Ararat, the celebrated mountain upon which, according to tradition, the Ark rested when the flood abated, is situated in Armenia, forming the point of contact of Russia with Turkey and Persia, to all of which countries it belongs, the summit belonging to Russia. It rises, an isolated cone, on the southern border of the plain of Aras or Araxes. Southeast from Mount Ararat proper, or the Great Ararat, rises the Little Ararat, their summits in a direct line being about seven miles apart, and their bases blending into each other by the interposition of a wide valley. The summit of Great Ararat rises 17,325 feet above sea level. It is covered with perpetual snow and ice for about three miles from its summit downward in an oblique direction. The summit of Little Ararat rises to a height of 12,840 feet, and its declivities are much steeper than those of the Great Ararat. The summit of Great Ararat was reached by Professor Parrot in 1829, and since that time by Bryce and others.

* * *

Talus, the Greek, is said to have invented the saw from having once found the jawbone of a snake, which he employed to cut through a small piece of wood. In early periods the trunks of trees were spit into boards with wedges, and although these deals were not always straight, they were regarded as much better suited to construction than sawn boards, because they followed the grain and lasted longer and were stronger. Water mills for the purpose of sawing came into use in the fourth century.

The smallest circular saw in the world now in actual use is a tiny disc less than the fourth of an inch in diameter, used in a famous jewelry establishment for slitting gold pens. It is about the thickness of a sheet of writing paper and revolves at the rate of 4000 revolutions per minute. The high velocity keeps the saw rigid, notwithstanding its thinness.

* * *

Paper was invented and paper mills were in operation in China long before the days of the Pharaohs in Egypt, when the people of the latter highly civilized nation were content to use papyrus, a poor, unsubstantial and perishable article made from strips of reed, according to the Kansas City Star.

An ingenious Chinaman hit upon the idea of reducing rags to a pulp, mixing the latter with plenty of water, pouring the diluted mixture out upon a frame, and permitting it to dry slowly in sheets. The same method is used today, substantially, in making paper.

All the books of the Bible were originally written on papyrus. Parchment was not known in Rome until the first century of the Christian era. No paper was used in Europe until the tenth century, except what was imported from Asia.

* * *

"I have a stupid lot of students this year," said a professor of chemistry, gloomily. "Here's a paper which shows plainly that the boy who wrote it does not understand that expansion and contraction are contradictory terms." "They are not always," said a professor of economics, quietly. "Now, in my classes I find it necessary to state explicitly the fact that the constant contraction of debts is sure to result in their expansion."

Those Who Come and Go.

L. A. Wright of Union, who is in the city, is one of the prime movers in the plan to give Union a $75,000 tourist hotel. Local business men are back of the enterprise, and they intend making the establishment so attractive that tourists over the Columbia highway will stay over a day or two. The hotel, which will have a park as an annex, will be constructed like a Swiss chalet, with wide porch, fireplaces and everything. Mr. Wright is the political boss of his end of the county, and scarcely anyone thinks of even voting for the constable without first consulting L. A., just as years ago they used to consult his uncle Tom on matters political.

A postcard addressed to Jungletown, Or., was delivered to Merton Kiddle at Island City, after being mailed in Pennsylvania. When in the east Mr. Kiddle occasionally refers to his home as Jungletown, and someone who wanted to send him a line thought that was the right address. Island City is on a point of land formed by a fork of a river, but there are so many bridges from the mainland to Island City that the word island has lost its significance. Mr. Kiddle is at the Imperial. Island City consists of a store, a flouring mill and the Kiddle family.

Imbler, which is on a sand ridge running across the Grande Ronde valley in eastern Oregon, is the headquarters of Charles Playl, who is in Portland attending the stock show. Mr. Playl went into the country about 15 years ago as a renter, but a few years ago, having a long head, he bought up some land at a price which was considered ridiculous, and then he worked the land so scientifically that his yield was immense and people thought his land better than that of others, so recently he had no trouble in selling out at a big price. Friends say that Mr. Playl can write his check in six figures.

Clay Shown, who winters 200 or 300 head on a rich meadow on Indian creek, is attending the livestock show. He registers from Mitchell, but lives some distance out. Mr. Shown is one of the many people in that section who came from Tennessee and from Mountain City at that. From the number of people formerly residents of Mountain City, Tenn., the impression exists that Mountain City must be depopulated, but it isn't. And every man from that part of Tennessee is a red-hot republican and most of them are cousins.

Chris Leinenweber, formerly a representative and later a state senator for Clatsop county in the legislature, was in the city yesterday. Also he has been a member of the city council at Astoria. Like all the other residents of that town he is waxing enthusiastic over the prospect of a naval base at Tongue Point and a new bridge to be built by the state highway commission across Youngs Bay.

Three out-of-town bankers are at the Hotel Oregon. They are Sam H. Baker of Grants Pass, who signs on the register that "it's the climate"; C. A. Winetrout and Fred L. Meyers of La Grande. In Union county during the war the people got up a war chest and paid all quotas out of the chest so that no drives were necessary. Mr. Meyers was one of the keepers of the war chest.

Alves Anderton, one of the four survivors of company A of the 208th infantry, which was wiped out with the exception of the four men, is at the Imperial, with Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Barnard of Fossil. Mr. Anderton is the son of Mrs. Barnard. Mr. Anderton and Mr. Bernard are after some Polled Angus cattle to improve their herds.

H. P. Thompson, at the Hotel Portland, is out of a job for the next seven months. Mr. Thompson has been selling pneumatic tires for automobiles, but owing to the number of orders, the shortage of labor and the difficulty of securing enough rubber, the head office sent out word for him to lay off until next June.

Lumbermen are thick at the Hotel Portland at present. Among those on the register are C. L. Hall of Chicago, representing the Hines Lumber company, which has yards all over the country; A. C. Dixon, manager of the Booth-Kelly company, at Eugene; J. P. McGoldrick and W. D. Ryan of Spokane, and Huntington Taylor of Coeur d'Alene.

With a check for the Gilliam county quota for the Roosevelt memorial, Dr. J. W. Donnelly arrived at the Benson yesterday. "It was the easiest drive I ever had anything to do with," says the mayor of Arlington, "and Gilliam county could have doubled its quota with just as little effort."

S. S. Smith, the most enthusiastic republican in Medford and the surrounding country, is registered at the Hotel Portland. When Mr. Smith first moved into Jackson county republicans were so scarce that they kept under cover, but now the democrats are keeping out of sight.

In 1880 R. N. Donnelly deserted Mountain City, Tenn., and went to Wheeler county, Oregon. He registers when in Portland from Richmond, but he ranches on Shoo Fly creek, where he conducts a sheep industry. Yes, he is here for the stock show, too.

President of the Pine Box company of Grants Pass, I. A. Roble, is at the Multnomah. The manufacture of pine boxes in Grants Pass has been an industry there for 30 years or more. The townsite was once covered with pine trees and they have all disappeared into boxes.

U. S. Grant butted into the goat game years ago and now he is president of the National Mohair Growers' association. Mr. Grant, who is a pioneer goater in Oregon, lives at Dallas and is in the city to attend the livestock exhibit.

Former Representative William Potter and Fred Waters, both of Spray, are in town for the stock show. Like most of the stockmen who are here to see the animals, however, they devote a good deal of their time to the hotel lobbies.

Raiser of pure bred stock and owner of some 8000 or 10,000 acres, William Reddy of Fossil is in the city for the week, attracted by the same magnet that is bringing a world of stockmen to Portland.

William Crawford, cashier of the Condon National bank, and Mart Blakley, a wealthy stockman also of Condon, are at the Multnomah to see the stock show.

C. F. Loweth, chief engineer for the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad, registered from Chicago at the Multnomah yesterday with R. J. Middleton of Seattle.

I. A. Johnson, proprietor of the Fossil Mercantile company, is at the Hotel Oregon, being one of a bunch of Fossilites who are here to see the animals at the show.

E. L. Coburn, county clerk of Josephine county, is at the Imperial. He comes from Grants Pass.

D. M. Ward, an old timer from Heppner, is at the Hotel Oregon. The stock show is the reason.

R. J. Ginn, merchant of Moro, is among the arrivals at the Perkins.

More Truth Than Poetry.

By James J. Montague.

THE PICTURES ON THE PANES

When the autumn leaves are drifting
In the breeze that hurries by
Where the silent trees are outlined,
sharp and clear against the sky;
When the birds have all departed,
save a lonely crow or two,
And the brook gleams cold and steely
as it winds the meadows through,
You can see beside the window, while
the rosy twilight wanes,
Troops of little ferry fairies, painting
pictures on the panes.

Pictures of enchanted forests, filled
with weird and spectral light,
Every bough an arch of jewels, every
blossom frosty white—
Pictures of amazing cities such as
only fairies see
In the world beyond the rainbow
that is closed to you and me.
Pictures of astounding creatures, unlike any that we know;
Birds with sparkling, crested feathers, beasts built all of spotless
snow.

Wrapped in snug and cold-proof mantles to and fro the fairies pass
Wielding tiny, skillful brushes on
the smooth and shining glass.
All night long their filmy forests and
slim-towered cities rise,
Till the morning star is hanging like
a lantern in the skies.
Then they pack their paints and vanish, and we'll seek for them in
vain
Till the sunshine of tomorrow fades
their picture from the pane.

Oft we wonder as we waken from
some fascinating dream
Of a jewelled cobweb forest and a
slender, silver stream
That we're sure that we remember
where, in this dull world of ours,
We have ever chanced to wander
through such bright and flimsy
bowers,
Never even half-suspecting that we
saw them long ago
On the panes the fairies painted in
the winter twilight's glow.

* * *

He Limited His Demands to Altars and Fires.

Marco Bozzaris was the first strike leader, but he never mentioned a five-hour day or a dollar an hour.

* * *

They'll Do Anything for Publicity.

D'Annunzio's new play is to be produced next month. Now we begin to understand.

* * *

Wholly on the Level.

The late election did not appear to be a buy-election.

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Lepers.

By Grace E. Hall.

Oh, why are the lepers allowed to
stray
From the haunts of the leper fold.
When their grievous plight and its
awful blight
Is a terror often told?
Yet they roam at will, and their
curse is spread
O'er the innocent, every day;
We sense their coming in fear and
dread—
The lepers that pass our way.

I call them lepers—the ones who
dwell
Ignoring the waters fresh,
Where the aqua flow of the spring
and well
Are balm to the human flesh;
Lepers, I say, who grovel and sweat
In the filth of their reeking clay,
And force on the cleanly, without regret,
Aroma that hints decay!

I say they are lepers, befouling the
earth,
Let them wash and be clean, or remain
Away from the cleanly, thus showing
some worth,
Respecting another man's claim.
If you doubt my assertion that lepers
they be,
As they elbow about in each scene,
Let your olfactory tell by the sure
sense of smell—
And 'twill shout the old warning,
"Unclean!"

In Other Days.

Twenty-five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of November 20, 1894.

St. Petersburg.—The body of the late czar was laid to rest in the tomb of his fathers, beneath the fortress cathedral of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, today.

The Northern Pacific officials who arrived Sunday finished their business and departed for Tacoma at 11:30 o'clock last night.

At the next meeting of the committee of 100 the committee on revision of the city charter will make its report, recommending big reductions in salaries and entire elimination of the councilmen from the salary list.

The doors of the Portland Savings bank will not open this morning, the institution having been ordered closed for the second time in its history.

Fifty Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of November 20, 1869.

New York.—It is stated that Jeff Davis does not intend to settle in America; that he merely went to Mississippi