Morning Oregonian

ESTABLISHED BY HENRY L. PITTOCK.

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FOR A 35-FOOT CHANNEL.

The reasons given by Major Slattery for disapproval of immediate work on a 35-foot channel in the Columbia and Willamette rivers can be fully refuted at several points. As usual with army engineers when they report on proposed river and harbor improvements he is bound by the rules of the service to base his conclusions on actual present conditions rather than on possibilities, probabilities or even certainties which have not been realized. His public addresses have given proof that he holds a high opinion of the commercial opportunities of the port and that he is ready to assist in their development. Other and very weighty considerations than those which he discusses will enter into the final recommendations of the board of engineers and into the action of congress and all will tend to a decision that the channel shall be improved with the least possible delay for navigation by the largest ships of either war or commerce.

The facts are that there has been a great increase in the number and tonnage of ships coming to Portland during the last six months, and that the increase continues. We have a monthly steamer to the Orient, have a new coastwise line, have secured a French line, have started a monthly line to Hawaii, have proposals for lines to Scandinavia and to Java and the Straits Settlements, and have a movement well advanced for a Portland-owned line to the Atlantic and foreign ports. The shipping board has sent many of its vessels from here with full cargoes, and their failure to return has been due to the policy of the board, not to lack of return cargoes.

The extent to which the war robbed Portland of ships and the extent to which they have returned since the armistice is shown by the number and tonnage of vessels entered and cleared in 1913 and 1918. The figures are:

	Number Entered	Tonnage Entered	Number Cleared	Tonnage Cleared
1913	1,150	1,480,182	1146	1,480,030
1918	474	674,859	581	874,757

The recovery after the armistice did not become marked till May, but it was marked in that month and has held firm ever since. Taking the actual figures for the ten months ending with October and estimating those for November and December at the average of the six months from May to October, inclusive, we find these totals for 1919:

Vessels entered, 566; tonnage entered, 768,007.
Vessels cleared, 710; tonnage cleared, 1,119,801.

Those figures show both the effect of the war on Columbia river shipping—an abnormal cause which should not be considered in deciding on permanent improvements—and a decided recovery from these effects. They show that the government has to provide for an increasing, not a decreasing, tonnage.

When the bar channel reached a satisfactory depth in 1914, Portland had two regular foreign lines of steamers, but the war took them away. It also deprived us of all the tramp ships which had carried wheat, flour and lumber, and of coastwise passenger and freight vessels. The tonnage of which the port was deprived is fast returning or is being replaced by other vessels, and the reasonable outlook is that within a year the total will be greater than it was in the summer of 1914. Business foresight dictates that provision be made for the commerce which is obviously coming in the near future, not solely for that which is already here. The requirements of the Pacific fleet must also be considered, for it is not to be expected that the vessels will be content to remain at Tongue point. They will want a free passage to the great market which Portland affords for all kinds of supplies. Nor is it probable that the naval base will remain simply a base for destroyers and submarines. As the merits of the Columbia river become known to navy men through experience, it is likely to develop, as Mare island and Bremerton have developed, into a base for the largest warships wanting the maximum draft, that they too may have access to this source of supply.

For the traffic already existing and reasonably assured a depth of 35 feet at the lowest stage of water will be needed by the time it can be attained. It will not be sufficient to have adequate depth for vessels of the greatest draft two-thirds or three-fourths of the year; it must be constant. Portland plans to establish passenger lines on regular schedule, and they would not continue if low water caused them to miss a trip or two in the summer or fall. The present depth is not too great for some vessels going out with full cargoes. The government and the Port of Portland commission should maintain the present depth of 30 feet every day of the year and should increase the width to 500 feet, as Major Slattery proposes, but provision should be made now to continue work till 35 feet is reached and maintained. Experience proves that the draft of vessels constantly crowds the limit in capacity of the channel as fast as it is extended.

No doubt need be entertained that the navy department will have much influence in shaping the recommendations of the board of engineers and the decision of congress, or that it will be favorable to the maximum improvement. The offer of the Port of Portland commission to do a large share of the work, and employment of Mr. Boschke by the port and dock commissions to prepare a plan of port development will operate in the same direction. With the united support of the Oregon delegation in congress, these influences should overcome any objection to uninterrupted improvement, which is the real purpose of the 35-foot project.

It is self-evident that shipping has come back to Portland and that it so easily secures cargoes that more vessels are constantly attracted here. They would come faster if the emergency fleet corporation did not retain on the Atlantic coast every one of its vessels which takes a cargo from here, and if it did not hold steel vessels at prohibitive prices. No business man will pay war cost for vessels when the value and the cost of duplication are constantly falling. That is the real obstacle to expansion of Portland commerce. If it were removed, the need of a deeper as well as a wider channel would become apparent to everybody. Congress will surely remove this obstacle and lay down rules under which ships will be eagerly bought for the commerce of Portland as well as other ports. Plans for improvements should be governed by the conditions which will then prevail, not by those produced by war conditions and by the present shipping board policy.

PUT THEM OUT.

Senator Walsh, democrat, Montana, declared political views of federal employes should not be called into question if the employe properly performed his official duties.

Senators Myers of Montana and King of Utah, democrats, asserted that the socialist group in the United States, known as the "left wing of the socialist party," was directly connected with the communist movement in Russia and was fostering bolshevism in this country.—From the Associated Press, Washington Dispatch.

It is interesting to have the varying ideas of democrats on radicalism and its numerous manifestations. Some view with alarm and others view with complacency. Senator Walsh is among those who do not propose to get excited. A man, he believes, may think and say what he pleases and still serve the government.

Doubtless the senator would also declare that he may do what he pleases, outside of office hours. To him it does not appear important whether the government employs patriots or bolshevists, Americans or internationalists, citizens or aliens, soldiers or I. W. W.s, so long as they punch the time clock at the opening hour in the morning and again at the closing hours at night.

The senator is wrong. The republic will not live if it is indifferent to the character, thoughts and purposes of its servants. It is stupidity—worse, it is folly—to turn over any of the agencies of government to men and women not in sympathy with its ideals and principles. The country is safe so long as its affairs are administered by those who are at one with the fundamentals of American democracy, though they may differ widely on methods of interpretation or enforcement, all, however, within the accepted rules. But some do not accept the rules. They would repeal them and set up a different kind of government. Yet they find it possible to enter the service of the government. There may not be many of them, but one is too many, and there are more than one.

They are marplots. They are revolutionists. They are overthrowers. They are public enemies. They should be ejected. They must be, if the country is to survive.

OUR CASE AGAINST CARRANZA.

If the United States should make war on Mexico, the outrageous treatment of Jenkins would be but the last of a long series of wrongs which President Carranza has done to Americans, of insults to the American government and of flagrant breaches of solemn promise, for which this country would claim redress. Through the whole history of his rise to power he has shown bitter hatred of Americans, evidenced during the war by open favor to Germany.

His first act on starting his revolution in May, 1913, was to demand from the American owners of a coal mine in Coahuila payment of 100,000 pesos under threat to destroy their property. They could not pay the money and he dynamited the mine, stole 30,000 tons of coke and turned the mine over to Germans to operate.

President Wilson's refusal to recognize Huerta and occupation of Vera Cruz were instrumental in enabling Carranza to gain control of the government, but he showed no gratitude for this favor; in fact he joined in denouncing the Vera Cruz expedition.

He continued raids on the border and murders of Americans to the day when he was recognized; then these outrages suddenly stopped. He evidently hoped to intimidate Mr. Wilson, and the event indicates that he succeeded.

As a condition of recognition, he promised to hold an election for president on October 8, 1915, but he delayed it for two years. He then held a sham election, directed by his soldiers, at which only 2 per cent of the electors voted and at which polls were not open in five entire states. The vote of five states and of large parts of three others was thrown out because it was not unanimous for Carranza.

He also promised to restore the constitution of 1857, but he drew and promulgated a new constitution which had not been ratified by the people and which contained retroactive, confiscatory provisions against the property and personal rights of foreigners.

He promised to protect the lives and property of foreigners, but he has caused or permitted murder of more than 300 Americans and has destroyed American property worth $500,000,000. He has seized railroads, street railways, banks, power plants, and now attempts to confiscate oil wells on land which Americans bought from individuals, not from the Mexican government, as is falsely pretended.

He consented to Pershing's pursuit of Villa after the Columbus raid, but when it advanced into Mexico he protested, caused his troops to attack the American troops at Parral and Carrizal, and demanded their withdrawal.

When the United States declared war on Germany, he permitted his country to become a refuge for Germans and their spies and for evaders of the draft, and to be used as headquarters for pro-German propaganda throughout Latin America. He attempted to obstruct the supply of oil at Tampico to the American and British navies, for which it was absolutely necessary in the war on submarines.

Since the war ended he has pursued schemes of confiscation against Americans, has let murders of Americans go unpunished, and has encouraged the propaganda of revolutionists in the United States.

Every act of Carranza has proved him to be a relentless enemy of the American people, and to be proof against any argument except force. If at last the administration should resolve to send no more notes, but to resort to this one effective argument, it will do what it should have done four years ago. It has saved nothing but has lost much by the attempt to evade an unpleasant but imperative duty.

"CRUEL AND UNUSUAL."

The argument that if hanging is a deterrent of murder a torturous death would be a greater deterrent is shallow argument whether it be presented as sarcasm or seriously. If the correspondent who presents it today will reflect a moment upon deterrents of minor ills she will be able readily to recall several that are no better for the overdoing of them.

The dread of death is instinctive. No thought upon the subject is required of the dullest intelligence. It exists strongly enough without adding to it. So torture is not only abhorrent, but cumulative and wholly unnecessary. Dread of imprisonment, on the other hand, is a product of the reasoning faculties and it has several mitigations, at least to the mind that is criminally diseased or in the reflections of him who for the moment holds loss of liberty not too great a price to pay for revenge or desire. There is chance of pardon, of parole, of escape, of semi-liberty as a trusty or honor man. Hope is co-existent with life.

But if the correspondent desires a more practical reason why her argument is shallow it lies in the inhibition of the federal constitution against cruel and unusual punishments. The same inhibition was copied into the Oregon constitution, yet one of the early laws enacted thereafter imposed the death penalty for murder. The distinction between hanging and torture has been so fully recognized by legislatures, courts and peoples for more than a century that it is almost idle to discuss it.

WORRIES ABOUT WORDS.

The Walla Walla Bulletin turns again its batteries of persuasion on The Oregonian in another effort to show that "lenity" is a better word than "leniency." It musters a formidable array of authorities in the following interesting fashion:

> We were not criticising the Oregonian, but seeking its advice. We do not remember to have seen that journal use the words in question, but it was our desire to get the discussion going. We agree with it on debark. We might add that "Ayre does not like leniency at all. See his "Verbalist." In "Good English" the great Gould says that "leniency" is of low origin. It was not and is not, he says, sanctioned by educated men. Lenity is the right word, he maintains, being from lenitas, and lenity is pure English. Gould says leniency is a philological abortion, just as bad as jeopardize for jeopard, or as preventative for preventive. We admit that some of these illegitimates get into good society, but the presence of a word in a dictionary does not give it legitimacy. Fernald's "Synonyms" gives lenity and leniency as of identical meaning. Since they mean the same thing, why not take lenity? It is legitimate and unquestioned.

Since they mean the same thing why not take "leniency"? Your verbalist refines the meaning of words till he takes the flavor entirely out of them. He is as difficult to comprehend as the grammarian who splits hairs over the technicalities of construction through dreary pages, and ends nowhere in particular.

The grammarian, or the verbarian, or the lexicographer who will make language easy, not hard, is the need of the age. For example, we should like to have some great luminary who will enlighten the puzzled mind of the average copy-reader over the mysteries of the relative pronoun and its uses. The Oregonian the day before yesterday had "whom, it is said, was an American citizen," and yesterday it evened up matters with "who he charged with committing immoral acts." A letter came from a graduate of a state institution recently signed "Alumni," and "disassociate" and "preventative" persist despite constant endeavor to head them off. And so on ad infinitum.

Let us say to our valued neighbor at Walla Walla that such constant departures from the fundamentals of good grammar—we use "good" advisedly, for we are not among those purists who regard the adjective as superfluous—worry us a great deal more than any question over "lenity" or "leniency," where an easy option may be exercised and good usage be observed.

THE WAY TO RATIFICATION.

When the treaty of Versailles is taken up again at the session which opens today, there will be opportunity to make a fresh start toward ratification. Democratic senators know that it cannot be ratified without reservations satisfactory to those who fear injury to American interests. Republican senators know that ratification with reservations to the league covenant is possible only with the aid of democratic votes, and that reservations which emasculate the covenant will not be accepted by the democratic senators or by President Wilson.

The president has learned several things which should lead him to modify his attitude. He has learned that the senate is determined to exercise its function as a co-ordinate branch of the treaty-making power and will not approve without change anything that he brings back from a peace conference. He knows that reservations of a certain general purport must be accepted in order to gain the support of two-thirds of the senators and to be acceptable to the other signatories. He knows that the allies are mortified at the discovery that he does not accurately express American opinion. They rightly assumed that he had gauged public opinion so correctly that they might safely expect any agreement made by him to be ratified, and on that assumption they made important concessions to his wishes. They have good cause to feel that they have been misled.

Fair notice was given before the peace conference adopted the final draft of the covenant that the American people had not that unbounded confidence in Mr. Wilson which he assumed by undertaking the peace negotiations himself without consulting the senate and without associating any senators with him. The answer to his appeal for a vote of confidence at the elections of 1918 was a majority of his opponents in both houses of congress. After he brought back the first draft of the covenant thirty-seven senators—enough to defeat ratification—signed a declaration that "the constitution of the league of nations in the form now proposed should not be accepted."; that "negotiations should immediately be directed to the utmost expedition of the urgent business of negotiating peace with Germany satisfactory to the United States" and the allies, and that "the proposal for a league of nations should then be taken up."

While he caused some changes in the covenant in the direction indicated by his critics, they did not meet all serious objections, and he flouted the senate by declaring that the covenant and the peace terms would be so closely interwoven that they would be inseparable. That was an invitation and a provocation to seek faults. It was also a challenge to a test of strength to decide whether the senate should actually have a real part in treaty-making or should become a mere rubber stamp. Not until the senate had adopted the Lodge reservations did he permit Senator Hitchcock to make any suggestion of compromise reservations. The majority had then committed itself and, though eighty senators were ready to ratify on conditions which might fairly have been arranged, the treaty was defeated because the president prevented agreement among its friends.

The democratic senators made this outcome possible by their unquestioning obedience to the will of the president. Though elected to act as members of the senate independent of the president, all except a handful acted as democrats following their leader. They were democrats before they were Americans. There was among the republicans a body of earnest friends of the treaty who favored reservations which would not have weakened the covenant. At any time during the last four months they were open to an offer of compromise from Senator Hitchcock, the democratic leader, which would in all probability have won enough additional republican votes to insure ratification. But he refused to show his hand. The moderate reservationists committed themselves to certain proposals, and were prepared for an honest effort at agreement with the democrats, but Mr. Hitchcock and his party would not commit themselves to any definite proposal. They would not, because they could not. They were not free agents, for they took orders from the White House, and Mr. Wilson forbade compromise.

The way to break the deadlock is for the democratic senators to compromise on reservations which will command support of two-thirds of the senate. They should do this in agreement with the president if they can, without it if they must. They should again become free agents, acting as senators rather than as democrats, and exercising their independent judgment. They were elected to co-operate in the first instance with other members of the senate in making laws and treaties, that body as a whole to reach agreement with the president and the house in final enactments. If after they had taken this course and had thus caused ratification with reservations, the president should refuse to complete the act and send the compact to Versailles, the responsibility would be upon him. That responsibility would be so heavy that there is doubt whether even he, if in full possession of his faculties, would assume it.

Watson was found guilty of the white slavery charge, the jury considering his crime very "raw" work, and indeed it was. Yet the lesson of it will be lost on other victims of other slavers, for it is the sorrowful way of the world to try anything once.

In the cabinet of the new Omsk government are M. Pepeliaeff, M. Tretiakoff and M. Bourishkine. We predict that the government will lose the ball on downs from loss of breath.

Nobody cares to snitch, but if you know an alien slicker or slacker, who has a job, report him in the hope an ex-service man can get it. This is no time for being sentimental.

Pacific coast ice cream makers are meeting in Spokane to discuss problems of the industry. We should think this east wind would be one of their main December problems.

The French government is making men's suits to sell for only $11. If they're anything like prevailing French fashions in women's dress the government is profiteering.

And now even Walter M. Pierce, the silver-tongued orator from La Grande, is aroused to the menace of Japanese land owning. The peril must indeed be great.

Employes of the Spokane Power company who received a 13 per cent rise in pay are hardly likely to refuse it on the ground that 13 is unlucky.

Interned Germans, deported, plan to return to this country after peace, for they know a good thing when they see it.

If you awake tomorrow and hear the raindrops pattering on the roof, the first installment of winter has passed.

Looking into the stores and on the streets these afternoons, one wonders who is at home attending to dinner.

The British pound is now worth only $3.87. But will someone kindly tell us what the dollar is worth?

Even after being trimmed, Mr. Eatchel's road budget is satisfactory in covering the most needs.

Government gives up sugar control at the end of this month. The situation cannot be worse.

Try the British plan on Carranza, Mr. Lansing. Fear nothing—the country will be behind you.

If Carranza insists on inquiry there should be at least one undertaker on the board.

The best cure for a hunger strike seems to be to let them strike.

SAYETH THE OREGON NEWSPAPER

CookStove Loses in Encounter With Tin Lizzie.

Athena Press.

Tom Gilkey, Jim Clevenger and "Dad" Welch have set up housekeeping in true bachelor style. Jess White undertook to provide the trio with a cookstove and delivered it from the ranch in his jit. When he arrived at bachelor headquarters, however, the stove was in just 43 more pieces than when he started with it.

The Money That's in the Bank.

Baker Democrat.

Often the "umbrella" you put away for that rainy day is money in the bank, and, believe us, there is no umbrella quite so desirable as the one that is handy for your use on the rainy day, the cold day, the snowy day, the day when there's a shortage of coal, or food, or clothes, the day of unemployment, the day of hard times, the day when the wolf howls loudest at the door.

Waiting for Christmas, Perhaps.

Carlton Sentinel.

Time was when an editor could often count on a Thanksgiving bird, just "on subscription account," but folks these days do not seem to feel like paying for five or six years in advance.

Familiar Sight.

Wheeler Reporter.

R. H. Cady and The Oregonian.

The Difference and the Distinction.

Eugene Register.

Before the W. C. T. U. goes too far in the direction of crowding temperance on other nations it might be well to consider our own good American opinion of foreigners who come here to change our institutions. The W. C. T. U. is an honored organization in the United States, but whiskered bolsheviki are honored in Russia, while here they are anathema.

Here's a Good Example.

Condon Globe-Times.

A reader of this paper subscribed to it the other day as a Christmas present for a friend who formerly resided here but had left. It is a present that will be appreciated.

Dislikes Etched Printing.

Coquille Sentinel.

After attempting for several weeks to read printing of this new style we can frankly say we don't like it. The print is often blurred and nowhere stands out with the clear-cut distinctness of type. It is hard on the eyes and its very newness repels.

Rogue River Rhapsody.

Grants Pass Courier.

And so we might go down the entire list. Berry or fruit or vegetable, it's the climate that makes it just a little sweeter, or a little more nectar-like, or of a richer quality.

He Means Cider.

Marshfield Record.

It is the liquid sunshine of a Coos Bay summer. Absolutely pure. All the good left in. All the bad taken out.

The Extravagant Habit.

Crane American.

People like to be humbugged. The world is full of vanity. Pansies are prettier than diamonds, but people like to wear diamonds because they cost more. If you have something to sell, don't offer it cheap, for nobody will want it. Few people are interested in the gospel because it is free and without price.

Bad Suggestion, Nevertheless.

Eugene Guard.

A quick and effective way of stamping out anarchy would be to hang without trial the lawyers who are always on hand to defend members of these murderous gangs. They did that very thing in Montana not so long ago, and the beneficial effects of that lynching bee are easily observed there. There are too many of a certain brand of lawyers in the country, anyway.

Running to Seed.

Monmouth Herald.

While we blame the undigested foreigner for the I. W. W., it is a fact to be lamented that good old American names among the prominent members thereof are altogether too common.

This Way to the Ropewalk.

Weston Leader.

We would advocate summary suspension of red activities and incidentally of the reds.

Expectations and Disappointments.

Woodburn Independent.

We lose a day a year opening circular letters. Some are marked "Rush" and sealed, and our heart goes pit-a-pat with the thought that inside there might possibly be a big check, but it turns out to be the same old truck. A man's time is worth something even to open and glance at all these circular letters, and then there is the added disappointment. Have you ever noticed how full this world is of happy thoughts, bright ideas, great expectations, trials, tribulations and disappointments?

Lucky Rinehart Hogs.

Blue Mountain Eagle.

There was a big crop of apples at the Rinehart orchard, and it has taken 111 hogs to keep up with the windfalls and at present they are away behind.

"The Petty, the Putty and the Pity."

Independence Post.

Blessed be the progressive citizen and booster. "A lot of them just go ahead and do things" and because they do, the petty, the putty and pity gain sustenance and benefit in the harvest that none had a share in reaping.

How Dick Rutherford Went.

Bandon Western World.

Local G. A. R. and W. R. C. have called to attention the story of Dick Rutherford, an 80-year-old veteran of Ontario, Or., who was helped to attend the national encampment of G. A. R. at Columbus the past summer. It appears the veteran was without funds for the trip and so it was decided to ask the members of Oregon, Idaho and Washington to send in pennies to help. A total of 10,750 pennies were received, of which 4896 were used to pay railroad fare and 5854 for his other expenses.

One Deschutes Resource.

Bend Press.

One thing Bend will never lack and that is lava rock. A visitor lady upon arriving in Bend the other day cast her eyes upon the surface of the ground and quoted: "Oh, how firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord." She had visualized our splendid resource of lava rock, which serves as the ready-at-hand concrete wall, and also makes a wear-ever stone fence, which for cheapness and durability cannot be excelled.

Epitome of All Things Bad.

Cottage Grove Sentinel.

Profanity in public places is a sign of ill-breeding; it is a sign of degraded mentality; it is a sign of a depleted vocabulary, and vile and indecent language is even frowned upon by the law, being a misdemeanor and punishable by jail sentences.

The Laborer's Hire.

Baker Democrat.

Few people question the value of the church to the community or the value of the minister of God as a member of society, yet the business affairs of most churches and the payment of the minister's salary are notoriously conducted in a slipshod manner.

Those Who Come and Go.

He is telling how his lip was cut, is Sam Van Vector, at the Imperial. It appears that Mr. Van Vector was on his way to Portland from Heppner and stopped at Condon to get a shave. While the barber was shaving Sam's lip a man came up behind the barber and struck him. The pain felt by the tonsorial artist was nothing compared to the sensation experienced by the attorney from Heppner, so Mr. Van Vector leaped from the chair, face covered with lather and gore, and with the apron flowing from around his neck he picked up a cuspidor and biffed the barber's assailant on the bean. Down fell the cause of Mr. Van Vector's wound and for a moment it looked as though Mr. Van Vector would be facing a charge of murder in the second degree, but the victim of the cuspidor slowly revived. "And now," explained Mr. Van Vector to a sympathetic audience, "I've got to hang around Phil Metschan's hotel until my lip is healed."

There was a very dapper and keen-eyed young man who film-flammed hotels, theatrical men and real estate men in Portland a few days ago. Claiming that he came from San Francisco to select a site for a theater, the stranger soon had glad hands extended. He examined various pieces of property and Saturday night he decided to take a quarter block on Broadway. Negotiations were carried on to the point where he was to make an initial payment of $5000. At this point he discovered he had to go to Puget Sound, but he would be back Monday morning to close the deal. Meanwhile he casually mentioned that he had run out of ready cash and asked to have a check cashed. This check-cashing was worked with the hotel, the real estate agent, a theatrical man and goodness knows how many others. Anyway, the man who wanted a site for a Portland theater has levanted and he is much wanted in these parts.

Charles Paige of the Public Amusement company, builders of the Miller patent coaster, of Baltimore, is here in the interest of building one of the company's latest rides at Columbia beach. After spending several days in surveying and going over the ground Mr. Paige has recommended a ride identical with one which his company is now building at Riverview park, Chicago. This park is the largest amusement resort of the kind in this country and also has the greatest number of amusement devices. This ride will have three-quarters of a mile of track and will be of the latest type of construction known in this business. It will consist of a 500-foot tunnel and after leaving the tunnel the cars will be elevated to 75 feet and from there on the fun begins, a dip will be to the ground at a speed that will be fast enough for the patrons of the park and still be safe. Mr. Paige is to start work on two rides for the Giant Safety Coaster company at Venice, Cal.

There are times when the Columbia river is too rough for navigation, as E. P. Ash, banker and merchant of Stevenson, Wash., can testify. Wednesday evening Mr. Ash crossed the Columbia to attend a lodge meeting at The Dalles. When the brothers had closed the session and Mr. Ash started for his own fireside far away, he discovered that the east wind was playing hob with the river and the Columbia was too nasty for a person to try to cross. Thus shut off from home, Mr. Ash came to Portland and went to the Multnomah. He is now more convinced than ever that there is need for the projected bridge across the Columbia at Cascade locks. This bridge project is now moving along slowly and has been taken up with the officials at Washington, D. C.

"There will be the greatest market ever known next year for logan berries," said Louis Lauchmund, formerly mayor of Salem and now a state senator from Marion county. "A big price is assured. I can't say how high it will go, but the price is going to be good." Mr. Lauchmund is the man who handles the green fruits for the canning and juice company at Salem and therefore has to keep in touch with the situation among the growers and the progress of the crops as well as the prices. And for the benefit of those who have heard rumors, Mr. Lauchmund declares that he does not intend being a candidate for the republican nomination for congress. There were such reports current when the legislature was in session.

There are 123 farmers living in tents waiting to get houses on their places in the Warm Springs irrigation district, according to J. Ward Armington of Vale, who is registered at the Hotel Portland. This is cited as an evidence of the desire of the irrigation farmers to lose no time starting work on their farms. Mr. Armington is president of the Vale Milling company, recently erected, which expects to grind the grain raised by the people on the irrigated ground. The mill will begin operating January 1. It has a capacity of 150 barrels a day and is said to be one of the most complete flouring mills in Oregon. Mr. Armington is in Portland for the purpose of buying the final finishings of the mill.

E. L. King, reared in Ontario, Or., is in town looking for a location. He entered banking in his home town, where his father, G. L. King, once owned about half of Ontario, then he went to Boise for 12 years. During the war Mr. King was cashier of the First National at Meridian, Idaho, sold out and went into the federal reserve bank at San Francisco for more training. For the past three months he has been in a hospital and is now recuperating and, as explained, is browsing around for a likely location.

G. H. Jacobs of Gold Hill, Or., is among the Hotel Oregon arrivals. Gold Hill is now distinctly on the map. For years about half of the houses in the town were empty, but they are now all occupied. Also, Gold Hill is blessed with hard-surface pavement on its section of the Pacific highway, so that traffic can go from Gold Hill to Ashland on pavement.

W. L. Provost of Bay City, Or., accompanied by his family, is at the Perkins. There have been Provosts at Bay City ever since the town was laid out. The Portland visitor has been connected with the light and power company in Tillamook.

Gilbert Thompson, who is a greeter at Bend, was at the Multnomah yesterday and declares that the people of central Oregon are planning to offer every comfort to the tourists who visit that section during the coming summer.

There is plenty of feed for the stock this winter in the Antone district, reports Mrs. L. M. Quint, who is registered with her daughter at the Multnomah. Mrs. Quint owns and operates a large stock ranch near Antone, Or.

C. C. Seeley, who has charge of the highway construction now in progress between Blalock and Arlington, is at the Multnomah, accompanied by Mrs. Seeley. He says that the road work is progressing very well, considering the cold.

A. W. Van Ness of San Francisco, who does not claim that the noted avenue was named after him, is at the Benson. He is in the jewelry business.

A. W. Spencer, a stockman whose ranch is outside of Wasco, is among the arrivals at the Perkins.

With a Kick in It.

By L. L. D.

FOREIGN EXCHANGES.

What of the pound?
What is Wall street's latest word?
Three point eight-seven? What? Absurd!
It seemed much stronger in our hand
When, back in June, we strolled along the Strand
And bought two tickets for the Drury Lane. . . .
What? Three point eight-seven?
You're insane!

What of the franc?
What is the murmur from the Bourse?
Ten to the dollar? Worse and worse!
We got but seven for the buck
When, back in May, we played in brilliant luck
And trailed the paymaster straight to his lair. . . .
And now—ten to the dollar?
'Tisn't fair!

What of the mark?
To two and a quarter cents they're gone?
. . . .
Have another root beer, John!

* * *

Incredible!

The market quotation for marks is 2.25. That makes them .59 weaker than near beer.

* * *

The Hilt and the Blade.

O, many a hilt that is girt with gold
Bears a blade of pewter and tin,
That glimmers aright in the throne room light
But turns when the foe drives in.

For a hilt that is red with the ruby stone
And set with the soulful pearl
Is worth the price of its blade alone
When the flickering broadswords whirl.

I knew a knight, down Sherwood way,
And he was a vain, vain swine,
Who pledged his shire for the lambent fire
Of gems from a sultan's mine.

His blade was wrought by the village smith,
Though its grip wore the glow of stars—
But mine was the cool gray steel they tool
From true Toledo bars.

O, mine was a blade with thought inwrought,
And love, and cunning and pride—
The good brown hilt was all ungilt
And laced with bullock hide.

And so when we fought, on the twilight turf,
In a quarrel no man may know,
I laughed at his thrust and gave my trust
To the steel that armorers know.

If you ask the fox on Sherwood heath
What he found as the dawn winds blew,
Ye will know that a blade is never made
Of aught save the steel that's true.

For many a hilt that is girt with gold
Bears a blade of pewter and tin,
That glimmers aright in the throne room light—
But turns when the foe drives in.
—Friar Tuck.

* * *

And Stewed on Saturdays?

Dear L. L. D.: Have you noticed this ad?

HARDBOILED
at the
GLOBE
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday.
—L. A.

* * *

Who Speaks?

I wish I had a caveman bold
To drag me by the hair;
I'd treat him well and never scold,
Because I shouldn't dare.
—Dorothea.

* * *

Joyriders, Attention!

"Reliable young lady wishes position as auto accessory or hardware saleslady; some experience. Main 6162."

BOILING OIL FOR MURDERERS

Additions to Death Penalties Suggested by Sarcastic Writer.

PORTLAND, Or., Dec. 4.—(To the Editor.)—A writer in The Oregonian asks what can be urged in favor of life imprisonment. It keeps a barbarous practice off the statute books of Oregon, and the blood of the executed off the voters' hands. The public should and must be protected from the mental "wobblies"—and criminals are such, with rare exceptions. This is proved over and over again by their illogical reasoning and ill-laid plans. There is a mental kink somewhere or a man would not be a criminal.

But if we are to have capital punishment again, let it be made a real deterrent. This has not been true of hanging, except in a mild degree. When murder has been proved let us boil the victim in oil, introducing him feet foremost. Then let every one of voting age be compelled by law to attend and witness the efficacy of their handiwork, while they preen with satisfaction over having made an example that will be a crime-soother. This would indeed be a spectacle to be long remembered, a crime-deterrent that would fairly curl the hair of the younger generation to which the story might be told.

And why not? The murderer would be no deader then than if he had been hanged and the voter no more guilty. There is but one life-spark to be snuffed out, one life to give. Why hesitate at the method? It is the deed that counts. If it be desirable to "throw the scarce" into others, take the most direct route to gain that objective. Why go on with mild hangings for years when a few boilings would certainly end crime, if fear has any effect?

The ten commandments are about as much law as is needed, and the calling into use of "isolated texts" is entirely unnecessary, I grant. The Bible, in fact, need not enter into the discussion; man's law denies the right to kill, also (even to suicide), and what is decreed for one man should hold true of all under the same law. Man cannot legislate right into an act at his own convenience; neither can crime be lessened by doubling the killings, even though one be called "legal."

Since laws are so easily framed it should not be difficult to deprive the chief executive of the pardoning power, thus insuring life imprisonment of the guilty ones so sentenced. And as to the cry of punishment—was Christ eager for retaliation on those who crucified him? "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do."
GRACE E. HALL.

How to Obtain Copright.

RAYMOND, Wash., Dec. 3.—(To the Editor.)—Please tell me what the copyright rates are on manuscripts written for publication in newspapers and magazines. I have written an article for a lumber publication and am advised to have it copyrighted. How shall I proceed? W. L. B.

Publish the work with copyright notice. Promptly after publication send two copies to the copyright office, library of congress, Washington, D. C., with statutory fee of $1, payable to register of copyrights. Necessary blanks can be obtained from the library of congress.

More Truth Than Poetry.

By James J. Montague.

WHEN THE FIREMEN ORGANIZE.

(As they did in Jersey City.)

The holocaust is at its height. The flames leap upward in the night.
The watchers thrill as higher still
The conflagration towers.
"Put out the flames!" somebody cries.
"Not us," the fireman gruff replies.
"It can't be done. It's half-past one,
And long past union hours."

Amid a roaring, deafening din the upper stories topple in
While with a cloak of inky smoke
The horrid sight is hidden.
A voice cries, "Telephone the chief and ask for succor and relief."
Alas, too late! He begs to state
That overtime's forbidden!

A mother shrieks in accents wild.
"Please, Mister Fireman, save my child!
To lose my James amid the flames
Would dreadfully upset me."
The fireman stifles down a moan and answers sternly in a tone
Of adamant, "I simply can't!
The union rules won't let me!"

Hereafter, friends, remember, please, in having holocausts like these.
To have them when the engine men
Are waiting in their stations.
All smoke that leaps, all flames that roar, outside the hours of eight to four,
Must be ignored; they don't accord
With union regulations!

* * *

Which Makes It Unanimous.

Now it is Ludendorf that accuses
Bernstorff of trickery.

* * *

Qualifying.

The ex-kaiser is growing whiskers now, and the bolsheviks are wondering if he intends to join them.

* * *

Business Opportunity.

The man who invents a burglar-proof cellar door will make a fortune.

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ARMING FOR OUTLAWS URGED

"Drastic and Foolish Law" Is Held Invitation to Crime.

PORTLAND, Dec. 8.—(To the Editor.)—As a result of the recent apprehension of the Clarement tavern murderers, I and a few thousand other struggling taxpayers will have the pleasure of supporting a lot of degenerates for the rest of their natural lives in the state penitentiary. There should be some way of making the "floater" and the professional idler and work-evader bear his part of the expense of the government. The only tax some of these men have ever paid was indirectly through the excise tax, when the state was "wet." Now they pay nothing. This also applies to apartment house dwellers, who pay only a small portion through rental money.

Another thing that galls me, is the fact that I have a walk of three blocks from my earline, through dark streets that are tree-lined. Some Saturday night I am going to be held up. If I carry a gun I am subject to arrest and as I am law-abiding, I do not carry one, and every thug in the northwest knows that Portland is gunless, through a drastic and foolish "gun law." If every law-abiding citizen were allowed by some simple permit system to carry a gun, there would be fewer "getaways," and the news would quickly spread in the underworld. As it is we are just an invitation to them. A. M. TURNER.

PACKING THEATERS IS SCORED

Movie Fan Raps Long Standing Waits Imposed.

PORTLAND, Dec. 6.—(To the Editor.)—With a "get the money policy" and a "public be damned" attitude Portland theaters are abusing theatergoers in a way that is shamefully outrageous. I am referring to the policy of selling tickets to patrons and then requiring them to stand up in a packed perspiring multitude and be rammed and jammed this way and that for sometimes even an hour before getting a seat.

With the exception of places where specified seats are sold this condition exists at every place of entertainment in the city and there is no way of telling before you get inside whether a place is crowded or not.

The theater managers certainly do not trouble themselves to let you know the conditions for it seems that as long as they get your money they do not care whether you stand for an hour to get a seat or get disgusted and go home