

Morning Oregonian

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United States has been their "good thing" and now they have lost it. They are going to the land where the turpin grows, and the most earnest of the chief articles on the bill of fare, thought as martyrs to the cause of the proletariat, they may be received into the favored inner circle of Bolshevism.

It will be interesting to learn how they adapt anarchist principles to bolshevist practice, for they believe in the government of the people by the people, so much that it regulates all the details of daily life. But reds of various shades are highly adaptable when their daily bread is at stake.

GAME COMMISSION AND MR. FINLEY

No great difficulty should be experienced in composing the uproar over the dismissal of State Biologist Finley. Mr. Finley says he desires to be satisfied to let the misdemeanor pass.

Commissioner Warren says he will be satisfied to let the misdemeanor pass resting on the basis of incompatibility of temper. Commissioner Fleischner says that the condition had become intolerable, and there was no alternative for the commission, but to release Mr. Finley.

RAILROADS BLOCKADE SAWMILLS

There is a general call from politicians, economists, business men and friends of suffering humanity for increased production as the best means of reducing the cost of living.

This demand comes to the lumbermen of the Pacific northwest in the shape of a flood of orders from the east and about as fast as they can supply their mills full time they found that they were being smothered in their own produce and state.

The reason was that delivery steadily got farther behind production. This was due to failure of the railroad administration to supply cars enough to haul lumber away as fast as it was cut.

Buyers, impatient to have their orders filled, began to show a preference in shipment. Up goes the price of lumber, and with it the cost of living, for though we don't eat lumber, we use it in many ways and its cost enters into the price of what we eat and wear and of the houses we live in.

Then the railroad administration is in part responsible for the high cost of living. Attorney-General Palmer ought to prosecute Director-General Hines.

The proof is available in reports of the West Coast Lumbermen's Association. During the week ending December 7 orders were booked for 30,472,722 feet, but production at the 125 mills reporting was only 75,913,212 feet or 67 per cent below demand, and many mills, having more orders than they could ship, were out of the market. What would have been the use of producing lumber if they were unable to ship only 69,122,984 feet, of which 42,720,000 went by rail? The mills would only have buried themselves in their own produce.

The week ending December 14 was better in one respect, worse in another. More mills retired from the market, for only 119 reported and others must be regarded as having withdrawn the whole world clamors for lumber, new business accepted fell to 61,587,972 feet. Trying to catch up, the mills produced 77,931,114 feet or 71.3 per cent below demand. But this exceeded shipments by about 50 per cent, the latter having decreased to 55,851,269 feet, of which about 40,000,000 feet were shipped by rail and shipments fell about 10 per cent behind new business.

The railroads have blocked the lumber in the West Coast, so that the cars cannot deliver so fast as the railroads transport its product. The source of the trouble is not lack of cars and engines, but lack of efficiency. There are probably enough cars in the country if they were kept moving and moved faster. But many empty cars stand on tracks, and trains spend weeks of time in waiting days in covering the distance to San Francisco.

The boasted efficiency of government operation of railroads is a myth. It disappears the minute competition was removed, when executive officers ceased to feel the necessity of showing good results to the directors. The languor of bureaucracy has fattened upon the road forces, and kicks cannot arouse them.

Congress cannot act too soon on the bill to put the road tracks again in the hands of men who have some personal interest in good service to both the people and the owners. American industry is ready to move all speed ahead, and the world-wide demand for all that it can produce, but it can move no faster than the railroads can carry its product away from the factories. When this is the situation, it is no wonder that the speaker's speeches are full of view with patience the spectacles of President Wilson giving heed to the plea of the American Federation of Labor and the railroad brotherhoods that this enterprise be operated for two years. The plumb line is being tried thoroughly, but it has already been tried and found wanting.

THE UNWRITTEN LAW

If George Chenoweth is not insane, and not likely to go insane, and kill somebody else, he should, of course, be taken from the state hospital.

Dr. Griffith says the patient is sane and that he should be discharged and has so recommended to the board of control. Probably it will be done.

Chenoweth was not sent to the asylum as punishment for killing Syndham, and he cannot and should not be kept there a day longer than the facts justify this course of restoration to normality. The cure has been most speedy and satisfactory, for it is the testimony of the authorities that he has shown, not only in his behavior, but in his conversation from the first hours of his incarceration. The assumption is reasonable that he was sane when he came to the hospital, that he should be recovered at the moment he was acquitted by the Curry county jury on the ground of emotional insanity. Or was it just insanity? Whether or not it was insanity, the fact is to excuse his deed in the eyes of his neighbors, constituting a jury of his peers.

Here is a case of the unwritten law expressed in frontier justice that ignores and defies the written law, and justifies the right of private vengeance. Syndham had despoiled the Chenoweth family, and he was called upon to repay the wrong by marriage, the rebuffed, and Chenoweth killed him. These are the bald facts, as they are reported by the newspapers, and supported by community custom and finally by the courts. How else can we account for the fact that twelve men readily accepted the theory of the "unwritten law" and that Chenoweth was crazy? He was not crazy, except as any man, maddened by his wrongs and passionate for revenge, commits an act which in his own mind he would not have committed.

Yet it must be said that the law is at fault when it fails to take in hand the perpetrators of homicide, no matter what the form of the crime, and deal with them sternly. It is true enough that Syndham deserved punishment, perhaps death. But it is not true that the right rests with any private citizen to inflict it. For his own protection society must insist that crime is an offense against the public and must be dealt with by the public. Insane or not, Chenoweth refused or neglected to do its duty by punishing itself, to that extent it weakens its own authority and prestige and is less efficient and trustworthy.

Two men quarrel, and one kills the other. The murderer is committed to the penitentiary, or the state, or the county, and justice, or see that justice is done, at all it citizens.

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English pound, which has hitherto been proverbial for stability. Several remedies have been suggested, but they are all impracticable or inadequate to cure the disease. One is bimetalism, but that would require maintenance of a stable ratio of value between gold and silver. The other is to increase production of silver, when present production is far below the needs of that metal's present uses. Moreton Frewen gives the annual total of these needs as 620,000,000 ounces, while the director of the mint gives the present world's production as only 137,000,000 ounces. Increased production of gold would help, but that requires some form of governmental aid to fill the gap between the mint price of \$20.67 an ounce and the estimated cost of production at an average mine of \$32.32 an ounce, and the effect of such aid would be slow and utterly inadequate.

The world needs to put increased value against the money that is in circulation. That can be done in one way—by increased production of money. The market is unlimited, for Europe and large parts of Asia are on short rations, in ragged shorts and fuel and of tools and machinery. The market is unlimited, for Europe is in the position of a western man, honest, industrious and healthy, who has gone broke. He has suffered a nervous shock, and his doctor prescribes rest, physical exercise and good, wholesome food. He asks the storekeeper for a grubstake to go prospecting and to give the storekeeper a half interest in what he uncovers. He is up to the United States to grubstake Europe by selling on credit food, raw materials, tools and machinery with which to make goods to sell in Europe. The articles thus produced will increase the volume of commodities to set against the sum of currencies and will thus reduce prices. It will increase each nation's wealth, and thus establish more credit to set against its debt. The work and the better food produced in Europe will give nerves and clear its brain, putting it in condition to reject the crazy schemes of bolshevism and to rely on the one safe panacea for its ills, which is to work just plain, honest, day-to-day work.

For Americans, this is no mere matter of sentiment or idealism. It is a plain business. The fortune of war has thrown the United States into the world's banker, and Europe has all the qualities to make it our best client. It has been our best customer for many years, and we have helped it. If we refuse help, an awful bill will appear in our totals of foreign trade, which will be reflected in industrial depression at home. It is up to us to make it so.

Two propositions on the social question that the Christian church generally accepts are unsound and untrue. One is that the church should play the leading role. All of which will prove that I am not a playwright, but only a writer of fiction.

The effort of the Italian government to atone for the omissions of an educational system of the past by making provision for the education of its other reconstruction, its efforts to preserve the whole area in which they are to be turned into an industrial site.

When an attempt was being made to interest congress in their preservation back in 1912, Gerard Powke, director of the Missouri Historical Society, wrote of the lobby for the preservation of the Cahokia mounds. The Cahokia mounds are the most stupendous piles of earth ever erected by man in this continent. They are doomed to disappear, unless the Kansas City Star, efforts to preserve them have proved unavailing and now the whole area in which they are to be turned into an industrial site.

Up-to-date Eskimos are experimenting with the concrete igloo as a substitute for the ancient one of snow. They even have a housing problem in the Arctic.

Hot air expands to several times its volume under the same pressure. Seattle should be able to make it truly extraordinary showing in the coming season.

Seattle really should muzzle the Rev. Mark A. Matthews until after the census. Why, the good man would drive all the prizefighters out of town!

Secretary Lane in resigning of course emphasizes that he is on the best possible terms with the president. That's part of the court etiquette.

That Umattia hunter who fired into the bushes, thinking to kill a bobcat, and killed a friend, is close to a charge of manslaughter.

A Frenchman is putting the third dimension into the screen, and some time that may get into a fellow's pocketbook Christmas time.

Before the Christmas fund is exhausted, set aside a few dollars for doing good to some one who otherwise might be overlooked.

The world certainly must be growing better. Portland garage men are pushing a campaign to have glass swept off the streets.

The simplest solution to the problem of how to keep out the Japanese picture brides would seem to be to keep out the bridegrooms.

People are shocked when a woman gets up in court and tells brazenly of her philanderings, but they read it just the same.

If the exchanges with Mexico are only notes, we think heaven that diplomats don't write letters.

Regular Mayflower weather in the east for Mayflower time, and that's where it belongs.

Many are learning it is cheaper to burn fuel all night than to pay for frozen pipes.

Do it in the morning, even to mailing your packages, if you can.

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE TIMES Authors Must Start at Bottom, Says One Who Has Succeeded. Octavius Roy Cohen, who rather fancies himself as a playwright since George Broadhurst made a play out of one of his stories, disagrees with Irving S. Cobb, who holds that writing stories and writing plays are very different. Mr. Cobb once said, "It's like laying bricks and laying eggs at exactly alike, but the processes are different." Mr. Cohen says it's all the same.

"There is no basic difference," Mr. Cohen tells the New York Herald, "between the writing of fiction, writing for the stage, writing for the films or any other sort of writing. It is all a case of starting at the bottom and working up. The idea of any one who expects to succeed starting at the top is piffle. It simply can't be done.

"In the first place, it isn't sound logic. The bottom is a mighty good place to start. In my own opinion, for otherwise the road would have ruined them." The goats, however, did not eat his stock of dried onions.

When the thermometer hit 14 below last Saturday in Washington country, Alfred H. Davies, locating engineer for the Puyallup Electric, decided it was time to declare a vacation. Accordingly he and his merry men swung around over the tops and scrub on their shoulders and hit the back trail, six miles on foot, six miles on horseback, and returned to the timber, on the Tillamook line. While with the 20th engineers in France Davies carried out the same thing, and ranked everyone not decorated with a Sam Browne belt. Each one who was in service during the war, four being second lieutenants. Dear were plentiful where the party got on. While the party was on, the line in an open clearing a doe ran into the open, surveyed them in perplexity and looked back over her shoulder.

Housewives will be interested to learn that they will not be any more acute, but that isn't the question, for it is the peach crop which promises to be short. All of the work had the time of their lives in the cold weather. Leslie Butler, banker and orchardist at Hood River, who appeared out the Benson road in an O. D. shirt, says that while the apples are ok, the peach trees were badly damaged. A short and the peach crop is supposition. Tests are now being made to ascertain the extent of the damage.

Wives Who Embroider. Wives really ought not to put in more than half time embroidering pansies and things on lingerie when they could be doing a night-gown and no buttons on that.

Good Swap. Oregon Labor Press. Workers made no mistake when they traded the tarnished brass foot for a clean, bright, silver shoe. Ad. in Cottam Grove Sentinel.

I know where my waivants on the old Veatch place went, and I also know where my riches went to last week. I was finding it too expensive to supply luxuries to these particular parties in such quantities. Those who are sticking my stuff will ask me I will be pleased to supply them with a reasonable quantity for any amount of money. I have been patient as I can and the next time this happens someone, and I know who that someone is, is going to get the authorities."

"Infant Industry." Woodburn Independent. Two small Scotch children while delivering the Portland Journal Tuesday evening by door-to-door sale, fell asleep. They were found at 11 o'clock that night in South Woodburn, under a pile of snow and in an exhausted condition.

The Cheerful Widower. Roseburg News. Nothing makes women more industrious than to observe a cheerful widower.

Even the Dogs! Condon Globe-Times. Colby Clarke's dog Rolf is a regular sight on the streets of Condon. He comes down town every day with Mr. Clarke, and takes great delight in carrying down newspapers provided he has the Oregonian. He usually walks at the Journal, and will not carry it.

JAY WALKING COMMON PRACTICE. Laws Should Be Enforced Against Pedestrians as Well as Autolists. PORTLAND, Dec. 18.—(To the Editor.)—I have been quite interested in articles from time to time concerning the "jay" walking in Portland. It is whose good letter was in The Oregonian December 16, that one-way traffic on Broadway is the best solution and this is said to be the largest association of the kind in the Pacific Northwest.

L. G. Ross, M. D., health officer for St. Helens, county seat of Columbia county, is in the city, accompanied by Mrs. Ross. The doctor is in the city to attend the annual health conference.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank R. B. Bence of Bend, Ore., at the Multnomah for a brief visit. Mr. Prince is connected with one of the big lumber mills in the central Oregon metropolises.

M. E. Atkinson, a shingle manufacturer at North Bend, Oregon, is in the city on a visit to the Multnomah. There is a spurt on in the shingle business, owing to the revived building industry.

H. C. Stageman registers at the Perkins from recent travel in Washington. He is registered at the Perkins, where he has a world of resources and assets back of it and is 100 per cent American.

W. R. Lebo, who was one of the star witnesses in the recent government case against the Seattle combine, is registered at the Benson from Tacoma.

A. F. Tallman, son of Joe, of Pendleton, is registered at the Imperial, where he has been in the drug store business for ages.

S. B. Wilkins of La Grande, one of the few stockmen to come to Portland since he left among the arrivals at the Perkins.

W. E. Warner of Cleveland, O., who is an automobile accessory manufacturer, is at the Benson with his family.

Those Who Come and Go

It required three times the normal force of men to keep the city streets clean, where householders have been letting the water run day and night through the faucets to keep their pipes from freezing, they did not appreciate the fight the men were making out there at the headwaters to see that the city supply was not cut off. Mr. Ready, who has been batching in the reserve, lost his entire supply of potatoes. They were in a tent and some goats got in and ate them all. "It's a good thing the goats got the spuds," says he, philosophically, "for otherwise the road would have ruined them." The goats, however, did not eat his stock of dried onions.

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More Truth Than Poetry. By James J. Montague.

ON WITH THE DANCE! "These New Dances," a Reformers. When the human race resided in the tree-tops, And our forbears were but mere aboriginal brutes, With an artless longing for all forms and styles of clothing And a savage, porcine appetite for roots, All the youths would get together in the moonlight And, responding to a vaguely felt Fomance, Execute entrancing tangoes underneath the spreading mangroves, For the earliest urge of nature was to dance.

When the student of the cuneiforms of Choeops Bends his head above the closely-written titles, Now an ancient, fondly lingers o'er the brickbat that he fingers, Studies out the pictured hieroglyph In the figure of a shuddery son of Calvo And, quaking little Alexandrian mimes, Though the lines are dark and dim, He has discovered that the sphinx posture, Co-existed with the pyramids and sphinx.

There were dancers in the days when Noah's Ark, Looked all his little pets aboard; As he clifted o'er the waters it's a clinic his sons and daughters Did enact, as fondly lingers o'er, Dawn till dark, Miss Salome spent her little lifetime doing Miss Salome's dance. The waits, the sink, the hug—she knew 'em all, And there surely was a jester at the head when old Bolshazars Read the warning that was written on the wall!

Do not think that we are citing history's pages In any attempt to justify the jazz, But we're here to tell the nation that this form of recreation Always should exist, because it always has. We could prove that now that liquor's scarce, Dancing's lost its last legitimate excuse, We could tell quite misanthropic on this salutary topic, But it wouldn't help a bit—so what's the use?

The Girls Will Have to Dress. A coal famine would put most of the New York musical shows out of business the first thing.

Somebody Ought to Catch Them. Those Mexican bandits are so good at catching people, we start another way by deporting Alex Bergman and Emma Goldman to some formerly friendly island.

There's Always Something. Just as the Democrats are getting us to go and threaten to start another war by deporting Alex Bergman and Emma Goldman to some formerly friendly island.

Rather Discomfiting. By Grace E. Hall. Oh, how oft in meeting strangers or in glance from stranger's eye, Have I longed to press for intelligent reply. As to when and where, in other spheres, was a meeting last—I can almost grasp the gist of conversation that was passed; Yet a veil seems intervening and a haze obscures the view, 'Till I'll only sense a meaning and the cloud I can't see through.

Many a time a look in passing stirs emotion in my brain, And my soul goes racing backward to untangle someone's skin. Yet though careful in my tracing of each face in memory's book, I can't find that resemblance, to that passing, piercing look; And I've gone away and marveled o'er a mystery so complete—Why my soul should seem responsive to a stranger on the street!

Sometimes, too, comes conscious feeling that a scene I'm acting in, Has been lived, and is appalling, from afar, as some detective is spying. Comes the certainty within me that, in other time and place, I have met some self-same female and have viewed them face to face; That the same emotions touched me, as in that momentary gaze, As are tugging at my heart-strings—aye, I even sensed them more!

Not a mystic, not a dreamer, not a follower of fad, Yet somehow I'm forced to ponder why, in those eyes, that gleam, Can it be re-incarnation, and in ages long remote, Have I met those people passing, when perhaps I was—a goat? And if such were once my station and I'm all pre-luminous plane, Then who knows what manner of I shall be the goat again!

In Other Days. Twenty-Five Years Ago. From the Oregonian of December 19, 1894. London. Tokyo dispatch says Japanese captured the Chinese gunner her 12. The Chinese garrison numbered 5000, the Japanese forces only 1500, but the Chinese retreated with trifling losses.

Washington.—Another resolution providing for union with Canada made its appearance in the senate today, having been introduced by Mr. Gallinger of New Hampshire.

Preliminary work on the erection of the new coal bunkers in lower Albina is in progress.

The first gate in the canal at Cascade Locks is to be placed in position this week.

The 3d regiment, O. N. G., has returned from the state \$421 in the past two years.

Descent of Property. GOLD BLIND, Dec. 17.—(To the Editor.)—I have a law in Oregon that provides that in the case of the death of the husband the wife receives only one third of his estate, unless there is no will. Do his people receive the rest? (2) What provision is made in case there are children? (3) Is there a law in Oregon that counts in the bank does not that belong to the widow? SUBSCRIBER.

In the absence of a will and of children all the property goes to the widow.

All the property descends to the children, except the widow's dowry, which is a life interest in the income from one half of the estate.

His Reply is Blunt. Boston Transcript. Miss Passé (think I am Mr. Blüster) doubt it.