Morning Oregonian

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MR. ROCKEFELLER'S GENEROSITY.

Mr. Rockefeller, transmitting a gift of $100,000,000 to the General Education Board and the Rockefeller Foundation, remarks that "the attention of the American people has recently been drawn to the urgent and immediate necessity of providing more adequate salaries to members of the teaching profession," and mentions the importance of retaining in the profession the "able and inspiring young men and women" who have done so much for education in the past. Undoubtedly, so far as it goes, the gift will relieve the immediate wants of certain individuals and of certain educational institutions. If it is not spread over too much ground, it may make a definite impression. But it will do more harm than good if it creates in the mind of Americans who are the chief beneficiaries of the schools, high, low and intermediate, the notion that they can look to private charity for the solution of every financial problem that arises.

There are approximately 700,000 teachers in the United States, and to increase their salaries only $100 a year each would require $70,000,000 annually, which is the interest, at 4 per cent, on a principal sum of $1,750,000,000. Nor will it be contended that an average salary advance of $100 a year will meet the situation. It may be doubted that $500 would be sufficient, if the standards of the past are not only to be maintained but permitted to advance with the needs of a progressive age. The job is too big for all the Rockefellers put together, however philanthropically inclined they may be. There is only one agency in the world that can possibly be equal to it, and that is the public itself.

Mr. Rockefeller's largesses have in various ways been the means of accomplishing a great deal of good. If he does not succeed in giving to every teacher the compensation that he (or she) deserves, he can point to a score of other fields in which his private benevolence has not run so grave a risk of putting a brake on public enterprise. The report of the Foundation for 1918, only recently off the press, gives us belated information as to the amazing variety of its activities in that year. It tells of campaigns against tuberculosis in France, malaria in Arkansas and Mississippi, yellow fever in Guatemala and Ecuador, and hookworm in twenty-one foreign countries and twelve states of the United States; of co-operation for improved health work in Australia and Brazil; of the construction of many new buildings for a new medical center in Pekin, and the supplementing of funds for missionary hospitals and medical and pre-medical schools in China; the opening of a school of public hygiene and health at Johns Hopkins university at Baltimore; and the carrying out of surveys for the American Red Cross and the American Social Hygiene Association. These constitute only part of the story. But they give us a glimpse of things that might never have been attended to if Mr. Rockefeller's money had not made initiative possible.

People are beginning to get a good deal of good out of the money of Mr. Rockefeller, in one way and another, but, as has been suggested, they will do well not to form the habit of expecting the Rockefellers and the Carnegies and the Fricks and some others to do everything. One of the strongest present features of our educational system is the participation of all the people in it. There is good ground for suspecting that if the people ever lose their sense of responsibility for their own schools, the latter will suffer far more than they now suffer for mere want of funds. It takes more than money to make schools fit for a democracy like ours. Anyway, Mr. Rockefeller's latest donation is only a drop in the bucket, and it is up to the people themselves to furnish the additional billions needed to keep their educational facilities up to the mark.

THE PACKERS' POSITION.

The truth of all that is said on behalf of the packers in a letter from L. F. Swift, published in another column, can be conceded without in any degree questioning the soundness of the policy which dictated that they should dispose of their interests in stock yards and other marketing facilities and in the handling of other food than meat products. As The Oregonian has frequently pointed out, the question was one of public policy, not one of whether the packers were guilty of the crimes or evil designs ascribed to them.

The argument against concentrated control of the nation's food supply has been weakened rather than strengthened by the unfair, one-sided methods of inquiry and the exaggerated charges of the federal trade commission. By employing Francis J. Heney as counsel, the commission insured that its inquiry would not be a search for the whole truth but would be an effort to convict the packers. It has thus given the latter good cause to charge injustice and persecution and to win the sympathy of many persons who are opposed to concentration of control over food in private hands.

The reason for the packers' control of stockyards may have been all that Mr. Swift says, but, as they are the principal buyers, it is impossible to convince the people that they do not use their control for their own profit rather than the public interest. There may be ample economic reasons for their handling canned goods and other commodities, since they have the proper distributive machinery, but the public may well have misgivings about such all-embracing machinery in private hands for private profit. These are sufficient reasons for dividing the manufacture and distribution of food into many units, each under distinct ownership and control. There still remains wide scope for that economy which is the boasted result of large business units.

By entering into a voluntary agreement with the attorney-general to divest themselves of all interests outside of packing, the packers have given the most effective answer to the aspersions which have been cast upon them, have proved their readiness to comply with the spirit of the law and to bow to public opinion. Their conduct will help to dispose of the prevalent impression that big business is lawless and shows no respect for the public interest or public opinion. It dare not do so, for in the end it depends on the good will of the public.

POLITICAL PROPHECY.

Colonel James Hamilton Lewis, former senator from Illinois, former democratic whip, and former representative in congress from the state of Washington, has not abandoned the political arena which he so long decorated with his hirsute and sartorial scenery. Not at all. Though not now a gladiator, with a job, he is a prophet with a mission. It is to enlighten the untutored east on the remarkable condition which confronts the country. He is the greatest little political forecaster since Dooley of Archy road. He has given out in New York an interview, which all the papers print, that in 1920 there will be five presidential tickets—republican, democratic, socialist, labor and liberal—and that the result is likely to be a deadlock in the electoral college, so that the election will be thrown in the house of representatives.

What will happen then, the delphic Lewis does not say. Perhaps his tender heart shrinks from the duty of drawing a veil which will disclose the sad fact that it will probably be a republican congress, which of course will know what it is there for, and do it.

But we are chiefly interested in the Lewis prediction as to the republican nomination. Here it is:

> The republicans will be dominated by the expressions of the primaries, to be held from now to May in the eleven big states. The republicans will meet with delegates so different from those now calculated on and bound by new directions. Then, in an attempt to prevent the democrats from winning the west on the league and peace treaty issues, the republicans will nominate a middleman conciliator like Senator Frank Kellogg of Minnesota or Senator Kenyon of Iowa.

If we get it right, nobody who wants to go to the republican convention will be nominated as a delegate and everybody now thought to have a chance to be the presidential candidate must give way either to Kenyon or Kellogg. It was unkind of the colonel not to put in a word or two for his fellow townsman, Mr. Lowden, who is some conciliator himself.

A prophecy is ordinarily good until it fails, or is realized. But the picturesque propagandist from Illinois works on a different principle. A prophecy from him is good if he gets it and himself in the papers.

DANGEROUS PARTISANSHIP.

The Oregonian learns by way of the Corvallis Gazette-Times that the Eugene Guard says The Oregonian "is exceedingly jubilant over failure of the senate to ratify the peace treaty," and it accuses the Guard and other democratic papers of ingratitude, because it (The Oregonian) "was in great favor with them when it was riding in the democratic bandwagon." But, adds the Corvallis paper, "just as soon as it comes out of its trance, discovers it has not located the bandwagon at all, then all these papers begin to denounce it."

Here are two types of newspaper that in their respective ways fairly represent the provincialism, pettiness and partisanship that have brought the peace treaty to disaster. One of them is for the league because President Wilson is for it, the other is against the league for the same reason. Both kinds are contemptible.

A far-seeing Americanism approves the idea of the league of nations because it makes the world safe for America. It is not vital that it be a league in the exact form of covenant negotiated by the allies at Paris; it is vital that it contain a workable guarantee of the world's peace. The controversy at Washington is almost wholly over words, over mere formulae.

The Oregonian would take the league in its original form or in its amended form. It does not believe that all the reservations impair the structure, but it thinks that some of them strengthen it. It wants a 100 per cent league, but it will take a 90 per cent league as an alternative.

The eyes that see the chaos wrought in Europe, and receive no impression that it means anything to America are blinded by a false and dangerous sense of security. The mind that seeks to isolate America from all other nations is ignorant of history and impervious to the lessons of experience and common sense. The mouth that shouts for an impossible isolation is doing harm to the present and future of America. If America fails or refuses to join hands with other nations for the common good, declaring that it has no duty to insure the welfare of others, but that every nation must look out for itself, it surely will awake some day soon to find that it has made an appalling mistake.

Women in Turkey, the dispatches say, are hoping for speedy peace in order that the resultant prosperity will make marriage less difficult; the sultan and the pashas are reducing the size of the harems because they cannot afford to maintain many wives in the face of the high cost of living; there are three women to every two men; monogamy stalks abroad; marriage is still the only career open to women. Those who think that women are confronted with a problem in occidental countries will read the news from the Bosphorus and realize that their troubles are as nothing by comparison with those of their sisters under the crescent. To make matters worse, the "new women" of Turkey assert that not only the ballot, but husbands, have been promised them.

It is evident that the west has no monopoly of those who for the sake of some temporary advantage promise more than they can perform. The ballot is easy, but the lot of the Turkish politician is not going to be an easy one when the girls discover that there are not enough husbands to go around.

THE PUBLIC CAN HELP.

Merchants and manufacturers of Portland have responded readily to the call for employment for ex-service men, but after all it is up to the consuming public in the long run. Some of the factories have agreed to employ their quota of ex-service men, though this means production of more goods than they have a market for at present. They cannot long continue this employment unless they can sell the surplus, but if they should find steady sale for larger output, their new men's jobs will become permanent.

Thus it is up to the general public after all. By buying Oregon goods they will enable ex-service men to hold their jobs and will add to the prosperity of Oregon industry. The factories in question produce staples which are needed at all seasons—food, clothing, furniture and house furnishings—and they run the year round. With larger payrolls they will cause more money to circulate in all channels of trade, and employment of the men who served will serve all.

Oregon has always been ready to care for its own, and by expanding the home market of its industries it will care both for them and the men whom it sent to war.

PARADISE ENOUGH.

The most recent contributor to our stock of information as to what Paradise is like is a Kentish widow, reported from London as having been able to obtain through spirit communications a description of the heavenly abode. It illustrates anew the point that revelation almost always corresponds to the recipient's own ideas of what would constitute an ideal hereafter.

To say that "everyone is happy and everything is bright" is, of course, to waste words on platitudes. To assure us that heaven is not "dry" and that smoking is permitted there is only to let us know that the departed one was more or less given to indulgence in his earthly sphere. But we are indebted to the Kentish lady for a new revelation that makes the place seem altogether worth while. People up there, it seems, do not tolerate the asking of foolish and trivial questions, although they enjoy an occasional joke. They are serious, but not too much so. They are just sensible enough, without carrying the thing to a painful extreme.

The time-worn inquiry about how we like the weather is, of course, barred under the heavenly rule, along with the long list of others that daily tax our urbanity while they furnish topics of conversation for vacuous minds. But it will be suspected nevertheless that heaven is not very densely populated. The number of persons who habitually ask trivial questions is exceedingly large. Delightful as life would be without them, it is a question how many of us could meet this condition precedent of a spiritual career.

HOME RULE FOR IRELAND.

The Lloyd George cabinet makes a daring attempt to remove a source of discord in the British isles which has continued for centuries and has defied the efforts of statesmen for generations—the demand of the majority of the Irish people for self-government apart from the other members of the United Kingdom. Something had to be done, for the home rule act of 1914 would otherwise have come into operation six months after the proclamation of peace, and it satisfies nobody.

That law was enacted after a constitutional struggle which was the culmination of agitation for home rule that began in the early '70s after the repeal agitation of O'Connell and the Young Ireland and Fenian rebellions had failed. A parliament was elected in 1910 in which the Irish Nationalists led by John Redmond held the balance of power, and they formed an alliance with the Liberals led by Asquith on condition that the latter should pass a home rule bill. As the house of lords was inflexibly hostile, fulfillment of this promise was impossible without curtailment of its powers. This was accomplished after an intense struggle in regard to a radical budget, a law being forced through providing that, if a bill passed by the commons and rejected by the lords at two successive sessions should be passed by the commons at a third session, it should become law on receiving the royal assent, even though again rejected by the lords.

Under that law the home rule bill was finally enacted in 1914, but not until outbreak of the great war had averted imminent civil war and only when accompanied by suspension until six months after the war. All parties threw themselves with fervor into the conflict with Germany, and it seemed as if reconciliation were at hand. Redmond equaled any of the party leaders in the zeal with which he urged the Irish to volunteer, and at the outset Ireand's ratio compared well with that of England or Scotland. But the war office betrayed distrust of the Irish by refusing at first to organize their men into distinct divisions, the Sinn Fein independence party agitated more actively than ever, and administration of Chief Secretary Birrell was miserably weak and blind to what was going on. Hence he was almost taken by surprise when the Sinn Fein rebellion broke out on Easter Sunday, 1916, though Sir Roger Casement, a Sinn Fein leader, was captured promptly after his landing from Germany. Military executions and wholesale imprisonments followed suppression of the revolt, and won hosts of recruits to the Sinn Fein. The field was thus ill prepared for the policy of conciliation which was then attempted.

Nevertheless the Asquith coalition cabinet which then ruled sent Lloyd George to Ireland to attempt a compromise on home rule between Nationalists under Redmond and Ulster Unionists under Sir Edward Carson. Their consent was obtained to a tentative plan under which certain counties of Ulster would have had the option of voting themselves out of a home rule Ireland, but Lord Lansdowne, a rock-ribbed Irish Tory landlord, who was in the cabinet, objected that it must be approved by all the members, and he withheld his approval. Sinn Feinism then spread like a prairie fire, and made great inroads on the Nationalist party. The government did not venture to make conscription apply to Ireland when it was adopted in May, 1916. When in the spring of 1918 the German offensive made necessary the calling of every available man, the law was extended to Ireland in the face of passionate protests from Redmond, but its operation was held in suspense until a last effort had been made to raise Ireland's quota by the voluntary system. A call was made for 50,000 men before October, but only about 13,000 were enlisted.

After Lloyd George became premier in December, 1916, he renewed his efforts to gratify the ambition of the Irish majority for home rule and the desire of the other kingdoms to conciliate Ireland without breaking up the union under one central government. He appointed a convention composed of all parties and interests in Ireland except the Sinn Fein. That party was invited but declined to participate. He held that the obstacle to home rule was not opposition to the English and Scotch but inability of the Irish to agree, and the convention was appointed to give them an opportunity to agree on a plan, independence or coercion of a minority to the will of the majority being excluded. The convention by a small majority agreed on a plan acceptable to the Nationalists but rejected by the Ulster Unionists and therefore not complying with the government's conditions.

The breach between the government and Sinn Fein grew wider. Many leaders of the latter were imprisoned on suspicion of conspiring with Germany, but some escaped and the others were released after the armistice was made. An election closely followed that event, and Sinn Feiners elected 73 of the 105 Irish members, the Nationalist party being reduced to seven members. The Sinn Fein members refused to take their seats in what they called an English parliament, but organized an Irish republic in Dublin with all the machinery of government. Secret drilling, occasional murder of policemen and others, and other outrages followed and have grown in frequency, to be accompanied by constantly more severe repressive measures and to culminate in the attempted murder of the viceroy, Viscount French. A delegation was sent to the peace conference to present Ireland's claim, agitation extended to America and the British colonies, and many efforts were made to embarrass Great Britain.

Demand grew among all the British people, exclusive of the Ulster Unionists and hidebound Tories, that the government itself should frame a bill granting Ireland the largest measure of self-government short of independence and consistent with the rights of the minority and should impose it on Ireland without seeking the consent of the several irreconcilable parties. This demand has the support of certain moderate men in Ireland, and the bill which Lloyd George has announced is the response, also being his third attempt to gratify the wishes of the majority with due regard to the objections of the minority. It approaches the dominion system for the two parts of the island and leaves them the option of uniting whenever they wish, the cabinet apparently being confident that the great interests which they have in common will bring them together.

This is the thorniest of several problems of reconstruction which the British empire has undertaken to solve. A bill to establish self-government in India is already before parliament, and a commission has been sent to Egypt to prepare a similar plan for that country. It will not be the fault of the present government if the British empire does not become in literal fact what General Smuts called it—"commonwealth of nations."

The Hood River pheasants which set on the frozen apples in the orchards over there during the cold snap in order to warm them up and make them palatable are wise birds, to be sure; but they are not any more intelligent than the birds of Yakima. Over here it was a common sight every morning during the storm to see a couple of hundred Chinks lined up in front of Game Warden Frank Bryant's office waiting to be fitted with steel bills which Frank designed to enable them to crack the frozen apples and break the ice on the creeks.—North Yakima Republic.

Interesting, quite interesting indeed. But we deny that Hood River pheasants "set," either in the present or past tense.

The publisher of a "country" paper has his ambitions and aspirations and one of them is "get out" as good a paper for his town as The Oregonian is for Portland. Lots of them do it. The holiday season is his harvest time.

Washington is to present a $600 diamond medal to the Washington soldier with the best war record. The one who gets it isn't likely to be one who admits loudly that he ought to have it.

A jazz orchestra furnished music at a Christmas party of drug addicts in New York. Must have figured the drug addicts needed a musical shot in the arm.

Of course the "gin" special of twenty-seven cars from Peoria to New York makes the trip. A train of that kind could not be ditched—no such luck.

It's comforting to hear that women's spring suits will be no higher. Apparently the limit in height has been reached.

D'Annunzio describes himself as "your lion-hearted poet." Nevertheless, he gives a good imitation of braying.

Kansas, with her billion in products, must not be vainglorious or the grasshopper again will get her.

It is tough on the dog and the cat and the garbage man's hogs to miss the accustomed relics of the turkey.

No wonder they called it "Jersey lightning." That state surely does miss her booze.

Nobody wants a pesthouse in his neighborhood, which is why the cases creep in.

Oregon's gasoline plight might be described as a situation of much gravity.

The pile will be out of the railway "velvet" in two months and a week.

Between Oregon cider and logan-juice, the east will be caught both ways.

About time for someone to form an Anti-Christmas Card league.

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE TIMES

How Some Japanese Look Upon Piety in Business.

No hard feelings against Japan are felt by the Philadelphia business man who laughingly showed me this copy of a letter received by a London firm from a Japanese correspondent, relates a writer in the Public Ledger. One can enjoy the humor without for a moment insinuating that roguery is rife in the big business of Nippon.

"Regarding the matter of escaping penalty for non-delivery of the Barmachine, there is a way to creep round same by diplomat, and we must make a statement of strike occur in our factory (of course, being untrue). Please address my firm in inclosed form of letter, and believe this will avoid penalty of case. As Mr. B. is most religious and a competent man, and also heavily upright and godly, it fears me that useless apply for his signature. Please attach same by Yokohama office, making forge, but no cause to fear prison happening, as this is often operated by other merchants of highest integrity.

"It is highest unfortunate Mr. B. so godlike and excessive awkward for business purpose. I think much better add a little serpentlike wisdom to upright manhood, and thus found good business edifice."

* * *

Manicurists who don't split their infinitives are more successful than those whose grammar has been neglected, according to Miss Helen Beegle, new principal for the Trades School for Girls in Philadelphia. A course in English will be established at the school under Miss Beegle's direction. Courses in manicuring and hairdressing will be arranged, also. Not only will the fair young students be obliged to take a course in the technicalities of dermatology, but they will be required also to study rhetoric, history, civics and other subjects with which all well-informed persons should be acquainted.

The course for prospective manicurists will cover a period of six months. It is Miss Beegle's aim, she said, not only to prepare the students for the technical performance of their work, but to make them cultured citizens of the community.

* * *

The most remarkable Bible ever produced, now in London, is to be taken to the United States next year. It weighs three-quarters of a ton, is 3 feet 6 inches wide, and when opened flat measures 7 feet 10 inches across the pages.

This tremendous volume, says the New York American, is to be the principal feature of a world-wide campaign for the popularizing of the Bible. The campaign will be started early in the new year and will be conducted by the Bible crusade, whose founder is William Henry Fry, grandson of the great English Quakeress, Elizabeth Fry.

Instead of being set in type and printed on a press, every verse of the Bible is being written, each by a different person, and signed with his or her signature. So far about 2000 texts have been written, the scribes ranging from bishop to laborer.

Twelve large goatskins were required for the binding, which is in rich Levant Morocco leather of the finest quality.

The book contains 175 sheets of heavy paper boards. It is sewn with twine in the old-fashioned way, around six stout hempen ropes. Each rope is thicker than the ordinary clothes line.

* * *

"Mr. Bagg," said Dorset Knob, secretary of the Brass Monkey club—(so called because all its members were required to have the nerve of a brass monkey)—"Mr. Bagg, I have the honor to inform you that you have been proposed as a member of the Brass Monkey club. But before the recommendation comes up for a vote, you will have to successfully pass the three nerve tests. The first test is, to seat yourself in a fashionable restaurant, open up a paper containing two homemade sandwiches, call for mustard, apply it to your sandwiches and eat them, and depart.

"Easy," laughed Paper W. Bagg. And he returned that evening with a smile and a black eye, and said simply, "I did it."

"The second test," said Dorset Knob, "is to go out on the street and ask the first man you meet for cigarette makings. Then explain that you don't know how to make them, and ask him to roll it. Then request him to light it for you."

"Cinch," laughed Bagg. And the next morning he returned with two black eyes and a smile, and said simply, "I did it."

"The third test," said Dorset Knob, "is to walk into a meeting of the Plumbers' and Steamfitters' union and announce that you are the president of the Anti-Saloon league."

Paper W. Bagg paled.

"I don't wanna join your old club," he said, with assumed indifference.—Indianapolis Star.

* * *

When Columbus landed on the island of Haiti, a huge banquet was given in his honor by a native chieftain and on that occasion he chanced to notice that two or three of the aboriginal guests bore scars on their bodies suggesting severe wounds.

In response to his polite inquiry, they said the scars represented bites which gentlemen from the nearby island of Canniba had casually taken.

It was explained further that the people of Canniba (known today as Porto Rico) were addicted to cannibalism and that they were accustomed to undertake armed raids upon the Haitian and other neighbor folk.

Hence the origin of the word "cannibal."

* * *

There was a poem, so-called, written in that form called free-verse which looks like verse in the types and too often sounds like disjointed prose in the reading, which appeared in a New York paper a few days ago. It paid tributes in three stanzas to labor, capital and the brains that brings them into co-operation for the production of useful things. It closed with this comment upon the strife among the three:

> Capital, management, labor, combatant—
> Which is the most important leg
> Of a three-legged stool?

The simile is apt. If only each of the legs of the stool could realize its dependence on the others.—Syracuse Post-Standard.

Those Who Come and Go.

Jim Wong Guck, who, in a white blouse and trousers and armed with a dustpan and brush, keeps the Hotel Portland lobby free from cigar ashes, played a new role yesterday. He made his debut as the official Santa Claus at the hotel. After a great deal of persuasion and explanation, Charles Schreiber, assistant manager, inveigled Jim into the fur-trimmed carmine costume of St. Nick, concealing the nationality of the Chinese under a flowing beard and wig of white horsehair. Arrangements were made to distribute 170 presents at the Christmas tree in the lobby to street urchins. Jim, in his get-up, was instructed to parade Sixth street, carrying an armful of balloons, and as a bodyguard the colored page boy accepted him. Like the Pied Piper, the kids trailed behind Santa Wong Guck Claus and swarmed into the hotel. Asked what he thought of his experience, Jim answered in choice Cantonese, "Mm gow um si sow," which, translated, means "I should worry."

It was a bitter Christmas for an employe of a Portland hotel. A friend approached him and imparted the information that he had three bottles of imported cordial and that the hotelman could have one for $16. The deal was quickly closed and the friend coaxed out of the hotel. Later, when the hotelman sampled the contents of the bottle he discovered that they consisted of grape juice and a dash of almond extract, and that the contents can be bought almost anywhere for 75 cents. "It looked good and the almond made it smell fine," confessed the victim, "but it was as devoid of kick as a dead mule."

W. A. Terrall will be a pretty busy man beginning January 2. He is the supervisor of census for the Second congressional district in Oregon, which takes in practically everything in Western Oregon except Multnomah county. Mr. Terrall, who is registered at the Seward, has his organization in shape and ready to start asking questions promptly one week from today.

When the central library was built A. J. Miller of Seattle had a hand in it. Mr. Miller, who is registered at the Seward, was disappointed yesterday in not being able to make a trip over the highway. It was such a poor day for travel that the sight-seeing busses did not have enough customers to make the trip, so the run was cancelled. Mr. Miller, therefore, decided to remain over in Portland another day in the hope of viewing the scenic wonderland.

"What's your name?" asked a hotel clerk. "Tee," was the answer. "T, what?" "Just Tee." "I don't mean your initials, but your full name." "A. J. Tee," replied the visitor, and that is the way he wrote it on the register at the Hotel Portland. Mr. Tee, who is from Astoria, says he generally has trouble explaining that his nickname is not an initial when he tells people his name is plain Tee.

The Cross brothers arrived at the Imperial yesterday on their way to California for the winter. A. J. Cross is a livestock man from Lanes, Sask., and R. H. Cross is a merchant of Brockville, Ont. They will remain in Portland a few days looking around the city before continuing southward.

T. G. Bligh, who is about as well known in Salem as is the statehouse, is among the visitors recorded at the Hotel Oregon. Mr. Bligh owns one of the biggest buildings in the town, is the movie impresario and buys good real estate from his profits.

It was a lonesome, dismal, homeless group of visitors who hung around the lobbies of the hotels yesterday. The usual flow of patrons was absent, and in their stead were men who hadn't any special place to go and had nothing to do.

C. P. Hembree of Willows, Cal., arrived at the Imperial yesterday, which recalls the information that "Buck" Willard has sold his interest in the Portland stockyards and is going to Willows to engage in the cultivation of rice.

A wanderer from Universal City, Cal., is John Walters, who is at the Hotel Oregon. Universal City, as the movie fans know, is the establishment where miles of film are turned out every month. Mr. Walters is "in the films."

W. D. Haley of Mahama dropped into the Perkins Christmas to spend the day with his son and son's family. The son is a resident of Portland, but the cold snap caused them to seek refuge at the Perkins, and they're there yet.

Filled yith the holiday spirit, a patron of the Hotel Portland yesterday opened a wallet filled with nice, new, crinkly greenbacks and began handing out $5 notes to everyone from the telephone operators to the desk force.

With the plant closed for the holidays, C. Aalvik, of the Aalvik-Domitt Lumber company at Stevenson, Wash., came to the Hotel Oregon yesterday to see how Christmas looks in Portland.

P. L. Vincent, sawmill man of Dee, which same is near Hood River, and in the vicinity of where very luscious strawberries are grown, is an arrival at the Hotel Portland.

John J. Collins, who upholds the arm of Uncle Sam as a deputy internal revenue collector at Salem, is at the Hotel Oregon.

Christmasers in Portland were State Senator and Mrs. I. L. Patterson and Judge and Mrs. E. C. Kirkpatrick of Polk county.

E. M. Duffy, business manager for the Oregon Agricultural college at Corvallis, is registered at the Hotel Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest C. Smith of Hood River came to the Benson yesterday to have a Christmas dinner in Portland.

Speaking of unusual names, E. T. Boatman, city, and L. Broadwater of Puget Sound, are registered at the Seward.

Address of Publication.

HOOD RIVER, Or., Dec. 24.—(To the Editor.)—Can you tell me if the American Artisan is published by Daniel Stern, 69 Dearborn street, Chicago? I have never seen one for over 20 years, but representatives of Portland hardware firms tell me it is still published in Chicago, but could not give the address. It is a weekly periodical in the interest of tinsmith and sheet metal workers. I am anxious to get on the track of the American Artisan once more.

S. B. EGBERT.

The American Artisan and Hardware Record is published in Chicago by Daniel Stern, 910 S. Michigan ave.

Bank's Christmas Economy.

PORTLAND, Dec. 25.—(To the Editor.)—To settle a dispute, please answer the following: A says bank managers used to give employes a turkey each for Christmas, being obliged to economize, have this year given a month's salary instead. B says there is no economy. Which is right? U. R. WISE.

It sounds plausible enough.

Goodnight.

By Grace E. Hall.

Goodnight shall sometime mean good-bye forever,
The hour glass is too far away to see,
The sands are running swiftly on; they sever
The dearest ties most unexpectedly.

Goodnight! Who knows the import of the parting?
Perhaps at dawn a silence shall be all;
'Tis sad that memory brings so oft a smarting,
As we a cold good night long to recall!

Good night may mean forever; we are going,
As flows the rushing stream where it must flow,
And destiny our fragile craft is rowing—
We answer when the signal comes to go.

Within the homing harbor, all unheeding,
We bid departing friend a brief good night,
Yet ere the sunrise he may be a-speeding
Far out, while tear-mist blurs his ship from sight!

NO WRONG-DOING IS CONFESSED

L. F. Swift Tells Packers' Motives in Agreeing With Government.

CHICAGO, Dec. 20.—(To the Editor.)—During the next few days the newspapers will, through editorial expression, interpret for their readers the significance, both as to cause and effect, of the recently announced agreement between the attorney-general and the packing concerns. A statement of our motives in entering this agreement I hope will be of interest to you.

Although it is true that we have agreed to sell our interests in stockyards, I want to assert emphatically that our principal reason for being interested in stockyards has been to improve the facilities for the proper marketing and handling of livestock, and that ownership in such yards has not been used as a means of manipulating prices, of obtaining unfair profits. I have often publicly announced that we should be willing to part with our interests in stockyards if arrangements could be made to continue their efficient operation.

As for our willingness to stop handling canned goods and a few other commodities ordinarily sold by wholesale grocers, I want to emphasize the fact that there have been ample economic reasons for our handling these products, in that we have the distributive machinery to get these goods from producer to consumer in most direct and economical fashion.

We believe eventually the public would have come to realize the soundness of our position, but because of the spirit of unrest and misunderstanding we are glad to make some sacrifices and concessions. I believe that it is just as necessary to make such sacrifices during the uncertain period of reconstruction as it was during the war.

Let me direct attention to the fact that the decree to which we have agreed to submit in no way finds us guilty of combination in restraint of trade or, of any other illegal practices. Under no condition would I have consented to such a solution if the decree were to charge us with guilt.

For this reason, enjoining us from combining to restrain trade will in no way affect our operations, because we are an independent unit in open competition with the other large packers and with the hundreds of smaller ones. The decree in this respect will merely strengthen existing law, which we are following to the letter.

With these thoughts in mind, I trust that you will appreciate the fact that our position in in no way an admission that we have been guilty of anything economically, legally or morally wrong, and that we have made this concession with the sincere hope that it will help to overcome the suspicion which still lurks in the minds of many people.

L. F. SWIFT.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Said the pumpkin to the turkey and the cranberry jell:
"This Christmas makes me weary, Makes me trembly, weak and teary, And I feel like letting out a dismal yell.
I was once a jolly fellow, Round and smooth and fat and yellow,
And I never growled a growl, nor sighed a sigh;
Now I feel like one forsaken, I'm as flat as slab of bacon, Since the cook has made me into Christmas pumpkin pie."

Said the turkey: "Now you've said it; Merry Christmas, how I dread it! How I used to gobble, gobble, Got so fat I'd fairly wobble.
I was always proudly strutting, and without a single care;
Now my shape would keep you guessing:
Since they crammed me full of dressing,
And my naked legs are pointing in the air."

Now the jell spoke with a shiver, All his being seemed to quiver,
And his voice was very acid when he spoke:
"All my folks are plucked and strangled,
Boiled and squeezed and strained and mangled;
I should say that Merry Christmas is a joke.
See that boy around the corner? Looks to me like Jacky Horner;
Looks at us like he could eat us with a rake;
We must have our vengeance, fellows, Let him eat until he bellows
With a gripping, good, old-fashioned tummy-ache."

WILLIAM VAN GROOS.

DANGER IN VOTE SLACKERS TOO

No Less to Blame Than Post-Huns for Berger's Election.

VANCOUVER, Wash., Dec. 24.—(To the Editor.)—The election of Victor Berger for the second time to represent the fifth Wisconsin district in congress indicates that the voters who are enemies to our form of government and free institutions, and slackers who do not think it worth while to go to the polls are in the majority in that district, and there is nearly as much danger to representative government in the latter class as there is in the former.

Berger and his followers are opposed to law and orderly government, but he has taken advantage of every twist and turn of the law in order to delay his incarceration in federal prison to which he was sentenced some months ago for violation of the espionage act and for sedition. While out on bail he has been allowed by a complacent government to continue the spread of his pernicious doctrines and were he to be dealt with in strict justice his sentence would be doubled for recent utterances.

It is utterly useless to seek to curb the spread of radical doctrines by arresting the small fry reds and I. W. W's, when men like Berger are allowed to rant and rail against the government that has given them the opportunities they lacked in their native countries. Dry up the flow of sewage at the fountain head and the resultant streams will naturally subside. FRANK W. STONE.

With a Kick in It.

By L. L. D.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

If We Are One Day Late.

On Christmas day when skies are gray
Nobody really minds 'em;
For all, we'll say, are blithe and gay,
With sorrow tucked behind 'em.

A word of cheer in your left ear—
In simple verse we hail you;
And we do pray no future day
With trouble may assail you.

May Christmas bring you everything
You ever hankered after;
But best of all—the test of all—
We hope it brings you laughter.

* * *

All's Quiet on the Willamette.

We had a gat loaded for any swimming fan who might bob up with a plan for a Christmas swim. But even Harry Eddas played safe, and the day passed without adding a ripple to the prevailing crime wave.

* * *

Ah, There, Ninth Infantry!

"Dover, N. J., Dec. 18.—The Picatinny arsenal, about seven miles from here, was partially destroyed by an explosion followed by a fire about midnight. The explosions caused no casualties, but five United States marines were injured, one probably fatally."

* * *

"God Took the Sunshine From the Skies."

God took the sunshine from the skies
and wove it in your hair,
Then from the trees and leafy woods
and flying in the air
He called the sweetest songbirds
down and bid them all rejoice,
And, lo! He caught the clearest note
and kept it for your voice.
From glowing purple violets and bits
of azure skies,
With a glistening silver dew drop he
fashioned your two eyes,
Then breathed on you, and bid you
speak, and you were wondrous
fair—
God took the sunshine from the skies
and wove it in your hair.

—JEAN S.

* * *

Turkeys Being 60 Cents a Pound.

"The ——— ——— club will meet this afternoon at luncheon at the home of Mrs. ——— A programme and Christmas tree will follow the luncheon."

* * *

Yo Ho, Me Lads, Yo Ho!

She sat beneath the mistletoe,
And wondered why the men were slow,
What was the reason this was so?
She had a face—oh, well, you know.

—S. H. W.

* * *

Excitement in Aberdeen.

Dear L. L. D.: The following bit of scandal was published in the Aberdeen World: "She walked in her sleep with Paul Norton."

—MARJORIE M.

* * *

Christmas Casualty.

$20,000 Left Wounded," says a headline.

More Truth Than Poetry.

By James J. Montague.

HOW THE CROW LOST HIS VOICE.

I've found out why the old black crow
That caws the whole day long
As he sweeps winging to and fro
Can never sing a song.
A tragic tale it is, and sad
Yet every word is true;
I heard it from a tiny lad
And here it is, for you:

Long, long ago, when in the trees
The songsters gave a ball,
And chanted choruses and glees
The crow outsang them all.
Although they strained their little throats
In bursts of glorious song
Above their best soprano notes
His voice rang clear and strong.

But he was greedy, was the crow,
And when came autumn time
And all the birds prepared to go
To seek a southern clime,
He said, "I think I'll stay right here
For when they're gone, you see
(And here he leered a knowing leer)
There'll be more worms for me.

He stayed and caught a cold, of course,
And when again came spring,
He found that he had grown so hoarse
He simply couldn't sing.
And now when winds blow cold and raw
And he goes lumbering by
With nothing but a husky caw,
You'll know the reason why.

* * *

He'd Have No Inspiration Now.

The poet who sang of sweetness
and light wrote before there was any
sugar and coal famine.

* * *

Foolish Mr. Garfield.

If we had the control of the coal
in the country you bet we wouldn't
quit.

* * *

Fifty Millions of Them.

Only Americans who were not born
in the United States know how to
keep from looking self-conscious
when you begin to talk of presidential
possibilities.

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In Other Days.

Twenty-five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of December 26, 1894.

San Francisco.—The steamer Columbia, which left San Francisco this morning for Portland with passengers and