Morning Oregonian

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AMERICA DRY.

A thought for today—the day on which national constitutional prohibition of the manufacture or sale of intoxicating beverages becomes effective—is that prohibition is now the law of the land, and those who pride themselves that Americans are fundamentally law-abiding will abide the event with such grace as they may if they happen to be anti-prohibitionists. But there are not lacking certain outward signs that the situation will be accepted on the whole with more than a pretense of cheerful acquiescence by large numbers who did not vote with the prevailing side. War-time prohibition has given opportunity to discount many of the gloomy forebodings of the alarmists; high prices for drinks have operated in other quarters to curtail individual consumption; a good many well-meaning but thoughtless young blades have found out that they were all the better off for abstinence; and the country at large has learned that it need not go to the dogs just because its liquor has been cut off. The lesson of the recent mobilization, conducted with unprecedented sobriety, and the experience of an epidemic of strikes in which bitterness culminated in disorder in only a few instances, have further prepared all minds for acceptance of the epochal social experiment which will be formally entered upon today.

National prohibition was invited when, in the period immediately following our civil war, the saloon began to develop modern methods of salesmanship, to seek deliberately to make new customers and increase sales to old ones; to practice the arts and wiles, in politics and out, that ultimately were to bring down obloquy upon it. The vast money stake involved presently made it important in an economic sense, and the manner in which it accomplished its own undoing is now history. But other factors also were in operation; the physical effects of alcohol came to be better understood, and the crowding of a complicated modern social order left less and less room for the liquor man. High ethical considerations which moved the pioneer anti-liquor campaigners like Neal Dow were mightily reinforced by economic ones before the fight was won. In the final analysis, John Barleycorn lost because he was no longer able to appeal successfully to self-interest. Even the moderate drinker came at last to realize that the sacrifice demanded of him under prohibitory laws was small by comparison with benefits received, while all but a few of the unreconstructed have already stopped contending that the nation in its entirety is not better off for being "dry." The idea that abstinence at least never did any harm has grown.

It has been estimated that prohibition will divert about $2,000,000,000 a year into new channels. We give the figures for what they are worth, but they probably are nearly square with the facts. Federal taxes alone on liquor in 1917 amounted to $248,115,000, which, of course, the drinker paid, along with other imposts and the cost of the elaborate appurtenances employed in persuading him that he was the prince of good fellows when he spent his money over the bar. Accepting $2,000,000,000 as the normal annual pre-prohibition drink bill, it is already plain that this huge sum is going to be diverted into much more useful, and certainly less harmful, channels. We have already got over our fright lest the coin that formerly went for drink should disappear from circulation. The home undoubtedly is getting a goodly share of that two billions, and traces of the rest are found in a thousand nooks and crannies of trade. The people in the mass do not seem to be worrying as much as a few of them are over finding substitutes for the saloon. They are finding substitutes for themselves, a fact to which automobile salesmen, home builders and others are in a position to give testimony.

The old order changeth, indeed. It is safe to predict that former conditions will not return. It is, possibly, the finest example in history of drastic reform accomplished without revolution. The people who have made this possible can be trusted in the end to accomplish substantial enforcement. National prohibition, effective January 16, 1920, is the present generation's gift to the generation to come.

The discovery made by an Indiana poultry raiser that music in the hen house increases egg-production is not new in principle. The idea is practically applied by old-fashioned milkers, who croon lullabys to the cows to induce them to "give down" more freely, and it is but a logical reversal of the rule prevailing among all keepers of animals that unusual noises and undue excitement shall be avoided as much as possible. Domestic fowls as well as animals thrive best in an atmosphere of harmony. But Indiana, now the geographical center of logic as well as of art and literature in the United States, is first to translate the theory into practice. The farmer in question, after installing a phonograph in his hen house, reports that egg yield jumped at once from 65 to 115 eggs a day. We await further experiments with interest, especially as to their bearing on the musical selections that give best results. We would like to know, for example, whether jazz produces addled eggs, and so on.

HOOVER'S DECLARATION.

Announcement by his close associate and friend that Herbert Hoover is a progressive republican; that only "spontaneous and universal popular demand will overwhelm his present resolution not to enter politics," and that only adoption of a "non-progressive platform" and nomination of "candidates of reaction" by the republicans "could place him on the democratic ticket," is fair notice to both great parties of his position. If there should be an unmistakable demand among republicans for his nomination for president, he is willing. If they should nominate some other progressive republican on a progressive platform, Hoover will support that man. Only if they should nominate a reactionary on a platform of the same kind, would there be any possibility of his accepting an invitation to head the democratic ticket.

This is a bewildering blow to the democrats. They have been sizing up Hoover and praising his points in the belief that he was a democrat, and they were well pleased. He was the one man who could turn the tide of popular disfavor for them, and who could put heart into their shaken and discouraged forces. Now he has struck a blow at them which counts as two, while the kind words they have said for him may prove good campaign thunder for the republican nominee.

The declaration by Mr. Hoover through Mr. Barnes helps to make certain the nomination by the republicans of a progressive who will be satisfactory. It thus destroys the hope of the democrats that overconfidence would lead the republicans to swing to reaction, and with it the hope that Hoover might become their candidate.

A DOSE OF PEDESTRIANISM.

The greater number of automobile owners drive their cars year after year without accident or arrest for traffic law infractions. Many have had otherwise clean records spoiled in the matter of accidents solely by the recklessness of other drivers. There are some automobile owners who are haled into court time and again. A few are notorious for the number of the times they have been in accidents or have been arrested.

The reckless driver and the persistent traffic law offender are not popular with the general run of automobile owners. The law-abiding autoist would, we think, submit to a mild inconvenience that the law-defying autoists might be curbed. Yet the licensing system now proposed could hardly be termed an inconvenience. The main qualifications for securing a license would be five days' experience as a driver and a knowledge of the traffic laws. But the reckless individual who held a driver's license would have ever over him the possibility of its revocation. That would be accomplished by a recommendation of the secretary of state from any competent court of jurisdiction before whom an offending autoist had appeared an undue number of times or under peculiarly aggravating circumstances. Once deprived of his personal license, the automobile owner or driver would be eliminated as a traffic hazard.

A law of this kind is needed. Municipal and justice court fines have come to be a joke with many autoists who can afford to pay for their recklessness. Jail sentences are appealable and in the circuit court a strange and unbecoming leniency is shown by jurors and sometimes by judges themselves. A good dose of pedestrianism should cure a chronic case of disregard for law and the rights of others.

RECLAMATION OF WASTE LAND.

Secretary Lane's plan for reclamation of waste land and other plans of reclamation have encountered an obstacle in the form of a determination of congress to practice economy. When income and profits are taxed to the point where industry is obstructed, prices enhanced and a direct impost laid on business transactions and amusements and where there is already talk of another bond issue to meet the deficit, this disposition of congress will receive popular approval. But in deciding which expenditures to make and which to refuse, congress should discriminate between the productive and the unproductive.

Reclamation and sale of land which now lies waste to men who make it produce is productive expenditure. It increases the supply of food and of materials for clothing, and thus helps to reduce the cost of living. It would add to the number of independent, self-supporting, self-reliant, land-owning citizens, and thus would strengthen the forces which oppose revolutionary radicalism. It would attract men from the cities to the country, and thus would help to establish a correct proportion of rural to urban population. Excessive growth of cities in comparison with the country is one of the chief causes of the high price of food, which breeds discontent. Reclamation would add to the volume of taxable property and to the number of taxpayers, and would thus render an indirect return to the government.

Eastern opposition seems to arise from a belief that reclamation plans are sectional, exclusively for the benefit of the west, when in fact the same arguments apply to waste land in almost every part of the country. There is as much need of reclamation of swamps in the south and middle west as of arid land in the west, and there is logged-off land in the south and the lake states as well as on the Pacific coast. Probably barren land in New England could also be included. Those states which have the smallest area of reclaimable land have the most manufactures, and settlement of waste areas would expand their home market. Though they would profit least directly, they would profit most indirectly.

There are good reasons, both of public policy and of politics, why arid, swamp and logged-off land should be embraced in the same scheme. The only real distinction is that the first class of land is mainly owned by the government, while the two latter classes are in private hands. But in all other respects the same arguments in favor of government action apply. The work must be undertaken on a large scale with great capital, involves the exercise of government functions and will be slow in bringing returns on the investment and return of the capital. Such an enterprise does not attract private capital unless there is a large speculative profit in sight. That would mean high prices for land to settlers, which are contrary to public policy. The government could sell the land at current interest rates and could collect the principal on the long-term amortization plan that is pursued in the rural credit system.

Congressmen whose minds are on economy are staggered by mention of hundreds of millions of dollars in this connection. They overlook the fact that the total expenditure would be spread over a series of years, and that before the last money was expended payments on the first tract reclaimed would begin to come in. They do not hesitate to finish an army camp in order to save what has already been expended, though they would not have begun it anew at this time, nor do they balk at the scrapping of a half finished wood hull. They should be able to see the real economy of creating permanent, new, productive values where none exist. If the forces combined in support of the plan are imposing enough, they will see this. Hence the wise policy in combining all classes of waste land in one general scheme.

BUSINESS AND POLITICS.

A bill by Senator Lachmund at Salem, making it a felony for any public official to pay royalty to any road contractor for patented pavement, was defeated by the state senate yesterday, 20 to 9. The great newspaper and political campaign on the paving trust has thus ended in failure and waste, so far as this legislature is concerned. But it will be continued. The devices of demagogy and sensation are not limited. So long as the public will listen, men like Thomas of Medford will make noisy charges. He may not be able to prove them, but he will continue to make them. Anything to achieve the cheap notoriety of a headline in a friendly newspaper.

Now twenty members of the state senate will be branded by a Portland newspaper as tools of the "paving trust" just as the members of the house who by a large majority passed the bill for a new fish and game commission are falsely and audaciously stamped as agents of the "fish trust." Under such difficulties, with such humiliations unconscionably heaped upon him, a legislator who wants to follow the dictates of his conscience and judgment must perform his duties.

Commissioner Booth gave to the legislature the unvarnished facts about the royalties of the bitulithic contractor. Over forty contracts were entered into by the state highway commission for patented pavement during the past year. In every instance, they were let to the lowest bidder. If the bids had been rejected on the ground that they were for patented pavement, or on any ground, and the next highest bid accepted, the total for the forty odd contracts would have been $250,000 more. In other words the bitulithic contracts, including the amount specified for royalty, were $250,000 lower than the aggregate of the next lowest competitive bids. There may be a further saving of $100,000 or more on the royalties, which are withheld pending determination of the validity of the patent.

Now here is a straight-cut business proposition, and the highway commission considered it on that basis. The commission is deserving of commendation, not censure, for its action. So is the legislature. They will get commendation from all but the politicians that are interested only in politics and from newspapers that think and act in terms of sensation, no matter how the welfare of the state is affected. It is all very cheap and sordid business.

WILLIAM AND LENIN, KINDRED SPIRITS.

When the events of the present epoch come to be viewed in the true perspective which time alone can give, it is probable that the bad eminence to which William Hohenzollern climbed will be shared by Vladimir Ilyitch Lenin alone, all their associates in crime taking lower rank. They are alike in having planned, plotted and prepared through many years to seize supreme power, in the ferocity with which they strove to bring their schemes to fruition, and in the world-embracing scope of their ambition. They are unlike in the fact that William's ambition was personal, to become the sole ruler of the world, while Lenin strives with the zeal of a fanatic to realize a politico-economic theory.

The latest of the several definitions of Lenin's position is given by the bolshevists as an aid to the peace movement which they are industriously circulating—that he is forced by fanatical colleagues to pursue a policy of violence and barbarism from which he shrinks. That theory serves to salve the consciences of parlor bolshevists, who are jaunted with the contradiction between their pacifism in face of Hun brutality and their apologies for the Russian reign of terror. How false is this definition is shown by a correspondent of the London Times, both from information obtained in the inner councils of the soviet government and from Lenin's own writings dating back several years from the day when he attained power. This writer says:

> In the bolshevist inner council chamber Lenin, if not a dictator, is, at any rate, a master who may fittingly be likened to a professor with a group of intensely eager pupils. A member of the national center party, who had enlisted as a spy in the red army and was employed for several weeks as a sentry in the Kremlin, once gave the present writer an interesting account of the various meetings of the council of commissars at which he had been present. The proceedings were almost invariably of the same order—namely, wranglings and disputes over policy between two rival commissars, endless discussion embittered by inter-departmental jealousy, and, finally, the inevitable appeal of the commissars themselves: "Let Vladimir Ilyitch decide." And it is a tribute to the position which Lenin holds among his followers that these decisions of his—given always more in the nature of a friendly suggestion than of a command—are rarely, if indeed ever, questioned. Not only is Lenin by far the greatest intellectual force which the Russian revolution has yet produced, but he is also the actual creator of the bolshevist party.

In substantiation of this statement and of the opinion that Lenin is now pursuing a deliberately thought out plan, reference is made to his books and pamphlets published during the last 15 years. The latest of these is a book entitled "Against the Current," containing the articles published by Lenin and Zinovieff, the despot of Petrograd, in Switzerland from the beginning of the war to their return to Russia. It was published in Petrograd in the spring of 1918, that is, after he had established soviet rule. He had predicted the war as the result of the "clash of capitalist interests," and from its beginning he worked for the defeat of his own country in order "to turn the imperialist war into a civil war," as the means of producing the unrest which would be a condition favorable to revolution. He owned allegiance to no country, for he said:

> The defense of the fatherland in an imperialist war is a betrayal of socialism. The working classes have no fatherland.

At the same time as he sought the defeat of his own country as a preliminary to the civil war which he planned, he sought to destroy the influence of those socialists who through patriotism fought for their fatherland, classing them as socialist-chauvinists and socialist-compromisers, also of those who had taken seriously the anti-militarist cult that German socialists had spread among Germany's enemies, calling them socialist-pacifists. As the kaiser aimed by war to overthrow democracy, Lenin aimed by the same means to overthrow capitalism in Europe. At the beginning of 1915 he wrote:

> The objective revolutionary situation which has been created by the war and which is daily growing deeper and wider is giving birth inevitably to a revolutionary movement, which is penetrating into the best and most conscientious sections of the proletariat. It is impossible to say whether a powerful revolutionary movement will develop after this war or during it, but in any case only work in this direction deserves the name of socialist.

He outlined his policy a little later in 1915 in these words:

> We would offer peace to all the combatants on condition of the liberation of the colonies and of all dependent and oppressed peoples. Neither Germany, nor France, nor England, would accept these terms under their present governments. Then we would have to prepare and carry on a revolutionary war, that is, not only to carry out in full and by the most determined means all our minimum programme, but also systematically to stir up to revolt all the peoples oppressed by the Great Russians, all the colonies and dependent countries of Asia (India, China, Persia, etc.), but also in the first instance to call to arms the socialist proletariat of Europe against its governments and in spite of its socialist-Chauvinists. There is no doubt that the victory of the proletariat in Russia would create exceptionally favorable circumstances for the development of the revolution in Asia and in Europe.

At the end of March, 1918, he wrote revealing the motive for the capitulation at Brest-Litovsk. He said that a month ago practically a majority of his party had declared against signing the treaty but that then the overwhelming majority "had to admit that those of us were right who insisted from the beginning that the peace had to be drunk to the bottom, that peace under the existing conditions had to be signed." The reason was that the bolshevists needed a breathing space between the "imperialist" and the civil wars that were inevitable. There was danger that "some of our comrades are going to protract unduly the famous breathing space," and Lenin made this call to arms:

> We have never disguised from ourselves, or from others, that a revolutionary war is inevitable. The creation of a new army is, in our opinion, our chief task for the moment. We shall not cease beating the alarm, we shall not cease to remind every supporter of the soviet power that new wars are coming, that new wars are inevitable, that they are just as much a continuation of our revolution by creating a strong revolutionary army in Russia. And we are convinced that the moment is not far off when the international revolution will become a fact.

Thus vanishes the moderate Lenin of bolshevist fiction. Like the kaiser, he was a militarist from the first, impatient for war to begin. His pacifism which his admirers in this and the allied countries professed was directed only against wars for democracy, for when the war for world revolution is concerned, they become militarists. Far from shuddering at the ruin which he has made of Russia, Lenin longs to extend his work to other countries.

The United States prohibition commissioner holds it to be against the law for fruit juice to ferment. He is likely to get in quite a ferment himself if he tries to enforce this literally.

With fewer industrial disputes pending than at any previous time in three years, it looks as if the peak had been surmounted and as if we had found the easy grade at last.

Some people seem to be spending money with the idea that the less they have left the smaller their income tax will be, whereas they are only making it harder to pay.

Now it is the high cost of hogs, but they must have them. A spotted Poland China sold for $35,000 in Indiana this week. Hogs seem to be more valuable than humans.

Captain Lewis, traffic chief, insists that a jail sentence is the proper thing for the speeder. Sure thing, too, but it's highly improper to put some of them in jail.

Ruth Law, the aviatrix, predicts that every doctor soon will have his own airship, or an interest in one. Great Scott, aren't their bills up high enough now?

That investigation as to where last year's flu in Portland has gone had better stop right where it is. If they go digging around for it, they're likely to find it.

Ever observe how the young fellow you met in a bank in a business way and appreciated his courtesy goes up a step at each annual meeting?

The bankers say prosperity has gone to the people's heads. They might have added that the place for prosperity is in the pockets.

Two youths of nineteen who robbed a feed store are said to have been in trouble before. There's your reform school diploma.

"Low salaries drive teachers to the chorus," says a headline. The idea being, we suppose, to show the taxpayers.

There never was anything meteoric in the New York Herald, nor will be until it is absorbed by the Sun.

A whole lot of "sick" people are banking on the southerly winds and consequent rains.

The sad part about it is that sugar at 13 cents isn't a whit sweeter than at 10 cents.

Portland resembles Mexico in its all kinds of weather on its elevations.

Intervention in Siberia was not even interference as results go.

January 16, General Prohibition's birthday.

COMMENT ON OREGONIAN ANNUAL

Every Feature of Opportunity and Development Fairly Measured.

Warrenton News.

It must be comforting to the producers of a great newspaper to know that in an edition claiming to set forth the advantages of their state they have measured up to the limit of their opportunities and have fallen short, neither in letter nor in spirit. The Oregonian, in its wonderful New Year's edition, has served the whole state and every nook and corner thereof. Anyone giving it the careful study it deserves will not only be entertained by the wonderful story, but will know Oregon through and through—from Clatsop to Malheur and from Wallowa to Curry. Every nook and corner of the state has been given its just need of praise and the relative importance of every feature of opportunity or development seems to have been fairly measured.

Amazing Compendium of Highways.

Hood River Glacier.

All of us were glad to see the New Year's annual of The Oregonian last Thursday. We missed that customary phase of Oregon life and development the year before—a necessary interruption of the war. We have come to look forward to the New Year's edition of The Oregonian. We file it away in our own libraries—an epitome to be consulted throughout the subsequent year. Thousands of copies carry the message of Oregon to far away states.

The 1920 number's outstanding characteristic, it seems to us, may be found in the amazing compendium of Oregon highway construction and the progress we have begun to make in realizing on our great scenic asset.

Even the Dyspeptic Interested.

Hillsboro Argus.

The New Year's Oregonian came this morning and it is a symposium of all the best for which Oregon stands. It was a regular Chateau-Thierry as a newspaper drive and is a record-breaker as an expose of the Oregon country. Its art work was the last word in pictorial demonstration, and every page sensed Oregon as she is, and as we all love her. Even the dyspeptic was interested—and that's going some!

Up to Oregonian Standard.

Heppner Gazette-Times.

All, or nearly all of our readers, have probably seen the New Year's number of the Portland Morning Oregonian, so we don't need to tell you how fine it was, but those who did not get to look it over, we will say, you missed a rare treat. In word and picture, Oregon's progress during the past year is completely brought out. The finest feature of the entire number is that section devoted to highways. It brings out clearly the fact that Oregon is taking her place at the head, in rapidly perfecting a statewide system of highways. The number was excellent throughout and up to the standard set by The Oregonian in past years.

Worth $5, Sold for 10 Cents.

Banks Herald.

The Portland Oregonian's New Year's number was worth $5, and sold for 10 cents. The state of Oregon had by picture and accurate figures and reliable history. Perfect photographs from all sections, covering farm scenes, improvements, industries, towns, waters, mountains and our wonderful world-renowned good roads and highways. We wish every family in America could receive and study last Thursday's Oregonian.

Growing Industries Revealed.

McMinnville News Reporter.

The annual New Year's edition of The Morning Oregonian found ready sale here. It is one of the best annual editions which the great newspaper of Portland has put out. It reveals something of the growing industries of the metropolis and of the state. It shows what has been accomplished in the good roads movement in this state and tells of the state's natural resources in story and picture. The paper is profusely illustrated with photographs that tell the real story. It is a fine number to send out to friends and relatives in the middle west.

Means Much to State Progress.

Gresham Outlook.

The Oregonian's annual New Year's number was a splendid paper full to overflowing with stories of Oregon's industries. Such papers mean much to the progress of the state as they advertise the industry of the locality and draw attention to the wonderful progress that the state is making along all lines.

People Never Disappointed.

Dufur Dispatch.

Residents of Oregon annually look for the New Year's edition of The Oregonian, depending on that for a summary of the activities and progress of the state during the preceding year. And they are never disappointed, for the annual appears with the regularity of New Year's day. And this year was no exception.

This annual edition, we believe, has done more to keep the country in general informed as to the progress and development of the state, as well as to its resources, than any other agency. It is read each year by thousands of people outside the state and has been the means of bringing many people and much capital to Oregon.

Creditable to All.

Wheeler Reporter.

A credit to themselves, the city of Portland and the state of Oregon; a comprehensive and well written story of our wealth and resources, full of interesting advertisements and well illustrated is the 1920 New Year's edition of The Oregonian.

Convincing Message Carried.

Tillamook Headlight.

The New Year's number of The Oregonian is another splendid pictorial production, which also gave a large amount of valuable and useful information about Oregon. It is editions like this that attract visitors and bring home-seekers to this state and it is safe to say that it will be instrumental in convincing many persons in the east and middle west that there are great opportunities for capital as well as home-seekers in this sparsely populated state.

Natural Resources Shown.

San Francisco Chronicle.

The New Year's edition of The Morning Oregonian of Portland, Or., is a pretentious publication, consisting of six sections of from 22 to 24 pages each. The paper is profusely illustrated with photographs of scenes throughout Oregon and Washington. Many maps of value to those interested in the northwest are included in the publication. The natural resources of Oregon, the development and the growth of Portland and other matter setting forth the advantages of the district, of which The Oregonian is one of the acknowledged newspaper leaders, are features of the New Year's edition.

Golf Shot Criticised.

Boston Transcript.

Angry Farmer (to dub golfer, who has driven into his growing crops)—Hi, you! You've got no business to be there. Golfer—I know. Rotten shot, wasn't it?

Those Who Come and Go.

"After October 1," remarked Colonel H. G. Newport yesterday as he leaned over the desk at the Perkins, "I'm going to be able to eat breakfast at home in Hermiston, lunch at The Dalles and dine at night in Portland. Furthermore I'm going to be able to travel all of that distance by automobile." Colonel Newport, whose home is in Hermiston, heads the construction company laying the 15-mile stretch of Columbia highway between the Deschutes and John Day rivers. Work has been hampered by bad weather, but the contractor believes it will be completed by July 1, and the unfinished part this side of The Dalles will be in by October, thus making a paved highway through from Portland to Arlington. The colonel divides his enthusiasm between his road work and the success of the government irrigation district in his county. "This year," he informed the clerk, "over half a million dollars' worth of alfalfa hay was sold in the district and they are still shipping it out. A dozen years ago this same land produced nothing but jackrabbits and rattlesnakes."

With a railroad ticket slightly less than a mile in length to keep track of Captain George W. Keeney of Seattle has plenty of reading material with which to pass idle hours in the Multnomah lobby. It keeps Captain Keeney, who is vice-president of the National Association of Masters, Mates and Pilots of America, busy planning details of his long cruise around the various ports of this country. He is going direct to New York then back home via the gulf and Pacific coast cities, reaching Seattle about the middle of February. The association he is connected with has about 52 branches in the United States, the largest, in New York, having 1900 members. The captain has to make his long trip twice a year for the association and just now he is preparing for the 1920 national convention in Washington, D. C.

Gus Newbury has lived so long in Medford that at one time or another he has tried out several of the important public jobs there such as the county clerk's and the county school superintendent's. Now he says he has to take the leavings in the law business and by dint of great effort manages to keep out of the poor house. He proclaims to the general public that he prides himself on two things—on coming from the Rogue river valley and on being the best looking product from that section. Mr. Newbury arrived at the Imperial Wednesday night and found that the only chance of his getting a bed was by doubling up with C. F. Stone, the Klamath Falls member of the state fish and game commission. Both are thin and neither snore, so they reported a peaceful night.

When Louis H. Compton came back from France last spring his friends just about blockaded High street in Salem while they acted as a reception committee. The Y. M. C. A. has the lieutenant's old job as general secretary ready and waiting for him to take up again, but Compton was by that time used to taming wilder men than the association could offer. As a consequence he accepted an invitation to become state parole officer and has been holding down that post ever since. Mr. Compton or "Louie," as he is best known around the capital city, was to be found around the Benson yesterday.

Nobody in Bend except the census taker would think of calling "Nig" Pringle by anything but his nickname, but when he stops at the Benson hotel in Portland he always registers as A. M. Pringle. He is paying one of his flying visits to Portland in the interest of the large warehouse which he operates in central Oregon. "Nig" is the son of Major Pringle, one of the most famous American chaplains in France, whose name is known to the reading public through Private Peat's book on the war.

If any woman desires to take a look at a man whom her vote forced out of his original vocation she should drop into the Imperial lobby and give Al Bettinger of The Dalles the once-over. They say that as far back as 50 years ago—although that sounds like stretching it some—Mr. Bettinger was running a saloon when The Dalles was in its glory. He can't refrain from providing the public with what it wants so he is now proprietor of two of the three "movies" the town has. He is in Portland booking up new attractions.

Wednesday night there was a very anxious man around the lobby of the Seward, and every time a bell hop shouted "Long distance wants Mr.—" F. N. Woodry of Salem would hop out of his armchair and look interested. Finally the call he was waiting for arrived, and W. A. Clement, who accompanied Mr. Woodry to town, breezed around and whispered to the clerk: "Nothing's wrong with my auctioneer friend except that he just learned the stork had left a nine-pound girl at his home."

When automobile salesmen failed to shoot enough Buick cars up to Bend to satisfy the demand for them, Walter Coombs and H. S. Royce of the Bend garage came down to Portland to round up a few on their own accord. With labor conditions in the best of order, Mr. Coombs says the people have plenty to spend on gasoline and tires, and there is a heavy call for automobiles. Both he and Mr. Royce are at the Imperial for several days.

A. H. Powers, who is one of Coos county's biggest lumbermen, is one of the many persons claiming the doubtful distinction of having a town named for him. Mr. Powers' town happens to be a genuine live one at the end of the coast branch of the Southern Pacific. The timberman is here from Marshfield and is at the Multnomah with a party of six other lumber dealers.

A. L. Brown hails from Astoria, where the Warrenton Investment company keeps him as its secretary and treasurer. Mr. Brown is one of the people who is expecting Warrenton to become a big city some day, and thinks some recent big realty deals the company has put over are going to help it a lot. Mr. Brown was at the Oregon yesterday.

Miss Bernice Ely, who has been with the Ellison-White circuit on the coast recently, is here with Mabel Getterman and Kate Barton to attend a Chautauqua convention. She is making the Portland her headquarters. Miss Ely formerly lived in Kelso, where her father was publisher of a newspaper. She is a graduate of the University of Oregon.

Prunes and music—odd combination, but Walter T. Jenks of Salem likes it. Mr. Jones manages the H. S. Gile company's warehouse and buys up fruits around Salem, but every time the Apollo club of that city gives a concert he's around to help out on the chorus. Mr. and Mrs. Jenks are staying at the Seward.

Camas, Wash., is well represented at the Multnomah this week. One group of folk from that town who are shopping consists of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Weatherbee, Miss Norwood, George Greigg and Ben Belskie.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Houghton of The Dalles are registered at the Nortonia. They have just returned from a trip to California.

More Truth Than Poetry.

By James J. Montague.

THE SUCCESS.

The show's full of jazzes from Paris,
So very—well, call 'em grotesque—
That seeing 'em done would embarrass
An elderly queen of burlesque;
And now we are patiently trusting
That when it begins its career
The critics will call it disgusting
And make it the hit of the year.

The costumes are charmingly scanty,
Just ribbons and gauzes and such,
Not even the Dancing Bacchante
Wore less—and she never wore much.
The poses are piquantly shocking;
They'll jolt the dear public all right,
And as soon as the papers start knocking
We'll sell out the house every night.

The plot—though there isn't much of it—
Is culled from the time-honored theme;
The seasoned first nighters all love it;
And college boys say it's a scream.
The pulpit, of course, has protested.
They say that the show is a crime,
And if only they'll have us arrested
The piece will be made for all time.

* * *

Total Depravity.

There is honor among ordinary thieves, but profiteers deliberately gouge each other.

* * *

No Wonder.

The kaiser's six sons are still loyal to him. He kept them out of the war.

* * *

Quick to Learn.

The Prince of Wales picked up American ideas so rapidly that immediately on his return he was promoted to the command of the Royal Yacht squadron.

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THINGS OF WORTH GROW SLOWLY

Extravagant Expectations Unfilled, but World Travail Produces Good.

UNIVERSITY PARK, Jan. 14.—(To the Editor.)—The world-enders do not weary in their predictions, and if their prophecies are unfulfilled they have done their part, indeed, in the prediction, but put the breakdown in the unfulfillment.

It was easy for the early followers of Jesus of Nazareth to confound the fall of Jerusalem with the end of the world. Indeed, Jesus himself in predicting the fall of Jerusalem leaps in statement to the end of earth, whatever it may be. Back and forth spoke the voice before these events.

Many saw in the late war the dawn of a perfect peace and good will of the nations, the world one and a perfect neighborhood; and some beheld the end of the world at hand. Neither view has made good.

Human progress seems to result slowly from its antecedents, and also catastrophically. All may discern a cataclysm in the periods of time from 1775 to 1783, from 1789 to 1815, from 1860 to 1865 and from 1914 to 1919. But the aggregate from both methods stretches over long periods of time. But that which we receive quickly is not worth having. Time, labor, sweat, tears, failure, make worthy results. Nevertheless, what has been accomplished by the great war is seen in the betterment of 40,000,000 people in Europe. Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Serbia, Roumania, have become real states and Alsace-Lorraine has returned to France, as well as Trentino and Trieste to Italy, and Schleswig to Denmark. If bolshevism is rampant within Russia, the system that produced it is demolished. If lawlessness and the dregs of the old, self-centered monarchy linger in Germany, the republic abides. Nothing comes out as good as we have expected, and nothing is as bad as we may think. That 13 nations of Europe have re-established a state of peace is a step toward the perfect society. That the church of Christ in America in a time of stupendous war should solemnly resolve to carry the gospel to the entire earth is the surprise of history, and that resolve carried the world forward a thousand years.

So, as we move on, keeping step to the music of God's heart-beat, we continue with open eyes looking toward the rising sun.

B. J. HOADLEY.

SHOWS FOR CHILDREN ADVISED

Why Censor "Sex" Plays for Grown-Ups? Writer Wants to Know.

PORTLAND, Jan. 15.—(To the Editor.)—Mrs. Parsons is the first who has struck the right note in the "movies" controversy, by recommending that children should be kept away from unsuitable movies, rather than that anything unsuitable to children should be kept out of movies. It is not necessary to enforce a general diet of mental bread-and-milk because young children cannot digest beefsteak. The "sex" picture is naturally one which interests the majority of people, because it shows, whether in a simple love story or a problem play, phases of the common experience of us all. We are not all burglars, cowboys, actors, millionaires or gutter snipes, but we are all men and women, and as such liable to fall in love.

The obvious solution of the difficulty seems to be special shows for children. There are wonderful tales, such as "Treasure Island," which any child would prefer to those in which men and women rant and weep for no reason discoverable to a child's mind.

I have been astounded to see children taken to see some of the films which are yet perfectly suitable for grownups. There are vices worse than immorality, and one is cruelty to the weak and defenseless. Yet children were taken to witness the wonderfully depicted lust of cruelty in "Broken Blossoms," and the house was full of children at "The Auction of Souls," in which picture barbarous cruelty was not even punished. Which is the better picture for a child's mind to contemplate, that of a woman as a person to be loved, or that of a woman as a thing to be crucified naked, or to be tied to the tail of a galloping horse and dragged across rocky country?

MRS. R. P. STRAHL.

War Mothers and Pershing.

McMINNVILLE, Or., Jan. 14.—(To the Editor.)—(1) Please tell us as to whether the War Mothers of Portland and other cities are to take part in welcoming General Pershing to Portland. (2) Will ex-service men be allowed to take a lady to the armory to hear his address in the afternoon? (3) Should ex-service men wear their uniforms? SUBSCRIBER.

(1) Five seats on the platform at the public auditorium will be reserved for war mothers, according to P. Hetherton of the Chamber of Commerce committee on arrangements.

(2) Owing to General Pershing's own request that he be permitted to address a meeting of former service men only, no others will be permitted in the armory, as there is not enough space there to accommodate one half the veterans living in Portland, to say nothing of the entire state.

(3) Wearing of the uniform is optional.

With a Kick in It.

By Linton L. Davies.

VOICES THREE.

Now a flute hath life and a lilt to it,
As a blackbird fey with spring,
Shimmer and glitter and gilt to it,
And country maids in a ring.
Merry the lips that are set to it,
Nimble the finger-bones,
It sings with a frolic and fret to it,
Like water over stones.

And a viol hath soul and a way with it
To grieve or to make glad,
That all may be sober or gay with it—
Grandsire and stripling lad.
Deep in its heart there's a sob to it,
Wraith of an olden pain,
And the strings of your own heart throb to it,
For it bringeth dreams again.

But a trumpet hath voice and a shout to it,
That rings in the ears of men,
With never a grief nor doubt of it—
Over the hill and fen.
Silvern it cries with an urge to it,
Clanging against the sky—
And footmen and horsemen surge to it
Where the freed standards fly.

L'ENVOI

My heart is a knave unbridled,
To laugh and to sigh with zest;
But bend ye near, my gossips dear—
He loveth the trumpet best.

—FRIAR TUCK.

* * *

Infringement of Copyright.

"Foch Says War Was Won by Divine Aid."—Headline.

Tut, tut, Ferdinand. That's the way Wilhelm used to talk.

* * *

Lift Co-operation, Boys.

Shades of the democratic mule! We read by the democratic daily that a message written by a democratic attorney-general and mailed to be read at a Jackson-day dinner of democrats in Portland was delayed and never reached there because of the poor mail service of the democratic postmaster-general.

* * *

Lingering Habits.

When Pete was fighting over there
He feared the copper militaire.
And now, at home, he will not stand
For cops without an M. P. band.

—Jack Burroughs in "The Home Sector."

When Bill was touring la belle France
With French train guards he took his chance.
Does Bill pay fares now? Nix, not he!
Says he to trainmen: "Paw compree!"

* * *

What Is a Faux Pas? This Is!

I, L. D., Sir:—Misfortune brought me false teeth while yet in the prime of life. The other day, on a Sunnyside car, I coughed violently. In one hand I carried $7 worth of steak. The other grasped the car-strap. I could not take the customary precaution. I regret to say that my upper porcelains catapulted directly into the lap of a modishly dressed young woman, slightly lacerating the fabric of her suit. Chagrined beyond measure, I seized my dental property and left the car at the first stop, amid the jeers of my fellow passengers. What should I have done? How prevent a recurrence?

—UNFORTUNATE.

Our Guide to Polite Conduct mentions no rule in such a case. Evidently your mishap is unprecedented. Why not snub your champers to your right ear with an unobtrusive hawser of hay wire?

* * *

Emancipated.

"Exchange—Mostly new wringer and washboard for chickens or female Persian cat. Phone ——."

Estrangement.

By Grace E. Hall.

There were two little playmates I used to know