Morning Oregonian

ESTABLISHED BY HENRY L. PITTOCK.

Published by The Oregonian Publishing Co., 155 Sixth Street, Portland, Oregon.

C. A. MORDEN, Manager. E. B. PIPER, Editor.

The Oregonian is a member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein. All rights of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

Subscription Rates—Invariably in Advance.

(By Mail.)

Daily, Sunday included, one year	$8.00
Daily, Sunday included, six months	4.25
Daily, Sunday included, three months	2.25
Daily, Sunday included, one month	.75
Daily, without Sunday, one year	6.00
Daily, without Sunday, six months	3.25
Daily, without Sunday, one month	.60
Weekly, one year	1.00
Sunday, one year	2.50
Sunday and weekly	3.50

(By Carrier.)

Daily, Sunday included, one year	$9.00
Daily, Sunday included, three months	2.25
Daily, Sunday included, one month	.75
Daily, without Sunday, one year	7.80
Daily, without Sunday, three months	1.95
Daily, without Sunday, one month	.65

How to Remit—Send postoffice money order, express or personal check on your local bank. Stamps, coin or currency are at owner's risk. Give postoffice address in full, including county and state.

Postage Rates—12 to 16 pages, 1 cent; 18 to 32 pages, 2 cents; 34 to 48 pages, 3 cents; 50 to 60 pages, 4 cents; 62 to 76 pages, 5 cents; 78 to 92 pages, 6 cents. Foreign postage, double rates.

Eastern Business Office—Verree & Conklin, Brunswick building, New York; Verree & Conklin, Steger building, Chicago; Verree & Conklin, Free Press building, Detroit, Mich. San Francisco representative, R. J. Bidwell.

A CRISIS THAT WE SURVIVED.

History of the chaotic and tumultuous times of about a century and a quarter ago in America, when disquiet was heightened by the sanguinary events of the French revolution, when patriots who counselled moderation were denounced as Anglophiles and plotters to restore monarchial forms of government, when even Madison felt called on to hope that friends of freedom would not be misled by the "cold caution of the government," and a mob in Philadelphia threatened to drag President Washington out of his house and effect a revolution, unless war were declared in favor of the French revolution and against England, makes illuminating reading in the present period of unrest caused by events in Russia. The parallel between those times and these is particularly interesting because, as everyone now knows, we survived that crisis. The point that needs emphasis is that the ordeal through which we then passed was, by comparison with our capacity for withstanding it, many times more intense then than we probably are justified in supposing the present situation to be. We were callow in self-government, our leaders were untried, our methods unformulated. The constitution had not been interpreted. The republic was a mere chrysalis. Society was only beginning to master the art of organization. Yet the firmness of Washington, and—perhaps—the innate common sense of Americans pulled us through. If then, why not now? The elements that make for restoration of equilibrium exist today, perhaps as in no previous period of our history.

Reading of the final collapse of the arrogant Citizen Genet, and of the return of sanity to the people, we are apt to forget the singular frenzies of the time. It was natural that Americans should be thrilled by the triumphs of early republicanism in France—but we can only wonder now at the acclamations with which the most barbarous excesses of the revolutionists were greeted. Though Louis XVI had been our friend, his execution was hailed with unseemly manifestations of joy. A "French frenzy" seized even staid Boston; Philadelphia gave way to ribald emotion; the Fourth of July, 1793, is said to have been celebrated as a French rather than an American holiday; at a banquet in Philadelphia, attended by the leading citizens of the city, a boar, previously christened Louis XVI, was guillotined, and these leading citizens, placing liberty caps on their heads, took turns in "mangling the head of the luckless creature doomed to be served for so unworthy a company," as one historian writes it. Later in the year, the execution of Marie Antoinette excited savage emotions, and society girls vied with one another in expressions of extravagant joy. One feminine chauvinist is quoted as having declared her sorrow that she could not wash her hands in the blood of the murdered queen. When Genet, with effrontery now difficult for us to contemplate with equanimity, threatened to appeal from the patriotic policy of Washington to the American people themselves, he did not lack open supporters. His schemes in Kentucky and the Mississippi valley were defended, and even entered into with zest, under the very eyes of Washington. Disloyalty, even sedition, stalked abroad.

Enthusiasms led to absurd extremes. Our literature suffered, naturally, from intrusion of bombast into its prose and substitution of doggerel for verse. The stage was contaminated. Politics was introduced into comedy. Theaters ranged themselves in partisan divisions. A new theater was built in Boston, avowedly to cater to a particular political party. Francophiles demanded that "Ca ira" be played at every performance, and this, says Charles D. Hazen in his "Contemporary American Opinion of the French Revolution," was often done. The name of Queen street, in New York, was changed to Pearl, and Crown street to Liberty. A Boston alley called Royal Exchange alley became Equality Lane. There was a curious attempt, mentioned by Hazen, by a Philadelphia scholar to alter the language, "so that it might be no longer English, but American." Noah Webster proposed sarcastically that "this vile aristocratical name of New York, so redolent with royalty," be changed, while the spirit of change prevailed. This excess was not reached, though many others were committed.

As the Russians have given us "bolsheviki," and "soviet," so the French revolution gave political currency to "anarchist," "aristocrat," "mobocrat," Jacobin," and "incivism." Hostility to titles, which we caught from the revolutionists, ran high. The first congress seriously distrusted them, the senate assenting but the house, as Hazen says, suspicious that their beginning would be but the beginning of a march back toward royalty. Thomas Jefferson hoped the use of "Mr." would disappear forever, together with "Honor," "Worship" and "Esquire." The "social and soul-warming term, 'Citizen'" became the fashion. The New York Democratic society provided by its constitution for use of "Citizen Chairman," in the place of "Mr. Chairman," and toasted the president as "Citizen George Washington." Men and women followed the Paris mode even in marrying. Newspapers of the time contained notices of the wedding of Citizen So-and-so and Citess Such-and-such. In mockery, some one showed that even "Citizen" was an unsatisfactory designation, and to prove it cited the history of Rome, where citizenship did not imply equality, but applied to nobles, patricians and plebeians, all of whom were citizens. "Brother" was objected to, "for we should thereby lose a word useful for designating a dear relative." It was suitable, also, for describing only half of the species. A wag proposed "biped." He said:

The title is perfectly simple; it fits people of every country; it is male or female; it is not of aristocratic origin; and while it accords with truth, it cannot bear the suspicion of flattery.

An editor, vainly trying to stem the tide, wrote that "while liberty and equality, Paine and the Rights of Man are all the rage to the eastward, it is pleasant to know that the brethren of the south are not far behind, and that in addressing their sable fellow-creatures they say: 'Citizen Pompey, clean my boots,' and the auctioneer cries, 'Twenty pounds for Citizen Alexander—who bids more?'" Even the title "Rev." was objected to by some, as conveying distinction due only to deity. "We do not read," said a contributor to a Boston paper quoted by Hazen, "of Revs. Aaron, Jeremiah or Isaiah, or the reverend body of disciples." It was proposed also to abolish the custom of keeping the birthdays of "servants of the public." This was in the lifetime of Washington, whose birthday is today one of our most sacred holidays.

But the republic was not thus to be destroyed, or the purposes of its founders set at naught by overemphasis on non-essentials. It survived the turmoil. The tempest in time was stilled. The stout hearts did not fail it then, and ultimately sober counsel prevailed. It is worth while, when the present seems gloomy, occasionally to fortify ourselves by contemplating the trials through which the forefathers of the nation passed.

ON WITH THE GOOD WORK.

The accuracy of the Chicago test, commented on in these columns a day or two ago, of the existance of an actual wave of crime is confirmed now in Portland, where three young men under arrest confess to a series of six hold-ups. In Chicago arrest and detention of known criminals caused the "wave of crime" to disappear.

Crime waves are not due to a general falling off of morality but are almost invariably traceable to a few active criminals. Portland has suffered recently from the depradations of two or three such groups. The police eradicated one nest when they caught the Claremont Tavern murderers, and with commendable vigor they have now done their part toward putting away another group of active robbers.

It is an encouragement to police efficiency when the courts quickly and adequately sentence the criminals whom the police have caught. This latest trio of confessed robbers should not be permitted to tarry on their way to the penitentiary. The surest way to free Portland of burglary and highwaymanry is activity by the police followed by prompt and exact justice.

CLEAN FAIRS.

It will doubtless be brought to the attention of the North Pacific Fair association this week that the Oregon State fair board has gone on record against fair ground concessions to games of chance and exhibitions of doubtful morality.

The state, county or district fair is encouraged on the theory that it is an educational enterprise and a stimulous to agricultural betterment. The fair would perhaps be dull if no amusements whatever were provided, but there are scores of legitimate amusements now available. We make the guess that there are others and better ones that would be available to as large a circuit as that of the North Pacific Fairs association if they were not required to compete with gambling devices and improper exhibitions.

The latter are grossly inappropriate at a fair. Moreover, they are unlawful. The excuse for them is that they pay well for the concessions and that the fairs need the money. But an institution designed to educate in enterprise which also instructs in immorality presents a mixture of good and evil that ought not to be countenanced no matter how profitable it may be. It ought to be worth while to make the experiment of excluding the pernicious concessions from the circuit and thereby give better opportunity to legitimate entertainment. We should dislike to concede, without a trial, that a fair cannot be made a going business enterprise in the absence of humbug.

THE COST OF FLYING.

Regardless of the technical merits of the controversy between Postmaster-General Burleson and the war department over control of the air mail service, the public will be interested in the statement recently made by the postmaster-general in a letter to Senator McKellar, which shows that the cost of commercial aviation is no longer prohibitive. Since an airplane mail service was inaugurated, it has covered 473,210 miles, at a cost of 84 cents a mile. Its receipts from postage and the saving in car space that otherwise would have been utilized for distribution en route have paid its cost, according to department figures. It has carried 22,254,000 letters, advancing their delivery by an average of sixteen hours, or one entire business day. Although 22,254,400 is a fairly rotund figure, it will be borne in mind that it represents only a beginning. Advocates of air mail look forward to the time when letters so handled will be numbered by billions.

In the period under review, four pilots were killed while carrying mail, and on the ground one mechanic and one spectator lost their lives by coming in contact with whirling propellers. A life sacrificed for each 3,500,000 letters carried still constitutes an item of cost that is difficult to appraise, but is high, nevertheless. Two pilots were seriously injured and half a dozen hurt badly enough to lay them up for a time. By comparison with eight killed in a single transcontinental race, the performance of the air mail carriers is relatively safe—but only relatively.

However, the air mail has made valuable contributions to the science of aeronautics. The most striking one is the demonstration that it is possible to fly in every kind of weather. The federal bureau of standards has perfected a device that will locate to an airplane flying in a fog or above the clouds the exact center of the field in which it is to land. Perfection of a plane capable of indefinite flight on one engine is a decided step forward, as also is the reconstruction of the De Haviland plane, built in large numbers for the war, but now made fit for commercial work. The mail aviators have at least shown in a new way that science is moving forward with amazing rapidity.

A. RUPERT.

The death of A. Rupert, recorded Saturday, was untimely both as regards himself and the community. He was young in years and young in the Oregon canning industry, but he had accomplished much and promised a great deal more.

Mr. Rupert had the vision, organizing ability, business capacity and the faculty for gaining and keeping the confidence of the producers that are such vital needs of an establishment engaged in packing the products of farm and orchard. He had felt his way for several years, and in his early experience in Oregon had encountered some set backs, but he finally put his company in the foremost rank of canning concerns. His company has establishments at Gresham, Falls City, Springbrook and Newberg and is building at McMinnville. These communities profit directly from his enterprise. The danger of overproduction is removed in behalf of the grower and increase in acreage is encouraged, whereas in the towns themselves employment is provided for many persons.

It is not to be thought that the energy of his company will now abate or its industries languish, but it has sustained a loss together with the community that cannot be fully recompensed.

SHIPS AND BUSINESS FOR THEM.

Much interest is shown by the Emergency Fleet corporation in establishment of steamship lines from Atlantic and gulf ports to both coasts of South America, but little attention is given to extension of Pacific coast commerce with the southern continent. There is certainly as keen a demand for the products of this section as for those of the Atlantic and gulf coasts in the Pacific coast and gulf republics of South America and in the West Indies. Portland can supply them with lumber, flour, dairy produce, paper, canned goods, furniture and machinery and can market many of their products, such as tropical fruit, coffee, nitrates, hardwood and hides.

Any question of the capacity of the port to handle cargoes cheaply and speedily has been settled by recent performances at the St. Johns terminal. All expectations of consignees as to the rate at which the West Hartland's cargo of rubber could be handled were exceeded, and equal expedition was given the molasses brought from Hawaii. The terminal is not yet employed to capacity. There is room for more ships at pier 1 and before it is fully occupied pier 2 will be completed and other piers will be under construction. If the fleet corporation will send ships and if merchants and manufacturers will provide cargoes, the dock commission will load and discharge them with economy of time and expense which will match any other port. The readiness with which cargoes have been found for the vessels already coming here goes to prove that more are available if tonnage is provided.

Private enterprise is no longer backward about investing in ships. That is proved by purchase of the Egeria by local capital and of three other unfinished wood hulls by Captain Haskins, to be completed as sailing schooners. There is a good market for ships if the fleet corporation will sell them at actual value instead of holding out for the inflated value fixed by war cost. It has been in the unenviable position of a speculator who holds his goods from the market in the hope of starving the consumer to pay his price. It has been profiteering on ships. Only recently has it come down to a reasonable price for wood hulls, and it no sooner did so than they began to move.

Action of the Port of Portland commission in appointing an agent for China and Japan should be a strong encouragement to Portland people to engage in the shipping business, the import and export business and manufacturing. His work should secure cargoes for vessels both ways and should find buyers for Oregon goods, and foreign raw material for Oregon manufacturers. A hint of the possibilities in this line is conveyed by the fact that the Abercos takes Portland-made machinery to India and Sumatra, besides lumber, flour and paper and by the inward cargoes of rubber, molasses and other commodities. There is surely a market for more at the places to which these goods go, and Portland should capture it.

The question of getting the business is one of introducing the port to the people who have goods to carry by sea, whether at home or abroad, and of inducing them to give it a trial—in short, of selling Portland to them.

RIGHTS OF MINORITY SECURE.

One of the distinguishing marks of American freedom is the restraint which the majority has voluntarily placed upon its own power in order to protect the minority and the individual citizen. It is customary to say the majority rules, but in fact its rule is subject to many restrictions, and it has placed these restrictions upon itself.

Delay in assumption of office by a new president and house of representatives until four months after their election is a slight restraint, though originally necessary to determine the results of the election.

Election of senators for six years, one third retiring each two years, election of the president for four years and of representatives for two years are most effective checks, as are the veto power of the president and the requirement of a two-thirds majority in each house to override a veto. So also is the requirement of a two-thirds majority to sumbit a constitutional amendment to the states. These provisions require that the majority of one year shall agree with that of another year and that the majority arrived at in one manner agree with that arrived at in another manner in order to enact a law. They require in effect that the majority shall remain of one opinion over the interval between two elections in order to give its opinion effect. The majority thus can impose its matured decision on the minority.

By the bill of rights which was incorporated in the constitution the majority established certain rights for the individual citizen, and pledged itself not to diminish them or take them away except by the process provided for constitutional amendment. This is so slow in operation that any change can be made only after long, persistent effort and public discussion. Loss of any of these rights by that process is practically impossible; it could come only by violent revolution. Those rights are elementary, and were won by the English people one by one in an intermittent struggle which has extended through seven centuries, and then transplanted to America.

Rights of minorities and of individuals are more secure in this country than in Great Britain or any other country having parliamentary government. In those countries a vote adverse to the ministry in the popular chamber on any important question is quickly followed by election of a new chamber, the majority of which promptly begins to execute its will with all the people. There is no stay of judgment, as there is in this country while the party which controls the house of representatives fights for the presidency and control of the senate.

Yet some minorities in this country are not content with the rights which the majority thus grants and maintains. They propose that they shall rule and they try to seize control by force, actual or threatened. The experience of Russia warns us that, if they should succeed, they would not regard as sacred any of the rights of minorities or individuals. No right which Americans hold sacred is respected by the soviet—sancity of the family, female honor, security from forcible entry and search, security against confiscation of property, against cruel and inhuman punishment, or the right of free speech, press and assembly, the right to the product of one's labor, the right to buy and sell or to travel. All these rights are subject to the arbitrary power of the executive committee of a soviet, or of an extraordinary commission.

If any persons in this country prefer unrestrained rule of a minority to restrained rule of a majority, they are at liberty to make the exchange by going to Russia. Resistance of champions of minority rule to deportation implies that they prefer the former system only when they compose the ruling minority and that they fear submergence in the oppressed majority of their native land.

Annual economic loss caused by predatory animals, calculated by the department of agriculture as $20,000,000, is exceeded twenty-five fold by the ravages of rodents, estimated by the same authority at $300,000,000 on farm crops and fully $200,000,000 on domestic establishments and warehouses. The total is increased by spread of rubies from wild to domestic animals, the only effective remedy for which is extermination of the former who are subject to the disease. It is pointed out that campaigns must be conducted in co-operation with the states to be effective, while individuals can do much to keep down the damage by setting traps and otherwise keeping their own premises free from mice and rats. Such action, indeed, is not only profitable owing to the high prices of food stuffs which the rodents destroy, but is the patriotic duty of every citizen.

President Wilson is reported to be coming to the Pacific coast for a long rest. If he stays out here long enough to get acclimated, he won't mind much the still longer rest he will take beginning in March, 1921.

The presumption that jurors will be frightened from serving at Montesano in the Centralia murder cases is groundless. That fear plan worked in Idaho a few years ago, but has lost its strength in these days.

If Daniels can be badgered into going on the stand and declaring his right to give a medal to whomsoever he sees fit, the situation will clear. That will establish the worth of an award.

The "skinning" of Bryan for elimination began in the house Saturday, involving some of his diplomatic appointees. Bryan and Bryan men will not much care; he can wave away all that.

A Seattle man plans an apartment house of a thousand rooms and it will be like Seattle to pull off a freak affair of that kind. The novelty of her tallest building has worn.

Soon Hoover will be accused of having been almost everything in and out of reason. One thing to his credit is the start he got as a lad in Oregon.

Nobody is seeking a vice-presidential nomination. That place is filled from the "also rans," and some times some great men are chosen.

Dr. John L. Cope, British explorer, expresses confidence that he can get to the south pole by airplane. Seems to us the real problem is how to get back.

From Albany comes the story of a thief tossing back into the bedroom a husband's rifled trousers as the wife awoke. And men "fall" for that!

Dr. Morrow having returned, the Jackson club resumes factional festivities tonight. They must not forget the doctor is "big Injun."

Wonder what old Colis P. would think of nephew Henry paying $75,000 for an old 2x3 book. However, it's his money.

The recent question, "Where did the flu go?" seems to have drawn a violent answer in the negative.

Mr. Wilson will get well before convention time. "Sick" democrats are not wanted at San Francisco.

Vancouver, Wash., is more outspoken than other cities in declaring it is tired of "drives."

Though California is a big state, 10,000 cases of "flu" are many.

Holland would better hock the kaiser and be done with him.

Easily to be understood why it is called a "good" rain.

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE TIMES.

Senator Poindexter Without Doubt Greatest Walker in Public Life.

Senator Poindexter, writes Labert St. Clair, in the Washington, D. C., times, without doubt is the greatest walker in public life and does it in all kinds of company. When delegations come to Washington from Poindexter's state, he entertains them lavishly, but usually on foot. The senator always meets the delegation with outstretched hands, and, if mealtime is near, he invariably says:

"Of course, now you will dine with me."

Naturally, the home folks always accept because one cannot dine with a senator every day, and as they accept they have visions of riding to the meal in a high-powered limousine, or at least a well-appointed taxicab. However, not once in a score of times does the senator summon any sort of a vehicle whatever to convey his guests to their meals. He starts them out on foot and sometimes walks them two or three miles. They often arrive in a fagged-out condition and maybe they are a little petulant until they learn that the senator is a great believer in foot exercise and that he really does not walk to save carfare.

Should he become president and walk to the capitol think what a struggle there would be among the manufacturers of rubber heels to determine whose product, if any, he wore on that particular day.

* * *

Charles M. Schwab has written for "The Nation's Business" an appreciation of his former employer, Andrew Carnegie, in the course of which he says:

"Among Mr. Carnegie's best friends were those he made in business. He had no weak sentiments as to business, but he believed that it was best accomplished under happy conditions. A certain picture used to hang on the wall in the directors' room of the Carnegie mill.

"It seems that some criticism was made that it was not sufficiently dignified for the place. That reached Mr. Carnegie's ears and he sent the picture to me and said, 'Hang this in your room.' It was a picture of a jolly old monk who owned nothing but the robe on his back. Mr. Carnegie added, 'Any time that you feel blue or inclined to be despondent just look at this old monk's happy countenance and your depression will disappear.'

"He used to say, 'Always remember that good business is never done except in a happy and contented frame of mind.' That was Mr. Carnegie's philosophy; that is the way he acted with all of us boys, and that is the reason we loved him so much.

"Mr. Carnegie has not departed, except in the body; his influence and the imprint that he made on the minds of all of us live with us today just as strongly as ever. He was a great man among men. He has left his influence and the force of his personal philosophy upon thousands, not because of his great business ability nor his vast philanthropies, but because of the ideals that he practiced and that he set for every man who has his life to live."

* * *

Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian poet, generally is credited with knowing more about bees than anyone else in the world. In fact, he once wrote a book about the bee which is taken as the literary if not the scientific text in the best bee circles. However much Maeterlinck may know about bees he can be little more familiar with their life and habits than Isidore B. Dockweiler of Los Angeles, who carried the fight before the democratic national committee which sent the convention to San Francisco. Dockweiler, says a Washington correspondent, knows so much about bees that he can talk all afternoon on their habits and more than that he can hold the attention of his audience just so long as he chooses to talk and finally leave them with such a desire for honey on their palates that they probably will go out and buy a pound or two each and devour it raw, beeswax, case and all.

* * *

President Macmillan, of Wells college, of which the former Mrs. Grover Cleveland is an alumna, tells this story of a French student who entered Wells last fall. Her father, an officer who lost his life in the war, had estates in the Pyrenees, so that his daughter can climb like a mountain goat.

On a recent walk to Clifton ravine adjoining the college property she was climbing the cliff to the waterfall when she paused midway up.

"Oh, I smell goom!" she cried, and began to search the scant undergrowth.

Presently she returned in triumph, holding up the first sprig of spearmint! She had discovered the chewing-gum plant.

* * *

Strolling along the boardwalk at Atlantic City, Mr. Mulligan, wealthy retired contractor, dropped a quarter through a crack in the planking. A friend came along a minute later and found him squatted down, industriously poking a $2 bill through the treacherous cranny with his forefinger.

"Mulligan, what the devvil ar're ye doin'?" inquired his friend.

"Sh-h," said Mr. Mulligan. "I'm trying to make it wort' me while to tear up this board."—Kansas City Star.

* * *

The national canners' convention at Cleveland this week will mark the observance of the 100th anniversary of the canning of the first food in America. Canned food was unknown on this continent until Ezra Daggett and Thomas Kensett of New York, trying out a plan which Napoleon was using to feed his army, succeeded in canning or packing in a crude way, salmon, lobsters and oysters. Meanwhile, in Boston, William Underwood and Charles Mitchell, using heat, which we now call sterilization, in 1820 succeeded in packing some damsons, quinces, cranberries and currants.

* * *

A lock of Edgar Allen Poe's hair, purchased recently for $3250, has found its way to the Poe cottage on the Grand Concourse in Fordham road, through the benevolence of Almerindo Portfolio, prominent in Italian affairs in this country. After bidding highest for the keepsake at a benefit for the blinded Italian soldiers at the Metropolitan opera house, Mr. Portfolio presented the lock to the Edgar Allen Poe Historical society, which will place it among other Poelana in the Poe cottage.—New York Globe.

Those Who Come and Go.

G. C. Finley of Yakima, Wash., recently elected secretary of the Washington State fair, is registered at The Portland and will attend the sessions of the North Pacific Fairs association. Although no red-cheeked youth, he is the youngest of fair secretaries on the coast both in age and point of service. Mr. Finley is a civil engineer by profession and has been connected with some of the largest irrigation projects in the northwest previous to assuming duties with the Washington State fair board. His work brought him in touch with many of the farmers, stockmen and fruit growers of the state. He stands "ace high" with the Washington agriculturists. He came to Portland following a conference at Olympia Saturday with President E. F. Benson of the Washington State fair board. The Washington State fair plans some "big league" attractions for 1920, according to the secretary.

Bill Breitenstein of Great Falls, Mont., northwestern representative for Ralph Hankinson of Kansas Citiy, originator and promoter of auto polo, a sensational fair attraction, is at The Portland to attend the annual meeting of the North Pacific Fairs association. According to Mr. Breitenstein, auto polo is one of the features of all the leading fairs of the east and central west but has never been seen on the Pacific coast. He is espousing the cause of the original American and British teams, who have toured the orient, and he plains to arrange a circuit with northwestern fairs for the direction of auto polo as a part of the programme of the various Pacific coast expositions.

Wade Williams of Tulsa, Okla., made a brief stopover in Portland Sunday en route to Nome, Alaska. Mr. Williams has extensive oil holdings in Oklahoma and mining interests in Alaska and admits business pressure caused him to choose an inopportune time to go north. According to the Oklahoma oil man, the most recent oil field to be discovered in the south is in northern Louisiana near Shreveport where several new wells are pumping sensational flows.

"Bill" Rice of Kansas City, leading member of the Rice-Dorman carnival company, is registered at The Portland and will remain for the sessions of the North Pacific Fairs association. Mr. Rice is one of the originators of what is known as "water shows" and his diving acts have always been in popular demand by the big fairs of the country. He is looking over the field with the possibility of making the northwest territory in 1920.

Farnsworth Currier of San Francisco was a brief visitor at the Portland yesterday en route to Seattle, where he also has offices. Mr. Currier, who soldiered both at Camp Lewis, Wash., and Camps Hancock and Johnson, Ga., staged a reunion with several former fellow officers from Camp Johnson, where he was adjutant for several months. Camp Johnson, now dismantled, comprised the largest machine gun range in the world. Bill Breitenstein, also at The Portland, was supply officer of Camp Johnson. Mr. Currier was host to several former "buddies" at an informal dinner.

At almost any time of the day, or any day of the week, a person can wander through the hotel lobbies and meet a few prospective candidates for the republican nomination for secretary of state. In fact, they're getting so numerous, political writers are thinking of starting a card index system to keep tabs on all of them. Another of these embryonic candidates arrived on the scene yesterday to give the situation the once-over from the metropolitan angle. He is Ed. Wright, secretary of the Oregon public service commission. Mr. Wright is one of those who is "also being mentioned."

Among other things which are helping to make Ashland famous with western tourists are her autoist tourist camp and her wonderful lithia water. William M. Briggs, one of that section's most ardent boosters, sounded the praises of these two distinctly Ashland assets as he spread the gospel of the Rogue about the Multnomah lobby yesterday.

Mrs. A. W. Hall and daughter Mary of Calgary, Alta., are week-end guests at the Multnomah. Miss Hall is a student at Oregon Agricultural college and came down to Portland for an over-Sunday visit with her mother.

Frank Mitchell has arrived in Portland from Klamath Falls, accompanied by Mrs. Mitchell. He recently sold out his business interests in the Klamath country and is visiting with relatives in Portland. They are guests at the Imperial.

L. L. Lynn, secretary of the Walla Walla Agricultural and Stock fair, arrived at the Imperial yesterday to attend the meeting of the North Pacific Fairs association which convenes this morning at the Portland.

Mrs. O. F. Lamson, a native of Armenia, whose graphic stories of Armenian suffering played such a big part in the Armenian drives in the northwest during the war, arrived a the Benson yesterday from her home in Seattle.

Mrs. Minnie Whidmore, boss of the Whidmore stock ranch near Pomeroy, Wash., is a guest at the Imperial, en route home from southern California where she has been visiting during the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Prince have returned north after touring for two months through southern California. They are quartered at the Multnomah. Mr. Prince is president of the Prince shoe company.

SQUARE DEAL AS A PRECEDENT

Nothing Else Established by Considering Claims of Bondsmen.

PORTLAND, Jan. 24.—(To the Editor.)—I have read with interest several discussions regarding the payment of claims against the city on account of the auditorium building and feel that we should not take the near-sighted attitude of endeavoring to get something for nothing because of the fear of establishing a precedent by paying these claims.

If the claims are honest, and this fact seems to be fully established, then we are simply establishing a precedent of which we might well be proud.

These bondsmen are tradesmen here, and as such are entitled to our consideration as taxpayers. Their interests are ours, and I feel that the least we can do is to allow them an amount to be established in the manner prescribed by the very able committee appointed by the mayor.

We spend much money in endeavoring to bring industries to Portland. Why not spend a little in giving those we have a square deal?

SAM'L ROSENBLATT.

Diet for Diabetes.

PORTLAND, Jan. 24.—(To the Editor.)—What is the Allen cure for diabetes? Where can we write to find out about it?

SUBSCRIBER FOR 12 YEARS.

The treatment known by that name consists of a diet based on ascertained tolerance of the individual for carbohydrates. Write to the Battle Creek sanitarium, Battle Creek, Mich., for particulars.

OLD TIME PORTLAND RECALLED

Reference to Ben Holladay Turns New Yorker's Mind Back 45 Years.

NEW YORK, Jan. 18.—(To the Editor.)—An article has just been published in the New York Herald telling of the removal of the bodies of Ben Holliday and seven other members of the family from Ophir Farm, Purchase, N. Y., to a vault in St. Mary's cemetery, Rye, N. Y. Seeing it put me to thinking of dear old Portland 45 years ago.

I thought of the old O. S. N. Co. when Captain Ainsworth was president and R. R. Thompson and S. G. Reed vice-presidents, and the boats Drexel Thompson, Daisy Ainsworth, the Occidental, Oriental, the Welcome, followed by the Wide West, etc., and the old ocean boats Ajax, Oriflame, Idaho, John L. Stevens. I wondered if the mark on Ladd & Tilton's bank was there yet that noted the high water mark of 1876, when I rowed a boat in Front street.

Then I thought of Thompson's two-bit house, where one could get hiyu muck-a-muck and get the "wrinkles out of one's belly"—that was the actual sign on his building.

Wells-Fargo had one express wagon in those days and you could buy their postage stamps and mail your letters by them. The Clarendon, St. Charles, American, Cosmopolitan and Holton House where the hotels. The Markham and Oro Fino the theaters. First street had a single track of rails, and a one-horse car ran from the Clarendon to about First and Hall streets, where S. G. Reed's residence was. The fare was 10 cents and the passengers placed the fare in a little box behind the driver.

Then I thought of the robbery of Mr. O'Shea's pawnbroking establishment, in consequence of which Brown and Johnson were hung in the courthouse yard. They were buried in the cemetery in what was then East Portland.

Then I wondered how many of the boys were living who played with me in a game of baseball at Mount Tabor July 4, 1876. Many a stump I have got away with in that neighborhood as well as many a cord of wood. Happy days at Mount Tabor cooking soda biscuits and flapjacks, with bacon 21 times a week! D. P. Prettyman kept open house. God bless his memory. What repasts his sons and daughters and myself enjoyed after being at some entertainment at district school house No. 5. Our ball team was named after it, viz: Pedro Baseball club No. 5. The said gentleman had a large family and if this should be seen by any of them I should indeed be glad to get a line or two from them.

The merchants in town were Allen & Lewis, Wadhams & Elliott, Col. McCraken. Then there was Knapp, Burrell & Co., agricultural implements; Corbett & Failing, bankers. We used to call Mr. Holliday "Ben" or "Money Bags." He was very democratic, but in fact everybody in Oregon was that in those days. In fact after traveling in every state of the union, I found the best, the very best, manhood and especially American sturdiness, principles, comradeship, and above all, recognition of the other fellow's rights and regard for his feelings in the old webfeet of Oregon—the grandest state in the union, especially politically.

HARRY BROWN,
331 West Thirty-eighth St.

HOOVER'S POLITICS NO CONCERN

All People Ask Is That He Run for President, Says Mr. Clark.

PORTLAND, Jan. 24.—(To the Editor.)—I had been awaiting with much interest The Oregonian's editorial on Hoover, which I knew was sure to come sooner or later, and which appeared Friday.

First, let me put myself right by stating in advance that all I know about politics you can put in your eye, but I do feel that I know a little about what people want and are going to do, so that it would do no harm for me to write and express to you what my views as an ordinary business man are.

I think that the American people are going to demand a house-cleaning next election and call for a new deal, and that that new deal will consist of a president and congress made up of business men; that they are not going to care much whether a man calls himself a republican or a democrat, because both those names have gotten to mean little to the average man any longer; that they are going to have two new parties this time, one made up of real Americans standing outright for America and American ideals, taking the best from both the old parties and adding the new ideas, and make what could rightly be named the American party, and another party made up of that class which does not stand for America and American ideals. I don't know what they will call themselves.

I think that no matter what either republican or democratic convention does, or who they nominate, unless they are smart enough to see what is coming (and I don't believe the politicians are), and take advantage of it by nominating a man like Hoover, it will not mean much to the American people; that Hoover, if he will run, or a man like him, is sure to head the winning ticket this time, whatever name they give it, because America wants a man like Hoover to head the country; that I and everyone with whom I have talked about it do not care whether Hoover calls himself a republican or democrat, if he will run and give us a chance to vote for him and put him over.

I, like most business men, am very much concerned about who is to be our next president, because it is going to take a mighty big man to handle the job right, and it must be a business man who understands business in the biggest and broadest way, because business is going to hold the floor in this old world, and in this country in particular, for the next ten years, and America needs the biggest and ablest business man she can get to head the country. So far I haven't seen one name mentioned that even approaches the mark necessary to hold down that job, except Hoover's.

We have got to pick our man this time on the same basis as we pick the head of any business, and unless someone shows up who can out-qualify Hoover, I don't see any chance for anyone but Hoover. I don't know any more than anyone else what Hoover's politics are if he has any, and am not concerned.

F. N. CLARK.

Use of "Whom" in Scriptures.

POMEROY, Wash., Jan. 24.—(To the Editor.)—Anent The Oregonian's well-written editorial, "Who and Whom," January 21, allow me to suggest that the biblical sentence, "Whom do men say that I, the son of man, am?" appears to imply an ordinary Latinism or Grecism, as you wish. By Latinism or Grecism, I understand a literal translation of a Latin or Greek idiom. The underlying foreign idiom in this instance seems to be the classical accusative appended to the infinitive of such verbs as "to say," "to declare," hence the use of "whom" instead of "who" in the quoted sentence.

Whether or not this particular foreign idiom is perfectly good English I would not decide on my own authority. Allow me to point out, however, that at least one other Latinism I just happen to think of is good English; "Caesar, when he was in Gaul," etc. As the French say, usage is the tyrant of language.

REV. E. FREDERICK.

With a Kick in It.

By Linton L. Davies.

The Magic Dime.

When I was half-past-seven—one time—one time—
Beneath a fleecy heaven I found a silver dime,
It cuddled in the clover, beside a country lane,
When I was heir to castles in the pleasant land of Spain.

My eyes I could not credit—that day—that day—
With undreamed wealth before them, to keep or throw away;
I rubbed the tarnish from it, and tossed it in the sun,
And the long mile to our stile was frolicking with fun.

We rode to town and market—one morn—one morn—
The merriest of meadow larks was singing in the corn,
Arbutus by the brook bank was breathing on the wind,
And in my trouser-pocket was all the wealth of Ind.

A dime is spent in no time—'tis spent, 'tis spent—
Ah, happy is the spender whose money buys content!
Twill buy a dozen lozenges, and yet a rubber ball,
Or purchase flocks of marbles—but a slingshot takes it all.

When we rode home from market—that noon—that noon—
The robins and my heart alike were singing joy for June;
And all the silver dime was gone—but gone without regret—
And o'er the stile there stole a whiff of magic mignonette.

Dimes have come and dimes have gone—since then—since then—
And dollars shiny with the clutch of many, many men;
But though I spend them earnestly, no guilder gives me joy
Like to the tarnished dime I found when I was once a boy.

I would I had that olden dime—to keep—to keep—
To bring me dreams of Arcady in pleasant fields of sleep;
To conjure back the country lane beneath a fleecy heaven
Whereon I found a silver dime when I was half-past-seven.

* * *

Profits Without Honor.

Dear L. L. D.—Another grocer has been fined $50 for charging too much for sugar.

What doth it profit such a one—?

* * *

Most of 'Em Can't at Three.

"Max Seley, 3 years old, was arrested early this morning at Eleventh and Montgomery streets by Motorcycle Patrolmen Wright and Wiles. The policemen say that he was hanging about the streets and could give no satisfactory explanation."—Evening newspaper.

* * *

Oregon.

She stands at the gates of sunset,
Green-girt with fir and field.
Her eyes are bright with the golden light
Of dreams but half-revealed—
For none may stay her star's swift way,
And honor is her shield—
And plenty pours her trove upon
The lovely land of Oregon.

* * *

Bad News for Pocketeers.

Mr. Davies—My wife sees no humor in this headline:

WIFE RIFLES POCKETS;
HUBBY GETS DIVORCE.

—Al.

* * *

Are There Democratic Reservations?

Suggestions of business men who might become candidates for president have been confined to a select few. No one seems to have thought of Henry Ford.

* * *

The Flavor is a Puzzle.

The demmycrats are looking Hoover over after the manner of a cafeteria patron ordering a piece of "shimmie" pie.

When Tides Have Turned.

By Grace E. Hall.

When you may say a bitter thing that stirs the anger in my veins,
An unkind word to burn and sting—which is the worst of mortal pains—
I will recall the words so dear that on another day you spake,
I will rec