Morning Oregonian

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IN SEARCH OF NEW LEADERS.

Before the republican convention has met it is said to have no leaders and the delegates are described as sheep without a shepherd. No strong men stand out among them, to whom they can look for good counsel, who can reconcile their varied shades of opinion and their more or less divergent aims in order to concentrate their strength on a candidate satisfactory to the majority. The leaders who used to perform this function have died, retired or been politically killed off, and new ones are yet to be discovered.

Extinction of the old leaders dates from the convention of 1912, where one set of leaders condemned a rival set as bosses and led a bolt from the decision that was reached under their guidance. A compromise between the two groups was reached in 1916, but a variety of causes has removed practically all of one group, the so-called old guard, and the chief of the other group, Theodore Roosevelt. The practice of the factional leaders who were striving for control of branding those who had control as bosses has destroyed confidence in the survivors of the former chiefs, and this process has been aided by the latter's over-conservatism, which caused them to be termed reactionary. There seem to be no men in sight who can rally the convention to acceptance of a certain candidate as the man of the hour, or of a platform as the demand of the people.

But it is inevitable that out of the grand council of the party's representatives will spring one or more men whom the delegates will recognize as having the qualities of leadership. Changes in method of electing delegates have not removed the need of such men, and the events of the next few days will be a testing process by which such men will be discovered and put in the front rank. Democratic government can not be run without parties, or parties without leaders, but those of the future will be of a new type. Those of the past were too disposed to dictate and intrigue in the interest of particular candidates and interests; those of the future must read the minds of the several elements of the party and must bring them into agreement on men and measures. This is the year of a great revival of faith in republican principles, and it will surely bring to the front men who can interpret the will of the party.

LESSONS OF AN AIR VOYAGE.

The director of one of the aerial expeditions which competed in the flight from Cairo to Cape Town, across the entire length of Africa, made the point in a speech at London the other day that, since the war is over, the airplane is more than ever likely to become important in the advancement of broad scientific knowledge. Particularly from the point of view of physical geography and geology enormous possibilities have already been shown. The speaker, Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, made an interesting comparison when he said:

> Those who happen to work with the microscope know that you must not begin with a very high power. If you put on a high power you cannot understand the thing properly. You are looking too closely at it, and seeing too little of it at once. From the point of view of knowledge of the surface of the earth exploration has been conducted under these conditions of high power, and not enough has been seen by explorers of the land about them. When you are up in the air you get a view of a large tract of country and understand things that are impossible to understand from mere observation of the surface of the earth. You have an opportunity of seeing the general lie of the country, the strike of geological forces, and of understanding a very large number of physical features which are impossible to understand in any other way. I have no doubt whatever that there is a very large future for geology and geography in their widest sense in the use of airplanes.

Early maps of the Oregon country testify to the handicaps under which explorers employing the high-powered method labored in an earlier era of exploration. Pioneer cartographers of the Hudson's Bay company were under the impression that the Pacific ocean was within a few days' march of the Red River of the North, Fraser river was long confounded with the Columbia, and there are writings extant in which the Willamette river is extolled for its future importance as a means of communication with Louisiana. The errors of the early charts, which now seem grotesque, were the natural product of the means of travel available at the time they were drawn. It required two hundred years of piecemeal exploration to disclose the relationship of vast waterway systems and great mountain ranges. Discovery on the recent trans-African flight of a volcanic area north of Khartum in a region where the existence of volcanoes had hitherto been unknown and a new glimpse of an expansion of the Great Rift valley in its relationship to the course of the Nile may represent the equivalent, in understanding of the map of Africa, of a century of exploration under the methods of only a hundred years ago.

Of particular interest is the conclusion of the aviators participating in the historic African expedition that future contributions of aviation to science as a whole depend largely on getting away from the fundamentally military purpose now dominating the construction of planes. Emphasis in the past has been placed on ability to get quickly into the air and on lightness of engine. Present need is for reliability above all else, to which a certain amount of lightness and a good deal of speed can be sacrificed advantageously. The status of commercial and exploratory aviation is analagous to that of automobiling twenty-five years ago. Efficient engines are built, and airplaning is safe in known territory, but reliability necessary for venturing into unknown regions has not yet been attained.

The future of aviation depends on developments in the direction of reliability, rather than on military aspects which meanwhile need not suffer while more prosaic details are being worked out. It is not easy to overestimate the possibilities of aviation in the field of exploration, and in the relation of exploration to territorial expansion and the movement of immigration, if commercial aviation receives the nourishment that philosophical scientists believe to be its due.

WHERE IS THE RECORD?

"How, logically, a candidate can be selected by the republican national convention for presidential nomination from among a field of four who has never been better than third or fourth passes belief with me," remarks Hiram Johnson. "I'm convinced that a republican convention will heed the will of republican voters."

Everybody else has the same conviction. But what is the will of the republican voters?

Do the rank and file want to choose a candidate from the several who are seeking the office, or are they enamored of the doctrine that the office should seek the man?

As to avowed candidates, where shall we look for an expression from the rank and file? To Oregon? Here the four principal candidates had places on the ballot. Senator Johnson received a plurality endorsement. But his total vote represented only 20 per cent of the registered members of the republican party. Shall we look to California, where the primary was a contest between two favorite sons?

But whatever may be read in the primary returns, the fact stands out that a primary indicates only the preference of voters for one of several who are openly seeking the preferment. Yet the honor of the office is so great that the finest and the fittest will not reject it. The choice is and ought to be limited only by the number of qualified citizens. Yet the Johnson doctrine, as we interpret it, would limit the choice to the few who are willing to go out and make a fight for it.

NO COMFORT FOR THE WETS.

Although, as Justice McKenna suggests, "a multitude of questions will arise" before the issue of federal prohibition enforcement is settled in all its intricacies, it will hardly be assumed that the opponents of the principle have deliberately withheld any ammunition that they believed would be effective. So vital was the decision which was rendered yesterday regarded that on a mere rumor a few weeks ago that the court had held against the one-half of 1 per cent feature of the Volstead bill the New York market for moonshine whisky collapsed completely.

The various cases just decided cover a good deal of ground, including issues on which the attackers of the law based their hopes. The federal authority has been upheld; the question of the referendum already had been disposed of in the Ohio cases, one of which concerned the suffrage amendment; just what constitutes a "two-thirds vote" of the house is defined; and it is made clear that the allusion to "concurrent power" in the federal amendment permits no inference that a state may nullify the amendment by inaction or evasion. The latter point is a matter of interest also to suffragists who may have been alarmed by the opinion of the Massachusetts attorney-general that a federal amendment required positive legislation to make it operative.

The people who voted for "prohibition" wanted prohibition of liquor that intoxicates, and they will have their way. No quibbling will avail them. The question, "when is a man drunk?" was pretty well settled before the Volstead bill was passed. The one-half of 1 per cent provision of the bill was adopted with deliberation. The line had to be drawn somewhere, and congress, following the example of many of the prohibition states, kept on the safe side. Its right to do so seems to have been confirmed. The decision that the federal amendment cannot be nullified by inaction runs against supposition that states can evade it by fixing a substantially higher limit—say 2.75 per cent.

As a matter of fact, the members of the court probably are not insensible to the consideration that efforts to legalize beverages of higher alcoholic content are evasive only. It may not be a legal argument, but it is a subject for judicial notice, that the fight to get more alcohol into the drink is a fight to obtain drink with a "kick" in it. It is possible to procure an array of witnesses to swear that they have drunk "2.75 beer" and have not been stimulated, but it is true nevertheless that if it were not for belief that it is productive of at least mild exhilaration nobody would concern himself in the least about it. The jurisdiction of congress being upheld, and "concurrent power" being declared not to mean "joint power" and not to depend on state approval of the congressional standard, it will appear that the 2.75 hosts have been routed, along with those who counted on complete overturn of the federal prohibition principle.

Probably the questions which it is expected will arise in the future will be chiefly those minor ones of administration, penalty and methods of enforcement. The larger issues seem to have been disposed of, with commendable brevity, by the opinion of the highest court in the land.

The keynote of many of the recent religious movements has been tendency to rely on the laymen of the church more than ever and to cultivate the interest of church members by putting them to work, rather than by continuing them as a mere governing body which regarded its work as largely done when it had chosen a pastor and provided more or less perfunctorily for his support. This has been manifest throughout the various drives that have been conducted to raise funds for church work, and in increasing recognition of lay members on the committees of central bodies. It is taken also by students of our institutions as a new manifestation of democracy in its highest sense, in which it is not only a duty but a privilege to labor, and in which service is the highest possible honor. That the church in the end can attain no greater heights than its laity has willed that it shall do has long been apprehended, but it is a new idea in a modern time that the duty of the layman is constant, that it is not always to be delegated, and that the ends of a religious life are best served by universal participation in all of its obligations.

RESTORING INDUSTRIAL CRIPPLES.

In one way or another society is bound to take care of its maimed. Whether it forces them to become beggars, or places them in charity institutions, or trains them to become self-supporting, the people pay the cost. Considerations of national economy, no less than of regard for the self-respect of the victim, are all in favor of the last course. True humanitarians hope to see the dawn of the day when the beggar with the tin cup will have no excuse for being. Vocational training, besides being more economical than lifelong support, increases the happiness of the crippled and by adding to the productive class aids indirectly in restoring the balance of the cost of living.

In the circumstances there ought to be no quibbling over intricacies of method. Doubtless as an ideal it would be desirable that each industry should bear all of its costs of production. The price of a ton of steel rails, for example, ought to include not only the price of the raw material, and the wages of labor employed to fabricate it, and the cost of transportation, but also the cost of the arms and legs that are sacrificed in the process. The last is as truly an item in the cost as any other. Yet there are difficulties in the way of nice apportionment, and we have no desire to see cripples wait while accountants figure. Society as a whole enjoys the benefits of the enterprises in which these industrial sacrifices were made, and society cannot with reason complain if the cost is lumped against it.

It will bear repetition that vocational re-education is not only justice, but also economy. Every argument in favor of the rehabilitation of wounded soldiers is applicable with equal force to the measure which would help the victims of industry.

OUTRAGERS OUTRAGED.

One feature of the tactics of revolutionists is to take every possible advantage of the rights given them by the constitution and laws. They use every technicality of the law in order to escape its penalties. A number of I. W. W. are now in jail in Portland who delay their trial because they refuse to accept any attorney whom the court may appoint to defend them but insist on waiting till Mr. Vanderveer can conduct their cases. Deportation has been evaded by resort to technical points in the law. The government is required to prove that a man is an alien and has not been naturalized. In many cases it can obtain this evidence from no person except the one accused, but he cannot be compelled to testify.

But when the law is violated by those who arrest them and guard them in prison, the reds are loud in denunciation of any illegality or ill-treatment. On their behalf a committee of lawyers has made a "report upon the illegal practices of the United States department of justice" which has been published by the National Popular Government league. Among the signers are such well-known radicals as Felix Frankfurter and Frank P. Walsh. If the statements which it contains are true, serious abuses have marked the raids on communists and I. W. W. during the last six months. They include beating of prisoners, underfeeding, crowding in narrow cells and corridors without places to sleep, bribery, seizure of papers without search warrant and destruction of property, robbery and extortion. Among the thousands who have been arrested in the last six months, the number who have thus suffered may be few, but it is the duty of Attorney-General Palmer to discipline and discharge any of his agents who have been guilty. The law cannot be vindicated by its violation.

It is a typically bolshevist proceeding that those who repudiate the obligations of the constitution and who aim to destroy it by revolution are most exacting in their demand for all the rights which it grants. To the average man it appears that those who claim the protection of the constitution should accept its obligations and that when they repudiate the obligation they are in no position to assert their rights. Yet so much does the law lean to the side of the accused that it throws its safeguards around those who refuse to obey it, and public opinion will approve it by condemning any officers of the law who violate this principle.

AFTER ALL THESE YEARS.

"He, the symbol of America, emblem of our might, emblazoned on our shield (and our money!), sat like a carved image 800 feet above the rippling brown ribbon of the river—watching for a dead fish!"

Walter Prichard Eaton, teller of short stories and naturalist of insight and sympathy, wrote those lines of the bald eagle, bird of the republic, not in satire but in kindly understanding — thereby upsetting thousands of gallant but erroneous conceptions of the feathered thunderbolt who is revered by the American nation as the very totem of its courageous greatness. Eaton in his ambles afield, seeking nature lore for his inimitable character sketches of wild life, however discomfiting the revelation may be to a patriotic sense of fitness, told the ornithological truth of the bald eagle, otherwise the "bird of Washington," when he depicted the supposedly Jovian bird of battle as a petty plunderer and gourmand of ripe pickerel. Certainly we were more blissful in our ignorance, and well content to hold our misconception—but the scientific truth will be served, and science agrees with the author-naturalist.

Elliott Coues, whose monuments are his achievements in the study and classification of American bird life, and whose volumes have yet to be displaced as authority, served for many years as an officer in the United States army, and was the observer of traits that forced him to conclusions identical with Eaton's respecting the national bird. Mighty pinions stenciled against the cloud, fierce head turning its gaze upon the panorama of distant lake and woodland, in great and perfect spirals the bald eagle soared, poised and plunged with the hiss of tortured wind to its quarry—a fishhawk, or osprey, laboring nestward with a cleanly captured sucker. "A piratical parasite of the osprey," wrote Dr. Coues, "otherwise notorious as the emblem of the republic. There is a sort of jingoism about this bird which tickles the fancy of the average American patriot, who imagines that it can be heard around the world when it rumples up its feathers and screeches, making as much noise as the British lion with its tail twisted. It sometimes fishes for itself, at others stoops to carrion like a vulture, and also preys upon water fowl and mammals of considerable size."

Sebastian Plymale, pioneer of Oregon, whose death occurred a few weeks ago, was a constant crusader against the fame of the bald eagles, declaring the bird unfit for its high honors and even threatening to carry the matter of its personal peculiarities to the attention of congress. In more extensive detail his narrations of the habits of the bald eagle tallied with and elaborated upon those of the recognized authorities. It was his boast that no living man knew more of the ways and home lives of the bald eagle and the golden eagle than did he. And he welcomed controversy upon his knowledge, maintaining that the golden eagle possessed all the characteristics wrongly attributed to the bald eagle, and should supplant it as the emblem of the nation.

Mr. Plymale was wont to relate many instances of his personal observation, each of which would serve to portray the bald eagle in sorry light—as a petty thief, a scavenger, an outright poltroon or an idle, shiftless fellow, for all his fearsome bulk and battle trappings. Lazy was no name for the vagrant idleness of the national bird, according to Mr. Plymale, who narrated that in early days in Oregon he had seen a dozen of the species perched above a river teeming with salmon—each hopeful thunderbolt patiently waiting for another to make the capture. And not until some member of that fierce covey wearied of the dinner delay and drove at his own target was there any indication of general interest. But as the salmon-laden captor rose from the river, related the pioneer, his screaming fellows swooped down upon him to seize the spoils of his exceptional industry.

It is probably too late to trade. America will have to meander along, in peace and war, with the totem she now possesses, fighting as fiercely as Sir Nigel for his ponderous lady if any give affront. A totem is just what you make it, anyhow.

President Wilson gave as his reason for not signing the water power bill and other important measures that he didn't have time to investigate them. What's taking his time now? He doesn't have to write any more sharp notes to Carranza.

Secretary Colby has apologized to Great Britain for the burning of a British flag by Irish women sympathizers. Mr. Colby has been an apologist so long for the Wilson administration that he ought to be able to satisfy the British.

The circulation of the Congressional Record is to be curtailed because of the paper shortage. It would be better yet to curtail the speeches that fill up the Record, because of the gas shortage.

The highest body in the land says all the prohibition laws are constitutional. That settles that, and the man who cannot get along here without his "firewater" may as well emigrate.

In the results of a raid were dice loaded to throw sevens and elevens, yet men knowing the possibility buck the game. Not all the games are played with the cubes, either.

The spectacle of William Hale Thompson, mayor of Chicago, becoming virtuous over politics is enough to make the gods in their high places laugh.

Mr. Gompers and Governor Allen settle nothing in debating the right to strike. Only the supreme court can do that and that body is liable to split wide on it.

Zion City, of all places, poured 7000 gallons of Milwaukee beer into a sewer yesterday! But the holy city cannot appreciate anything like that beer.

If the government really wants to convict Jack Dempsey it would be a good plan to get Jess Willard as foreman of the jury.

Everybody is born in this country to know the flag, but few know how to treat it. Study the rules and keep it right side up.

And while prohibiting automobile joy riding in the interests of gasoline conservation, don't forget the airplane variety.

The same person should not be temporary and permanent chairman. No man can make two "great" speeches.

If the price of gasoline goes up now we shall never again have faith in the explanations of any oil company.

The supreme court upholds the dry amendment. But that doesn't solve the moonshining problem.

The women at Chicago would stick little Delaware on a fork and toast it and roast it.

If women are doing something in Chicago, what won't they do at San Francisco!

Speaking of dark horses, who is going to nominate "Pussyfoot" Johnson?

Streetcar receipts ought to give a line on real conservation of gasoline.

Now, if Hughes didn't have those whiskers—but what's the use?

More rain? Sure, and welcome! The more now, the less later.

Wallace McCamant may become a national incident.

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE TIMES

Illegible Signatures Due to Affectation or Haste.

In connection with the recent news report that a train was wrecked because of a station master's poor penmanship, it is timely to call attention to a happy practice which has come into use, says the Boston Transcript. At the end of typewritten business letters lately, one often comes across the scribbled signature, below which the typist has translated the sign manual in clear print. This saves the need of deciphering, and is a practice which might well have a wide vogue.

As a matter of fact, few people sign their names legibly. With a great many there is a positive trick or affectation of illegibility. It is a relic relic of the old idea that, to forestall forgery, there should be something peculiar, very individual, even cryptic, about a formal signature. Such signatures are purely cabalistic; they are all right, no doubt, if you are Horace Greeley or Rudyard Kipling or the treasurer of the United States, or somebody exceedingly widely known, but they are a nuisance to the world if you are obscure.

But the signatures of many people are illegible for a very different reason from this—the reason that people have to sign their names a great many times, and get bored and weary, or very hasty in doing it, and consequently relapse into a mere scrawl. In any case, the great world, which does not know you from a side of sole leather, is entitled to have your name good and plain at the bottom of your letter; and if you choose to scrawl your name, it should be plainly typewritten also.

* * *

The Medicine Lodge (Kan.) Index announces that it is now equipped to handle funerals and weddings as well as the ordinary printing business. There is now on the payroll a parson. The Rev. Mr. Stauffer has offered to help out the Index editors during the printer shortage, and it looks as though he might be a member of the staff a long time. While it is sometimes inconvenient, as the editors confess, to have a minister around the office when the linotype balks, it is hoped the linotype will soon take cognizance of the reverend gentleman's presence and not balk too often. Incidentally, the Index offer's a year's free subscription to the first couple married in that office by the new employe, and in a second incidental note to editors, the Index confides: "Preachers are harder workers and more reliable than fly-by-night printers. Train a preacher."

* * *

Several groups of visitors to the tower of London had a thrilling experience the other day, relates Flaneur. As they were making the rounds of the sights, the alarm bells suddenly rang out. The garrison, in response, was at once turned out. Gates and doors were barred and bolted. Police, yeomen of the guard, and soldiers looked very serious. Yet they knew no more of what had happened than did the sightseers. Had the inscriptions been stolen from the Beauchamp tower? What of the crown jewels and a second Colonel Blood? For some time innocence was startled out of its wits, and authority sorely puzzled. Some even tried to experience the bitterness of Raleigh. The prosaic soul wondered; when, or if, at all, it would be released. The romantic one dreaded a sordid escape. Of course, in the end pfose won, and poetry lost. A working man inadvertantly had meddled with the wire, and electricity had done the rest. Such is life. But the occurance at least did prove one thing: the tower alarms were in splendid working order.

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The last Arctic "sea cow" was seen in 1854—about a century after the first discovery of the species by white men. When full grown the creature weighed as much as 8000 pounds. These animals frequented shallows at the mouths of rivers in herds, and while feeding they drove before them their young, to protect the latter from danger. So tame were they that one could stroke their backs without objection on their part. Unfortunately their flesh was good to eat, resembling beef. Whalers got in the way of depending on them for stores of fresh meat, and so, in the natural course of events, they were wiped out. —Detroit News.

* * *

Illinois' oldest woman—Mrs. Antoinette Smith of Springfield, 108—wants to know if God has forgotten her. She believes he has, for she wants to die. To her life is a trial.

In the day before she celebrated her 108th birthday, she said:

"God has forgotten I'm here."

Prohibition was a blow to Mrs. Smith. It took away regular libations of wine in which she indulged.—Chicago Herald.

* * *

The name "shin plaster" was applied to all forms of currency issued by the United States government during the civil war, but more especially to the notes for less than $1. They were and are redeemed by the government on presentation. Several million dollars of them are still outstanding and are carried on the national treasury books as part of the debt bearing no interest.

* * *

They were hanging a man named William Hoskins in Kentucky years ago, and a representative company of citizens had gathered to witness the event, writes Bruce Barton in Collier's.

"Have you anything to say to the folks, Bill, before the end?" the sheriff asked.

Bill shook his head.

At this moment a strong clear voice spoke up from the outskirts of the crowd. Everyone recognized the speaker as Joe Taylor, a politician and campaign orator. "If you don't want to talk, Bill," Taylor shouted, "would you mind letting me use your time to tell these folks why they should vote for me for state senator on November 5?"

The condemned man turned a world-weary face to the sheriff. "Who's that?" he asked.

"That's Joe Taylor, the politician?"

"Yes."

"The fellow that makes them patriotic speeches?"

"That's the one."

"I thought so."

A smile of peace and resignation lighted the doomed man's features. It was as if he realized for the first time that even death has its great and glorious compensations.

"Let Taylor talk," he said. "Give him my time; give him all the time he wants. But hang me first."

Those Who Come and Go.

"New hay is being contracted for $25 and $28 a ton, baled and in the car," states E. P. Dodd of Hermiston. Although for a while last spring it looked like a dry summer and poor crops, Mr. Dodd says that there is now an abundance of water, there being all that the irrigation dam at Hermiston can hold, and hundreds of thousands of gallons went into the river. "The reservoir," explains Mr. Dodd, who is a member of the legislature representing Umatilla county, "has 50,000 acre feet. It is 90 feet high and has a shoreline of 12 miles." For the benefit of non-irrigationists, Mr. Dodd reveals the information that an "acre foot" is 12 inches of water over an acre, and it is estimated that there should be four feet of water on the ground in a year, meaning between March and November. New lands require three water more than the older lands, for eventually the subsoil is saturated and when this happens less irrigation is required.

One of the elaborate cut-glass chandeliers which contribute to the ornate appearance of the circassian walnut lobby of the Benson became a total wreck yesterday. Walter McCabe was cleaning the fancy fixture and had polished up the glass diamonds on about half of the equipment, when the chandelier near the elevator divorced from the ceiling and fell to the floor. Several hundred dollars' worth of glass was reduced to junk in no time. Mr. McCabe, who was perched on the top of a ladder near the ceiling, fell from the ladder to the floor, landing on his feet, and then rolled over. When he was picked up it was discovered that both of his ankles were broken.

Hearing of the affluence of the loganberry farmers of the Willamette valley, H. C. Reed and family and Mr. and Mrs. Marion Reed have pulled up stakes in Badger, Minn., and have come to Oregon to be berry culturists. The party of seven arrived at the Multnomah yesterday, en route to Hubbard, Marion county, where Mr. Reed has purchased some acreage for berry raising. There is a dispute as to which is the best locality for growing the loganberries, but apparently any locality in the Willamette is good, and so is the moist country along the coast, where the moisture makes the berries larger and juicier and, of course, weigh more.

State Senator Strayer of Baker, who opposed the repeal of the specific gravity law in the 1920 special session, is at the Imperial. He says he doesn't see yet why there should be a repeal of the law, albeit the statute is suspended. "The law is suspended, and there is more trouble in getting gasoline now than there was before," contends the senator. "I notice that in California, where they havn't the specific gravity law, an official investigation has been ordered as to why there should suddenly develop such a remarkable shortage."

Ward Mayer, who is in the lumber business at Nehalem, Or., is an arrival at the Imperial. Although lumbering has been going on for many years in the Nehalem country, the industry has scarcely made a dent in the forests, and there are still enough trees standing to furnish cargoes for an immense fleet of windjammers. Some day great quantities of the forest product will be shipped by way of Nehalem bay, on the improvement of which thousands of dollars have already been spent in the construction of north and south jetties.

"I lost a chance to make some money," confesses Carl Shoemaker, executive secretary of the fish commission. "In British Columbia an American dollar is worth $1.115, and I had spent considerable change before learning of the difference in values. When the discovery became known, Ed Clarton and I swapped our Uncle Sam dollars for the Canadian, and it made our expense money go further. But we spent every cent of the Canadian money before returning home, for even on the dining car the Canadian change is discounted."

Jason C. Moore is at the Hotel Oregon from Summer Lake, Or. Mr. Moore created a sensation in Oregon a few years by proposing to pump the water from Summer lake down the Deschutes to a plant near the Columbia river, where the minerals would be extracted. At that time there were thousands of unemployed men in the state and they were all praying that Mr. Moore's scheme would materialize so that they could get a job. The pipeline hasn't been built yet.

For eight years or so James Holman has been justice of the peace at Grants Pass, and he has been a member of the G. A. R. longer than that. Mr. Holman passed through Portland yesterday on his way to attend the G. A. R. convention. He moved to Grants Pass in 1892, and before that he lived at Sellwood. Mr. Holman declares that he was one of the two men who rode on the first streetcar running between Sellwood and Portland.

Having studied the dope from Chicago, George Thompson, clerk at the Perkins, yesterday resurrected a campaign button of four years ago and wore it on his coat. The button is red, white and blue and "Hughes" is the name it bears. "It's my hunch that Hughes will be the nominee," says Mr. Thompson, "so I thought I'd anticipate the general public."

J. Donaldson, hotel man of Arlington, is at the Perkins. There is an unconfirmed rumor in Arlington that the town will have a brick hotel, and the new establishment will probably materialize if the John Day highway is located at Arlington to connect with the Columbia highway.

Andy G. Vaughn registered at the Perkins yesterday after taking a prisoner to the "hoosgow" at Second and Oak streets. Mr. Vaughn, who was formerly a limb o' the law in Portland, is now deputy sheriff in King county, Washington, and has been down in California to escort a prisoner back for trial.

J. Doug Holton, who lived in Portland for many years and went into the mining business in Montana a few years ago, registered at the Perkins yesterday. He has been at San Diego for the past 12 months, which placed him within easy access of Tia Juana, where there are races n'everything.

Frank S. Curl, instead of going to the republican convention as a delegate, brought his wife to Portland yesterday and registered at the Imperial. Mr. Curl has been the county chairman of the republican committee in Umatilla for many years.

After an absence of exactly one year, Arthur Bramwell has returned to the desk force at the Hotel Portland. During the interval he was a ham peddler for one of the biggest packing concerns in the world.

H. E. Phipps, who deals in wood and coal in Aberdeen, Wash., Henry Schmidt, also of that town, and W. J. Patterson, who is manager and cashier of a bank in the same community, are all at the Multnomah.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Pierce of La Grande, and Miss Claire Pierce are arrivals at the Multnomah. Mr. Pierce is a wheat raiser, stockman and democratic politician.

Charles H. Gram, state commissioner of labor, arrived at the Seward from Salem yesterday.

SOME WOMEN ABUSE CONVENTION.

But Majority Rule Over Man in a Way He Enjoys and Admires.

PORTLAND, June 6.—(To the Editor.)—It really seems that ex-soldier is likely to be confirmed in his bitterness toward the fair sex. The sympathy he has received from various correspondents is not calculated to ease his resentment.

Woman's position in America is anomalous and enviable. As in most caucasian civilizations where the struggle with nature is scarcely ended there survives in most American men a paternal, brotherly, or knightly feeling for every woman. Resentment at the shattering of his ideals sometimes prevents his discriminating between the office or store snob and the deserving working girl; or between the hard-faced, striving club politician and the woman whose mission is something more than self-aggrandizement. Failure to discriminate leads to injustice to those deserving respect and aid, or to encouragement of practices deserving condemnation. I will answer for Ex-Soldier, however, that if Mrs. A. had entered a car with a baby in her arms, our soldier friend would have hung to the strap rather than that she should. Practically all men respect woman, and none can compete with her, in the too little sought field of motherhood. It is by virtue of that, that she is his superior, and it is only when she selfishly denies, impairs, or destroys her fitness therein that she descends to, or falls below man's level.

It is suggested that nature fitted Ex-Soldier for farm labor. Nature gave male mammals superior strength and for strife. The records our boys made in prima facie evidence that he used his "prowess" in defense of Mrs. Steno and Mrs. A. in common with others of us who stayed behind. Perhaps Ex-Soldier has a sweetheart. How will he relish Mrs. Steno's advice to go to the farm and help feed her and her husband for a relatively low wage, with long hours, uncertain employment, and isolation from communication and better positions. No better perhaps than she would the suggestion that she find equally honorable service, better paid, steadier, and less isolated in the kitchen of some Portland home where an overworked wife and mother is trying to keep her home up to American standards, and where too, Mrs. Steno would be more likely to learn things of value to her in her vocation as wife when she quits her present avocation, than would Ex-Soldier on the farm unless he expects to be a farmer.

When a woman attacks American conventions generally, she is allowing herself to be carried away by personal feeling. What is "common decency" but compliance with "conventions"? If she will stop to analyze her thoughts and feelings she will find that she has not expressed more than a transient desire to wallop one who did so much as suggest a curtailment of privileges granted by American convention. Through convention, the American woman enjoys a position of vantage over her men possessed by the women of no other country. Most women use it wisely and tread on our necks in a fashion we both admire and approve. It is only when some woman, anxious for the plaudits of her equals, treads unfeelingly on us or kicks out a tooth or two, that some begin to think of importing French brides, or going to France to marry a woman who will rule us with proper finesse.

EX-BACHELOR.

OPPOSITION WIDELY SCATTERED

Much of Marion Adverse Vote From Native and Protestant Communities.

SALEM, Or., June 6.—(To the Editor.)—A few days ago a correspondent of The Oregonian, signing "Old Salem Resident," made a showing that was intended to cast reflections upon a certain class of Marion county citizens and to bring unfavorable criticism upon them. He conveyed the idea that the Catholic German-Americans of Sublimity and Mount Angel were principally responsible and, therefore, blamable for the unfavorable vote of Marion county against the tax for higher education, but I think his conclusions on this point are unfair, as such conclusions, based upon religious prejudice, usually are.

While it is true that Sublimity and the two Mount Angel precincts voted heavily against that tax, it is also true that 37 other precincts in Marion county cast substantial majorities against the measure, many of these precincts being as distinctly Protestant and native as the three above named are Catholic and of German birth and extraction. Instance Aurora, Aumsville, Butteville, Chemawa, Englewood (suburb of Salem), Fairgrounds (ditto), Central and North Howell, East and West Hubbard, Jefferson, Liberty, Macleay, Marion, Monitor, Scotts Mills, Turner, Sidney, etc. In fact, the correspondent's figures are misleading and his deductions are unwarranted.

On the other hand, in the one place wherein a comparison might be made as a gauge of Americanism, the "Old Salem Resident" failed to take notice; that is, the vote on the elementary school tax, and in this case the Sublimity and Mount Angel precincts made a proud record (in comparison with some others especially). In those three precincts the elementary school tax was approved by a majority of 81, while in 19 other precincts of the county there was a majority against it, including the Salem suburb precincts, together with Macleay, Monitor, Scotts Mills, Aumsville, Turner, the Howells and two Silvertons.

Let us always try to be fair and not seek to make hurtful comparisons without giving all relative facts.

ANOTHER SALEMITE.

"THE SKY'S THE LIMIT."

Afresh, again, anew I write—
Afloat, aflame, afire! amove—
Abaft the ship that sails at night
To starry, studded skies above.

I'm on the yacht for-get-me-not
That plies the milky way—
That harbors in a velvet spot
Until the close of day.

I'm all alone, though I'm not coy,
I've ample room for two—
I'll ship ahoy! with greatest joy
And wait awhile for you.

And if my ship should spring a rip
I've dippers at command—
But I am sure it will endure
Until we slip to land.

I'll stay in Venus but a day
And then I'll visit Mars—
"Quaff" with the moon man on my way
But avoid the "profs" stars.

And when I've seen and had my fun
And wish no more to roam
I'll take a run up to the sun
And on its beams, come home.

—M. C. ARMSTRONG.

Embargo on Gasoline Export.

CENTRALIA, Wash., June 6.—(To the Editor.)—Would it not be wise to call on our governor to stop export of gasoline while this shortage lasts? It sure would fix things at once.

Why should we sell ourselves short to favor some one else? We place duties on other goods to keep them out to favor home producers; why not favor home consumption?

B. F. SHIELDS.

More Truth Than Poetry.

By James J. Montague.

SOUND ADVICE.

For many years my earthly lot,
From troubles was exempted,
When Uncle Ezra told me not
To let myself be tempted.
I little knew the value then
Of the advice he gave me,
But time and time and time again,
My uncle's words have saved me.

A cop once said to me, "Brush by!"
I turned my nose up smugly,
Although I must admit that I
Was tempted to get ugly.
He slugged the next man that he met
And took him to the station,
And I am very glad, you bet,
I fought against temptation.

A gentleman I barely knew
And at whose nerve I wondered,
Once asked me quite abruptly to
Advance him fifteen hundred.
He tempted me—but heart I took,
And cried, "My means forbid it."
And since I've learned he was a crook,
I'm rather glad I did it.

When tempted once to take a drink,
My uncle's maxim wielded
Its saving power—I hate to think
That I so nearly yielded.
The stuff was methyl alcohol
And persons less stout hearted,
Who fell for it, are one and all
Among the dear departed.

* * *

A Mexican President's Inaugural Message.

"I who am about to die, salute you."

* * *

Merely Common Sense.

Before a rich man casts bread on the political waters he should know whether the tide is coming in or going out.

* * *

Not a Chance.

Beans and cabbages are now seeking a place in the sun, but the beetles and cut worms have formed an alliance against them.

Pansies for Thought.

By Grace E. Hall.

A million sweet-faced pansies upon a hillside grew,
Each piquant, nodding blossom with bright distinctive hue.
And ever were these faces turned toward the ardent sun,
Responsive to his fervor that thrilled them one by one.

Like man within a throne-room, each bowed before the king,
In silent adoration like listening human thing,
With blossom faces turning toward something in the sky,
And tender tendrils yearning for growth as time went by.

I took the silent message as I went on my way,
'Twill help me to remember when hours are drear and gray:
We share the golden sunshine, and like pansies on the sod
We too shall grow in beauty by looking up toward God.

In Other Days.

Twenty-five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian, June 8, 1895.

Washington.—President Cleveland today announced the appointment of Richard Olney of Massachusetts as secretary of state, and Judson Harmon of Ohio attorney-general.

New York.—The relay bicycle race between the riders of the postal service and the army, between Chicago and this city, was ended this morning and won by the postal rider. The time was 65 hours 52 minutes, and broke all American records.

Salem.—The annual school census reported by county superintendents shows there are 64,567 male and 62,398 female persons of the ages between 4 and 20 in the state, and that enrollment in schools of the state totaled 83,356.

The first straight carload of strawberries ever shipped east from Portland was dispatched yesterday by a local commission house, consigned to Minneapolis.

Fifty Years Ago.

From The Oregonian, June 8, 1870.

Constantinople.—The richest section of this city was destroyed yesterday by a fire that swept a large district. The total loss is incalculable. Residences and consulates of the English, American and Portuguese ambassadors, theaters, churches and mosques and thousands of residences were destroyed.

The ship Herman Doctor, from Hongkong, China, arrived yesterday. She brings 400 tons of merchandise to local merchants.

D. C. Ireland, deputy United States marshal yesterday began taking the census of Portland.

There was no disturbance whatever in this city on Monday when colored men approached the polls to vote. This was the first appearance of the colored man as an elector.

HOME ACCOMPLISHMENTS NEEDED

How Employed Married Woman Can Live on Husband's Salary.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., June 3.—(To the Editor