

Morning Oregonian

ESTABLISHED BY HENRY L. FITCOCK... The Oregonian is a member of the Associated Press...

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of the past and always was guided by facts in pursuing an ideal. The result was a solid achievement for peace, but strict defense of American rights...

BORAH THE BOLT

The title will doubtless come when Senator Borah will bolt the republican party. He maintained his allegiance in 1912 with labored fortitude...

HARDING AND COOLIDGE

By nominating Senator Harding for president the republican national convention took the wise way of escape from a deadlock created by the inability of either Woodrow Wilson or John Wood Bryan to rally majority to his support...

FOR A GREATER PORT

In order that the bill for consolidation of the Port of Portland commission and the city dock commission and the bonding power of the consolidated commission may be on the ballot for election next November, it is necessary that 15,000 signatures be secured within four weeks to petitions submitted to the city clerk...

ENTER THE BOOK WAGON

"Service is the birthplace of the present, the fiat of a new deity of duty, brooking no departure from its demands. At the insistence of this conception those who cater to the public have been accused of fulfillment than even the most exacting critic would require...

STRATEGY OR IGNORANCE?

It is suggested in a neighborly spirit that the editorial comment on a genuine chief from democratic administration. His public utterances have been imbued with regard for the constitution that his election will be a pledge of respect for the powers of congress. It will secure the country against such a struggle with the senate as results from President Wilson's dictatorial temper...

WELCOME THE TRAVELING MEN

In her summer role as hostess to the national assemblies, this June morning to the traveling men of America. Many of them she has known for many days past, when they came to her in days past, neckties and trench coats, matches and shaving brushes. But these were business meetings, in the city that gets the traveler's chaser and trade client, but as the smiling mistress of her civic house, bidding them to dinner and social conference, she is no longer the concerned, no longer is she concerned in the wars of their far-flung territories. They are collective and individual guests, honored for their genuine interest in building this city and state and the civility which they sense the deep spirit of hospitality beneath the formal welcome. Theirs is an ancient calling. Modern commerce did not evolve it, though the present has been witness to the regimental reception of trained trade emissaries. Before the Christian era there were men who voyaged and traveled, by galley and camel train, to the farthest verge of the known world, that day, denigrating the virtues of bronze cutlery, of thick, silence-furred rugs, of Smyrna figs and Grecian pottery. Amidst these long forgotten heritages of trade, we have necessarily evolved, as convincing as are those of today. And, beyond all question, they were the vanguard of advanced civilization. The province of the commercial traveler was necessarily his own, and his indispensability proved. In the complex system of distribution the part he plays is intimately linked with the lines of the present, and the lines of the new, the improved, the revolutionary, in trade—and by the trained persuasiveness of his logic we are introduced to set aside the makeshifts of the past and move forward to increased production, happiness and respect from grinding labor.

of the past and move forward to increased production, happiness and respect from grinding labor. To the Protective Association of America, in convention assembled, this western city gives greeting—not uncomplimentary of the past and move forward to increased production, happiness and respect from grinding labor. To the Protective Association of America, in convention assembled, this western city gives greeting—not uncomplimentary of the past and move forward to increased production, happiness and respect from grinding labor.

THE HAND-TAILED PIGEON

With a flourish have returned to Curry county, in vast flocks that remind the oldest settlers of days gone by. Where Dame Nature spread the banquet of last season's acorns, far in excess of porcupine appetites, the graceful and mysterious histora have fluttered down to dine. There have been pigeons in Curry county, of course, but residents who recalled that of the earlier years would be inclined to the latter. The "Species" was near extinction—mindful of the fate that overtook and blotted out the tremendous passenger pigeon flight of the east. Every school child knows the tragic narrative of the passenger pigeon, victim of senseless wholesale commercial murder. In the boyhood of the older generation, passenger pigeons were so abundant that a band of birds shot, fired into the low, roaring, interminable mass of the passing flock, brought down a bird to a pellet. But the analogy is not applicable to the modern continuing existence of the finest of his feather, known as the hand-tail—for his attributes include a wary shyness, a fondness for the deep timber, that will preserve the bird from the hunter's eye. The hand-tailed pigeon, bulking as large as a half-grown grouse, favored the Willamette valley last month with such a visit as that described by the trolley rider in a half-hour's trolley ride from the city, in the cottonwood coverts along the Columbia, the birds congregated in flocks of many thousands—silent, alert and quick to take flight. Against patches of blue sky they stood in the relief of perfect artistry, sentinels whose easy, noiseless departure raised great coverts from the verdure of the cottonwoods, before the advent of the bird. The birds were seen in the relief of perfect artistry, sentinels whose easy, noiseless departure raised great coverts from the verdure of the cottonwoods, before the advent of the bird. The birds were seen in the relief of perfect artistry, sentinels whose easy, noiseless departure raised great coverts from the verdure of the cottonwoods, before the advent of the bird.

for that understanding which is the first essential in undertaking a world-wide covenant which mankind had never effected before. The senator deprecated "the excessive proclamation of democracy and humanity" when we declared "if we went to war in defense of the world's democracy, we should have begun to fight when Belgium was invaded"; "if it was our duty to make war for humanity's sake, duty called for when the Lusitania was sunk," he said. He stated our cause for war by saying: "The everlasting truth is that we were misled by our selfishness. The defense of our national rights, and we did defend them until Germany's power for ruthlessness has been destroyed for generations to come. We did not ask more than our rights—except to help in righteous restoration" and "it was ours to pass judgment on the terms of peace and speed their conclusion." He "could find no fault with the president's policy, except that he did not share the criticism that Mr. Wilson invited no senators to act with him. But he did complain that the president "consented to counsel and advice which would have resulted in duties to perform" and devoted his talents, "essentially alone," to "the realization of ambitions and the fulfillment of dreams" which never will be realized until the millennium day that marks the beginning of heaven on earth." He thus characterized the president's basic error: "The situation presented intensely practical problems and no clear-cut left theories. Thus he accounted for the president's ignorance of the first glimmering of dawn. For the source of light had changed her dark locks to his own color, and first among the daughters of Eve went Tallia, beautiful with hair of streaming gold. At Omaha a man was arrested and fined for biting the Adam's apple of his lady partner while they were dining at a dinner. The man asked whether the judge was right in affixing this punishment? No Marquis of Queensberry has written any rules for the shimmy. The clinch is not barred and why may there not be a shimmy in the ring at Gary? The shimmy is an informal affair, anyhow, and each dancer might as well be permitted to make his or her own rules. Why not let the "gent" go to it? It is the unwritten law that no gentleman will bite a lady, but a plain "gent" might get into a bit of a shimmy, anyhow. According to Petronius, the shimmy was designed largely as an enticement for jazz babies and as such was void of rule or barrier. The only rule was that the doll should wear at least two fig leaves—going and coming.—Los Angeles Times.

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE TIMES

Old Fairy Story of the Origin of Golden Hair Retold. Do you recall the story of Tallia, whose hair, among that of women, was the first gold? asks Eugene Mason in the London Today. Once upon a time, when the sons of God beheld that the daughters of men were fair, Tallia—her pitcher upon her shoulder—went to draw water from the village well. By chance Phoen, the god, passed the well, that way on an errand for his master, and was amazed at the girl's beauty, for her eyes were like stars and her hair darker and heavier than night. He held out to her the lily he carried in his hand, and Tallia, flushed at the gift like any blush rose, took it. Evening after evening the lovers met by the well beneath the palm trees, while Phaelim told of his journeyings. The master made the girl a statue. The girl cried: "So, Phaelim, let me gaze closer on those stars which you have said so often are less shining than my eyes." So, wrapped within her lover's wing, Tallia, green as the wheeling planets, and heard the music of the spheres. Then, growing bolder yet, Tallia whispered, "Oh, Phaelim, grant me to approach even to the sun." So the angel pursued his course till he came to the very sun, and there he beheld that awful cataract of unendurable light. It was yet dark when Tallia returned to her home, but as she passed through the village street it seemed to her that she knew the glimmering of dawn. For the source of light had changed her dark locks to his own color, and first among the daughters of Eve went Tallia, beautiful with hair of streaming gold.

Those Who Come and Go

Late Friday afternoon, with amendments to the proof of a new freight tariff urging him on, Edward H. Britton, chief clerk of the freight department of the Spokane, Portland & Seattle railroad, hastened to the Killam residence in the city. He moved languidly about, testing this door and that as a preliminary to leaving for the city. Mr. Britton, referring to the manager of the plant, "He's on the fourth floor, guess he's in the building," he said. Mr. Britton bounded to the fourth floor. Mr. Rudig was not there. He was in the building, but he was no longer in evidence. But what was more appalling—all doors were locked. The prisoner tried them this entrance and that—all fastened with devices that answer only to the key. Literally and figuratively he was the captive of fate. Marooned afar from dinner and front lawn. And it took two hours to gain freedom through all the intricate "S" to the Rudig retreat on the banks of the Willamette. Meantime the aged eyes of the man, who had been in the freedom of the street outside. With fortitude he stilled the filling cabinet through the plate glass barriers and proceeded upon his way. At the door he heard the heavy bolts turned. "Hal hal!" laughed Mr. Britton, in an empty mockery of merriment. "Har! har! har!"

COMPARISON WITH PAST ODDIOUS

Woman's Place Not to Be Defined by the Degree of Its Improvement. PORTLAND, June 12.—(To the Editor.)—Can all you "progressives" be satisfied with what "has been"? We are not measuring our privileges against the women of the past, but the "privileges of the less fortunate women of France. We are measuring what we have against what we have. We are not asking for privilege, we are asking for justice. We are asking for the same rights as you are recognizing that woman is equal with man in economic importance, and a partner with man in the progress of life. Society will not be based on the partnership of man and woman. If man holds more than 50 per cent of the stock and votes selfishly, the whole firm will suffer. This is just exactly what has been done for thousands of years and is the reason why we are no further along today. Woman's position anomalous? Yes, indeed. We have the anomaly of woman being equal in economic, educational, governmental, legislative, etc. responsibility, and yet loaded with the burden of all the duties of both sexes. The age-old cry of "Eve made me" still rings in our ears. If we are to be held responsible for our own lot, let alone for man's morals, then for heaven's sake let us be free to do as we please. Society's actions—man-made, if you please. Our conventions are certainly not beyond improving. For instance, should we be free to go out at night to walk the street smoking, but not for a woman. Morally it is decent for woman to be free to go out at night, but man if it is for woman. There is no justice or decency in two standards of morality for man and woman. There is no decency for one for woman. There is no decency without justice, hence present-day convention is inadequate. It is not only that man and woman is the only basis for conventional decency—it can have no other basis. It is not only that man and woman is the only basis for conventional decency—it can have no other basis. It is not only that man and woman is the only basis for conventional decency—it can have no other basis.

In Other Days

Twenty-five Years Ago. From The Oregonian of June 14, 1895. Tomorrow afternoon at Multnomah field, the first game of baseball for the Pacific Northwest will be played between the Multnomah and Tacoma athletic clubs. Roseburg.—The stage bound for Coquille, George Linsinger driver, was held up yesterday morning by a band of robbers, who obtained but \$30 from the two passengers and nothing from the mail. Plans for a mammoth parade and many other features were outlined for the celebration of the Fourth of July at a big meeting of the general committee held last night. A large number of pioneers have already registered for the 25th anniversary they will hold in Portland today.

Fifty Years Ago

From The Oregonian of June 14, 1870. Washington.—It is said that the president has organized and will shortly inaugurate a commercial policy which will bring to the United States the coast trade of the Spanish American states now going to Europe. Early yesterday morning some unknown person opened a window in the second-story of the Pacific Steamship company's office and fired a pistol through the headboard and into the pillow of the bed occupied by Dr. Robert C. McCall, one of the company's secretaries. Official notice has been given of the municipal election to be held Monday, June 20, when four councilmen will be chosen. Water is now standing about 1/4 feet deep in a company's wharf and is still rising.

HOW TO FIND FRIENDS IN CITY

One Can't Find Neighbors by Writing for Them to Do Advancing. PORTLAND, June 12.—(To the Editor.)—The letter in The Oregonian signed "From an Old New York" appeared to me strongly as coming from a tired heart and I just can't bear to think that anyone is unhappy in this glorious, wonderful country. A scant year ago we came here who smiled at the "Old New York" —not in a beautiful home of our own as she did; but in a rented house that was not a home. But we have neighbors, real ones. No sister could have been more alert or sympathetic in helping me to find my way in this new world. I have learned uncharted methods of doing things that the little neighbor just north of me, who has some home organization, and there we have found lovely acquaintances that as the days go by and opportunities occur will become as dear to us as our own. I never can forget the sisterly attitude of the little woman who, when I was alone, would welcome me, a stranger at a strange place, when I attended my first reception. Honestly, now sister, didn't you just put your beautiful home in order and sit down and wait for callers? Have you the back fence or at the front door? Do you just that? No one can resist a woman who has a smiling face to the lips from a heart warm with the red blood of altruism. You remember the little girl who, when she was asked by some what supercilious mother where she became acquainted with that child, indicating the little girl's mother, said, "Let's get back to that and happiness. Portlanders are not snobs. We're just from different parts of the world and friends badly and if we want them badly enough to go after them, we will go after them. We will go after them, without which life would indeed be rather drab and impossible. 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