Morning Oregonian

ESTABLISHED BY HENRY L. PITTOCK.

Published by The Oregonian Publishing Co., 135 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	5.00
(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.—1 to 16 pages, 1 cent; 18 to 32 pages, 2 cents; 34 to 48 pages, 3 cents; 50 to 64 pages, 4 cents; 66 to 80 pages, 5 cents; 82 to 96 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.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

Not every young student who prides himself this month on the glory of achievement of which the diploma of graduation is the outward and casual symbol will have troubled himself to inquire why the day on which he completes a prescribed course of study is called "commencement day." Yet it is true, as here and there a callow youngster dimly apprehends, and as his more experienced elders are competent to tell him, that it is called that because it is the point at which, if he has been duly diligent and has wasted only a few of his opportunities, he has begun to be qualified for the higher studies, or for the vocation, toward which his preparation has been taking him. The student will have accomplished about as much as ought to be expected of him if he grasps the essential motive of that which has gone before. Not the pitifully inadequate store of facts with which his mind has been charged, nor the modicum of technical training that has been thrust on him, but the glimpse of the beyond that has been vouchsafed him constitutes the measure of his education. Those who regard a diploma as the warrant of a completed task have mistaken the whole purpose for which schools are maintained.

We think that 1920 will go down in history as having been remarkable for the fact that more young "graduates" than ever before are aware of the meaning of "commencement" and of the association between "graduation" and "gradation." In part this is due to the war, which gave us our most significant opportunity to grade our young men according to their usefulness; in part it was already indicated by a growing desire for training that was manifest when the war broke out. But it means a good deal, wherever and however the beginning was made, to know that enrollment in the colleges of the country is a full fourth greater than it was in the previous high-record year of 1916, and that everywhere preparations are being made for continued growth. Comprehension of the true meaning of "commencement," having been obtained in the intermediate grades, is likely to be of vast service in all the years to come; it will be of greater value than all the facts and formulas in any curriculum.

It has been a year of "drives" for education, from one end of the country to the other. That the alumni of many an endowed institution should have responded nobly to the demands made on them has proved that those who have had the experience wish that no one should fail to enjoy the opportunity; but it is more significant that on nearly every occasion when the public, including its predominatingly non-collegiate element, has been called on, it too has been found, as in Oregon, to be not wanting. The sense of public duty toward education has been developed amazingly since the first commencement day of Harvard college in 1642, and since, less than a century ago, the public school took hold of the imaginations of the people. This year's "commencements" have been "commencements" for many a taxpayer and for many a citizen whose interest in school affairs has heretofore been more or less remote. That it is the business of schools to train all young men and young women, and not merely to develop the already exceptional genius of the selected few, is a conception that in its broadest sense may be said to have dated from less than a year ago.

We shall not now concern ourselves so much with the details of the process by which the democratization of education and its universality are to be brought about as with the patent fact that desire has been awakened. That being manifest, the way will be found. Disintegrating faculties will be restored, material equipment will be furnished, the profession of teaching placed on a more hopeful plane, and amends made for neglect in the recent past. Plans for vocational rehabilitation, campaigns for Americanization, the slogan, "no illiteracy by 1930," and a hundred other educational activities are signs of a new life in which the education of the whole people in civic responsibility is destined to play a not inconsequential part.

Oregon responds to the "three cheers for Oregon" given at Governor Coolidge's welcome home to Boston with three cheers for Massachusetts, for there is a bond of fellowship between the two states which the breadth of the continent cannot weaken. It was first formed when Captain Gray of Boston discovered the Columbia, it was strengthened by the missionaries, traders and pioneers who followed and it was made unbreakable by the many sons of New England who had a part in building up this state. The founders of this city chose between the names "Portland" and "Boston" by flipping a coin. By luck, we are Portland of the west instead of Boston of the Pacific. New England's sons showed their quality by doing their part in making Oregon the Volunteer state in the war, and the whole state did honor to Massachusetts when its governor struck down sedition. The same spirit moving these far separated states is a symbol of the strength of the union.

A CRIME.

Nearly all our local democratic writers are choking with indignation over the betrayal of the preferential primary by the old guard at Chicago. There was Hiram Johnson. He had 113 votes pledged to him by vote of the people—113 votes out of 984—and he did not get the nomination. The fundamental principle that the tail should wag the dog was sunk without a trace. It was outrageous.

But why go to Chicago to find cause to choke with indignation? Here at home the old guard in the democratic party received a trouncing in the democratic primaries. The war horses, the stalwarts, the bourbons who were running for delegate were left at the post. A former candidate for governor, a former candidate for congress, an ex-United States district attorney, the organizer of the renowned Woodrow Wilson league, and others who have fought and bled without hope for the good of the democratic party, were told to stay at home and mind their own business.

Who won but the common people? It was field day for the unknowns.

Now there is a vacancy in the list of delegates. By all the rules of justice and precedent the next highest candidate should be appointed. But the whisper is heard that the old guard which still controls the state committee will turn him down for one of their own number.

The true heir to honored place is no other than a modern seer. He can peek into the future and foretell exactly what is going to happen. He says so himself, candidly and publicly. And he does it without use of ouija board or other mechanical device. It's a gift, all his own.

The advantage of having a seer on the Oregon delegation is perfectly obvious. He could guide his fellows unerringly to the band wagon. But the old guard must be satisfied. Renounced by the plain people, it refuses to heed the verdict. Rule or ruin. It will have its way.

Ah-hem! We are choking with indignation ourselves.

SPEEDING UP PRODUCTION.

The heads of three national farm organizations have hit on the notion of urging the workers in cities to speed up production in their trades in order that more men may be spared for the essential industry of food production. This is a wide departure from the fallacious but somewhat prevalent economic notion that the worker who does less than a day's work performs a service for his fellows by creating more jobs for them. With so much work in the world waiting to be done, and with fewer than the requisite number of hands to do it, speeding up becomes not only a social duty but a measure of absolute necessity if famine is to be forestalled.

The organizations in question are the National Grange, the American Farm Bureau federation and the Farmers union. Their memorial, addressed to the president of the United States, contains the following solemn and significant warning:

> Unless immediate relief can be effected in the farm labor situation we will soon be face to face with what leading agricultural economists believe will be the greatest scarcity of foodstuffs ever experienced in America.

Now much confidence is reposed in the suggestion that farm production can be substantially increased by drafts of city labor. Relatively few city men are fit for immediate farm work. Each, however, can work a little harder, as the heads of the farm organization suggest, at his present job and thereby release others who are qualified for farm work and who can render efficient aid in food production.

THE COST OF PRODUCING WHEAT.

It has often been stated that no adequate method has been devised for determining the cost of producing a bushel of wheat. The imponderable factors—the weather, suitability of the land, the farmer's wisdom or unwisdom of manipulation, the personal elements, as well as the fortunes of the business — count against the probability of accuracy. Yet the Kansas state board of agriculture has furnished a guide in a recent report based on returns from 2057 farms, which shows that average costs were $25.20 an acre, and average returns $24.77, a net loss of 43 cents an acre. Average yield was 12.58 bushels to the acre.

This does not mean, of course, that these farmers were actually out of pocket on the year's crop. They made deposits in their banks, bought automobiles and household luxuries and conveniences in large quantities and even had money to lend at the close of the season. Seemingly they prospered, after the fashion of the merchant who judges his business only by his cash intake and outgo, and takes no inventory. It is no revelation that farmers are not bookkeepers, and the Kansas report will serve a purpose if it emphasizes this. It includes such items as interest on capital investment at 5 per cent, and wages as laborer at $2.50 a day, both of which are legitimate and moderate charges because the farmer could realize the full value of them if he were to sell out, invest his proceeds and go to work elsewhere. Allowance is made for depreciation of implements and cost of abandoned acres. But nothing is said about depletion of the soil or overtime. Wages as manager are counted for the period of growth of the crop only. It would seem that the estimate is well on the side of conservatism.

The difference between seeming profit and actual loss arises from the practice already alluded to, of setting off actual receipts against current expenditures and suppressing other items, such as wages. The showing would be a little better than it seems if it were considered that the farmer has certain advantages in the procurement of food and shelter, but these usually represent additional labor and are by no means free. It is not certain, either, that the board errs in making no charge for soil depletion. There are farms which under scientific tillage grow richer from year to year. But tools must be replaced and insurance paid, and abandoned or fallow acres are part of the general scheme. These, too, are constant expenses, whether the season favors or not, and whether yield is high or low. An impressive feature of the report is that it covers only a single year, and makes no allowance for lean seasons. The yield was not unusually low, and the price received for wheat was high by comparison with the average of a series of years.

The acreage represented in the report is only about one-twenty-second of the total wheat acreage of the state. It is impossible to say how nearly precise the figures are as to the state as a whole, but it is fair to assume that they are not a great way from the truth. As to average yield, they correspond quite closely to other determinations. They are in any event exceedingly thought-provoking, and they are likely to set other farmers to keeping books. This may be beneficial in two ways; it may result in abandonment of attempts to grow wheat on land unsuited for it, and in adoption of methods calculated to increase the yield per acre. But it may also result in a change to other and more profitable crops, in which event there is not a bright prospect that the public will very soon obtain a cheaper loaf of bread.

WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?

Over in Czechoslovakia in the first popular election for the national assembly twenty-two parties were in the field and sixteen gained representation. This is one of the delights of proportional representation. Every aspirant for office can have his own party or clan.

In far-off Czechoslovakia the people divide first on racial lines. A Czech will not vote for a German or a German for a Czech, or a Magyar ordinarily for either of the others or either of the others ordinarily for a Magyar. So each race divides again along class, occupational or religious lines, while some who are not imbued with class, craft or religious consciousness divide along political lines.

We are not so far behind the Czechoslovaks at that. Before the primary the republicans divide into little groups. That is to say, the leaders and counselors go off to rooms and behind closed doors prepare tickets nicely slated along religious and occupational lines. Even racial differences cropped out in the recent election. Among the democrats, where the tree is bare except for one big plum or two on the topmost branches, the pre-primary split is into only two factions. Nothing so promotes selfish group government as hunger for office. Under the Oregon system everybody is presumed to be hungry and nearly everybody is. The more offices in sight the more the party fragments. Wheels within wheels and every candidate turn his own crank. That's our motto.

The two-party method of electing public officers is a method founded on American ideals. It has done as much as any other agency to keep alight the fires beneath the melting pot. Once voters assembled together regardless of creed, caste, craft or race to attain that which they believed to be best for the greatest number. That which destroys party integrity creates groups whose purpose is only good of this or that creed, caste, craft or race, regardless of what is good for all, with rivalry and hatred the net accomplishment. About all that is now needed to destroy true Americanism in Oregon politics is proportional representation.

LABOR'S VIEW OF BOLSHEVISM.

The American Federation of Labor clearly sets forth the fundamental conflict between the American form of government and that which Lenine and his satellites have set up in Russia. The American republic is founded on a denial of class supremacy, for it places all on political equality, with equal opportunity to acquire wealth and social distinction. The soviet form of government is founded on supremacy of a class and denial of political rights to all other classes. It is the product of those class distinctions which are peculiar to the old world, but which were denied by the founders of this republic and are repugnant to the spirit of the American people. The theory on which the bolshevists act is that monarchs, aristocrats and plutocrats having held power and privilege, proletarians may rightly seize them if they can, and may subject the former ruling classes to the same disabilities from which they have suffered. Since classes are unknown to the American form of government, that logic does not apply to the United States.

By their own action the labor unions prove that equal rights continue in this country unimpaired. No obstruction is offered to their conventions, their meetings, their publications, to their endorsement of one candidate and their opposition to another. They influence legislation and administration of the law as freely as does any other body of citizens. At the very time when advocates of bolshevism agitate for revolution on the pretense that by no other means can justice be secured, a labor party is in the field and plans are made for a liberal party to hold a convention and to name a presidential candidate, and none questions their right to do so. Even those who aim to destroy the government avail themselves freely of the machinery of justice to escape the penalty of their crimes.

Soviet rule does not exist by the will of the Russian people or even of the class which it is presumed to make supreme. Established by violent dissolution of the constituent assembly which had met to devise a truly representative form of government, it is maintained by a party of no more than 600,000 among 150,000,000 people, and that party is controlled by Lenine and a few hundred terrorists, who rule through mercenary cut-throats of alien race. Involuntary servitude has been imposed on workmen, for they are organized into labor armies and are compelled to work under ruthless military discipline. The penalty for strikes is death for the leaders. Bolshevism has completed the work of ruin which the czar's government began, and has made Russia the synonym for disease and famine and for tyranny over the very class which it boasts of emancipating.

Both by its origin and by its conduct the soviet government has forfeited the right to recognition by other governments. It was not established by the will of the Russian people but by violent overthrow of the existing government and by wholesale murder. It does not represent the people, for its constitution gives four-fifths of the votes to one-fifth of the people—the workmen of the cities. It began with surrender to Germany and with declared enmity to the allies, and it has conducted propaganda to overthrow the government of every other country and to set up soviets everywhere. James Duncan, its champion before the labor federation, was the leader of the Seattle strike, of which the purpose was to establish a soviet and to usurp the power of government. An important part of its plans has been to destroy labor unions, and to establish the communist party in their place as the one big union of all workmen.

Recognition of such a monstrous tyranny as the Russian soviet revolts the moral sense of the American people. As advantage would be taken of it by the bolshevists to push conspiracy for revolution, any goods that might be obtained from Russia would not be worth this price. The country is so impoverished that it has little, if anything, to sell and cannot transport whatever it may have. Every ship that sailed from Russia would be used to smuggle red agents and literature.

The labor federation's denunciation of the soviet condemns in effect the policy of the democratic administration's labor department in refusing to deport soviet agents from this country. But the federation's strong leaning toward the democratic party does not harmonize with its scourging of the reds as enemies of labor unions and of freedom and as plotters of world revolution. The only prospect of an effective end to bolshevist attempts to disrupt the unions and to tear down the republic is held out by the republican party. Patriotic union men would do well to consider whether the points in which the platform runs counter to their wishes are more important than attacks on the very existence of the unions and of the republic itself.

MARRIAGE PERFORCE IN FRANCE.

One of the most dramatic phrases of the world war, utilized to enlist America in the urgency of the allied cause, was the declaration that France had been "bled white" by her sacrifices of blood and treasure. It was more than a passing phrase, for it expressed the literal truth. More than a year and a half has passed since the armistice and France is still pallid from the effects of that leeching. Lacking in population and impoverished in gold, the nation now seeks rehabilitation at one shrewd stroke through the creation of an impost tax upon all bachelors, both maids and men. Such is the proposal of the new national budget. Statesmanship cannot be charged with a blunder in this measure, which attains an objective regardless of the attitude of the citizen.

The tax on single blessedness is extraordinarily heavy, so the Parisians complain. Many who are desirous of retaining their freedom and its perquisites are aghast at the price exacted. In evasion of the law there arises the suggestion of "friendly marriages," on the stabilizing plane of platonic relations. What a field for conjecture is opened by this situation—the alliance of men and women who decline marital love, who wed to cheat a national ordinance, and who assert that they will maintain separate households and careers. The cynic may be forgiven his chuckle over platonic friendships, which, as all the world knows, have belied the old pagan philosopher and proved allies to love and the clergy.

The astute framers of the reconstruction code, however, were taking no risks on the fruition of platonic marriages. Having drafted the impost tax on bachelordom, they create another section which levies heavy taxation upon childless marriages. Only those who have three or more children will escape this thrifty design. Paris the petite, as all France, may as well accept the inevitable and begin housekeeping.

Police of Duluth, Minn., where a mob attacked the city jail, seized six negro prisoners and lynched three of them, say the reason they didn't use firearms on the mob was to prevent "loss of life." These police must be very polished and courteous gentlemen. The only thing they seem to have overlooked to make it pleasant for the mob was serving beer and pretzels between lynchings.

An Ohio judge says women applicants for divorce must wear more clothes when they come into his court. More grief for the husbands, who will now be asked to include new tailored suits in the alimony.

Years ago a writer on The Oregonian offered a solution of the greatest negro problem. He said: "Let the white girls alone." That goes for a thousand years.

Royal girls of Europe have resumed marrying, a function suspended during the activities of war, when all eligibles were in the field.

Courts make short work of an alien who would become naturalized but who sidestepped during the war. Courts have long memories, too.

A Marshfield divorcee whose husband failed to pay her alimony went into the moonshining business. Sentimental, wasn't she?

Police regulations omit an important admonition for the coming week—to "smash" the pickpocket before the officer gets him.

The bottomless pit of popular disfavor is plumbed by Jack Johnson, down-and-outer, when even Mexico refuses him refuge.

The possibilities of disaster in electrical equipment were shown in the Milwaukee wreck yesterday; yet they seldom happen.

Candidates for the school board have the floor. What is a national convention in comparison, forsooth!

A reason for so little complaint at the increased car fare may be the expected "kickers" are walking.

Mexico would better set Jack Johnson adrift at sea than shove him over the border.

Cabinet makers can have better luck setting a hen and figuring on the hatch.

These traveling men and Kiwanians make an excellent preliminary.

Even the Columbia is coming up to greet the Shriners.

Stars and Starmakers.
By Leone Cass Baer.

Sophie Tucker opened the Cafe de Paris on the Boardwalk and New York avenue at Atlantic City a fortnight ago and is, as invariably, proving a riot. Like Mary's lamb, "everywhere that Sophie goes the crowds are sure to go." Sophie has her five kings of syncopation to reinforce her activities in jazz.

* * *

A report in a New York theatrical sheet says that George Arliss has changed his mind about pictures and is shortly to be seen on the screen. About a year ago Arliss said the picture was going to put the road shows out of business and followed this with an arraignment of the screen.

Within the last week Broadway has heard that Arliss has signed a screen contract, and although the company is still keeping it under cover, it is understood that he is to work before the camera during the coming summer.

* * *

Vesta Tilley has farewelled permanently, and on the occasion, at the Coliseum theater in London last week she wept so fluently and much that the show was halted. A review says that Ellen Terry came upon the stage and supported the weeping comedienne, presenting her with palm leaves, also an album containing the signatures of a million admirers. The stage was heaped with flowers. The audience sang "For She's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Miss Tilley said to the press that despite many offers a farewell American tour was impossible.

* * *

Harry Pilcer, dancing partner of the late Gaby Deslys, and a brother to Elsie Pilcer, on the Orpheum this week, has opened, in Paris, a dancing establishment called "L'Oasis," which during the summer days will be open matinees and evenings of Saturdays and Sundays.

The craze for dancing seems to be on the decline in Paris, though the weather may have something to do with it, opines the correspondent.

* * *

Singer's Midgets, heretofore on Pantages time, have been booked for a two years' tour of the Orpheum circuit.

Ten new sets painted by Josef Urban will replace the present scenic equipment.

* * *

William H. Crane, who is finishing a picture in Los Angeles, is about to play his 14,980th game of pinochle with Mrs. Crane.

The Cranes have played an average of three games daily for 15 years. Mrs. Crane has kept a book of the score and says her husband is ahead about 150 games.

* * *

Thieves entered the apartment of Anna Held Jr. at 825 Seventh avenue, recently, and stole wearing apparel and costumes valued at $8000. Miss Held is now on the west coast settling the estate of her mother. Among the loot were 200 pairs of silk hose, formerly belonging to her mother, and over 100 pairs of long kid gloves. Silks, sealskins and numerous trinkets valued for their former associations were also lifted.

The stuff was covered by insurance.

* * *

Willa Holt Wakefield has filed a petition in bankruptcy with debts piling up to $9429 and no assets, she says.

* * *

Al Jolson is vacationing in the Catalina islands.

* * *

Fiske O'Hara has brought suit against Charles H. Stafford, proprietor of the Putnam house in Bennington, Vt., for $4000. The hotel furnishings have been attached.

O'Hara alleges that on the night of April 1, 1920, he went to the hotel and that Stafford publicly refused to give him lodging.

This action greatly humiliated plaintiff, who believes his feelings and reputation were damaged to the extent of $4000.

* * *

New York physicians in attendance upon Nellie Revell at the St. Vincent hospital say they cannot reach a satisfactory conclusion in their diagnosis of her peculiar malady.

Miss Revell was stricken nine months ago, with several operations following. During that time she has been encased in a plaster cast in an effort to renew strength in her spine, which was most afflicted.

Friends of Miss Revell are arranging to have her case observed by the leading specialists of the country.

Meantime, Miss Revell is in full possession of all faculties and has bravely borne up during her trying times.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Moore have a new baby boy, Junior. Mrs. Moore is Emma Littlefield. They live at Freeport, L. I., when they aren't on the stage.

* * *

F. Ray Comstock, with his partner, Morris Gest, is combing the field for novelists for the various new productions in course of preparation for next season. Not only has Comstock been on the hunt for new stage ideas in this country, but the European market was thoroughly gone over by Gest on his recent trip abroad. Because of the unsatisfactory results of this search and to encourage newcomers with a hearing, Comstock each afternoon from 3 to 5:30 at the Princess theater holds conference in person with anyone who has a new line or original effect that can be put to practical use.

* * *

Chick Sale, who has been in pictures for the last few months, returns to vaudeville shortly with a new protean act.

* * *

Fletcher Norton has gone into the vaudeville producing field. His first will star Violet Homer in a production act. Miss Homer has been in pictures.

* * *

Lillian Lauferty, who writes "advice to the lovelorn" under the nom de plume of Beatrice Fairfax in the Hearst publications, has filed a suit in the supreme court against the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad company. She asks $10,000 damages for injuries she suffered en route to New York from Boston. While going from a parlor car to the dining car, says Miss Lauferty, the car door closed on one of her hands, crushing it and causing her to be thrown violently to the side of the car.

Those Who Come and Go.

"It's just as well to play safe and put valuables where they would be found, when the crowds are in town next week," says Frank Snow, detective emeritis, who has been recalled to service for the convention week from his ranch on the White Salmon, Wash. "I always, when I left home, put a notice on the dining room table, telling the burglar to take what he wanted but to destroy nothing, and adding the further fact that there were no valuables in the house. I don't know whether any burglar ever entered the home, but, anyway, nothing was ever disturbed during my absence. And the natural place for a man to conceal his valuables when he goes to sleep in a hotel is to place them under his pillow. That's foolish, for the prowler runs his hand under the pillow and gets the loot without awakening the sleeper. Hide your watches and jewelry and money in some place other than the pillow—put them under your body and sleep on them, even though they give you a pain." Detective Snow is registered at the Hotel Oregon.

Mark Twain wrote a story once about a man who nearly starved to death although he had a Bank of England note for a million pounds. A somewhat similar incident happened yesterday to Carl Anderson of Condon. Mr. Anderson, who is a stockman, came to Portland on business and when he wandered into the lobby of the Imperial he had $10,000 in checks and not enough cash to flag a street car. Noon came and Mr. Anderson was hungry. It grew on into the afternoon and he was getting hungrier all the time, but his feelings were becoming more and more depressed. He didn't know anyone who knew him sufficiently well to identify him and the smallest check he had was for $2000. Late yesterday afternoon a friend from Gilliam county came along and saw the disconsolate Mr. Anderson and the latter told his story. In a few minutes the $2000 check was cashed and Mr. Anderson wrapped himself outside of a great big dinner.

The highway from Pendleton to Portland is in good condition, according to Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Vaughn, who motored in yesterday and registered at the Perkins. There is a large amount of road work in progress, mostly grading, and preparations are under way to place a gravel surface over many miles, but, on the whole the going is good. From Mosier into Portland it is "like finding it." By the time the roundup is held in Pendleton in September, the road will be in even better condition than it is at present.

James A. Cox of Langlois, accompanied by Henry Miller of Myrtle Point, is registered at the Imperial. Langlois is in Curry county and is the center of a dairy industry. There is nothing at Langlois but a store, which is also the postoffice, and a hall, but the village ships thousands of dollars' worth of dairy produce to the outside world through Bandon. A few miles south of Langlois there is one of the largest barns in Oregon. It looks as large, or larger, than the municipal auditorium in Portland.

"I'd like to know if my friend is registered here," said a local resident to J. J. O'Brien at the Hotel Portland. "What is his name?" inquired Mr. O'Brien. "I don't know," replied the inquirer, "but he is a Shriner and the Shriners are coming to town." "Well," suggested the clerk, "if I were you, I'd get a place on the sidewalk curb next week during the parade and watch for your friend to go by." "That's a good idea," responded the Portlander, as he walked away. "Can you beat it?" gasped Mr. O'Brien.

M. J. Finlayson of Antelope, who is at the Perkins, says that one of the best ball games of the year will be played at Antelope next Sunday. There is $1000 at stake, not to mention as much more that is being bet on the side lines. The game will be played by the teams from Condon and Maupin and rivalry is so keen that neither team will play in the town of the other, so they compromised on a neutral town, which same is Antelope.

C. L. Simpson of Bend, Ore., who is at the Imperial, is all fussed up over the report of the United States census bureau. According to the statistics just announced, Bend increased more than 500 per cent, which is the greatest increase reported by any town in the country, so far as known. However, the people of Bend knew that the increase in population was substantial, but they did not realize that the percentage of increase was so enormous.

Among the arrivals from the Chicago convention yesterday were M. J. Driscoll, formerly a member of the Portland city council, and Denton Burdick, member of the legislature. They returned from Chicago after seeing the fireworks. The town was so hot and uncomfortable, owing to weather conditions, that they caught the first train for the West Sunday morning. Mr. Burdick is now on his way to Redmond, Ore.

A. M. Cheever of Elkton is one of the fortunate Oregon people who have managed to break into a local hotel this week. He is at the Perkins. Elkton is about 16 miles west of Drain in Douglas county, on the road to Reedsport, the town being on the Umpqua river and a decidedly old settlement, with a population of between 100 and 200.

Thomas Mannix returned yesterday from Chicago, where he went to attend the convention and endeavor to unseat Wallace McCamant as an Oregon candidate. Delegate McCamant was not disturbed, and Mr. Mannix returned declaring that he will go down the line for the republican ticket.

George H. Flagg, who guides public opinion from the editorial chair of the Condon Globe-Times, is at the Imperial with Mrs. Flagg. They have been visiting Mr. Flagg's parents at Warrenton, where the elder Flagg is also conducting a newspaper, the Flagg family having the newspaper habit strongly developed.

M. A. Gorman, editor of the Courier-News of Saginaw, Mich., who is at the Perkins with the Kiwanis club, says that the Shriners of his towns are coming to Portland on a special train and bringing their own brass band.

Mexico is a pretty good place to come from, even though it has one of the most beautiful opera houses in the world. K. M. Van Zandt Jr. arrived at the Multnomah yesterday from the City of Mexico.

D. T. Harding of Newport is not complaining that his namesake heads the republican national ticket. Mr. Harding is the recorder of Newport and is at the Imperial while here on business.

Matt Mosgrove of Milton, known to most of the old-timers of Eastern Oregon, is at the Imperial for a few days. At one time he owned some of the finest race horses east of the Cascades.

Chief Justice McBride of the Oregon supreme court was in the city yesterday to attend the Masonic grand lodge, a habit he contracted years ago.

ROAD ROUTE NOT LOCAL ISSUE.

General Public Interested in Location of West Side Highway.

PORTLAND, June 16.—(To the Editor.)—Some citizens of Polk county are endeavoring to change the location of the west side highway as established by the state highway commission. This highway has been planned by the commission to run in a more or less straight line from McMinnville south through Amity, Rickreall to Dallas and another stub from Independence to Monmouth.

The citizens of Dallas and Independence contend that the road should run through these two places. Interest in this matter is not local. The west side highway extends from Portland to Junction City for the purpose of giving an alternate route for the heavy through travel that passes up and down the Willamette valley.

Under the proposed plans the total distance from Eugene to Portland by way of the main Pacific highway is approximately 124 miles. By way of the west side highway it is about 129, or an additional distance of five miles. This is enough handicap for the west side highway to labor under. Even with the proposed state commission location, it will take a certain amount of effort to get people to travel over the west side highway as compared to the main Pacific highway, but if the west side highway is to be twisted around through Dallas and Independence, about ten miles additional road will be added to it, which will cost not less than $200,000, and it will certainly preclude the possibility of any considerable amount of through travel going over this route. The people will not take the extra 15-mile trip just for fun.

It may be that by twisting this road around in the manner desired by Dallas and Independence, these two communities will be benefited, but the towns of Corvallis, Amity, McMinnville, Dayton and Newberg will certainly suffer, as they will then be located on a main highway that will be almost 15 miles longer than the alternative Pacific highway on the east side of the valley.

It seems to the writer that the citizens of the other communities should have an opportunity to be heard, and to express their views upon having the west side highway made so much longer merely to accommodate Independence and Dallas.

There is another thing to be considered in this matter, and that is, if the highway is laid out in accordance with the wishes of the citizens of Dallas and Independence it is certain that some travel will take the cut-off from Independence to Salem. In that event Dallas will get still less travel. People coming north from Corvallis will travel by way of Independence and Salem to Portland, as they will undoubtedly be willing to travel over five miles of unpaved road north of Independence toward Salem in preference to taking a long, round-about trip through Dallas.

This case will have a hearing in Portland in a few days and there will be an opportunity for other towns to be heard if they care to put in an appearance.

LEWIS A. McARTHUR.

SHRINERS' SERENADE.

The "mise en scene" of the serenade is as follows: "To the left, the stately facade of some Portland mansion on the rose-vined balcony of which stands Oregonia, fairest of the fair, representing Oregon's womanhood; below, at the gate, stands a red-fezzed Shriner playing a lute. To the right, in the far distance, lies Mount Hood, shimmering in bright moonlight, while the general background is studded with bright Oregon stars.

Behold, a fez-crowned troubadour is
waiting at your gate.
Come down, my fair Oregonia, before
the night grows late!
The stars are all a-twinkle, bright
shines a silv'ry moon;
'Tis sin, my love, to slumber on such
a night in June.

The city teems with lights, now;
there's music in the parks,
And down the fair Willamette flow
flower-laden barks;
The fronts are gay with garlands and
flags in every street;
Make haste, come down, Oregonia,
join in the Shriners' fete.

With blusing baby roses, tucked coy-
ly in your hair,
You'll be like Oregon's Flora, so most
divinely fair;
And with a crimson cluster on your
bosom's snowy sheen
You'll conquer every heart, love,
they'll crown you festal queen.

With measured steps, to music, we'll
gayly march along,
We'll pelt the crowd with blossoms,
with laughter, and with song;
Then in some fragrant arbor to you
I'll play my lute
'Till morn with rosy fingers throws
kisses at Mount Hood.

(Oregonian from the balcony.)

My mother gave this warning: "When
spring is in the air
While singing birds are nesting, of
singers best beware!
And when the souls of roses scent
starlit nights in June,
Beware and do not listen to love's
bewitching tune!

For once a frisky starbeam, on mid-
night frolic bent,
Beguiled a rose with kisses, took
morning-leave, and went;
The rose, with drooping heartleaves,
sent hopeless sighs above,
Beware, my girl, of hasty, untried,
and lightsome love!"

But, brother of my brother, knight of
the mystic shrine;
As sister of your sister, I'll trust your
hand with mine;
Near heart so true and noble, on arm
so firm and strong,
A maiden walks with safety amidst
the festive throng.

With measured steps, to music, we'll
gayly march along;
We'll pelt the crowd with blossoms,
with laughter and with song.
We'll stroll among the roses, I'll listen
to your lute,
'Till morning crowns with beauty, the
snow-brow of Mount Hood.

—J. A. ANDERSON,
Kelso, Wash.

True Americans for Teachers.

PORTLAND, June 16.—(To the Editor.)—In editing my statement published in The Oregonian there was omitted the most important part. It is this:

"I believe that directors and teachers should be people who believe in public schools, whose service is a labor of love, and not a perfunctory performance while the heart is in other things."

The central point in this controversy is Americanism, and unless a teacher believes 100 per cent in free institutions, of which the public school is the chief, he should not be selected to teach what he does not believe, as either the service will be merely formal, or else he will teach or insinuate what he does believe, in either of which cases his services should be dispensed with.

It is idle to say that Americanism should be taught in the schools; it is already part of the curriculum; but the people who teach it should believe in it, or it becomes an empty form.

J. F. PEARCY.

Women Judge Beauty Show.

The only beauty show for men on record was one held in Vienna some years ago, at which the judges were 14 women. The first prize went to a wine merchant with a long nose and the second to a man with a mustache 20 inches long.

Your Pal.
By Grace E. Hall.

Sometimes there comes a weariness
that people never guess,
A lessening of impetus, an hour of
distress;
The heart calls silently for one with
firm yet gentle hand,
Who needs no rushing flood of words
to make him understand,
Who listens to the halting speech and
notes the glistening tear,
Without so much as asking why the
clouds are hovering near,
Because he knows your heart so well
and holds its secrets dear.

For him you paint your fancies
strange in colors bright or gray,
And of your heart's romances make
an unabashed display;
Does pleasure touch your pathway
bright and paint with brush of
gold,
You never grasp its sweetness quite
until your pal is told;
And if the specter Sorrow lays a
weight upon your breast,
That trusted pal will understand and
comfort you the best,
And if your cross is pressing hard,
he'll lift it while you rest.

The little tender thoughts you told
beside a glowing hearth,
Shall never through the years grow
old nor cease to seem of worth;
The confidence of impulse sweet that
wove this sacred tie,
The lips of years shall soft repeat,
with whisper, smile or sigh,
A little more than friend? Ah, yes.
For few friends long remain;
A little less than sweetheart? Yes!
Because he makes no claim;
And like the tide of time itself—he's
always just the same.

In Other Days.

Twenty-Five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of June 17, 1895.

Madrid.—The cabinet council has determined to act with greatest vigor in Cuba and will dispatch 2000 troops, in addition to the 10,000 already there, and will purchase 20 gunboats.

The steamer S. G. Reed, which had outlived its usefulness, was burned in the Columbia river, near Coffin rock, at 10 o'clock last night, the spectacle being witnessed by great throngs of excursionists.

Among prominent citizens who were last night initiated into the mysteries of Al Kader temple, Mystic Shrine, were Senator Dolph and Captain George J. Ainsworth.

A letter received by Everding & Farrell from J. M. T. Harrington of Pillar Rock says a chinook salmon weighing 83 pounds was brought in there on one of the boats. This is said to be the largest salmon on record.

Fifty Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of June 17, 1870.

Washington.—A bill proposed in congress would subsidize a steamship line from San Francisco to Australia in the sum of $200,000 annually.

Governor E. S. Salomon of Washington territory arrived from Olympia yesterday and will leave via San Francisco for Chicago to bring out his family.

Hundreds of tickets of the great San Francisco mercantile library lottery have been sold in Portland. The prizes aggregate $500,000, with $100,000 as the grand "gift."

The Portland Yacht club held its annual meeting last night, electing A. B. Hallock, commodore; T. B. Trevett, vice-commodore, and George F. Bowman, secretary.

CANDIDATE IS NOT TRAMMELED

Mr. Shull Is Not Committed to Any Person or Organization.

PORTLAND, June 16.—(To the Editor.)—May I have space to clear the air in one respect with regard to the school election? The various candidates for school director are all, so far as the writer knows, patriotic, law-abiding Americans and are entitled to be judged on their records. No rumors regarding them should receive the least consideration until such rumors have been confirmed by evidence. I ask for myself only that to which I believe the others are entitled.

As for myself, I say now what I have said from the beginning, that I have not been asked to commit myself to any person or organization, nor would I do so. My agreement to stand for the office was with the distinct condition that if elected I am to be free to act on every question as my best judgment should dictate. All will receive fair and just treatment and nothing more. I am neither for nor against any person or organization, but will abide by my oath to "faithfully, honestly and impartially discharge the duties of school director."

Adopting the words of a strenuous American, "it is certainly lots of fun to come right out, open and aboveboard and tell the truth. It is so seldom done that people gasp when you do it." It is possible to be a candidate for office without selling oneself to get it.

FRANK L. SHULL.

HOW DO YOU MUZZLE ROBINS?

Ridgefield Farmer Made Curious by Story that Birds Avoid Berry Patch.

RIDGEFIELD, Wash., June 15.—(To the Editor.)—In The Oregonian I note the letter from "Cordule," defending the robin red breast, and roundly scoring those who are inclined to class Sir Robin among pests.

Now I have a very vivid imagination I'll admit. I am also a lover of birds and I hold no special grudge against the robin, so long as he attends strictly to his own business; but when said robin wantonly destroys berries, as he does here, he and I cease to be friends.

It may be that I mis