Morning Oregonian

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NOBILITY IN AMERICA.

The accolade of nobility is divinely bestowed. When kings touch the shoulder with the royal sword, or issue patents conferring knighthood, they intrude upon a higher authority and the social privileges and distinction thus received are transient things. Manhood in its broad and unalterable sense is the true nobility, and trite though this reflection may be, it is a basic truth for snobs to hold in mind. America, as a nation, is the exemplar of this fundamental fact. Her government and her future are pledged to maintain it. When Governor Coolidge, vice-presidential nominee, reiterated this conception of the inherent dignity of our citizenship he voiced a thought that is near and dear to millions of true hearts. With the words of his address to the graduates of Holy Cross college he slashed away the twisted vines of theoretical controversy and revealed the national temple as it is today, and as it must stand for all time.

"Our constitution forbids nobility," said Governor Coolidge, "because that great document recognizes the truer and finer and higher nobility of American citizenship."

Were words pearls of great price, won with daring toil from the depths, no more magnificent tribute than this could be found for our citizenship. Simple and sane, it does not glow with the furbishing of forensic effect, but with the intrinsic truth that needs no polishing. Nobility is the birthright of all, and in a land that bears the arms of liberty only personal error or deficiency prevents its attainment by all. It does not necessarily connote marked or spectacular success. To succeed in manhood and citizenship is to receive the patent. At no time are the treasure chests of opportunity denied to the man who is without scorn for toil and application. American industrial life, the national archives of art and letters, of professional careers, abound with examples of men and women who have risen from humble places to walk at length in the sunshine of achievement and service. So many tasks await, so rife are the fruits of endeavor, that the measures of success are never emptied. They never will be.

Governor Coolidge touched again upon a truth that many have forgotten, and that others have distorted and defiled, when he said that the nation, born in revolution, held for its goal in those historic days the attainment of constructive personal liberty, and that that goal had been gained. The ragged men who marched with Washington did not fight as Russia has fought, in a blinded fury of revolt that brought an empty victory, but with a clear, unclouded vision and toward a definite objective. Their victorious arms were hallowed by the immediate creation of a self-governing democracy, which has not ceased to function. The theory of the revolting colonist was no complex dogma of utopian socialism. It embraced the right of self-determination, and the construction of a government structured on law and order and opportunity for the individual. The success of that applied theory is manifest in the growth of America. The claimants of citizenship, who left their European homelands for the new western nation, came for no other reason than that the liberty of this country was more than an empty boast.

They voyaged to our shores, these multitudes of immigrants, at the insistence of opportunity and the assurance that common men, untitled, might find here the right to have and to hold the fruits of their industry. Americans of the older stock have lost the perspective of the immigrant, perhaps, and it is timely to remind them that their immediate ancestors were not a whit different, in fact and purpose, from the immigrants of today. Through their toil a stout and splendid nation stepped into the councils of the world, speaking the free speech of democracy. An integer of that phenomenal progress was the right to win and hold property, a right denied on other shores, or circumscribed by restraints that bowed the shoulders to enforced peasantry.

Around the demagogues who prate of destruction to property rights, of the will-o'-wisp lure of communism, is gathered a circle of intemperate theorists. The purveyor of bombast never fails to raise wild whoops of approval when he tilts against the incorporated economic servants who are in the hire of the country. He would socialize them to the last corporation, he would abrogate the rights of property and set the self-made man in the ditch to shovel. Glad cheers arise from the shovelers, not one of whom has sought an egress from his ditch. Well, Russia socialized the state and confiscated all property. And with the abruptness of a wrecked machine the state ceased to function. Factories and fields became the silent haunts of idleness, and plague and famine walked the land to prove its barbarism. Seeking trade with the world, it has been truly said of Russia that she has nought to barter save bolshevist notions, and these are proved failures.

"Unless property owners have proper safeguards of constituted authority," declared Governor Coolidge, "transportation would cease, industry would shrivel up, all property be destroyed, and all incentive to effort perish. All our freedom comes from the support of the constituted authorities."

He took his text from Russia, whence comes the virus of a strange reform. There, in fact, the destruction of property carried constructive incentive over the abyss, and men feed upon words while their bellies are void of food. Only that system of government is stable which recognizes the dual rights of labor and capital, and which denies all preference or priority as it extends opportunity to the least of its citizens.

NEEDS OF THE PORTLAND SCHOOLS.

The building programme to meet the barest needs of the Portland schools, which the taxpayers of the district are called on tomorrow to authorize, contemplates, as has been explained heretofore, less expansion than would be required to atone for inaction in recent years, and falls somewhat short of providing for normal growth of school population alone. As much as we may desire to do away with the sorry makeshifts adopted in an emergency, superannuated structures and portables will remain with us a while longer. But there are certain minimum requirements that in decency cannot indefinitely be evaded, and these will be met if the voting taxpayers give assent to them.

There is nothing abstruse about the issue. It is a choice between failing to provide for boys and girls who ought to be our first concern and making a beginning toward restoring our quota of adequate school buildings. "The war" no longer exists as an excuse for neglecting the chief arts of peace. In common with other patriotic communities, we have fallen behind in building schools. The question to be decided is whether we are to permit a difficult situation to become intolerable.

COST OF THE GOVERNMENT.

If the appropriations made by congress for the next fiscal year may be taken as an indication, the cost of running the government will be almost $5,000,000,000 a year, as compared with about $1,000,000,000 a year before the war. Though some expenses, aside from interest on debt, are left over from the war and will not be repeated in future years, we must look elsewhere for opportunities of permanent reduction.

There will remain wide scope for economy, in which future administrations may display their talents. Almost half a billion dollars of the above total was appropriated to meet deficiencies of the present year, which should be avoided or reduced to a small sum by a good budget system. The appropriation of $725,000,000 for the railroads will not recur after next year. Expenditures for pensions, insurance and care of war veterans may be expected to increase from year to year. As prices settle back to somewhere near the pre-war level, the economy effected in cost of material should go far to meet that increase.

The great field for reduction will lie in economy of administration. One great aid will be the budget system, which will subject each item to inquiry before it is approved and which may cause heads of departments to strive for a record for saving money. Another will be the civil service retirement law, which should clear a great amount of dead wood out of the departments and should make room for employes who do a full day's work. The greatest opportunity will lie in the direction of general reorganization of the departments and elimination of overlapping, duplication and lost motion. In these ways enough money should be saved to make a large annual reduction in the national debt. As that was done annual interest payments would shrink until the direct financial burden of the war would become little more than a memory.

There is no prospect that annual expenses of the government will ever return to the pre-war level; in fact we shall be fortunate if they should remain double that amount. There is great work ahead in systematic improvement of waterways as the best permanent relief from traffic congestion, demand for reclamation of waste land will become irresistible, and the government is likely to spend more money yearly in construction of highways, especially for strategic purposes. With the growth of population and wealth there will be a normal annual increase in cost of government. The larger the total, the larger and more numerous may be the leaks, and the more reason will there be for running the government as a big business.

A LEAGUE OF RELIGIONS.

It was the most natural thing in the world that a proposal so spiritually significant as the league of nations should have, from the outset, the approval of the churches. Creed was an immaterial matter when confronted with the common advancement of conditions for which religion has worked and striven. But churchmen have grown weary waiting for the league—a league—any league. They see, in the bickerings of statesmen, the threat that no league may be the inevitable result of dissension concerning its character. On this premise they have acted in proposing a world movement, a crusade of allied churches irrespective of creed or denomination, that shall be known as a league of religions. Its sponsors may be over-optimistic in their hopes for the creedless alliance, but none will gainsay that, since the first dim murmurings of tribute to deity rose from the lips of man, this is the freest stride ever taken by religion.

"I hope that the league of religions will have an easier and happier birth than the league of nations," commented Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, formerly of Portland and now of the Free Synagogue of New York. "I hope that no national convention will, after a year or two, pronounce the funeral rites over its remains."

The league of religions, launched in America by the Rt. Rev. Herbert Bury, Episcopal bishop for northern and central Europe, may not be said to have progressed further than the shadow of an embryo. It is still in the phase of the idea, of the ideal, but the proposal is startingly effective in its solid democracy and denial of factionalism. It may never attain world growth, or having attained such proportions it may never supersede the need for a league of nations, as its zealous sponsors predict. Yet if it dies in the shell it will have served an important purpose—in leaving the impress of tolerant broadness upon modern religion. For in the league of religions Christianity and Judaism would be comrades enlisted in the cause of humanity, while the quarreling creeds of the Christian faith would march in the same regiment of world reform. This idea, though it be balked of fulfillment, cannot fail to serve for tolerance and a more comprehensive understanding of the intrinsic divinity of all religions. . . "while just the art of being kind is all this sad world needs."

MR. SHULL AND MR. WOODWARD.

There are special reasons, we think, why out of several estimable persons who have offered themselves for the position of school director, Mr. Woodward and Mr. Shull should be chosen.

The schools, like every other public institution, suffer from the advanced cost of living or the depreciation of the dollar. The problems that confront the district are not wholly involved in the more or less intangible elements that in normal times go to make public schools what they should be. The concrete needs are growing into bounds disproportionate to the income of the district. Matured business judgment as well as interest in and knowledge of purely pedagogic essentials are important qualities to be sought in directors.

Mr. Woodward and Mr. Shull have had long and successful business experience in executive capacities. They are men whose judgment will be sound and whose advice will be heeded whether that advice be to the board itself or to the voters in financial matters pertaining to administration or enlargement of the school plant. They are also wholeheartedly and patriotically interested in bettering the common schools. They do not represent any special class and they are beholden to no particular element. These are the reasons, and they are sound ones, why they should be elected.

There are two places to fill on the school board tomorrow. All registered voters, whether taxpayers or not, are entitled to vote for directors. Only taxpayers may vote on the millage tax proposal.

AN ELASTIC EXPORT.

While the war was changing the well-known map of Europe, tumbling thrones and creating empires, raising hob with the law of supply and demand, and otherwise comporting itself like a cataclysmic tornado, it was serving the minor but important purpose of introducing American chewing gum to the elder nations—the contemplative, elastic, reverberant chicle that is the solace of the stenographer and the friendly quid of the tired business man. It required world strife to waken the elder nations to the desirability of this peculiarly American refreshment. If their legislative bodies speedily enact ordinances against the parking of passe gum gobs under cafe tables and theater seats, and institute restrictions against discarding spent chews along the public ways, the habit should be well received. Both Paris and London, so international gossip reports, have become converts to the practice of gum-chewing, something almost unheard of before the war—when it was solely attributed, with a shrug or a stare, to "those crazy Americans."

American exports of chicle have risen sharply in the past year, showing an increase of 27 per cent and totaling $2,164,290, while enthusiastic estimates of the present year's trade in chewing gum reach far beyond that figure. The American doughboy, almost as ill at ease without his gum as when sans cigarettes, bore the habit overseas. Through his gifts of gum to children—and one can vision them flocking around the stranger—he loosed the tide of popular demand and rendered notable service to the industry and culture of the homeland.

Someone, somewhere, must have written a brochure on the psychology of gum chewing. The origin of the habit rests with our forefathers, who, shortly after their arrival from other shores, discovered that the pitch of the spruce or tamarack made an agreeable tidbit when munched. Then came the substitution of the factory brands, created from the raw gum of the naseberry tree of Central and South America—a distant cousin of the rubber tree. But the firm advance of the habit itself is rooted deeper than either tree and is far more enduring than the varied flavors. Even as the pastured cow spends her moments of relaxation, of rumination, with her perennial cud, so folk became thralls of the pleasant, harmless practice of gum chewing. It was conducive to thought, or no thought at all, and it served in milder degree that sense of reflective occupation that the smoker knows so well.

SIR ROBIN REDBREAST.

Ah, tabby, you are not alone in possession of the primal instinct to slay. The tiger still stalks in the souls of men—happy, good-humored folk who wouldn't tread upon an earthworm. That is why, perhaps, they wish to kill off all the robins, though the specified reason is that redbreast, with an eye for bright color and a palate for delicacies, hops around the strawberry bed choosing the ripest fruit. But a few days ago the state game warden, besieged and besought by complaints against the feathered culprit, gave partial suspension to the protective law and decreed that all robins caught in the act, when their misdemeanors threatened large areas of fruit, might die the felon's death. There are restrictions about this permission, of course, and the state warden made it clear that the backlot gardeners could not avail themselves of it.

At any rate, whatever the definition of urgency, there you are—the feathered friend of our childish days, that most companionable old duffer who hunts worms on the front lawn in the spring showers, has become a proscribed outlaw. His crime is an affection for the berry that is celebrated in shortcake and that makes Jersey cream worth while. It was Ike Walton, as we remember the credit, who said that God might have made a better fruit than the strawberry, but doubtless never did. An exact paraphrase of this fine old reflection could be applied, in all truth, to the robin. There are real feathered foes to be fought and put to oblivion, if the zeal of the crusader must have its target. This is not a brief for birds. But it finds place for the observation that man decrees extermination among the birds and beasts when they presume upon his selfish preserves. He has wasted theirs, he has converted them into ragouts and potpies, and at times he has grown sentimental. But always, sentimental or not, he has slain, slain, slain.

For the purpose of argument, and because the evidence is in support, let us admit that redbreast likes strawberries, and that the first crimson globule of the season, glowing seductively from the vines, irresistibly attracts his keen and covetous eye. Why, there you are, he differs not at all from us. But let that pass. The clearly defined issue is whether the robin, despite this failing, is an agricultural asset, whose execution would react in more harm than good. It might be that the ornithologists are right, with science set against conjecture, when they champion the robin by declaring him the friend and guardian of the garden, with a tithe of berries rightfully belonging to him for services rendered. In the stomach of one young robin, so an authority recently stated in The Oregonian, were discovered and identified the mortal remains of 165 cutworms. No need for introduction here. Every gardener knows the cutworm, the loathly green caterpillar who fares forth at night and ravages the tender truck, wasting far more than he eats. He is but one of the pests on the menu of the insectivorous redbreast. Analysis of the stomach of another robin, feeding on vegetable diet and insects, evolved proof that the martyr to science had tucked away scarcely 8 per cent of cultivated plant life, with the remainder of his capacity devoted to malicious bugs, grubs, insect elves and garden weeds.

Science has long delivered this preachment: The death or dearth of insectivorous birds will directly result in plagues of destroying insects. One of nature's nicely adjusted methods will have been jolted from its pinion with disastrous results. There is no cause to disbelieve. There are abundant evidences that this is so. Calculate the natural progeny of 165 cutworms, the toll of one robin for a single day—calculate it, for we haven't time, and down the lane of the future, but for this robin and his fellows, you would perceive the advance of a bolshevistic horde in dirty green, interminably increasing.

What's a strawberry or so between friends? For if ever man owned an unconscious fealty it is that of the redbreast. Shoo him away, again and once more, but don't shoot. There are ways and means to protect the insensate strawberry from plundering, and to produce it by the toothsome ton. But very wise men confess that they have yet to discover a means to call back from infinity the birds and beasts that fall before the march of man.

It's like reading a page from the book of time to learn of the death of George W. Webb, who was state treasurer thirty years ago and then approaching the scriptural limit of age; but he was a remarkably young man for his years and always good company. Man dies in Oregon when his time comes and the day is long coming to many. George Webb rounded out a useful career with more than a fullness of years and many pleasant memories.

Vice-President Marshall says he doesn't believe President Wilson wants a third term, but that he could have it if he wanted it. What the genial vice-president really means is that Mr. Wilson could have the nomination for a third term if he wanted it.

There is no joke in the suggestion to carry lunches next week. The capacity of eating houses will belong to visitors and none must go hungry or be put out of joint. Local people are on honor in this.

Tacoma policemen object to working half a day overtime without pay during these busy days, and they are right. The pay of a policeman is not big enough to be called "salary," and is not so great as wages.

Some optimist in Hungary proposes to punish profiteers by spanking them twenty-five times on the soles of their feet. Why not follow the American example and slap them on the wrist?

The assurance of his state manager that Hiram Johnson is not a bolter is not necessary in a state that gave him such support in the primary election.

It is too bad that conservative old Dartmouth must have a murder case induced by drinking of liquor, but, somehow, the worst get into best places.

Palmer has fixed 70 as the limit of age of federal employes. Seventy sounds older than it looks. Some time Palmer will be 70 and hate to let go.

The third party is debating a name, to choose between "American" and "Peoples." Those fellows might get by with the Greek for "yellow dog."

Mentality is represented by the color yellow, according to a famous New York doctor. We always suspected this was true in certain cases.

That big Tammany special will stop here on its return and, alas, every bottle will have a broken neck before that time!

Ralph Williams, back from the whirlwind of politics, sets the pace for Oregonians and it's a good gait.

Ten feet of water over even a part of the city "made famous" is rubbing in prohibition with a vengeance.

The allies have decided to let Constantinople have its own flag. We suggest yellow for the color.

Twenty thousand gallons will arrive in Portland today. It's gasoline, however.

"The old spinster" is becoming a good looker in her June togs.

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE TIMES.

Soap Said to Have Started Woodrow Wilson on Political Career.

In connection with the snug half-million-dollar contribution of Colonel William Cooper Proctor to the Wood campaign fund one of the Washington correspondents recalls that it was another gift of a like amount from the same soap king that indirectly speeded up Woodrow Wilson's entry into politics. It was just ten years ago that Colonel Proctor gave $500,000 toward the establishment of a graduate school at Princeton university, of which Professor Wilson was then the head. But the donation was so hedged about by conditions concerning the management and personnel that the captious Dr. Wilson turned it down. Rs declared that gifts to the university should come without having strings attached. As a result he had something of a quarrel with some of the leading alumni of the university and members of his boards who believed that the stipulations were reasonable and proper. Because of this difference Dr. Wilson decided the more easily to resign the presidency of the big college and accept the nomination for the governorship of New Jersey, which the democratic leaders were eagerly offering him. The rest is familiar history. It might thereby be said that the half-million which the professor peevishly repulsed from the college treasury indirectly became the first substantial contribution to the Wilson campaign fund. At any rate, the incident started Wilson in active politics, and look what he has done since! Colonel Proctor's second venture in president-making may also work at cross purposes.—Los Angeles Times.

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When J. G. Adams, high priest of the Spring, came aboard the ferry boat Berkeley everything just naturally came to a stop. He was as startling as a copy of La Vive Parisienne in a minister's library, for from spats to cravat he was the epitomized essence of sartorial delicatessen to a degree seldom if ever seen within the purlieux of Commuter alley.

While all the world stared, J. G. sat down beside a woman and her child. It was quite a pretty child, was the little girl, quite all child. She stared solemnly at J. G., radiant as a lily in his correctly tailored Saturday Evening Post habiliments. And then, without warning—without a whistle, a bell or a look ahead—the child burst into tears.

"Aw-oo-ow!" she wailed.

Mother tried to soothe the little thing. But her great grief refused to be appeased. She sobbed on and on, nor could anyone fathom the cause of her abysmal sorrow. Finally her mother managed to break through the barrage of tears.

"Tell mother, dearie," she cooed; "what is wrong."

The little thing pointed a finger at J. G. sitting haughtily aloof from proletariat sorrow.

"He—he—he's sittin' on my gum!" she wailed.—San Francisco Bulletin.

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A Babylonian buying grain in the first millenium B. C. paid for it on delivery in bricks or money—if he had either lying around handy. If he could not do business on a cash basis, then he gave the temple his note and paid 33 1-3 per cent interest on the debt. Erech has yielded Yale a clay note for five months at that rate.

Borrowing money was a painful operation. Twenty-five per cent was a usual impost; higher rates appear. Heaven knows how high call money went on occasion on the Sumerian and Babylonian stock exchange as incorporated in the temple.

Many men of this time lived carefully and intelligently, as the finding of what were undoubtedly small libraries attests. Receipts were given when bills were paid and these were filed away with household records of expenses, business correspondence, etc. At least one man in Babylon lived, or tried to live, by a budget system. No. 3680 was found to be the balanced household accounts of an individual—apparently the father of a family and the head of his own menage. His marginal notes point indisputably to a high cost of living problem in ancient Babylon.—New York Times.

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Anyone seeing a "bleached blonde" with the Lord's prayer tattooed on her back is asked to communicate with Harry Buchanan, Reading, Pa.

In a pathetic letter to the local police Buchanan asks aid in locating his wife. The letter gives many details of her appearance and is accompanied by a rude pencil sketch of the missing wife.

After calling her "a sort of bleached blonde" and telling of the prayer tattooed on her back Buchanan says she wore a dark dress at the time of her disappearance and a "black hat with blue flowers."

* * *

Mr. Tarzan Jones was sitting down to breakfast one morning when he was astounded to see in the paper an announcement of his own death.

He rang up friend Howard Smith at once. "Hallo—Smith!" he asked. "Have you seen the announcement of my death in the paper?"

"Yes," replied Smith. "Where are you speaking from?"—London Weekly Telegraph.

* * *

Judge Ben B. Lindsey was lunching one very hot day when a policeman paused beside his table. "Judge," said he, "I see you're drinking coffee. That's a heating drink. Did you ever try gin and ginger ale?"

"No," said the judge, "but I have tried several fellows who have."—Christian Intelligencer.

* * *

When a Syracuse paper publishes a horoscope that says "this is a fortunate day" and a Rochester paper, at the same hour, publishes one which reads "this is an unfortunate day," there seems to be nothing left for the true believers except to dust off the ouija board, comments the Watertown, N. Y., Standard.

But the Syracuse Post-Standard comes right back with this: "Just one of those days when Syracuse beat the Rochester team."

* * *

Joe Scott of Atchison, Kansas, deposes through the Globe: "Boy came home from school with a certificate from the teacher explaining that he had defective teeth. I took the boy to the dentist. The dentist examined the boy's teeth, and said there was nothing wrong with them, and charged me a dollar for the information. What is your favorite spring song?"

Those Who Come and Go.

"I offered to bet a suit of clothes last night that wheat will be selling for $3 a bushel before the end of the year," says John Estes of Pendleton, who is registered at the Perkins. "Some of our farmers have contracted at $2.50 and I've heard that some have been offered $2.65. We have to feed Europe and that is what will make the demand. It will be two years more, at least, before the price of wheat returns to normal. There will probably be about $15,000,000 in wheat raised in Umatilla county this year. I remember about 20 years ago, between Echo and Pendleton, when the farmers didn't know much about growing wheat, that they took the wire fences down and you could have bought thousands of acres for $2 an acre. Now that land is worth $100 and even as high as $110 an acre. They understand wheat farming now. Why, right now, they are running tractors at night keeping down the weeds in the summer fallow and so long as this sort of care is given to the ground, the wheat will not wear out the soil of Umatilla." Mr. Estes went to the county 40 years ago when only 24 acres in the county were plowed.

As a result of coming to attend the Kiwanis and Shrine meetings in Portland, Max Bergman intends remaining in Oregon a month. Mr. Bergman is in the produce business at Fort Worth, Tex., and for years has been buying Oregon apples. Now that he is in the state he intends visiting every section from which he has been buying supplies in order that he may know the growers and see the orchards from which the fruit comes. He will visit the Rogue River valley, the Hood River valley and the Willamette valley and when he completes his tour, he expects to have first-hand information about the fruits of the state. Some day, he says, he hopes to be able to handle Oregon strawberries. Fort Worth, declares Mr. Bergman, has 17 oil refineries, to which oil is piped from all parts of Texas and these refineries are bringing $1,000,000 a day into Fort Worth. At one time there were more than 500 oil companies, many of them wildcats, but the list has been weeded out to about 150 legitimate producing companies.

C. B. McCullough of the state highway bridge department and Attorney Devers who looks after the legal odds and ends for the department, are at the Imperial. Mr. Devers is here to make an answer to the suit started in the local courts by Polk county by which the Polkians want the highway commission to build the highway where the commission thinks it shouldn't go. As everything in town is reserved at the hotels next week, Mr. Devers is trying to negotiate with some one for some place to go while here on business. "Maybe," he says hopefully, "I can find some one who will let me use the doghouse and put the dog on the porch.'

Having a town named after one is becoming quite common. James J. Carney of Carney, Ida., is registered at the Hotel Oregon while attending the T. P. A. convention. W. G. McDonald is registered at the Imperial from McDonald, Or., and I. B. Cushman of Cushman, Or., is also at the Imperial. Cushman isn't much of a place, but there is plenty of good fishing at that point. They tell a story of a fisherman at Cushman who decided to go into the dairy business, so he bought a blooded cow. The cow gave so much milk that the fisherman got tired of milking, and so, to save himself the trouble, he stopped feeding the critter.

"About 300,000 pounds of wool have been shipped to Portland recently," states O. B. Robertson of Condon, who has engaged an apartment for a month in order that his family will be sure of accommodations during the convention period. "Very little wool has been sold because the market is off. The movement of wool to Portland is part of the general desire to make this a big wool market, where the wools can be graded and, consequently, command a better price."

L. L. Breckenridge of Twin Falls, Idaho, is a booster for his town. Twin Falls is now the shipping point for a large irrigation section, and thousands of cars of produce are sent out into the world from Twin Falls. Entire trainloads of produce have been thrown on the market at good prices and the entire community is on a wave of prosperity, because of the immense fertility of the soil, which is back of the town. Mr. Breckenridge is registered at the Hotel Portland.

Having driven from Hood River, W. F. Larraway registered at the Perkins yesterday and will resume his journey via the gasoline route to Eugene to see his son graduate. After that event Mr. Larraway, who has been a jeweler at Hood River since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, will return to Portland to participate in the deliberations of the Knights Templar.

About two out of every three of the visitors in town these days make a bee-line for the city directory in the hotel lobbies, in the hope that they may find some long-lost relative or friend. One of the indoor sports of a delegate is to take the directory and see how many people there are in Portland of his name.

With a good range and fine crop prospects, Baker is in for a prosperous year, is the prediction of Thomas Montgomery of the Citizens National bank of Baker. Mr. Montgomery dropped in at the Imperial while on his way home from attending the convention of bankers in the Willamette valley.

Will Stephenson, accompanied by his wife, has arrived from Butte, Mont., and is visiting with friends. Mr. Stephenson is an old-time proofreader on The Oregonian and is still looking for errors in proofs in the Montana metropolis.

W. H. Flanagan, who is a physician when he is at home in Grants Pass, gave a banquet to past grand masters of the Oregon grand lodge of Masons yesterday. About a score attended the knife-and-fork degree.

Mayor A. B. Thompson of Echo is on one of his periodic trips to Portland and is at the Imperial. Since his former visit the mayor helped round up a farmer with the aid of a shotgun. The mayor got the "drop."

Bankers at the Hotel Oregon were as thick as bellhops yesterday. Among the financiers entered on the ledger were F. L. Meyers of La Grande, A. K. Parker of Enterprise and J. W. Bradley of Spokane, Wash.

Dr. S. D. Reed of Eugene is in town with the visitors. He declares that Eugene is one of the finest towns in the state in which to raise a family.

Lady Cynthia Colville and Hon. Miss Brilton arrived at the Multnomah yesterday, registering from England.

E. D. Calkins, who is in the real estate business at Eugene, is among the Oregon people registered at the Perkins.

Henry Trowbridge, who is a stockman of Grant county, with headquarters at Canyon City, is at the Imperial.

W. E. Keyes, one of the former mayors of Salem, is an arrival in the city and is registered at the Imperial.

IMMENSE TASK ACCOMPLISHED

Overseas Man Tells of Problems That Confronted General Pershing.

PORTLAND, June 17.—(To the Editor.)—Having served in the engineer branch of the A. E. F. for considerably over a year, I want to commend The Oregonian's editorial concerning General Pershing.

For the benefit of a few disgruntled persons who were fighting the war over here I want to give them a few lines to consider, namely:

Consider first the landing of an army into a foreign country under a foreign language and under conditions that were appalling as far as transportation was concerned.

Consider seriously that all men had to be landed at a point several hundred miles from the line of battle.

Consider that the country in which he landed troops was drained of all able-bodied men, some of its best being already killed.

Consider landing an army in a country where the morale was whipped at heart and a good many thought we had other purposes in view instead of upholding a republic and to help maintain the standard of civilization against a barbarous horde.

Consider the conditions of the railroads, shortage of cars, locomotives and of efficient men to man machine shops; no efficient system of handling cars and trains across the country to the Combat area.

Consider the inefficient system, ancient you may say, of handling material at base ports in France.

Consider their set ideas that all things could be done by hand—no modern equipment to handle heavy commodities so necessary in war.

Consider their ancient ideas of doing everything, like their language, just reversed to our own.

The profiteers were there as well as here, and the war was a business to them; winning meant only shutting off huge profits.

Consider that France was drained of almost everything but wine and cognac, and under these conditions discipline had to be maintained.

Consider that France could give us no aid on food or clothing and our base of supplies was 3000 miles away, across a submarine-infested water.

Consider the lack of liaison between the fighting allies against the single unit.

Consider the inefficient system at home on furnishing him his wants.

Well, he put a system into effect that overcame all these obstacles, and now some few politicians have made statements and raised a howl because he was not in the front-line trenches all the time.

War is a business, and a big one, and who would look after the business if he was in a trench on the head end all the time?

He was America's representative and manager over there and he fulfilled this misson, and God knows he worried more and stayed awake more nights than all those individuals who are now kicking about him.

Consider last, but not least, that he did a lot of wonderful work against great odds and is saying nothing about it. About all he says is "I was assigned to a position that was more or less important, and I did it."

So do not pick at him because someone else was not assigned to the task. F. D. M.

VOTERS ARE ADVISED OF ERROR

Bad Judgment to Restore Death Penalty, Says Michigan Man.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., June 13.—(To the Editor.)—It seems, judging from newspaper accounts and from other information, that during the recent campaign and subsequent election, when the matter of repealing the Oregon anti-capital punishment law of 1914 was being agitated and opposed, there arose certain misunderstandings regarding the American league for the prevention of legalized crime (known as the A. L. P. L. C.), and as to who was the accredited head of the league in the state of Oregon. Inasmuch as this league took a rather active part in opposing the capital punishment legislation, it seems fitting that this misunderstanding be cleared up.

To that end, permit me, as the director of the national publicity department of the league, to say that Mrs. Mary B. Morgan of Portland (whose address is in care of the Morgan Razor works), is the duly appointed and accredited executive and state organizer of the American league in Oregon. This league has organizations or state leagues in 36 states, with thousands of members who are opposed to capital punishment, with membership growing by leaps and bounds. During the late campaign in Oregon Mrs. Morgan demonstrated exceptional executive ability and worked hard. For this reason it is considered proper for national headquarters publicly to announce the league leadership in your state.

It must not be supposed that Oregon will retain the death penalty very long. Lack of co-operation spelled defeat in May, but the decision was notably close, and when it has failed again as in the past, capital punishment will once more be junked. Maine reversed herself twice, but at last she ousted death penalties years ago. Do you hear of many Maine murders? No; and when the war fever has sufficiently cooled, murders will be less frequent everywhere—save where the state persists in setting the example of killing. Wait and watch.

CHAS. B. MAGENNIS,
National Press Dept., A. L. P. L. C.

LACKING REVERENCE FOR FLAG

Colors Pass Throngs Who Remain Covered, Says Parade Observer.

PORTLAND, June 17.—(To the Editor.)—At the time of the recent parade of the T. P. A. delegates my attention was called very strikingly to the utter and willful lack of patriotism displayed by the citizens of Portland.

As is quite customary in parades of this general character, the national colors precede the body of marchers. We have always been taught and many people have learned through bitter experiences openly and cheerfully to demonstrate their respect for our flag. The indifference displayed, however, by the observers on the occasion to which I referred was nothing short of disgusting and disgraceful. As the colors passed before the throngs that lined the sidewalks, it was my observation that approximately only one person out of 10 was even aware that the national colors were passing.

Can it be that we must again become involved in bloodshed in order to create the wholesome respect for the flag? In my estimation a man who willfully, or through neglect, fails to show the proper respect for the national colors is not a fit citizen for this city, and I should be glad to see you once more invite public attention to this fact in your editorial columns before our city shall have been filled with many thousand visitors. Let us hope that the city shall not be stained by such disgraceful exhibitions in the eyes of those who come here expecting to see manifestations of patriotism and loyalty on every proper occasion.

A. C. HOPKINS.

Elephant Is Vulnerable.

London Tit-Bits.

The elephant has such a tough hide that hunters of big game have learned to shoot it in the forehead for a fatal wound. There is a soft bone about the size of a saucer in the middle of the elephant's forehead that is the target of the experienced hunter.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague.

NAMES.

The name's the thing—if I sho
sign
The name of Bobbie Burns
To these sweet, simple lines of m
And wait for the returns.
Perhaps, by virtue of the name
They'd scintillate and shine.
And soon achieve the mighty fame
That came to "Auld Lang Syne."
More likely, though, you'd say,
times
The best of poets miss;
Why even Burns wrote rot
rhyme
For instance, look at this!"

It's names that count — suppose
wrote
The name of old John D.
Upon a million dollar note,
Made payable to me.
Perhaps some kindly bank cashier
The paper would behold,
And in an awe-struck tone say, "He
Please take away this gold!"
More likely, though, he'd call a c
A locust club would swing;
And for a year or more I'd stop
In lovely Ossining.

Names do the trick—were I to be
Some evening placed before
An audience that came to see
John Drew or Barrymore,
Perhaps I'd worry through the roles
And everybody would
Exclaim aloud, "Lord, bless our sou
The fellow sure is good."
I might win reputation, fame
And heaps of money by it.
I might, I say, but, just the same
I do not think I'll try it!

* * *

The Candidate's Plea.

"Say it with ballots."

* * *

Permanent Investment.

Colonel Proctor has discovered th
when a man puts money into polit
it stays there.

* * *

A Sure Bet.

We don't know how Bryan get t
title of Doc, but it's a cinch it was
for writing booze prescriptions.

(Copyright, 1920, by the Bell Syn
cate, Inc.)

In Other Days.

Twenty-five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of June 19, 1895

Washington.—The government said to have demanded that Spain i mediately pay the Mora claim of $ 500,000 or severe measures will enforced for its collection.

At a meeting of the Portland wat committee yesterday the issue $200,000 of bonds was sold at 114, o premium of $28,000.

Elijah Smith, ex-president of t Oregon Improvement company, w a victory yesterday over Preside W. H. Starbuck, in the long fight f control of the concern.

By a score of 5 to 4 in the 11th i ning the Multnomah club nine d feated the Tacomas in the seco game of the P. N. A. championsh contest.

Fifty Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of June 18, 1870.

Washington.—The president sent the senate today the nomination Amos Ackerman of Georgia to be a torney-general, vice E. R. Hoard, r signed.

Among the "living wonders" no being exhibited here are Mons. J seph, the French giant, who is feet tall, and Anna Swan, Nova Sc tian giantess, almost as tall.

A team attached to a load of ra road iron backed off the bridge East Portland yesterday and was re cued with difficulty from 10 feet water.

ORDER OF POOR LOSERS WAIT

Only Johnson's Own Word to I Heeded as to Great Party Bolt.

PORTLAND, June 17.—(To the Ed tor.)—Sanfield Macdonald, manag of the Johnson campaign in Oreg during the primaries, made the fo lowing statement to a representativ of The Oregonian: "The Johnson o ganization will go down the line f the republican ticket. This is of cial." With all due respect for th official position held by Mr. Macdo aid in the Johnson organization, a for his right to speak authoritivel we contend that he is not a court last resort.

No man knows what is seething the great mind of Senator Johnson this question. Until there is ma public a telegram of congratulatio from Senator Johnson to his success ful opponent, or some public an nouncement from Senator Johnson the American people, we shall co tinue to hope that he will enter th campaign as an independent reput lican.

If Senator Johnson refuses to ru as an independent republican, our o ganization will concentrate our effor upon an attempt to bring about a co alition and consolidation of the dele gates to the convention of the com mittee of 48, the delegates to the co vention of the American Labor part and the delegates to the conventio of the Non-Partisan league, all which meet in Chicago between th 10th and 15th day of July. In fur therance of this object, as large delegation as available funds wi permit will be sent from this stat

A great many years after the deat of John Wycliff, his remains