Morning Oregonian

ESTABLISHED BY HENRY L. PITTOCK.

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WILSON STILL THE ISSUE.

President Wilson's mind is completely filled with thought of the league of nations. He can see nothing in the republican platform except the part which refers to the league and therein he can see only a purpose to "becloud and negative that paramount issue." In fact the platform condemns many sins of omission and commission of the Wilson administration aside from the president's work at Paris. It pledges the republican party to pursue numerous and certain policies, among which that regarding the league is only one. Whatever he says of other questions has the league for its text. The president's mind seems able to go no farther back than his journey to Paris.

The most striking feature of Mr. Wilson's pronouncement is the contrast which it presents with his earlier utterances, especially those of the war. Even when he was vainly striving to maintain neutrality, his speeches and notes struck a lofty tone, a tone which rose far above party controversy, for it appealed to those noble sentiments which are cherished by all Americans of right instinct. His war speeches seemed to possess an inspired note, and they were indeed an inspiration to the people. But in his letter of October, 1918, he descended the scale; he has continued downward with increasing acerbity as his exasperation at the thwarting of his plans has grown. His drop from the dignified attitude which becomes the elected head of a great nation was marked by his description of the senators who opposed him as quitters, as men whose heads were only knots to prevent their bodies from unraveling. Of the same kind is his present reference to "political skulduggery" on the part of those who oppose his league or to "selfish and sinister motives that lie back of the republican plan to stultify and discredit the United States in the eyes of the world."

Terms such as these are applied to the acts of the chosen representatives of fully one-half of the American people. They represent in general the same kind of people as compose the democratic party. If the words were true, the American people would have gone far in moral decadence. They are not true of either party. Strongly as republicans condemn the acts and oppose the principles of the democratic party, they would not ascribe to that party in the mass the malevolent purposes which Mr. Wilson attributes to the republican convention. When Mr. Wilson wrote his statement, he wronged his better self. He wronged not only the opposing party but his own, for it is made up of the same kind of people.

Nothing but extreme partisanship could have prompted this expression of opinion from Mr. Wilson:

> The processes by which the republican platform was accomplished seem to me to have been essentially and scientifically Prussian in inspiration and method.

Yet the inspiration of the platform was obtained from the replies to thousands of questionnaires on every topic, which were sent to republicans of every station in life and of all shades of opinion by an advisory committee of the national committee. That committee was at work for months before the convention met and it collated the replies in reports of subcommittees. Comparison of the conclusions as to prevailing opinion on each subject with the platform planks reveals a remarkable agreement. The platform in truth reflects the opinions of the mass of republicans as conscientiously ascertained by a process which is as democratic and un-Prussian as man can conceive.

Although republicans have been thinking, and thinking deeply, of the league of nations, they have thought of it as one among many examples of the one vice in the Wilson administration from which all of its other vices and evil effects on the country have sprung. That vice and the remedy are stated in the following paragraphs of the platform:

> The outstanding features of the democratic administration have been complete unpreparedness for war and complete unpreparedness for peace.
>
> We undertake to end executive autocracy and to restore to the people their constitutional government.

That pledge is in itself an acceptance of Mr. Wilson's challenge to a popular referendum on the league. His course has provided the chief example of unpreparedness for peace and of the executive autocracy which dictated unpreparedness for both war and peace to his party, and through it to the people. But for Mr. Wilson's autocracy the false cry of militarism could not have blinded the people to the dangers which bade them prepare for war. But for the same cause the signing of the armistice would have been promptly followed by his co-operation with congress in preparing for peace, while delegates appointed with the approval of the senate would have negotiated peace on terms on which he would have agreed with the senate. The facts that we are not yet at peace and that we are not members of any league are due not to republican opposition to any league—a charge which the entire history of republican foreign policy disproves—but to Mr. Wilson's insistence on his league without change.

Mr. Wilson is the issue of the campaign, and his efforts to make the league the issue only strengthen the proof, for by his own acts the two are so closely bound together that they cannot be separated.

THE PRUSSIANS ARE COMING.

Democratic Prussianism is now attempting to dictate where the McAdoo support shall go, for McAdoo does not want—he will not have—the democratic nomination—this year. It is quite understandable why McAdoo does not want the honor—this year. But let that pass. The Prussians in the democratic party have set out to swing the McAdoo support to Carter Glass, and Oregon is committed to McAdoo by the free and enlightened vote of the party in this state.

Who is Carter Glass? He is unknown to Oregon democracy as a presidential possibility. There went to the polls in the May primary 25,312 democrats, good and true. Had they been just plain democrats, not good and true, they would have been registered as republicans and voted for republican candidates. The good and true voted in all for fifteen different men for presidential preference. Some of them, after painstaking examination of the field, could find no acceptable democrats, so expressed by their votes the desire to have republicans nominated on the democratic ticket—Johnson, Wood, Lowden, Capper and Hoover, were all selected by some in preference to any democrat.

Others of the good and true were able to discover acceptable democrats besides McAdoo. They voted for Wilson and Bryan and Owen and Clark and Edwards and Lansing and Cox and Palmer. But of all the 25,312, good and true, not one voted for Carter Glass.

Let the Oregon delegates beware of attempts to overthrow the presidential primary. Let them look out for Prussianism and political skulduggery. But above all things let them beware of the old guard. Oregon democracy has spoken. Next to McAdoo it's for Hoover, according to the votes of its good and true members, faithfully recorded and officially counted.

WASTED BRAVERY.

Only occasionally do we read nowadays of a feat such as that recently performed by a Kentucky lad of fourteen, who descended a steep cliff from the top, swung himself around a jutting crag with the help of a rope lowered by his playmates, and after some hours of patient and death-defying labor succeeded in reaching the crevice of his desire. And all for what? To capture three nearly-fledged hawks, which, as soon as he had exhibited them, were set at liberty. It would be interesting to follow this boy's career through the years to come. He seems to be the kind of youth who sees in obstacles only something to be surmounted; he is one who never takes a dare, and the glory of achievement rather than the material reward is the thing he craves.

But this, after all, may be a superficial view. If one will run down the list of daredevils, who wasted much bravery and not a little ingenuity and initiative in feats that benefited nobody, he will not find the names of a great many captains of industry, or humanitarians, or doers of really great things. Steve Brodie, after he jumped from the Brooklyn bridge, was satisfied to be a saloon keeper. The man who went over Niagara Falls in a barrel became famous for nothing else.

It is an engaging thought, nevertheless, that the qualities exhibited by these men and by the Kentucky youngster are qualities that are capable of guidance and development. We would like to see the boy who captured the hawk's nest tutored in such a way that he would enjoy jumping hurdles that amount to something. This is the spirit that it is sought to awaken through the Boy Scout movement, and by teachers who are not mere pedagogues, and it is one of the most significant developments of modern primary education.

Not to put too fine a point on the ebullient and irrepressible ardor of youth, it is worth while to teach economy of heroism, lest it degenerate into mere bravado. There is a vaudeville quip about the fellow who bet that he could lean further out of a window than another man—and won. Like the boy with the hawk's nest, he proved nothing. Yet the incident intrigues us because of the possibilities it contains.

A RELIGIOUS SURVEY.

In the book, "Six Thousand Country Churches," written by Otis Gill and Gifford Pinchot and dealing with the outward aspects of the religious situation in Ohio, is made clear one of the reasons why the state of the church is beginning to give concern to thoughtful people. Ohio, religiously speaking, is the best surveyed state in the union. The book in question, together with the survey of the state made by the Interchurch World Movement, shows that of the 6000 Ohio churches, more than 5500 receive only part-time service of a pastor. In the rural districts, 66 per cent have fewer than 100 members each, 55 per cent have fewer than seventy-five members and 37 per cent fall below fifty members. In view of the widely accepted principle that in an arrested or decreasing population a church with less than 100 members has less than one chance in three for survival, the outlook for the rural church can be appraised with approximate and discouraging accuracy.

Of 1515 churches in thirty-one counties in the same state, more than 1000 were "arrested or dying," and in the "open country" three-fourths of the churches were reported as not growing. Forty-eight per cent of rural pastors were in their first year of service and 78 per cent had served two years or less, while "an appalling number were found to be uneducated." A large share of the fault lies in uneconomic distribution, caused by ill-timed rivalry. The church which is being poorly served by a part-time pastor finds small consolation in the fact that other churches in the same community have part-time shepherds for their flocks. Two half-time dominies are not equivalent to one whole one, in the mathematics of church administration. Communities so situated are overchurched, because by reducing the number of organizations they would be able to maintain resident and efficient leadership of a type that would keep religious interests alive. Churches in the rural regions which have passed beyond the circuit-rider stage of development but neglect to harness the pioneer spirit of co-operation are missing an opportunity to fit themselves to their twentieth century environment.

The movement of which the survey in Ohio and in other states is a part is directed toward the solution of certain fundamental problems which are only remotely related, however, to church unity. Co-operation need not depend on organic union, and it has been shown by a number of demonstration churches that the former can flourish without the latter. Rehabilitation of rural and semi-rural churches will be accomplished only by giving attention to economic as well as spiritual needs. Equitable distribution of effective churches may mean closing of a number of those which are not fulfilling their mission. Yet it will prove worth while, and in the church programme of the immediate future there will be less concern by denominational leaders over entering new fields than with consolidating and strengthening local organizations already in existence.

THE AIRPLANE PATROL.

Some careless camper leaves the embers of his bivouac burning in the deep litter of the forest. Ranged about and stretching away in billows that sweep over hill and mountain crowd the trees that cost nature centuries of patient care. To the present and the future the fronded titans mean homes, and ships, and factories, and wealth and service. Successive thousands of toilers are to find their life work among them. Behind the whistling hunter or vacationist a smoke wreath lifts idly above the tallest fir, swings into the brisk breeze and is gone. Another follows, larger and more tenacious. Through the undergrowth the cracking tongues of an incipient forest fire are licking like avid serpents.

Forty miles to the eastward, soaring like an eagle born to the vicinage of canyon and cliff and timber, drones an airplane of the forest patrol. And while all other mortal eyes are blinded by distance and topography the searching vision of the pilot picks up that far-off thread of smoke and knows it for an unleashed peril, threatening not the life of the forest alone, but all that that connotes—industry and service and comfort and commerce. In the old days, a year or so ago, the fire would have spread black ruin in its wake over thousands of acres of immensely valuable timberland, until it waned and died under a summer storm or because it found no further realms to plunder. Nowadays the message of the forest fire flashes back in a twinkling, mapped to the foot, and the menace is conquered before it grows formidable.

Three government planes have been assigned to forest patrol duty in sections of Oregon, Washington and northern California this season. They set at rest the apprehension that none was to be detailed for this service. Unquestionably they and their pilots will render invaluable assistance to forest protection when the dry season comes. But even considering the speedy radius of their flights it would appear that the trio of planes is inadequate to the task set. The northwestern timber country is without selfish pretense when it lays claim to an importance that concerns the entire country. It is the last stronghold of the big trees. If three planes are not enough there should be strong and unremitting requests for more.

ROOSEVELT AS A PROPHET.

Theodore Roosevelt's predictions of the results of President Wilson's adventure in world diplomacy, as quoted in The Sunday Oregonian from John J. Leary's "Talks with T. R.," have been fulfilled with remarkable accuracy. They bear witness to the ex-president's sound judgment of men, to his understanding of human nature and to his familiarity with world affairs.

Mr. Wilson did "arouse hopes that never can be realized" and the crowds that acclaimed him a year and a half ago condemn him now. He did prove a tenderfoot in "playing diplomacy with the world's most skilled diplomats" and he did "give them promises the American people will not endorse." In consequence the American people, though still ready to help other nations, has by his action been placed in the light of a nation which draws back from fulfilling what other nations regard as moral obligations.

The present confusion in our relations with Europe arises from his failure to regard the true relation between ideals and realities. That error began in his war speech on April 2, 1917, and it has run through his entire policy of both war and peace. He placed in the background the fact that we fought in defense of an elementary national right, and he fixed men's minds on his declaration that we fought to "make the world safe for democracy." In order to make safe those American rights which Germany attacked, it was necessary to destroy German military power. The result would be liberation of the peoples which Germany had subjugated, and it was right in making peace with Germany to apply the principle of self-determination to these peoples. But Mr. Wilson promulgated that principle in such general terms that he fired the hopes of nations and races which were not under the rule of any of our enemies and with whose government our victory over Germany and Austria gave us no right to interfere. Its application to the liberated peoples was fraught with endless difficulty, for ethnography conflicted with geography and with the economic relations and necessities of the peoples affected. It was possible only if some disinterested nation should exercise police power during the period of reconstruction.

The president proposed the league of nations as the means of exercising this police power. It was offered to France as a substitute for the Rhine frontier and to the small states as a guaranty against future aggression from great powers or from each other. But these nations had their minds on realities as well as ideals, and France in particular demanded the American and British defensive alliance as a substitute for the Rhine frontier. In order to win the league, the president consented. He also encouraged hopes that the United States would accept a mandate not solely for Armenia but for the whole of Turkey. He led Europe and Asia to regard the United States as a knight errant nation which was prepared to right all the wrongs of the world.

Hostilities no sooner ended than the American people turned attention to their domestic affairs. They did so with Mr. Wilson's approval, for he told them that the war was over. But he undertook to bind them to indefinite, continued intervention in old-world affairs. While they were returning to realities he tried to lead them in new adventures in idealism. He could not have succeeded without enlisting the aid of both parties, as he did in making war. But he took no men outside of his own circle into his confidence and he provoked the enmity of the party which controlled the senate, though without approval from that body all his work might go for naught. Not having been educated to connect ideals with their own interests, the people had an access of caution and gave ready ear to those who would limit our foreign obligations and to those who would have us relapse into our former isolation. We must wait until a new man is found to lead us out of the confusion which Mr. Wilson has produced, and meantime must endure the stigma which attaches to one who has aroused hopes only to blight them.

BRAIN WORKERS' UNIONS.

It was in France that men first succeeded in organizing a "Confederation des Travailleurs Intellectuels," or brainworkers' union, and to the French we shall leave the task of prescribing its boundaries and limitations. For the present it is to include artists, teachers, clerks, scientists and other so-called "professionals." Its purpose is to procure for its members salaries (not wages) commensurate with the needs and social contributions of each profession, obligatory contracts, pensions after twenty-five years of continuous service for one employer, indemnity in case of dismissal and professional priority of engagement. Already it has enrolled some 200,000 members. A hopeful, if vague, feature of its programme is a plan of education in what may be accomplished without revolution.

There is at the outset a measure of snobbery in the title that it will seem difficult to overcome. Except in the purely manual employments, such as tending machines, brains now count as much as brawn. It is peculiarly true of the construction trades that the worker who thinks as he labors is the valuable man. Efficiency experts have demonstrated that there are opportunities for brain work in the meanest of occupations. The brainworker here is the one who avails himself of them, either to lighten his task or to increase his output. It is not easy to make a hard and fast distinction. It is plain, however, that to say that a bookkeeper is a brainworker while a stone carver is not is to make a comparison not only invidious but untenable from any other point of view.

The thing that is being attempted, however, is somewhat more obvious. It is to organize the group better known in this country as the "white collar men." On its own merits, if it is found possible to harmonize a vast variety of ambitions and interests, the movement deserves to succeed. But its title is a misnomer, and in America would only invite ridicule. There are mighty few occupations nowadays that do not call for the use of brains—and from the few the white collar boys are by no means excluded.

If it is true, as has been announced from the University of Strassbourg, that German engineers have succeeded in improving on the invention of General Squires, chief of the United States signal corps, for transmitting telephone and telegraph messages simultaneously over the same wire, it will not be the first time that Americans have laid the groundwork for achievements of great importance and later failed to develop them to the full extent of their possibilities, or the first time, either, that German scientists have seized and elaborated on the ideas of foreign discoverers, as they did with the synthetic chemistry of a British chemist and the submarine of an American inventor. The latest announcement is perhaps as full of promise as any of the preceding ones, for it presages the time when we shall be able to transmit power without wires, a point in wireless communication beyond which it is hardly possible for the imagination to go.

One visiting Shrine temple plans to notify Portland of its arrival by releasing homing pigeons from the train at points en route. But even a pigeon wouldn't go home till morning when the Shriners are here.

A Chicago woman democrat is trying to get the party to adopt the rooster for its emblem in place of the familiar donkey. This will make it mighty handy when crow-eating time comes next November.

Chicago leads the country with converts in the recent evangelistic campaign, and Chicago needs them, the Lord knows.

Cigar makers at Baker are on strike for more pay, presumably to keep the home fires burning.

Light-minded people who think a clergyman has a "snap" must consider the case of Dr. Waldo.

Meads, who killed another student in Dartmouth college, is getting ready early to "be crazy."

No matter the location, New York or Portland, the murder mystery has a woman in it.

Gasoline is not a public utility, rules the commission. How about chewing gum?

The religious revival in Chicago is probably the reaction from the convention.

One-way traffic on the sidewalks will help a lot.

This school election is getting interesting.

Detroit is fourth largest city. Oh, Henry!

What threw the scare into McAdoo?

The rose bushes are doing fine.

Who said it rained here?

OUR DUAL CODE OF POLITENESS.

Why Men May Properly Smoke in Public and Women Not.

PORTLAND, June 18.—(To the Editor.)—I will not make an issue over whether or not I am a "has been" as a recent correspondent avers, though I conceive a "progressive" has but conveniently classified one who questions the soundness of some so-called progressive doctrine.

Woman is not today of equal economic importance with man; she never will be so long as there is another generation to be born, reared and educated. That is not saying that she is not of great importance economically, especially in dealing with consumptive goods. The fact that she buys about 90 per cent of these goods gives her vast opportunities which she makes better use of than a man would. Nor do we detract from her greater importance in other fields. But man is, and probably will remain, more productive economically. So long as he uses wealth to the best advantage in production, society benefits. When he uses it consumptively beyond normal life requirements, society loses. Men who have accumulated considerable fortunes productively, have, by so doing, demonstrated their ability to serve society's needs and their fitness to control productive wealth. From such men the daughter inherits equally, with the son. Most rich men's sons of this country are now doing quite well in discharging their trusteeship of great wealth. Malice might hint that some wealthy heiresses "revolt against the slavery of the American woman" and go elsewhere to enjoy the "equality" of European courts and country places. So great is the innate desire for equality in some women. We men will back the ideal of going "Dad" one better, against the one of acquiring a European title, taking the good of present and future American or world society as the criterion.

Notwithstanding occasional abuses of wealth, I do not think society would be benefited by universal distribution of wealth; productive wealth would be broken up and in a vast number of cases become consumptive wealth and lost; nor would society be generally and permanently benefited by transferring the control of wealth to so-called progressive politicians, historians, sociologists, economists, or even divines, be they chosen from the male or female of the genus homo.

As to woman's being excluded from educational responsibility, she is predominant in every home and school till the vocational training for economic tasks is taken up. Her finer sympathies and moral and religious feeling make this highly desirable, while character is being formed. We men do not begrudge her state superintendencies, or national chairmanships.

At the risk of being didactic, I repeat decency depends on convention and circumstance. Odysseus' appearance before Nausicaa was not indecent. Nor is that of an athlete in trunks at a meet. It would be indecent, however, for a guest intentionally to appear at the president's ball with no other covering than red flannel underwear and trousers, although every lady in the room were decently attired in the latest decollette gown. For the same reasons, or lack of them, it is not indecent for the man, but is for the woman, to stroll up the street in America smoking a cigarette. We fall to see the hardship in it, either.

We confess a pretty woman in a bathing suit pleases us more than those who are not pretty. We would state, however, that we think the new style suits are more appropriately worn at the beach than on the street. We can forgive the wish that would please, and still regret that Portland's remoteness from the beach does not enable our girls more appropriately and decently to exhibit the beauty of a day of which they are now so justly proud.

EX-BACHELOR.

APPRECIATION.

How droops the bird which sings alone
Shut in its narrow cell;
How sinks the heart which wakes the lute
To heavy ears and dull.
Why should I walk the cloudy heights
Where dream the sacred Nine,
Or keep a convent with the light
Where breathes the Attic vine;
Or break the clusters of my soul
In feeling's purple wine,
If for a dead man's eyes and ears
The burning dreams combine?
O, it were sweet to know that one
Did read and understand
A soul with depth to hold a thought,
A comrade's clasping hand;
One noble, lofty, generous breast
To bring a spray of bloom,
And lay it on my hungry heart
And not upon my tomb;
A voice to tell me that my lute
Had eased a bit of pain;
The sword I carry in my hand
Had cleft a captive's chain;
A voice to whisper gently near
You have not toiled in vain.
Oh, that were like the dews which wet
The desert scorched and bare!
Or music melting to its death
On odorous, ambient air;
Or mother hands which softly press
Transgression's tangled hair.
But, ah, to open vein by vein
These inner cells which bleed,
To spread the scripture of my heart
To those who cannot read,
To fill the Samian bowl and drink,
Yet as you drink to own,
Because no lip will share the feast
You drain the glass—alone.

—GUY FITCH PHELPS.

Legal Right to Be "Wet."

Harry L. Foster in Leslie's.

One of the first lessons that the American learns in his business dealings with Mexico is that he must not neglect the politicians. Merchants who ship goods into the republic without first greasing the palms of the customs officials frequently lose their goods. Mine owners, who think that the protection of their property is insured by the payment of the regular government taxes, discover to their sorrow that they must also remunerate the state governor, the military commander of the district, the local chief of police and probably several unofficial bandits.

Later on our journey Curtis and I met a traveling salesman who was reputed to be the only American in town who could get drunk and raise the devil without being arrested.

"How do you work it?" we asked him.

He showed us an official-looking document, stamped with several imposing red seals. It read, in Spanish:

"This is to notify all concerned that the bearer, Senor — —, has permission to become intoxicated upon Saturday evenings and while so intoxicated to conduct himself as he sees fit, provided that his conduct injures neither property nor persons."

"Of course," he exclaimed. "I had to bribe them pretty liberally, but it pays the best in the end. You've got to do it."

But One Source.

HILLSDALE, Or., June 16.—(To the Editor.)—Please answer this: Why did God destroy Sodom and Gomorrah?

A READER.

We have no information on the subject other than that given in the scriptures.

His Wooing Begun.

Boston Transcript.

"Jack told me I was queen of his heart."

"Well?"

"I asked him where the crown jewels were."

Those Who Come and Go.

"The people wanted a safe and sane candidate for the republican ticket, and they've got him," asserts J. L. Day, republican county chairman, who returned from Chicago yesterday. Mr. Day says that Harding and Coolidge form a strong ticket and one which will win. He predicts that Oregon will be carried by the republican ticket by between 30,000 and 50,000. "The people wanted someone who was safe," continued Mr. Day; "and when it is pointed out that Harding meets these requirements there is no more complaint. In fact, the nomination of Harding meets with general approval. It was somewhat of a surprise and, of course, some people were disappointed, but on the whole the ticket is well received."

Gene F. La Porte, one of the live wires of the Baltimore delegation to the traveling men's convention, left with his family yesterday afternoon for Seattle. He intimated that he might journey on for a brief visit to Vancouver, B. C., and may have something of interest to his friends here on his return—if the customs officials are a wee bit less enthusiastic are he and Mrs. La Porte over Portland, that they have decided to change their itinerary and remain over for the Shrine festivities. He has procured apartments for all next week.

"There are about 400 cars stalled on the Pacific highway in Washington, this side of Chehalis," says H. W. Cunningham of Helena, Mont., who arrived at the Imperial yesterday. "The highway is in a terrible condition and it is impossible to get through. I motored from Montana and when I found conditions so bad over in Washington I shipped my car to Portland and came in by train. There are scores of cars, however, that are stuck in the mud and will remain in the mud until the road dries out." Mr. Cunningham belongs to Algeria temple of the Shrine, and is the first of his delegation to reach Portland.

"We can't stop highway work right now," explained R. A. Booth, highway commissioner, at the Imperial. "I've met several people recently who say we should suspend operations because prices are — and the bond market is down. The commission has to go forward with the work it has contracted, and it would be poor policy to stop until the sections are linked together with enough surface to save the grades. We intend letting enough contracts for rocking the grades and making the two main highways usable, and then we can stop until conditions change."

"I sacrificed my mustache on the altar of the republican party," says Sanfield Macdonald. "The barbers at Chicago were in too much of a hurry when dealing with customers. Each day a barber would snip off a chunk of my adornment and it became lopsided. This gradual inroad on the mustache became so aggravated by the time the convention was ready to adjourn that the last barber who shaved me snipped off all that remained. And now I feel as though I have lost my best friend."

Most of the national officers of the T. P. A. are still talking about that crawfish supper they attended at the home of Paul J. Sullivan of the local convention committee. All of the national officers, headed by "Cy" Mulkey, were in on the feed, and the sun was beginning to sprout the next morning before festivities had come to an end.

"I'd like to have you take care of my friend for the coming week," said a local merchant to Phil Metschan yesterday. "The best I can do for him," explained the hotelman, "is to give him a cot and you can put it in your drug store." "I'll do it," agreed the pill merchant, and that's how one visitor to the Shrine conclave will be taken care of.

Daniel Boyd of Enterprise, Or., which he contends is one of the best towns in the world, is at the Imperial. Mr. Boyd just lost out in being nominated as a delegate to the republican national convention, so he decided he would not go east as an alternate. He sat in two conventions as an Oregon delegate.

Among the Kiwanis members registered at the Perkins are W. N. Stewart of Dallas, Tex.; C. S. McNulty of Roanoke, Va.; E. P. McGee of Rome, Ga.; W. C. Robinson of St. Paul; W. N. McAllister of San Antonio, Tex.; W. H. Van Horn of Wabash, Ind.

Mayor Caldwell of Seattle, Wash., is making his headquarters while in Portland at the Hotel Washington. With him are other members of the Seattle Kiwanis club.

Leyle Raw, who used to be a clerk in various hotels in Portland, is now traveling on the road for a Pittsburg, Pa., concern. He is registered at the Hotel Portland.

Mrs. H. J. Overturf and son are at the Hotel Portland from Bend. Mrs. Overturf's husband is a candidate for the legislature.

ROBINS DISLIKE BLUE PAPER

Simple Scheme to Keep Them Out of Fruit Said to Work.

LA GRANDE, Or., June 16.—(To the Editor.)—I notice several letters in The Oregonian in regard to the birds bothering fruit and would like to suggest the use of strips of bright blue paper, as was recently tried at a British experiment station and found to be very successful, according to the Garden Magazine.

The paper was hung on strings around fruit trees and in gardens and not a bird approached them.

You slay them all! And whyfore? For the gain
Of a scant handful, more or less, of wheat,
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
Scratched up at random by industrious feet,
Searching for worm or weevil after rain!
Or a few cherries that are not so sweet
As are the songs these uninvited guests
Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.

Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught,
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are halfway houses on the road to heaven!

You call them thieves and pillagers; but know
They are the winged wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms:
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail.
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

CARRIE A. PICKENS.

Changing Given Name.

ASTORIA, Or., June 16.—(Special.)—(To the Editor.)—Will you kindly answer where to apply in order to change a person's name? My name is one that "parts in the middle," and I would like to reverse my first two names.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Go ahead and change your given name. Legal process is unnecessary.

LITERATURE IS ESSENTIAL STUDY

Movement to Relegate It in Importance Decried by Correspondent.

PORTLAND, June 18.—(To the Editor.)—During the past few years literature has been included in the list of subjects considered essential to the education of high school and college students. It has been recognized by prominent educators that the knowledge of literature, with its vast resources for mental and spiritual development is a vital factor in the development of a civilization. A course has been worked out and we find literature occupying its right place in our school curriculum.

Recently there has arisen a certain class of educational futurists who oppose the extensive study of literature and these worthy folk are advocating the abolition of all subjects which have no dollar and cents value. They propose to substitute domestic arts and sciences for the English courses, with the object of making practical our system of education. They advance arguments in support of their attitude to this effect. "Students do not continue to read books by famous authors after having finished school courses. The study of literature tends to cultivate a dislike for it in the average student. Literature is not practical. It has only a minor part in our modern life."

Perhaps the first statement involves a measure of truth. The general tendency seems to be toward a depreciation of literary art. Ruskin, Tennyson, Browning, Milton and other great authors have contributed ideals and inspiration of inestimable value and it is unthinkable that the younger generation should be allowed to become blind to their beauty. The fact that interest in literature appears to be diminishing is no reason for placing it in the background. Rather should more care be taken to teach appreciation for the vast heritage many generations have enjoyed.

"Men cannot live by bread alone" is a statement the truth of which has been often proved. The place of the "practical" studies is no uncertain one. We need the practical in our schools, but we also need the high standards, the culture, the recreation which only the study of literature can produce. Upon it depends our intellectual depth. A comprehensive, balanced and ideal education demands it.

The appreciation of an art comes only through the knowledge of that art. Unless literature is thoroughly understood it cannot be enjoyed to the fullest extent. The world has ever grown better under the influence of the rich humanness of Shakespeare, the sober philosophy of Burns, the simple majesty of Milton, the spirituality of Tennyson. Are we planning to remove this influence from our students?

MILDRED COLEMAN.

THE SUNSET GIRL.

Here she comes with lightsome trip
Her hair in a waving curl
Swinging her hat of chip, just chip;
The happy little sunset girl.

The scarlet peeps from cheek and lip
As she moves with a dancing whirl;
The roses nod and dip, just dip
To the happy little sunset girl.

The violet bows and then lets slip
A shining morning pearl;
The fir trees sigh and drip, just drip
On the sorry little sunset girl.

The daisies bend and with dainty quip
Their golden hearts unfurl;
While the banded bee will sip, just sip
The dew with the sunset girl.

The rosy bands of morning tip
Our flags that slow unfurl;
Beneath their folds we'll skip, just skip
With the happy little sunset girl.

—WILLIAM C. BENBOW.

Sketch of Mammoth Cave.

Exchange.

The Mammoth cave was accidentally discovered by a hunter in 1809, and is annually visited by 5000 persons. It is in Kentucky, 85 miles southwest of Louisville. It is the largest cave known, extending below the surface of the earth for a distance of ten miles, although the various avenues and passages already explored have a total length of about 175 miles. The main portion of the cave is four miles long and varies in width from 40 to 300 feet. It contains a vast series of halls, domes, cloisters, grottos and caverns, to which appropriate names have been given. There are also several streams and lakes, among which may be mentioned the river Styx, Echo river, Lake Lethe and the Dead sea. The air within is pure and healthful, while the temperature remains at 52 to 56 degrees Fahrenheit throughout the year. The curiosities of the cave include eyeless fish and crawfish and blind insects.

Queer Shaving in London.

London Sphere.

Customer—"Here, what's the meaning of this? I don't mean to be shaved by this kid!"

Barber—"It's only my own youngster. I let him have a bit of fun today, sir, because it's his birthday."

More Truth Than Poetry.

By James J. Montague.

A TALE OF TWO LAWYERS.

I know an erudite lawyer,
Conversant with all the reports.
He retains in his head all that Blackstone has said,
On pleadings and answers and torts;
He reels off judicial opinions
From Marshall's to Chief Justice White's,
Injunctions, restraints and amended complaints,
He says are his greatest delights.

But though he quotes obiter dicta,
And knows, furthermore, what they mean,
And though he has stowed every word of the code
In the depths of his marvellous bean,
At sessions, or even at police courts,
You never will see him appear,
They keep him at work as a library clerk,
At seventeen hundred a year.

I know of another attorney
Whose knowledge of law is so slight,
That his colleagues can't see how he got his degree,
Unless with a black-jack, by night.
But he blusters and shouts at a jury,
Spouts language all over the place,
And the courtroom is filled and the public is thrilled,
Whenever he's trying a case.

His clothes are the latest and loudest,
His fees are the highest there are;
And the people agree as a unit that he
Is the brightest young man at the bar.
This tale is the truth, not a fable
And therefore no moral I'll draw,
But I trust you'll observe that an iron-clad nerve
Is an excellent thing in the law.

* * *

Another Delicate Situation.

Cuba is sure to regard the nomination of a wet candidate as an unfriendly act.

* * *

Bad Example.

If young John D. was afraid his children wouldn't grow up to be democratic, why did he contribute so heavily to a republican campaign fund?

* * *

The Kick Is Gone.

The small boy can go fishing now, but it isn't half so much fun as when he had to play hookey to do it.

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In Other Days.

Twenty-Five Years Ago.

(From The Oregonian of June 19, 1895.)

Seattle—At a meeting of representatives of 23 firms from Tacoma, Portland, Seattle and Mount Vernon, which ship 80 per cent of the shingle output of the northwest, the Pacific Lumber and Shingle Shippers' association was organized.

Oregon City—Five thousand visitors here today witnessed the mile-long parade of the Grand Army encampment.

Pupils of the Astoria schools were the first to send to Treasurer Henry Failing a contribution for the $10,000 testimonial for the battleship Oregon.

Dr. James B. Cutler arrived here yesterday to remain after an absence of two years in the east.

A QUESTION IN VALUES.

I used to love the robins—I have written in their praise,
But I did not own a garden in those happy, care-free days.
I had not dug and watered, and I had not used a spray
Until, when it was time for bed, I was too tired to pray.
But my weary limbs were strengthened by the thought of lots of cherries.
And I quite forgot my backache when I gazed on my strawberries.

That was before they ripened, but now, a-lack a-day!
My fondest hopes are blighted, for go to them when I may
A score of robins flutter up into a nearby tree.
And, judging by their manner, they are ridiculing me,
While I view the loot and damage they have wrought among my berries,
And in the grass beneath the tree find lots of nibbled cherries.

They act more like collectors than like one who comes to plunder;
And, from their bold assurance, I am sometimes led to wonder,
Were they wise as prima donnas and asked pay before they'd sing,
If they know we'd pledge what fruit they'd eat, some day in early spring?
For the spring would not be springtime if we missed their cheery songs.
But it's hard to think of music when I'm smarting from my wrongs.

MAUD HAFFORD BURLEY.

Portland's Welcome to the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine

In a special section, glowing with three-color artistry, the Sunday issue welcomes the Imperial Council of the Mystic Shrine to Portland for the 1920 convention. To the citizen as well as the Shriner the issue will serve as a handbook of facts about the big assembly, with complete data relative to the participating temples and with the entire programme printed in full.

A Word of the Imperial Divan.—Not only does the special Shrine section afford an introduction to hundreds of the prominent pilgrims who seek the oasis of Portland, but it dwells as well upon the history of the far-famed Masonic organization and treats of the men who are its leaders. Sketches are given of the officers of the organization, together with the directory of the 147 temples of Shrinedom, listed in the order of their charters.

Pages of Pictured Nobility.—From every city of the nation, long before the advent of the convention, were gathered the scores of photographs of Shrine dignitaries which appear in the special Sunday section, led by W. Freeland Kendrick, imperial potentate. The official greetings of Imperial Potentate Kendrick and of W. J. Hofmann, general chairman of the convention committee, are also wafted to the assembly through the pages of the special issue.

Shriners of East and West.—In comprehensive page reviews, the public is introduced to the various western temples and their notable Sheiks, and to the noble pilgrims from the far eastern states. Each temple has been given an official headquarters for the period of the convention, and the directories appear in full.

From Southern Temples.—A page with illustrations is given to the Shrine pilgrims from the south, with complete roster of the temples to be present, and with intimate chat of their plans for participation.

Guidebook to Mecca.—The special Shrine section answers almost every conceivable question that convention visitors will ask relative to the location of headquarters, daily programme, general arrangements and features of entertainment. It places the pilgrim in touch with informational sources that are accurate and official, and it gives the pre-convention news fully and clearly.

And the Big Sunday Issue Itself.—There remains the unequaled news service of The Sunday Oregonian, together with its special sections and feature pages—comprising both newspaper and magazine, with all the news of all the world, at home and abroad, ready for the breakfast table.

Bigger and Better Than Most Magazines
**THE SUNDAY