Morning Oregonian

ESTABLISHED BY HENRY L. PITTOCK.
Published by The Oregonian Publishing Co.
135 Sixth Street, Portland, Oregon.
C. A. MORDEN, Manager. E. B. PIPER, Editor.

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Subscription Rates—Invariably in Advance.
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Daily, Sunday included, one year	$8.00
Daily, Sunday included, six months	4.25
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Daily, without Sunday, six months	3.25
Daily, without Sunday, one month	.60
Weekly, one year	1.00
Sunday, one year	5.00

(By Carrier.)

Daily, Sunday included, one year	$9.00
Daily, Sunday included, three months	2.25
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Postage Rates.—1 to 16 pages, 1 cent; 18 to 32 pages, 2 cents; 34 to 48 pages, 3 cents; 50 to 64 pages, 4 cents; 66 to 80 pages, 5 cents; 82 to 96 pages, 6 cents. Foreign postage, double rates.

Eastern Business Office.—Verree & Conklin, Brunswick building, New York; Verree & Conklin, Steger building, Chicago; Verree & Conklin, Free Press building, Detroit, Mich. San Francisco representative, R. J. Bidwell.

SALAAM TO THE SHRINE.

Life is too drab, take it by and large. Sunsets and song birds still cling to the flaming, gorgeous, colorful motif in their expression of living. Only mortals have grown staid and lusterless. That is why, if there weren't four-score and more excellent reasons besides, that Portland will find refreshing tonic for herself in the welcome to the Imperial Council of the Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. For they come, these pilgrims, from all the cities of the land, in the silk and satin splendor of strange, romantic courts, riding down upon the city like some cavalcade in a caliph's dream. Dawn in the tropics or a desert evening cannot vie with them for radiant disregard of conventional attire. Temple by temple they tilt at the hum-drum, until it topples to the turf, and life takes on the colors that were given to gladden the heart, and there is music to step to, and the drear commonplace is forgotten.

Salaam! And with the obeisance of a proud city to her honored guests let all remember that the hospitality of Portland is tested by the welcome given and sustained. No light tribute was paid to Oregon and its metropolis when Shrinedom chose the city for its gala week. With the individual citizen and business man rests the pledge that no untoward conduct, no violation of the desert creed of hospitality, free-handed and open-hearted, shall mar a moment's pleasure or give cause for an instant's regret. Portland has ever been the graceful hostess, loveliest in June, and would have the caravans bear with them, outward bound, some word that Portland's fame has not been idly celebrated; but that reality transcends the rumor.

Masonry itself, ancient of orders, rises as some rugged, loyal monolith from the sands of antiquity, gigantic, impressive, and fraught with tremendous capabilities for service. It is fraternalism at the zenith, and its records are graven on stone which felt the chisel so many centuries ago that antiquarians quarrel concerning the era of those most venerable inscriptions. Hence one is not surprised, but touched with the vanity of redeemed assurance, to discover that the festal auxiliary order of the Mystic Shrine is no mere conception of merry modernity, but that it, too, had its origin in days as remote as Mohammed, and that the order, even as Masonry, recedes in the dim perspective of the past, with tradition supplanting the inadequacy of historical narration.

The advent of the original order, according to authorities, swings backward to the flight of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina, that time the prophet found it to his advantage to be absent when dissenting religionists thought to call upon him with whetted scimetars and new-pointed javelins. The flight of the Moslem prophet became the birth of the Mohammedan era, corresponding to the year 622 in the Christian calendar, and known as the Hejira. In Mecca, toward whose unseen minarets the Moslem bows to pray, in the year of the Hejira 25, the Arabic Order of the Mystic Shrine was founded, or in the Christian calendar year of 647.

The origin of the modern order in America, however, seems to bear no direct relation to this period of the organization, which was revived some 222 years ago in Arabia, as an auxiliary to law-enforcement and the suppression of banditry. Caravans laden with treasure and commerce were lures for the lawless, and the wild riders of the desert swooped down upon the camel trains with consequent fatalities and disruption of trade. Then arose again the Ancient Arabic Order of the Mystic Shrine, its members pledged to keep the trade lanes open through the expeditious removal of ever so many picturesque plunderers—an oriental version of the vigilantes of our own rough west half a lifetime since.

In 1871 there journeyed to Mecca a pilgrim from distant America, William J. Florence, whom all the boys called "Billy," a 33d degree Mason. It was at Aleppo, historic Syrian city, where the crusaders camped when they essayed the conquest of the Holy Land, that the enterprising Mr. Florence gained entrance to a session of the Mystic Shrine, wherewith he was manifestly delighted. He returned to America and New York with the notion that a good-fellow burlesque of the somewhat serious eastern order might yield to American Masonry an hour or so of playtime. So in New York, on September 26, 1872, Mecca Temple No. 1, of the American order, was founded. The novelty and freshness of the idea lacked not for converts, for in the notable assembly that gathers in Portland today there are 147 temples represented with a membership exceeding 300,000. And in Arabia they are still doing business at the old stand.

The popularity of the order arises from two distinct sources, chief of which is the exacting nature of the requirements for membership. To be numbered among the faithful—phrases from the Koran and Arabian Nights are ever apropos—the candidate must not only be a tested Mason of high degree, but he must run the gauntlet of a very critical inspection by the auxiliary order. To have attained the Shrine is to be knighted in the lists of good-fellowship, in the broadest application of the phrase. The second source of popularity is the frank and undenied intention of the nobles to wrest from life its store of gaiety and mirth—a project at which the membership may be said, without a trace of exaggeration, to be exceptionally successful.

All the foregoing is by way of introducing to Portland the guests within our gates, affording their hosts, the public, a more definite conception of the order which honors the city with its pitched tents and grazing dromedaries. When you perceive, this afternoon, some jolly fellow with his fez at a jaunty angle, resplendent in gorgeous zouave costuming, you will not only be contemplating the incarnation of carnival—but you may, at the same time, be gazing at the governor of a state. For the Mystic Shrine, and here is the condensed clue to its being, affords men the opportunity to lay dignity and care aside, and to give life the glad hand with the exuberance of youth.

ONE OF THOSE POOR RULES.

The law is often mysterious in its workings.

In 1914 the voters of Oregon abolished capital punishment. On the day of election two murderers were held at Salem under sentence of death. Nobody disputed that if the amendment carried their necks would be saved. The only issue was whether its adoption would not actually set them free. They had been convicted of a crime the only legal punishment for which was death by hanging. Prohibition of hanging would remove the only legal penalty, unless meanwhile the governor commuted their sentences to life imprisonment. This he did before the amendment became effective.

Now capital punishment has been restored. But before the amendment was proclaimed a brutal and premeditated murder was committed near Oregon City. One young man has confessed that he and another slew the driver of a for-hire car in cold blood. The two men have not been tried, nor have they been legally proved guilty. But it is assumed by all lawyers that have been interviewed that the amendment will not be retroactive in their case. Inasmuch as the crime was committed before capital punishment was formally restored they can be given no worse punishment than life imprisonment.

As we said before the law is often mysterious in its workings. Abolishment of capital punishment is retroactive. Restoration of capital punishment is not. It's a queer proposition but doubtless any lawyer can explain it so that all the other lawyers, but nobody else, can understand it.

GREAT INDIGNATION.

What's the primary between friends—if the friends are democrats?

Here is Mr. Schuyleman, not only a seer and a prophet, but entitled by the unwritten law of politics to appointment to a place on the Oregon delegation to the national democratic convention made vacant by the death of one of the elected candidates. He had the most votes among the remaining candidates.

Does he get it? He does not. The trifling excuse that he was once a socialist is used against him. Besides, something like Senator Johnson, he is the choice of the plain people, and the plain people are not in control. It's the old guard—the old guard whose members almost without exception were by the same plain people turned down when they ran for delegates in the recent democratic primary.

In democratic eyes the defeat of Senator Johnson for the nomination for president by the republicans was a high crime and misdemeanor. Yet Johnson had been a progressive just as Schuyleman had been a socialist. Yes, the primary is undermined, the people are betrayed and a member of the old guard is chosen by the old guard to fill a democratic vacancy.

This sounds like indignation, does it not? It is quite as sincere as that which has been choking the democratic brethren since the Chicago exhibit of "prussianism" and "political skullduggery."

SIX-LEGGED HEIFERS.

It is the bizarre that obtrudes and becomes claimant to headlines. A six-legged heifer calf is always more conducive to interest than are her normal sisters of the same farmyard. Her fame or notoriety, rather, gathers embellishments on every tongue. Albinos, with their pale, pinkish eyes and their wisps of colorless hair, are interesting despite their unattractiveness. But like the lonely swallow, who does not constitute a summer—or a drink, for that matter—the freak is no criterion of the normal. Do you recall the blind men and the elephant? Their opinions differed, and the chap who seized upon the beast's trunk asserted that the ponderous pachyderm was nothing if not a rope. In England they are calling the Fannie Hurst marriage, with typical British perspicacity, "the American experiment." To an amazed public this prominent magazine contributor recently disclosed the fact of her marriage, which caught the popular fancy as something eccentric and outre, like the six-legged calf. It was the mutual agreement, not the marriage, that roused the jaded public interest.

"We decided that seven breakfasts a week opposite one another might prove irksome," smirked the bride. "Our average is two."

With this announcement the freakish element entered, and nuptials that a paragraph had sufficed to narrate became the subject of columns. The serious-minded British journalists charged in gallant, thick-headed mass formation, in defense of marriage and the home. Theirs was the valor and concern of Sir Kay, the seneschal, rather than that of Sir Launcelot, for in America the revelations of the bride were the source only of comic comment.

Miss Hurst's way is neither the American way nor "the American experiment." It is the affectedly wearied and blase choice of a woman who ought to know better, if ever she truly interprets life as an author, and is but another six-legged heifer in the farmyard of American manners and morals. Any creator of magazine fiction, gifted with but a trace of discernment, should be able to perceive that such a custom, had it been generally inaugurated a few generations ago, must have surely resulted in the elimination of a great many magazine contributors. Do you follow us? The invincible, dearly desirable ego that is ourselves came to being because of an old-fashioned belief in actual marriages, not in occasional breakfast jousts of literary wit.

In striving to retain her romance, by means so unique, Miss Hurst leads casual critics to the belief that she hasn't any romance worth retaining. It is another six-legged heifer, and its home is the sideshow.

LIFE BLOOD OF THE LAND.

A total of 263 permits have been issued from the state engineer's office for the appropriation of water from Oregon streams for the purpose of irrigation and the development of power. More than 40,000 acres of land are to be watered under the grants, and 9300 horsepower is to be developed.

Here are slaves of the lamp, indeed. A state so providentially dowered that she has but to press lightly upon her natural resources and set the wheels of industry turning with exhaustless energy, to turn the spigot of her many streams and cause the soil to bring forth abundantly, and then some. The natural conjecture is that the future of Oregon is one of industrial magnitude, as well as agricultural. There is an abundance of water for such fertile soil as needs it, and an abundance to manufacture the electrical energy that draws factories and enterprise as to a magnet.

In the development of the state these factors scarcely have begun to count. They have been tapped with a pin-prick. But years soon to come will see them moving prosperously through the veins of economic enterprise, when Oregon, already great and prosperous, will stand among the foremost as a self-sustaining, export-producing commonwealth, asking for little from eastern shelves.

HOW TO HELP THE FARMER.

Senator Harding's conference with editors of farm papers evidences his interest in and extensive information on agriculture and his realization of its importance in the whole economic structure of the country. Having spent his life in a country town which has grown up into an industrial center, he has seen manufactures and cities develop out of proportion to agriculture and rural population.

Solid prosperity and economic independence of the country can be secured only by symmetrical growth of agriculture in step with manufactures, mining and other urban industries. Farming has fallen behind, and the whole nation pays in higher prices for everything that it buys. It is necessary that farming be put on an equality with other lines of production in the amount and stability of prices, in credit, marketing and transportation facilities and in supply of labor. When that is done, the profits of the farmer will be increased, yet the price paid by the consumer for his products will be decreased, farm production will increase, and the general level of prices will fall. There should follow a larger surplus of farm products for export and greater ability of manufacturers to compete in foreign trade. Thus the prosperity of all other industries is closely bound up with that of agriculture.

The requisites for greater strength in the farming industry are plainly indicated in the report of Senator Capper of Kansas to the advisory committee on platform, which is condensed in the platform plank on that subject. The first cause of the farmer's troubles is the wide difference between the price which he receives and that which the consumer pays for his products. Wholesale prices of farm products have kept pace with those of all commodities, but between 1910 and 1917 the income of the farmer increased 112 per cent, while that of manufacturing, light and power companies increased 208 per cent. That discrepancy was due in the main to intervention of too many middlemen between farmer and consumer and to excessive cost of transportation. It is also due in part to fluctuations in price which afford speculators opportunity to make profit at the expense of the consumer, no part of which goes to the producer.

The readiest means of securing a large share of this margin for the farmer and of saving another large share to the consumer is co-operative marketing—extension to every product in every district of the system which is successfully followed by fruitgrowers and other producers. Another means is more liberal credit at moderate interest to carry the farmer over the period from seedtime to harvest. These means can be provided by legislation which will enable the farmers to help themselves—laws to facilitate formation of marketing associations which would not fall foul of anti-trust laws but could be prevented from becoming injurious to the public; also laws to facilitate co-operative loan associations on the pattern of the farm loan associations of the rural credit system. Federal reserve banks might also be permitted to give more liberal discount privileges to farm paper, especially for purchase of fertilizer and seed and to carry crops until they are marketed.

The best remedy for speculation, aside from such credit as relieves the farmer from the necessity of selling to the speculator, is information as to world conditions of supply, demand and price, which is furnished by the market bureau. This information would naturally be studied by officers of marketing associations, which could thus advise their members what to plant and how much of it, and by direct sales on a large scale would take away the speculator's occupation. Wide dissemination of information which influences production and prices would limit fluctuations, which make the speculator's opportunity and would go far to eliminate him.

These means would enable the farmer to pay higher wages and would thus help to overcome the labor difficulty. This arises from his inability to keep pace with advances in wages paid in cities, mines and lumbering, also from the seasonal nature of farm work. An employment bureau in the labor department working in conjunction with the immigration bureau could assist by directing immigrants away from the already congested cities to the farming states, as is suggested by the platform in its recommendation of provision "for better economic distribution of our alien population."

Transportation means much more to the farmer than railroads, for it begins at his own gate. Mud roads are a tax on him which can be removed by modern highways. High rail rates and congested railroads are another tax which can be removed both by motor highways and by improved waterways, and by co-ordination of these with each other and with railroads. Lower cost of transportation will raise the price paid to the farmer, and good roads right to his farm will bring him into touch with the world, relieve farm life from its isolation, make it attractive and help to turn the tide of population back from city to country. The platform meets this demand by its promise of "co-ordination of rail, water and motor transportation" and of liberal appropriation for highways.

Aid can be given most effectively to agriculture by the government by decentralization of its activities. No bureau official at Washington is as well qualified to decide a question as a man on the ground, but too many men on the ground have no power to act and must convince a man two or three thousand miles away in order to get a decision. Local officials should have power to decide in accord with a general policy. One of the farm editors demonstrated the absurdity of requiring the farmer to go to the agricultural department. It is to be hoped that one result of the promised reorganization of the government will be that the department will go to the farmer.

A COMMON RIGHT.

One of the fundamental truths of our economic system is that capital, no less than labor, has the right to a fair return upon its investment. Dollars or toil, it is all one, the return must be adequate or the service ceases. Applications are common enough. There is, for example, the current decision of the Curtiss Airplane company to cease the commercial manufacture of its machines, because the government has permitted salvaged war planes, of English manufacture, to invade the home market. Exercising its privilege, the Curtiss firm has announced that it will suspend the industry, rather than continue in competition at a ruinous disparity. The action of this firm illustrates, to the fullest extent, the freedom of invested capital to decline an unprofitable venture.

The same effect may be produced throughout the industrial field, in some degree, if organized labor in the flush of recent wage victories, presses too strongly upon the employer. Beyond such a mishap none can predict what lies—difficult times, certainly, with unemployment and bread lines. Wholly aside from all rodomontade in behalf of either employer or employe, it is plain that confiscatory wage exactions will compel the cessation of industry. For two years and more the weight of wage increases has been passed along to the public, through the medium of increased costs. Manufacturers realize, and the public is resolutely confident, that the limit of the consumer's endurance has been reached. Further exactions in that direction mean such forced economy as will lessen production, or invoke openly rebellious measures.

In certain New England textile mills a recent wage demand for 15 per cent increase was forced from the employers. They answered through the only means left to them, in a decision to curtail operations to four days a week. Other textile manufacturers have given notice that the situation has reached an impasse, and that further wage demands must of necessity be met by the shutting down of the plants. The only evidence of self interest in such a situation is the natural desire to escape bankruptcy. Employers have made so many concessions to labor within the last few years that most of them no longer can be classed as unreasonable and oppressive. It will prove perilous to question their sincerity now, when they assert they can yield no more.

We have grown so urban, in the 75 years or so since axmen whacked a clear space for the future city, that none associates with the timbered hills just beyond the town the idea of primeval wildness. There are deer there, of course, and jackrabbits, and prim little cottontails, and trout and such-like, but the old days are gone. Are they, indeed! The hamlet of Sandy is little more than an hour's motoring trip from the city limits—farms and ranches all the way—and yet in the most casual fashion possible a big, hungry cougar comes meandering out of the wood. The dogs take up his trail and a well-sped bullet brings him smashing down from a fir-top. The wilderness is on the job, as it was in the time of the pioneer. Maine is an elder state, and her hills are still the sanctuaries of wild life that lures the sportsman from distant places. Something of the sort is in the future of Oregon, for the Sandy district cougar is but proof that the state is so ordered that survival of game is not only assured, but is inevitable.

Numerous major-generals and brigadiers have been reduced to pre-war rank while the board is making a new deal. Pleasant diversion will be found in watching the politics in it.

Invariably a man's wife can select his best picture, for she is an impartial critic, odd as that may seem. Harding is lucky.

Grants Pass votes $400,000 offhand for irrigation, for the city by the Rogue knows what water will do.

Give the red fez the right of way with a smile. The city is ours, you know, the other fifty-one weeks.

The news story says "the Galveston special is complete in every detail." Is it possible!

Portland owes something to the local Shrine for keeping the fakers off the streets.

Shrine weather all the week. See the crescent in the western sky?

McAdoo is a good fellow to get out of the way of "dad."

May be Solomon wore clothes like some of these.

There isn't a grouch in all this big burg.

"Joe Singer of Oregon" was there.

Ready!

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE TIMES

Doughboy Tells General Star Means "Son in the Service."

In the early days of the army of occupation, says the Home Sector, it was not such a simple matter to get permission to cross the Rhine as it later became. And the M. P. who had been stationed at the Coblenz end of the bridge of boats wasn't going to let anybody get over to Ehrenbreitstein, or vice versa, if he could help it, unless the party in question had an ironclad, seven-times-stamped pass.

Now one of the privileges of being a general is that you can—or could—go almost anywhere you wanted. Spread-eagled colonels had to stand in line with the newest of 90-day lieutenants—not to mention the bucks—when a train pulled into an A. E. F. center. Similarly, those same colonels had to show the proper authority when riding in O. D. motor cars. But generals—oh, just a salute that was a little better than usual.

So when a car bearing the single star of a brigadier on its windshield rolled easily up toward the bridge of boats, its driver merely glanced at the M. P. to be sure he was out of harm's way and bounced up on the bridge.

"Hey," called the M. P.

The chauffeur stopped. There might have been a silent blowout or something.

"Got your pass?" queried the M. P. sticking his head inside the door and saluting as many times as space permitted.

"Pass?" repeated the occupant of the car with reasonable irritation.

"Yessir—pass," insisted the M. P. politely, saluting some more.

"Don't you know what that star means?" inquired the general with some acidity, pointing to the windshield.

The M. P. grinned with a well-how-did-you-think-up-that-one air.

"Sure," he said. "Means you got a son in the service."

* * *

George Bernard Shaw declares that the old cottages of England should be destroyed wholesale.

"After living in one of these 'literary and artistic' houses with an exalted sense of doing the right thing," he told the Society of Arts recently, "one realizes that all the time one has been living in a sort of architectural hell.

"I am so far modern that I have come to the conclusion that what is wanted is a law that every building should be knocked down at the end of 20 years, and a new one erected. That would get rid of old cottages. We have got into the incorrigible habit of sponging on the past.

"Every generation ought to be able to produce its own art and all this worship of the past can only be got rid of by a wholesale destruction of all the monuments of the past." He added:

If we could avoid the wholesale destruction of human beings involved by a great war, I should be glad to have half a dozen great wars in Europe, so that all the old buildings might be knocked down, thus forcing us by a sort of starvation to make our own architectural efforts.

* * *

William D. Howells said not long before his death that he never had the least fear for the literary future of this country, and added, after mentioning some of the early celebrities he had known:

"I am not dismayed by the numbers who have taken to literature in these days and found a living in it. When there are so many new readers, why should not the new writers have their innings? The old ones have had theirs, and even the old readers do not want them always. Ought not we old writers, who are confronting a new life elsewhere at such close range, try to be in love with the new literature here? I myself am going to cultivate an affection for it from this on. The great men I have named could not do just the fine things, the brave things, the true things that are done now by the men I will not name lest I miss some in the long count."

* * *

Gently swaying to and fro, a huge granite monolith forming a unique natural monument has been discovered on Green mountain, several miles north of Canon City, Colo. It is believed to be the only "swinging monument" in the world.

The shaft is more than 100 feet high and in the course of many years has become free from all surrounding earth formation except at the base, which is about 12 feet wide. In the center the granite column is about 50 feet in thickness and tapers off to a width at the summit practically the same as at the base.

The entire shaft moves probably from two to three feet at the apex, and the swing is constant under the pressure of light winds. The base of the shaft rests in a small hollow about three feet in depth, and the continguous granite formation has been entirely disconnected.—Detroit News.

* * *

In the mountains of Scotland a Highlander and an American were walking. In due course they came to a basin in the hills from which a wonderful echo could be obtained.

Having explained matters to his companion, the Scotsman proceeded to demonstrate. He emitted a shout, and after nearly three minutes the echo returned as per programme.

"Mon," said the Scot, "ye can't show anything like that in your country."

"I guess we can," replied the other. "Why, in my camp in the Rocky mountains, when I go to bed I just poke my head of the tent and shout, 'Time to get up! Wake up there!' Eight hours later that echo travels back and wakens me!"

* * *

Fire attacked a cargo of coal in an American concrete ship, lying at anchor in the harbor of Lisbon, Portugal, recently, and in half an hour it had gained such headway that other shipping was endangered, and it became necessary to sink the vessel. At this seemingly simple task, says Popular Mechanics Magazine, a Portuguese gunboat worked all night, firing the astonishing total of 189 shells into the 3000-ton stone hull before it finally listed and went down in the deep water at the mouth of the Tagus river. The glow of the burning vessel, and the warship's desperate bombardment made a spectacle that kept thousands of excited spectators in suspense for hours.

* * *

The name New England was coined by Captain John Smith, of Pocohontas fame, and one of the founders of the Virginia colony. In 1614 he explored and mapped the northern coast, then called North Virginia, and renamed it New England. The charter granted the Mayflower Pilgrims adopted the name as used in Smith's map several years before.

Those Who Come and Go.

"Just looking around," George L. Haff of Gold Hill, Or., is sojourning in the city during Shrine and Rose Festival week, renewing old times with Deputy District-Attorney Hammersly, "Joe" Beeman, of the internal revenue squad, "Bill" Carter, counselor-at-law, and others whose memories hark back to earlier days in the Jackson county town. George used to be a barber, and was once city recorder, but who could trim hair and sign legal documents when the green hills of the Rogue river billowed away in the distance? "There's gold in them hills, pardner," has been the motto of Mr. Haff's career, and, incidentally, he has proved the truth of the old prospector's axiom by discovering a considerable quantity of the same metal. A prospector because he is one, as all prospectors are, George Haff's countenance, lean, good-humored and set with sun wrinkles, is the sort that makes the kiddies want to come to him and induces the friendless dog to wag a jolly tail in greeting. Of late Mr. Haff has been following some of the old trails and blazing a few new ones, in the desert fields of the southwest.

Mrs. Hattie Beeman, wife of Josiah Horton Beeman, that indefatigable sleuth of the internal revenue squad, is convalescing at an east side home after a fortnight in the Portland Surgical hospital, where she underwent an operation for the removal of varicose veins in her marching equipment. Every autumn, with her son Horton Jr., now a student at Oregon university, Mrs. Beeman takes a long trek into the headwaters timber of Evans creek, in Jackson county, camping at Willow springs. There, because she is a ranger and dead shot, Mrs. Beeman takes annual toll of the deer, to the limit prescribed by law. Most of all, just at present, she is worrying over this trip and petitioning providence that she will be sufficiently recovered to stand a strenuous day or so clambering the hills and gullies of of upper Evans creek.

Miss Jessie Levy of Indianapolis, who came to America from Russia when 6 years of age and knows from personal experience what the advantages of America mean, arrived in Portland yesterday to spend a week here giving talks upon the subject of "Americanism." Miss Levy is accompanied by Miss Esther Goldberg. Both young women are studying law and expect to make sufficient funds through the sale of a brochure which Miss Levy has written on the subject, "Americanism, What It Has Done For Me," to take them through the law school next year. Miss Levy is secretary to Judge Willis C. McMahan of Indianapolis and Miss Goldberg is secretary to Judge A. L. Nichols of the same city. Following a visit of a week here the women will go to San Francisco.

"These Portland people certainly have the spirit of hospitality," was the remark of C. L. Faust of Los Angeles, who was consorting with two young men who were proudly wearing the fez of Hillah temple, Ashland, in rambles about the business district Saturday afternoon. "Having a celluloid badge bearing my name I find it convenient to wear it while here and wanted to connect it with the occasion so I stepped into a jewelry store and asked where I could have a fez put on. The man behind the counter did it in a jiffy, and when I offered to pay, he just said, 'Oh, that's all right, Noble! we are glad you are here.' So I feel glad to be where people have the spirit that is met here."

Any time the people down in Marion and Linn counties disgree to such an extent that they resort to the courts, they generally put their differences before Percy R. Kelly for adjudication. The fact that the portly circuit judge is becoming a fixture in the circuit bench of that district indicates that his decisions and rulings are according to all the well-regulated rules of law and equity. Judge Kelly is stopping at the Oregon while here for the general festivities.

Scott H. Wells, son of Dr. and Mrs. J. Hunter Wells of Portland, returned home yesterday from Boston where he has just graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Mr. Wells was an active participant in all student activities at the Boston institution and was prominent in fraternity circles.

Hotel clerks are trying to decide among themselves whether or not the present week is to be a "soft" one or if it is to be efilled with grief. For one thing, there will not be the usual trouble of reassigning rooms from day to day for the guests at all local hotels this week are wearing the red fez of Shrinedom, and there isn't a chance for an outsider to edge in on a room. Some few of them tried it yesterday but soon found that they'd have to stay on the outside looking in.

Dr. John C. Merriam, president-elect of the Carnegie institution of Washington, D. C., is in Portland on a brief visit and was the guest of honor at a dinner at the University club last night. Dr. Merriam formerly was dean of the faculties of the University of California. Mr. Merriam is en route to his home at the national capital.

J. T. Hinkle who, as city attorney, takes care of the legal troubles of the city of Hermiston, is here for the fun of the fezzers and is stopping at the Imperial.

Dewey Ball, who was so anxious to get to France at the outset of the recent war that he fibbed about his age, is visiting with relatives from his home at Eugene. Mr. Ball got into the army all right, and got to France where he served for nearly a year in a field artillery outfit. He's here looking on at the Shrine festivities and Rose Festival.

Mr. and Mrs. Gale Anderton stopped off in Portland for a brief visit while en route home to San Francisco from Seattle. Mr. Anderton attended a banker's meeting at Seattle last week. He is a prominent financier of the Golden Gate.

Life of Electoral System.

KERRY, Or., June 20.—(To the Editor.)—1. Please tell me when the present system of electoral voting started? 2. Was there ever a president elected by the house of representatives, and if so who was he?
DALLAS WILD PITTENGER

1. The electoral system was established by the constitution as originally adopted. The principal change made since then concerns the election of vice-president, who was not voted for separately but became vice-president by virtue of having received the second highest number of votes for president. The twelfth amendment changing the system was adopted in 1804.

2. Thomas Jefferson was chosen by the house in 1801 as result of a tie vote with Aaron Burr. John Quincy Adams was chosen by the house in 1825, the electoral college having failed to give Adams, Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay or William H. Crosford a majority.

SAYETH OREGON NEWSPAPERS.

Some Criticise, Some Approve Nomination, Depending on Politics.

Grants Pass Courier.

There is nothing in the private or public life of Warren G. Harding that can give offense to the radically progressive element of the republican party; there is nothing but admiration from the great middle class of forward-looking republicans, and there is nothing to it but acquiescence from what is left of the old ultra-conservative gang of stand-patters, because they could never elect a man anyway. So beyond this, where there is opposition to the typically American figure of Warren G. Harding, we must conclude "they are democrats, and none are so blind as they who will not see."

Logical Candidate Chosen.
Pendleton Tribune.

The dignified, good natured character of the campaign conducted by Senator Harding has made a good impression and he has incurred no enmities. He occupied the most logical, most strategic position of the large field of candidates.

Likened to Garfield.
Tillamook Headlight.

As once was said of his chosen predecessor, James A. Garfield, Mr. Harding has "a bushel of brains" which he knows how to use to the advantage of his country and his party. Whatever public position he may occupy will be well filled.

Self Made Man.
St. Helens Mist.

The Mist is pleased at the selection of the candidates who will head the national republican ticket. Harding is a self-made man. He fought his battles alone and fought them well. His success in life is evidence of his greatness. No better man than Coolidge could have been selected as the running mate of Harding.

Man Worthy of Support.
Forest Grove News.

The republicans have nominated a man whom every republican can conscientiously support. He is classed as a conservative, but he is not so conservative but that he can see the good of some of the things advanced by his rivals. He may be conservative but he is not retrogressive. He does not stand in the way of progress. He is practical. His record has been one of constructive progressivelsm.

Two Splendid Men.
Newberg Graphic.

In the nomination of Harding and Coolidge the Graphic feels that the party has two splendid men to head the ticket. If the San Francisco convention does as well in selecting standard bearers the country will be assured of good leadership for four years, following March 4, 1921.

Tower of Strength.
Heppner Gazette-Times.

Senator Harding is not known in the west as he is in the east, and yet every citizen who has followed the trend of current events could not help but know that the senator is a tower of strength, not only to the party but to the nation. We firmly believe that western people will learn to know better, in the coming months, of the man who has been chosen to the leadership of the party, and let us hope, the leadership of America.

From the Common People.
Lebanon Criterion.

Both Senator Harding and Governor Coolidge are men of the common people; what they are today they have made themselves by their energy, activity and efficiency. Born in humble surroundings both have advanced to the highest positions in the gift of their native states, and now the call of the nation has beckoned them to the highest places in the gift of that nation.

Three Things Proved.
Hood River News.

The result of the convention at Chicago offers three great conclusions for republicans. First, that the day of the prophet is done; second, that the primary election is a useless and expensive farce; and third, that it is the duty of every republican, disgruntled or otherwise, to support the nominee at the polls next fall.

Fellow Feeling From Craft.
Monmouth Herald.

However the average editor and printer may disagree with Candidate Harding in matters political, he cannot but exhibit a fraternal feeling for the nominee because he is a fellow newspaper man. Not only is he an editor and publisher, but he is a practical printer, being familiar with the business from ordinary hand composition to running the linotype and the cylinder press.

Not Strongest or Weakest.
Post, Independence.

Mr. Harding is neither the strongest nor the weakest candidate the republican party could have nominated, but he can go before the country politically and personally clean, which may be sufficient to give him the election.

Here Is Hoping.
Bend Press.

One thing in his favor is that he is a newspaper man. Perhaps he will find some relief for the newsprint shortage.

Test of Greatness.
Halfway Herald.

The saying that greatness consists in being in the right place at the right time is proven in the case of Senator Harding. Harding went into the convention without a following but won his nomination because conditions were just right.

Not Another Autocrat.
Hillsboro Independent.

Possessing ability and being of the type his record proves him to be, he can be safely considered on the basis of things he will not do. His administration will not be of the one-man kind, but the best brains and ability of the nation will be summoned to his assistance and to counsel with him in his cabinet. That cabinet will not be selected with an eye to its chief being an outstanding figure with marionettes to jump when he pulls the wires or accept ignominious dismissal if they presume to act without orders.

Where Fault Lies.
Athena Press.

Harding, who is described as a lovable man of the McKinley type, is not an objectionable candidate. Beyond doubt he is a good man if not a great one. The objection lies in the manner of his nomination through the scheming of "old guard" senators who paid not the slightest attention to the result of the presidential primary.

Not a "One-Man" Man.
Albany Herald.

It is refreshing to note that Mr. Harding is getting away from the "one-man" attitude of the person who will go down in history as his immediate predecessor in the presidency. For Mr. Harding has declared that even in his campaign the "one-man" idea will be taboo.

Not Dark But Thoroughbred.
Harrisburg Bulletin.

Harding didn't win as a dark horse. It might be proper, however, to class him as a thoroughbred. He made his way up as a printer and publisher and it sure takes some horse to get recognition at that game.

In Other Days.

Twenty-five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of June 21, 1895.

Brumsbuttel, Germany—At 4 o'clock today the Imperial Yacht Hohenzollern, with Emperor William and princes aboard, severed the threads across the Kiel canal and its formal dedication was completed.

The 25th annual commencement exercises of Bishop Scott academy were held yesterday, 10 young men receiving diplomas.

Fully 4000 persons attended the opening yesterday of the big 15-day race meeting at the Irvington track.

J. Frank Davis, chief deputy of Internal Revenue Collector Blackman, will retire at the end of this month. J. B. Mullay will succeed Mr. Davis.

Fifty Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of June 21, 1870.

Washington—Rogers Green is nominated for associate justice of the supreme court of Washington territory.

St. Louis—General Canby arrived here yesterday en route to the Pacific to take charge of the department of the Columbia.

In the city election yesterday the successful aldermanic candidates were: First ward, A. B. Hallock; second ward, J. B. Congle; third ward, L. Besser long term, W. Lair Hill short term.

Sheriff Zeiber offers a reward of $300 for the arrest and delivery of the prisoners, Trainor, Engall and Falk, who escaped from jail yesterday.

For We Must Grow.

By Grace E. Hall.

Ah! Would 'twere always sunny spring,
With singing birds in leafy boughs,
And yellow butterflies a-wing,
While on the hillside mottled cows
Browse in the tangled clover sweet,
And bees drone softly 'round their feet.

O wonder music of the trees!
An echo-song of by-gone years,
A wordless symphony of leaves
That whispers of our hopeless tears;
Soft spirit-music of the glade,
Sweeter than harps by masters played!

Ah! Would that we might ever thrill
With rapture that the springtime brings,
When unasked flowers are on the hill,
And dawn arrives on feathered wings;
But hearts must gain the autumn's glow,
And bear the chill of winter's snow.

TOO MUCH CODDLING OF ROBINS

They Will Neglect Bug Hunting if Given Full Access to Berries.

PORTLAND, June 20.—(To the Editor.)—Once I, like The Oregonian, had a sentimental attachment for Sir Robin Redbreast and I was also his defender because of his known prowess against the pests of field and garden. That was before I owned a strawberry patch. I do not now indict the whole tribe of Robin the Red, but I have arrived at the conclusion that Sir Robin, like the industrious bee or the human being, if you please, can be turned into a lazy lout and a thief by too much coddling.

The bee, as we all know, is held up as a model of industry, but his virtue is not thrift alone, for he is a valuable aid in spreading the pollen of the blossoming fruit trees. But set out a pan of sugar and he will throw up his job of pollenizing at once, take all the sugar and become lazy and discontented after the sugar is gone. Likewise the most promising youth may turn out a burden and a non-producer if he is permitted all the luxuries he desires without having to exert himself to obtain them.

My strawberries are on the sunny side of the orchard and beyond the orchard in a grove of trees—maples, firs, cedars and others. The robin colony is large and it is enterprising in the matter of home making. This spring they dotted the lawn working for worms and bugs. That was before the strawberries began to ripen. Now they do nothing but raid the patch or sit in the trees bordering it and wait for the strawberries to ripen. And I notice that they quarrel among themselves most of the time. In exchange for my strawberries they have decided to permit me to have the earth worms in the lawns and the bugs in the vegetable garden. This self-arranged bargain is being executed religiously. Whereas a week ago there was promise of an abundant crop and they were just beginning to turn red, now all that remain of each morning when I wander out in faint hope of getting enough for a breakfast dish are the clumps of green ones too small and hard to suit the exacting taste of either robin or myself. It is an actual fact that I have had not one single strawberry out of a patch large enough to give a good-sized family all they would care for for table use. And I have gone some distance from my place to that of a friend who has but a little larger patch than I, but is more favorably situated as to bird colonies, and have bought two crates of fine berries for canning.

I am told to let the robins have a few strawberries because they will destroy the garden bugs. They are in truth taking all the berries and it is now up to me to go out and buy sprays and other bug poisons.

As I said before, I do not cond