Morning Oregonian

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

The Oregonian is a member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein. All rights of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

Subscription Rates—Invariably in Advance.

(By Mail.)

Daily, Sunday included, one year	$8.00
Daily, Sunday included, six months	4.25
Daily, Sunday included, three months	2.25
Daily, Sunday included, one month	.75
Daily, without Sunday, one year	6.00
Daily, without Sunday, six months	3.25
Daily, without Sunday, one month	.60
Weekly, one year	1.00
Sunday, one year	5.00

(By Carrier.)

Daily, Sunday included, one year	$9.00
Daily, Sunday included, three months	2.25
Daily, Sunday included, one month	.75
Daily, without Sunday, one year	7.80
Daily, without Sunday, three months	1.95
Daily, without Sunday, one month	.65

How to Remit.—Send postoffice money order, express or personal check on your local bank. Stamps, coin or currency are at owner's risk. Give postoffice address in full, including county and state.

Postage Rates.—1 to 16 pages, 1 cent; 18 to 32 pages, 2 cents; 34 to 48 pages, 3 cents; 50 to 64 pages, 4 cents; 66 to 80 pages, 5 cents; 82 to 96 pages, 6 cents. Foreign postage, double rates.

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

THE MATTER WITH THE COUNTRY.

The following quotation from the American Lumberman sums up what is the matter with the United States:

The trouble with this country is that we have adopted too much of the old idea of "not crossing the bridge until we reach it." This platitude is misleading if taken literally because it is necessary to know that the bridge is there, and second, to know that it will serve the purpose for which you want it—otherwise no one could wait ahead. We went to war unprepared. We signed the armistice unprepared for peace and we have done very little since then to prepare for readjustment to normal or peace-time conditions, consequently we must take the bumps as they come and some of them will in all probability be severe.

To unpreparedness for war we owe the war itself, for it tempted Germany to defy us in the hope of defeating the allies before we could prepare. To the same cause we owe our slowness in beginning to fight and the excessive cost of the war, which we still pay and must continue to pay for many years.

To unpreparedness for peace we owe the industrial disturbances and revolutionary agitation which followed the armistice, also the continued inflation of the currency and the high taxes which cause the cost of living to rise and which obstruct increase of production.

Unpreparedness for war seems to be an incurable national habit, judging by the rejection of universal military training, with the evidence of its necessity fresh in our minds. But unpreparedness for peace rises from the negligence of President Wilson and of the congress which he controlled more absolutely than any president ever controlled any congress. By obstructing restoration of peace and of peace conditions and vetoing bills which would have helped to restore normal conditions, he has continued the evils due to his neglect after the republican congress applied itself to his task.

Relief can come only through the policy offered by the republican party. Payment of the floating debt and deflation of the currency will go far to relieve us of the 50-cent dollars which are the cause of high prices and wasteful living. Simple tax laws, which promptly and certainly fix the amount due, will cut much of the padding out of profits, thereby reducing prices, and will liberate surplus income for investment in increased production. A budget system will promote economy in government expenses and help to reduce taxes. Government initiative in voluntary arbitration or mediation of labor disputes will remove one cause of industrial disturbance, and strict, impartial enforcement of the law against revolutionists will remove the main cause.

These measures are not spectacular, but they are in the line of real progress. They are promised by the republicans, and experience has proved that they cannot be expected from the democrats.

THE CONVENTION THAT RAN ITSELF.

The cry of boss and machine dictation has become so habitual with democrats when discussing republican nominations that it is incurable and would be raised in face of a mountain of contrary facts. It has been raised against Senator Harding, but has been met by the facts that the switch to Harding was started by Lowden's release of his delegates from any obligation to him, that some of the so-called bosses held out for others of their own choice after indisputably unbossed states had turned to the Ohioan and that others were unable to deliver their state delegations on the ninth ballot. When confronted with these facts, talkers of bossism discover a senatorial cabal controlling the convention.

There they run upon another snag. Republican senators and the national conimittee wanted Senator Lenroot as Harding's running mate, and Senator McCormick named him. But the Oregon delegation had instinctive aversion for a Wisconsin man or a man without a clean war record, and resolved on the initiative in favor of a man whose character and record were above question. It picked Governor Coolidge. After relating the presentation of Lenroot, C. W. Barron in the Boston News Bureau tells what happened in these words:

But a smaller, clearer voice from Oregon, way down in the corner of the hall, spoke a few masterly words for Coolidge, and the hall rang with spontaneous applause for the governor of Massachusetts. Representatives of twelve states jumped to their feet to second the nomination.

State after state cast its votes for Coolidge and in a few minutes he was nominated. Lenroot did not even "have a look in." Mr. Barron calls this the one spontaneous act of the convention, thus distinguishing it from the nomination of Harding, which was a compromise made necessary by a deadlock.

This was a most unorthodox way for a bossed convention to act. According to the Hoyle of democratic politicians, it should have meekly accepted the selection of the bosses or of the senatorial cabal. Instead, it smashed the alleged slate of the men who, the democrats assert, were running it, picked its own man and ran itself.

There is no doubt that the convention was guided by a true instinct as to who is a representative republican, who stands for the things which republicans at this time deem most vital, and as to what is politically expedient. It avoided the appearance of bidding for the pro-German vote of Wisconsin or of senatorial dictation, and it spoiled some fine democratic campaign thunder.

BAD CONSEQUENCES OF DELAY.

Delay of the railroad labor board in deciding on employes' demands for higher wages is directly responsible for the renewed strike on the Atlantic coast which has begun again to block traffic after the heroic action of the Interstate Commerce commission had given some relief. The earliest date at which a decision is indicated by the board as possible is in the first week of July. That will be more than four months after the law establishing the board was enacted.

Ultimate responsibility rests with President Wilson. Pending demands in various forms have been before the government or the railroad companies for about a year. Mr. Wilson's promise of efforts to force down prices by prosecution of profiteers led the brotherhoods to postpone a threatened strike, but prices have risen, not fallen. Action was delayed by the railroad administration till the new law transferred jurisdiction to the labor board. Mr. Wilson again delayed action by not appointing the board until more than a month after the law became effective. He thus provoked the outlaw strike, which aggravated the congestion already prevailing. The board has since consumed much time in hearings and in consideration of findings, while the brotherhoods have striven to restrain their justly impatient members from striking.

These delays tend to discredit the new railroad law in the eyes of the public by prolonging and making worse the disturbed condition of business. They weaken the brotherhoods by providing ammunition for the radicals. They give the latter a plausible pretext for saying that the labor adjustment machinery of the law is ineffective, and that labor must rely on the strike.

OPEN FOR BUSINESS.

Not even an earthquake can daunt an American. The "open for business" signs already displayed over the debris of wrecked houses in the thriving Los Angeles suburb, Inglewood, are symbols of the spirit that never says die. People even find it in their hearts to smile with the owners at the sardonic humor of those placards. "Open for business," after being cracked wide open by a temblor, has a double meaning.

Enterprising individuals capitalize their misfortunes while they make light of them. They reap the harvest of the sightseers' crop, as all California has learned to profit by the tourist. But we know now that the shekels thus garnered will go to the construction of new and better buildings. Not a soul has a thought of giving up the struggle.

We neither run from the cataclysms of nature in this country nor lie still and let them vanquish us. Floods are a stimulus to the building of dams, fires mean better fire departments and quakes lead to shock-resistant structures. Where the opportunity has been demonstrated to exist the man of enterprise stays by it. It is a trait that atones for a lot of vagaries. It is one of the reasons why Americans have been able to build up the greatest country in the world.

OUR GUESTS, THE MOUNTED POLICE.

In the frontier days of the Canadian northwest, when the vast, unformed provinces were holding the beacons of adventure, profit and sanctuary to wastrels, rogues and ruffians from all points of the compass, when the Blackfoot warriors were truculent and their lances tufted with fresh scalps, the Canadian government confronted the stern necessity of carrying justice to regions where the individual was a law unto himself, and where bad whisky and worse men were the unfailing sources of crime and disorder. In response to this need, in May, 1873, the Canadian Royal Northwest Mounted Police was organized.

Portland is hostess today, in floral attire and festival spirit, to a picked company of these "lean riders of the plains," emissaries to Oregon who bear the pledge of the dominion's firm friendship toward its cousins across the border. When these trim and jaunty constables of a most exceptional police unit passed in review in the rose pageant, those who gave them the tribute of cheers were rendering a just due to the spirit and dash and courage of men who made an empire safe for settlement, and who insure law and order on the distant ranches of the Athabasca, on the shores of Lesser Silver lake, and over an area as great as continental Europe. Bravos and bad-men and surly savages have long since learned that the unostentatious vigilance and dogged determination of the mounted police bring every criminal, in his time, to the swift justice of the Canadian courts. The streets of New York and London are no more safe than the trader's lonely camp in the distant north.

The Canadian Royal Northwest Mounted police was a project dear to the heart of the late Sir John A. Macdonald, who was premier at the time of its authorization. It comprised 300 men at the outset and, despite the vast territory patroled by its members, has at no time greatly exceeded an enlistment of 1000. The erroneous belief was once current that the force was almost entirely composed of "remittance men" and "younger sons," in family exile from the motherland. While the service of the mounted police doubtless did attract many of these, it is equally true that its impartial appeal was to men whose blood mounted a notch higher under the stimulus of adventure, and who by nature dearly loved a hazard in which life might be staked. Strict choice was exercised in the acceptance of recruits, but the essential nature of the service itself was a surety that the men who sought it would be picked men, youthful and hardy and game.

The annals of the mounted police are replete with simple, unaffected heroism in the performance of duty. Inspector Fitzgerald, who died on a Christmas of long ago, his body racked and winnowed by starvation, somewhere on the continental ridge between the Mackenzie and Yukon rivers, traced a daily diary with a burnt twig on birchbark. The searchers found him and his quiet comrades, in frozen and eternal sleep beside the ashes of their campfire, with its kettle of moosehide stew. A very gallant soul was his, beyond all doubt—the soul of a hero and a gentleman. On the last uncomplaining page of the pitiful diary he had scrawled the Christmas message of Tiny Tim: "God bless us every one!" He and his fellow police were carrying the holiday mail to the Yukon.

There are far too many stories for the telling, or for the choosing. One might fashion a chapter of the narrative of Chief Pi-a-pot, who pitched the lodges of his Blackfeet braves in the path of the Canadian Pacific railroad construction crews, painted his men for war and defied eviction. Two mounted men of the force rode into the cluster of tepees, voiced the request of the government and were met with scorn. The Blackfeet were ready for war. Yet one of these youthful riders, while the other measured with steady gaze the rage of Pi-a-pot, dismounted and nonchantly made his way through the encampment, kicking down the lodges. The Blackfeet moved. On such episodes are the traditions of the service founded and maintained.

The visit to the rose festival constitutes the first instance in which the Royal Canadian Northwest Mounted police have crossed the border to fraternize in an American gala day. There is more than ordinarily happy significance in the spirit with which the invitation was tendered and accepted. Portland salutes them.

A DARKER PAGE THAN POE.

Ungoverned hatred is nothing less than lunacy. It whirls upon reason with irrational ferocity, and a wild menagerie of maddened impulses snap and snarl in the distraught mind of the hater. But seldom is it manifest in such pitiable, appalling degree as that evidenced in the litigation of an Oregon divorced couple over the body of their sailor son, who died while serving the colors. Those who possess a penchant for the morbid, for a tone darker than Poe, will find it in this most singular suit. But normal persons cannot fail to regard the legal incident as one of nauseating necrophobism, and their reaction will be the shudder of horror.

Courts were not intended for disputes of such character, whatever the letter of the law may be. That which is repugnant to good sense and decency, and which does not constitute material issue, should find no welcome before the bench of justice. Courts are not charnel-houses where embittered and estranged parents, forgetting the common sorrow of their bereavement, should be permitted to haggle over the disposition of the broken fabric that once contained a soul. There is no test of parental love in such a quarrel, no tears worthy of the dead sailor-boy. The situation is monstrous and unbelievable and calls for mediators whose kindly counsel will be hearkened to, rather than for a legal skirmish in court.

WHAT HARDING STANDS FOR.

If any doubt existed that Senator Harding is a man of conviction, of ideas, a man with capacity for forcible and original expression, it should be removed by reading the speech which is published in another column. The strongest impression that he leaves is one of refreshment at the plain truths which he tells after the Wilsonian excursions in service to mankind, to which may reasonably be traced a large part of the disasters from which mankind now suffers.

We have been led to believe that no man is qualified for president of the United States unless he be able to form felicitous phrases which stir the emotions, or express lofty ideals that embrace all nations and enlist the American people in their service. Mr. Harding believes that "a republican from any state in the union is good enough to be president."

It is assumed by Mr. Wilson that any party except Mr. Wilson's party is a thing of evil and that all others should practice that peculiar species of non-partisanship which consists in supporting whatever Mr. Wilson does. But Mr. Harding frankly avows that he is "a believer in government through political parties"—not one party surrounded by a host of non-partisans who blindly stand by the president, but parties.

In opposition to the "personal dictation of the president—'my will or none' "—he sets the constitution, especially that provision which divides responsibility for foreign relations between president and senate.

As an alternative to watchful waiting for Mexico to cease murder and robbery of Americans as incidents to working its problems of government, he proposes this notice to Mexico:

All we want with you is an understanding about the protection of American lives and property in your republic, and then, by the eternal, you keep that understanding.

As a substitute for all the crazy remedies offered for high prices and profiteering, he presents the simple truth that "no people ever recovered from the distressing waste of war except through work and denial," that we must "steady down, get squarely on our feet, make sure of the right path."

He believes in "the home market first for the American product"; that the return of the railroads to private operation was "the most forward and progressive step in legislation ever recorded"; that we need "a preachment on the real value of the American constitution" and must teach the immigrant "the ideals of American citizenship"; that we "have come nearer to establishing dependable popular government than any people in the world," and that we should "cling to the things that made us what we are."

Some will call this reaction, but it is by these principles that the republic has grown from a struggling nation of 3,000,000 to a great, prosperous nation of 110,000,000 and has become the envy of all other nations. How better could we make progress than by continuing to travel the road we have traveled rather than by trying the theories of those whose envy we have aroused?

Two examples will show the extent of the delay in shipments caused by freight congestion on the railroads and strikes in New York harbor. A carload of southern pine lumber started north with no robins in sight, but on the journey a pair made their nest, hatched and fledged their young, leaving only the shells as evidence of their presence. A Clyde line steamer took 250,000 feet of southern pine to New York, but the freight handlers' strike prevented its discharge before the passenger schedule required the vessel to start its return trip. She took the lumber back to Jacksonville, Fla., and made several trips to and fro with it in her hold. At last reports there was small prospects of its being unloaded.

THE TEARS OF EMMA.

Above the din of soviet dissension, in the turmoil that is Russia, floats a softer note of sorrow and regret. To America it is borne by the cables, as an item in Europe's gossip. It is the weeping of Emma Goldman, exiled anarchist, lonely for the land from which she drove herself. We do not wish her here again, that rampant personality, that bitter voice, that vehement exhorter of revolt. Yet Emma in Russia is not the Emma that we knew, those times she waved the flaming tinder of discontent. A saddened, chastened, sorrowful woman is this one-time leader of the "reds," ruing the day she saw American shores fade beyond the line of sky and ocean. We do not wish her here again, but the distant spectacle of her misery is none the less pathetic.

They say that in Petrograd, where men have the freedom of the commune and none have three meals to the day, Miss Goldman has draped an American flag in her hotel bedchamber. When she lies down at night its folds are there in the darkness, and when she rises it gives her greeting. The colors she heaped with contumely have grown strangely dear to her. Emma, the untamed tartar tigress of the radicals, has tested the soviet and found it wanting, found it absurd and impossible, incapable of reconciliation to her personal views of human liberty. For the scorned "capitalism" of the land she left, perforce, she has this modified opinion: "Any form of government is bad enough, but between this (bolshevism) and individual capitalism, the choice lies with the latter. At least the individual has a chance to express his individuality." Enforced exile in the barren province of fantastic theory, in Russia, where the "red" nightmare came true, tore the bandages from this woman's eyes.

Communism has not appealed to Miss Goldman and her fellow exiles. They went to Russia with receptive minds, thinking to find there the brilliant burgeoning of iconoclastic reform. They found what saner members of society had told them they would discover—famine and the rule of ruin. Emma and her comrade deportees have vowed a new crusade in Russia, so the dispatches assert—a vigorous strife against the existing soviet regime. They anticipate prison terms when they have spoken to the peasantry. Quite probably they anticipate death at the mandate of the soviet. What strange patterns fate weaves on the shuttle of human affairs. Revolt within revolt as the naked souls of the restless strive for the dream of Utopia. And all the while, nearer and nearer, through the forward march of the established social order, the land of heart's desire approaches.

Pitiful Emma Goldman, standing in the debris of her dreams, militant against the ideals she once glorified, saying to the interviewer: "I'm going back there some day, for I love America as I love no other land."

Declining purchasing power of the dollar and its temptations to recklessness of expenditure ought to suggest to the thrifty-minded a double incentive to saving, since it is hardly probable that present conditions will continue indefinitely and there is certain to come a time, in the orderly progress of events, when the dollar now laid by will buy considerably more than it does at present. The significance of this will be apparent on the most casual reflection. It means that self-denial while prices are inordinately high will be rewarded perhaps two-fold in possibilities of indulgence in three or four years—surely an argument that ought to appeal to the self-interest of all who measure their dollars by that which they will procure rather than by the unsatisfactory standard of the number of cents that they contain.

Judge Rossman yesterday gave a "dip" a year in jail and he might have added another for the "raw" work. Portland is not honored by the presence of anything less than an artist.

Rochester, N. Y., has passed Portland in population. We congratulate the people of Rochester and ten years from now will expect them to congratulate us.

The Red Coats are the "ranger service" of the north, more showy but none the less effective. Their abiding principle is the same—never give up your gun.

Early estimates that there were 8400 bands in Portland during the Shrine convention will have to be revised. Still short by a cipher.

After all, it rains at the right time in Portland and not otherwise, for what is a floral parade without a shower!

Bryan says he won't be the candidate for a third party. No, he's too busy being the party of the first part.

Mr. Wilson's party pins its hope of salvation on Tennessee, but that is not salvation—it's salvage.

Police orders against "bathing girls" were not needed. The temperature attended to that.

Mr. Schuyleman has taken his troubles to San Francisco, where they will be rubbed in.

By tomorrow the fez will rise before us in a dream, but a mighty pleasant one.

The first candidate for the hangman restored made his entry near Hood River.

There must be an acute shortage of bands in other parts of this country.

If the Shriners enjoyed it as much as Portland did, it's unanimous.

Cleaning house after company, but it's worth the labor.

In a thousand cities there will be but one Portland.

Summed up, everything worked out right.

Tonight's repeat is for homefolk.

Those Who Come and Go.

"I have been in China, India and other places, but I'll tell the world that Portland has all the rest beaten," declared H. I. Furlong of Oklahoma City, at the Imperial yesterday. "The hospitality of the people of Portland cannot be surpassed. I have been attending Shrine conclaves for 15 years and the decorations in Portland, the spirit of consideration for the visitors, the prices in the hotels and restaurants, the courtesy in the streetcars—all place Portland in the front rank. Then, too, I have been over the Columbia highway. I thought I had seen most of the magnificent scenery in the civilized world, but that ride on the highway is something not to be forgotten. The Shriners who have been to Portland will give Portland more advertising in the next few months than the city could normally receive in five years, because every visitor is going home a booster for your city of roses."

"Bruce Dennis is my opponent for state senator," admitted Walter M. Pierce, who is at the Imperial. "Bruce, I understand, won the republican nomination by three or four votes. He will make a dandy campaign, for there is no better platform man in the state than Bruce, so the people can expect a lively election in our district." Senator Pierce leaves tonight for San Francisco with a crowd of democrats to attend the national convention. He has been promised the appointment of alternate and this will give him access to the convention. Although a leading democrat in the state, Senator Pierce carefully refrained yesterday from expressing his preference for the presidential nomination and was as mum as a clam on platform planks, with the exception that he asserted the national platform will not have a wet plank, any more than it will have one on slavery, both issues having been finally determined, he contends.

"Where I used to have 3000 or 4000 bushels of peaches, I won't have more than a couple of bushels this year," announced I. L. Patterson, state senator for Polk county, who was in the city yesterday. "The cold spell of the winter just ruined the peach crop on my place, but did not affect the cherries or apples. My peach trees are not injured, which is rather strange, for Louie Lachmund drove me over his country a few days ago and the peach trees looked as though they had been swept by fire."

Senator Patterson says that he came to Portland during Shrine week for a rest and he is getting it, for yesterday morning, for the first time in years, he slept until 9 o'clock, whereas his usual hour for arresting the day is something before 6 A. M.

"Don't talk to me about bands," sighed M. A. Mayer of Mosier at the Benson. "I am constitutionally opposed to getting up early in the morning and this week it has been impossible for me to get my beauty sleep because of the succession of concerts which are staged in front of the hotel. I hadn't the slightest intention of seeing the Shrine parade Tuesday morning, for example, but the parade passed my window and after about 20 bands had gone by, each playing for all it was worth, I regretfully dragged myself from bed and went to the window and saw the show. It was a great sight, but I never would have seen it if the bands hadn't been so abundant."

"It is a fact that stockmen haven't made the cost of production for the past three years," announced O. B. Robertson of Condon at the Imperial yesterday. This statement was agreed to by W. M. Pierce of Pendleton and I. L. Patterson of Eola. Mr. Patterson says that he used to sell hogs for 22 cents, but he has to pay as much for pork now, when he is receiving 15 cents a pound, as he did when he was receiving 22 cents. Walter Lyon, representative-elect from Multnomah, contributed to the debate by asserting that it may be true that the growers are not getting as much as formerly, but that he, personally, has to pay more for meat now than ever before.

For seven years Dr. Harper Wright of Grandfield, Okla., has been a brother in law of Representative P. J. Gallagher of Ontario, but had never met his law-making relative by marriage until yesterday, when the two collided in the lobby of the Imperial. Dr. Wright is in Portland as a Shriner and is lavish in his eulogies of Portland and the state in general. "I'm so interested in this section that I have taken a year's subscription to The Oregonian," says the doctor, "in order to keep in touch with conditions here. The main idea is that I hope sometime to come to Portland to reside."

Mayor Gill of Vancouver, B. C., is registered at the Multnomah. The mayor was invited to see the excitement here this week by E. V. Hauser and the invitation was accepted. Now Mayor Gill says he wouldn't have missed the fun for any stated amount. And, surprisingly enough, while here, the mayor discovered that a very large percentage of his fellow townsmen of Vancouver are here on a mission similar to his own.

MEN THINK THEY RUN THINGS

But It's the Mothers Who Rule the World, Says Writer.

MEDFORD, Or., June 23.—(To the Editor.)—Poor Mr. G. M. I'd hate to be such a grouch, when I lived in such a delightful state. Who among "us wimmin" are equal to Lincoln, Washington, Addison and Marconi? he asks. Why, man, there are hundreds, nay millions, who are—and they all go by the same name, "Mother."

Who installs the thoughts, character and brain and body of the unborn genius? Mother.

Who teaches him the foundation for his greatness? Mother.

Who, despite every obstacle, have brought the world to the present stage? Mothers.

Did you ever see a family left with a mother, that didn't pass muster? Did you ever see one left with a father who did as well?

It took a woman to start every reform for betterment that the world has ever known, and not only that, she was so slick about it that she brought up a lot of fool men to think they did it. Mr. G. M., did you know "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world"?

MRS. LUCY R. KNOX.

Cascara Bark Taken.

CLATSKANIE, Or., June 23.—(To the Editor.)—Can a land owner prosecute any one caught stealing chittam bark from his land if he has not had notices put up to that effect, and if so how does he proceed?

Can a dealer who buys such stolen chittam bark be prosecuted the same as a second-hand dealer who buys stolen property? JOE BOWERS.

The person who gathers chittam bark without permission of the owner, is possibly technically guilty of theft and trespass, but the practice is so general and so rarely encounters objection from wild-land owners that criminal prosecution likely would not be successful. Recovery of the value of the bark and of the damage to trees, if any, might be had civilly. The same general rule would apply to the dealer who buys chittam gathered without the owner's permission. If you want to proceed in the matter consult a lawyer.

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE TIMES

Arrest of Professor of Languages in Russia Reads Like Romance.

The following account of the arrest and examination of an instructor in a foreign language school, declared to be authentic by persons familiar with the details, appears in the New York Evening Post, having been translated from the Russian language paper Amerikanskaya Izvestia:

Karnauch, an instructor in a school conducted by the union of Russian citizens at Waterbury, Conn., was arrested during a local strike. When he was brought into the office of the secret service operatives he noticed all his books and papers lying on the table; they had been taken in his absence from his rooms by detectives who had forced the door. The chief offered him a cigar as a sign of sympathy, and explained that he had nothing against him, but was only carrying out orders given by his superiors.

Karnauch does not smoke, but being more or less agitated at the time he would have smoked a rope. Suddenly the chief grabbed a letter from the table and, turning to Karnauch, asked him: "Did you ever live under the alias of 'Mon cher ami?' "

"Mon cher ami," repeated Karnauch. "No, never."

"Well, what does this mean?" asked the detective, pointing to the letter.

"It means," answered Karnauch, "'my dear friend' in French."

"That is a lie."

"I assure you it is the truth."

As an instructor of ancient history Karnauch has sometimes made lists of famous men of past ages. The chief picked up one of these lists.

"Tell me, when and where did you meet this guy Pythagoras?"

"Pythagoras?"

"Yes, Pythagoras."

"You mean, when did I get acquainted with him?"

"Yes, when and where?"

"I got acquainted with Pythagoras in the Central library in New York about four years ago."

"Do you know where he lives at present?"

"That is—but what do you mean at present?"

"Do you want to answer or not?"

"But let us see——"

"Never mind talking. Yes or no?"

"But please——"

"Never mind 'please.' " ("Harboring crooks," wrote the detective in his notebook.) "And where did you meet this Archimedes?"

"Archimedes? I knew about him in Russia; who does not know of Archimedes? I think every youngster—"

"All right, all right. Where did you get acquainted with him?"

"I was 14 years old, and it was in Odessa, but Archimedes himself——"

"Very well, and what can you say about this here Oedipus?"

"Oedipus? You mean the one who killed his father and married his own mother——"

"Is that it? These crooks who come here to boss us around! They ought to be shot like dogs!"

"But, please, what are you talking about?"

"Shut up, you scoundrel!"

"Oh, allow me——"

"Allow you nothing!"

"But they all died long ago."

"What! All your comrades died long ago? That's interesting. They all lived together and died of influenza, I suppose?"

"No, they died long ago."

"Don't lie to me, traitor. Where is Pythagoras?"

"In Syracuse."

"Archimedes?"

"In Alexandria."

"Anaximander?"

"In Troy."

"Anaxagoras?"

"I don't remember."

"Liar, you know better than that."

"I think somewhere in southern Greece."

"Never mind that Greece stuff! You must say New York, New Jersey, or wherever they are now."

"In New York," answered the scared Karnauch.

"On what street?"

"On One Hundred and Tenth street."

"You should have said so before. What number?"

"One Hundred and Twenty-three."

"Demosthenes?"

"Delancey street—318, in the basement."

"Diogenes?"

"On the Bowery—he had no home.

"A tramp, was he?"

"He liked to live in a barrel."

At this stage Karnauch was overcome by the cigar and grew sick. He was taken out for a rest. An hour later he was told to leave town immediately or he would be arrested and sent to jail. Karnauch obeyed and came to New York.

Once upon a time it was the same way in Russia. During the raids made upon the students of Kiev, in 1903, a Latin textbook was discovered by the police. It was entitled "The Plot of Catiline" and gave Cicero's great speech, charging the senator with plotting the overthrow of the state. The Russian police decided that this was an extremely dangerous book and an order was issued "to arrest Catiline at once."

* * *

A London wine house has received a considerable stock of wine from Belgium under what are described as extraordinary circumstances. In the first two years of the war, the chronicler says, the Germans did not requisition much of the Belgian wine except at certain points. But they made inventory of all there was in sight or of which they learned and as time wore on they grabbed it. One family near Liege had a large quantity of fine vintage Burgundy and the owner decided to take a desperate chance. It sometimes is wise to do openly what would be perilous to do secretly, so he cased up his wine, loaded it on trucks and carted it through the streets in broad daylight to an ice factory. He expected every moment he would be halted and called to military headquarters, but he was not. He got his treasure to the ice house and hid it away so well that it remained undiscovered until after the close of the war. Then, when he was impoverished otherwise, he dug it up, sold it at a glorious price and now Londoners are smacking their lips and blessing him for his cleverness.

* * *

"Pa, what's meant by a sign of the times?"

"Just at present, my son, a sign of the times is a horny handed son of toil, wearing a silk shirt, a $100 suit, $18 shoes and a big diamond on his finger, traveling about the country for his health."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

HARDING'S STAND ON NATIONAL POLICIES

THE following speech was delivered by Senator Warren G. Harding of Ohio before the Home Market club of Boston on May 14, a month before his nomination for president:

I have been introduced as from Ohio, but I am a little reluctant to say much about Ohio's virtues here, because, if I lived in Massachusetts, I would be for Governor Calvin Coolidge for president. You know I do not take any stock in the maintenance of sectional lines in American politics. A republican from any state in the union is good enough to be president of the United States.

I am a believer in government through political parties, and I do not know but that on that account, inasmuch as woman suffrage is about to be effective, I ought to address the ladies who honor us with their presence. I never speak of suffrage as an issue, because that is settled. But women are going to vote, and I want to say to these ladies that I do not want ever to be disappointed that I voted for suffrage. Politics is the science of government, and American politics ought to be just as clean as are the activities of church and school, and if it is not, you women must come in and help us to make it clean. Come into the political parties and get the viewpoint of and association with men. You will like it best in the republican party. I promise you that. But come into the parties and play the part, because it was the foundation of the fathers that ours should be a government through political parties.

Dictation on the League.

You have listened to the full expose by Senator Lenroot on the league of nations. There would not be any trouble about the league of nations if it were not for the personal dictation of the president—"my will or none." I think the sentiment of America is largely in favor of a considerable co-operation and participation on the part of the United States in a new international relationship which shall tend to promote and preserve the peace of the world. I would not have America hold aloof. But that is quite another thing from the president's idea of a super-government of the world. I do not believe a historian ought to be a maker of history. He gets a perverted viewpoint.

In the American constitution was made the first provision in the world for the upper house, which was to stand between the executive and the representative body in the making of foreign relations, and that provision saved the United States of America, because the president, in his pursuit of the dream of an ideal, when he was thinking more of Mr. Wilson's page in history than of the good of the United States, proposed to merge us in a super-government. Then he came back and told the senate that if it did not accept, it would break the heart of the world. I'm a terribly sympathetic man myself, but I would rather break the heart of the world than destroy the soul of the United States of America. You owe it to the dominant group in the senate that you have American independence tonight. When the Shantung provision came to the senate I voted to send it back and correct it. When the provision came to give Great Britain six votes to one for the United States, I voted to send that back and correct it. I did this, not because I am an irreconcilable, but because the league of nations will never amount to the paper it is written on until it is correct. I have no antipathies to Great Britain; let her have her six votes, but give something to the United States.

Protect Americans Abroad.

I do not want to discuss foreign relations. If we are insistent on spending our time on foreign relations, we can find something to engage our attention right here at home. There is Mexico, for example. I think and believe that maybe right-ousness is asserting itself in Mexico, but whether it does or not, I would rather light the torch of American righteousness to point the way to that unfortunate people, than risk contamination for this republic in the affairs of the old world. I think we ought to have an understanding with Mexico. I don't want to live in a republic that does not protect its citizenship. I should think an American president could go to Mexico and say: "Look here, neighbor. We are neighbors. Do you want American capital, American genius, American management, American industry, to help you to develop your boundless industries? We are neighbors and friends. All we want with you is an understanding about the protection of American lives and property in your republic, and then, by the eternal, you keep that understanding!" There would not be any war, but it would need more watchfulness and less waiting.

Maximum Production the Cue.

Nothing is more vital to this republic today than clear and intelligent understanding. Men must understand one another, and government and men must understand each other. There can be no disguising truth. Speak it plainly. No people ever recovered from the distressing waste of war except through work and denial. There is no other way. We shall make no recovery in seeking how little men can do; our restoration lies in doing the most which is reasonably possible for individuals to do. Under-production and hateful profiteering are both morally criminal, and must be combated. America cannot be content with minimums of production today. The crying need is maximums. If we may have maximums of production we shall have minimums of cost, and profiteering will be speeded to its deserved punishment. Humanity needs renewed consecrations to what we call fellow citizenship.

One of the inevitable inheritances of the war is high wages. I think they are going to abide, and shall rejoice that they do, but only on the condition that the American wage-earner gives high efficiency for the high wages paid. Out of the supreme tragedy must come a new order and a higher order, and I gladly acclaim it. But war has not abolished work, has not established the processes of seizure or the rule of physical might. There is no new appraisal for the supremacy of law. That is a thing surpassing and eternal.

Get Back Into Our Normal Stride.

My best judgment of America's needs is to steady down, to get squarely on our feet, to make sure of the right path. Let's get out of the fevered delirium of war, with the hallucination that all the money in the world is to be made in the madness of war and the wildness of its aftermath. Let us stop to consider that tranquillity at home is more precious than peace abroad, and that both our good fortune and our eminence are dependent on the normal forward stride of all the American people. Nothing is so imperative today as efficient production and efficient transportation, to adjust the balances in our own transactions and to hold our high place in the activities of the world. It is utter folly to talk about reduced cost of living without restored and increased efficiency of production on the one hand and more prudent consumption on the other.

There must be the conscience of capital in curbing profiteering; there must be the conscience of labor in efficiently producing; there must be a public conscience in restricting outlay and promoting thrift. Sober capital must make appeal to intoxicated wealth, and thoughtful labor must appeal to the radical who has no thought of the morrow, to effect the needed understanding. We ought to dwell in the heights of good fortune for a generation to come, and I pray that we will, but we need a benediction of wholesome common sense to give us that assurance.

If I could offer a prayer tonight for this republic of ours, I would ask God Almighty to make us a simple-living people. We are living now like drunken sailors without a thought of America, and without any consideration of our problems.

I wish we had the gospel of thrift preached. I pray for sober thinking in behalf of the future of America. No worth-while republic ever went the tragic way to destruction which did not begin the downward course through luxury of life and extravagance of living. More, the simple-minded and thrifty people will be the first to recover from war's waste and all its burdens. Take home this prediction with you, that Germany, because of the simple living and thrift of her people, and despite her heavier burdens because of war indemnities, will probably be the first to make the recovery.

American Industry Must Excel.

I believe most cordially in the home market for the American product. There is no other way to assure our prosperity. I rejoice in our normal capacity to consume, our rational, healthful consumption. I delight to think of America as the largest producer in the world, but I have a higher ambition than that. I want American shops and farms to produce the best in the world.

If one went out today on the stump to talk the gospel of protection for American industries he would have a scant hearing. Yet before the year is past there will be a call for the good old American protection like that of 1896. There is not any way in the world for war-worn and bankrupt nations to restore themselves except by going to work in production, and they ought to do it instead of trying to borrow money from Uncle Sam. When the world restores normal production it is going to seek the American market, and you will have a new order to face then.

Railroad Law Is Progressive.

I do not favor the putting of the blighting hand of government ownership on any enterprise in this republic. When we handed the railways back, the United States senate took the most forward and progressive step in legislation ever recorded, first by putting a limitation on capital issue, so that there could no longer be exploitation in financing—putting a limitation on the amount capital could earn, and then a limitation on the sums the railroads could charge for services. Then, though it is not a law, the senate had the courage to establish a government agency for fixing wages, because wages are the chief cost of operation. It did not prevent collective bargaining; it facilitated it. I would rather contribute to the industrial peace of the United States of America than be sponsor for international peace throughout the world.

Preach the American Gospel.

We need in America at this instant a preachment on the real value of the American constitution. We talk about Americanism and the menace to this republic from the foreigner. No, my countrymen, not that. Let us not blame the foreigner. Let us look at ourselves in the glass and see where we have been remiss. You captains of industry have your responsibility, because in the eagerness for man power you have called the sons of the old world into American activities, and have thought of them only as a part of the great American machine of industry, without due concern for their relation to citizenship, and you do not extend the hand of fellowship, and do not take them into your fraternity. You have left them to the agitator and disturber, to the anarchist and radical socialist. Don't you think that in this republic, with all its inheritance, we ought to teach the ideals of American citizenship?

All you need to do to combat radical tendencies is to preach the gospel of the American constitution and teach what comes through American citizenship.

I like to think that we in the United States of America have come nearer to establishing dependable popular government than any people in the world. Let us cling to the things which made us what we are. We are eminent in the world, and self-respecting as no other people are. Yet America has just begun. It is only dawning in our national life. I believe there is a destiny for this republic; that we are called to the inheritance, and are going on to its fulfillment. Let us have our faces to the front. Let us cling fast to the inheritance which is ours, never fearing the enemy from without, but watching the enemies from within and move on to the fulfillment of a splendid destiny.

In Other Days.

Twenty-five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of June 25, 1895.

Bids were opened yesterday on Portland's $200,000 of bridge bonds and they were sold to Cushman, Fisher & Co., Boston, at a premium of $31,300.

Portland Christian Endeavorers held a big mass meeting last night, at which plans were laid to land the International Endeavor sessions for next year.