Morning Oregonian

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THE CENSUS OF OREGON.

In rate of increase, the population of Oregon, as just revealed by the census bureau, more than keeps pace with that of the nation as a whole. It is a subject for pride, and also for reflection. That it constitutes the smallest increase in a decade recorded since the first census was taken, in 1860, is less significant as to Oregon in particular than it is in its relation to the nation as a whole; it indicates, perhaps, that the American spirit of adventure has been diverted into new channels, that people now seek new lines of enterprise where formerly they moved to new homes, that ceasing to be a wilderness Oregon has lost its attraction for those who want to begin life all over again. But the figures show more than that. They indicate a disquieting continuance of the drift toward the cities by comparison with the rural regions. Folks are no longer, in the larger sense, seeking locations in the great outdoor spaces; when they want to move they hunt up a town. The westward movement has been stayed by the drift cityward.

Thus, in Oregon itself, while the state has grown in population some 16.4 per cent, Multnomah county, of which Portland is the county seat, has increased 21.9 per cent, but Portland, the chief city of the state, in the same period has increased from 207,214 to 258,288, or 24.6 per cent. Nearly half of the total increase for the entire state is accounted for by the growth of Portland alone. Other towns in Oregon meanwhile have been growing, also in disproportionate ratio to the state increase. Not even our widely advertised resources of farm and orchard have served to check the trend. The motives that inspire people who come west are evidently far different from those behind the immigrant movement that began about three-quarters of a century ago.

The whole state had a population of 52,465 in 1860. Population increased by leaps and bounds in the three succeeding decades, by 90 per cent as shown by the census of 1870, 93 per cent in 1880, and 80 per cent in 1890. It was about this time that students of economics began to observe a decline in agricultural population in excess of that which could be accounted for by larger use of machinery on the farms. The state gained only 32 per cent between 1890 and 1900, while in the same decade the increase for Portland was 98 per cent. In the decade between 1900 and 1910 the state made a gain of only 38 per cent, while the city of Portland advanced 129 per cent. Now the disproportion for the 1910-1920 period, while not so striking as in either of the two preceding decades, must be studied in connection with the same drift that is further emphasized by the prediction of census officials that the center of population of the entire United States will be shown to have moved in an easterly direction for the first time since the United States became a nation.

We frankly wish that it might be otherwise. If instead of an increase of 16.4 per cent for the state and of 24.6 per cent for the city there had been an increase of 24.6 per cent for the city and, say, 40 per cent for the state, a more satisfactory situation would be revealed. For it cannot have escaped attention that the out-of-town resources of Oregon are highly alluring, that farms and orchards and berry patches, actual and potential, are among our most profitable and otherwise pleasing attractions, and that along with our urban industries we have warrant for our ambition to become an important factor in the feeding of the world. But it is necessary, as has been suggested, to consider the figures in a national sense; and it is impressed on us that the evil is not merely local, but has a national application; and also that we shall look in vain for a change until there has been a transformation of the spirit of the people of the whole country.

PONZI'S JOKE ON THE BUREAUCRATS

Charles Ponzi has been guilty of the unpardonable sin in the eyes of bureaucrats—he has exposed them to ridicule before the whole world. The world has needed a good laugh in these late tragic years, and Ponzi has given it. He is a financial freak, for he has made millions, yet nobody can say that anybody is poorer for his having made them, nor can anyone say whence they came. They might as well have come out of the sky.

He has simply taken advantage of the difference between normal and present rates of exchange and of the arrangements of the international postal union for conversion of dollars into the currency of European countries. European currencies have fallen far below normal, but the postal union has kept its rates rigid instead of following the market. By juggling funds to and fro between America and Europe he has given bureaucrats a lesson in the danger of not following the rules of business. He found a great flaw in its infallible system and he has pulled millions through that hole.

That enraged Postmaster-General Burleson, and he began a search for fraud. It aroused the suspicion of Massachusetts, and that state suspected fraud, because it could not understand how Ponzi could keep his promises. He obtained money for his operations by promising 50 per cent profit at the end of ninety days. But Ponzi has disposed of suspicion of fraud by paying all notes on demand, with profit on those which had matured. He throws his books open to investigators, who so far have found nothing against him, and the only secret that he keeps is the manner in which he manipulates postal union coupons.

The result of the efforts to prove Ponzi a fraud is so far to inspire confidence in him and to give him an amount of advertising which his entire fortune probably could not buy. He is still free to operate for some time, for the international postal union will not meet till some time in October to cure the flaw in its system. During the interval Mr. Burleson and all the postmasters-general of all the countries may rack their brains to discover who loses the money that Ponzi makes.

AN AMBIGUOUS ASSURANCE.

What might be styled an ambiguous assurance was that given by Governor Cox to the democratic picnickers at Dayton the other day. A clever man is the governor, wholly aside from mere astuteness in economic discussions, for who but the cleverest of them all would have thought of warily emptying the promise ere it was pledged? "I will bring back the standard to you as clean as it was given me," he assured the applauding faithful. When it was given to him in San Francisco, as all the world knows, it stank most redolently of lager beer and sour wine.

It is among the possibilities that the democratic nominee's speech of acceptance tomorrow will clear away this fog of incertitude, of rhetorical play, that hovers now about his candidacy like the miasmic breathings of a brewery. It may be that somewhere in the trenchant ten columns of that epic address he will wring the standard dry and persuade us that liquor is not an issue—the issue—of his campaign. Even though he attains this rhetorical objective, to the satisfaction of himself and his more gullible partisans, the public will not forget that the rejuvenated liquor interests have pledged themselves to the loyal support of his cause, and that many a thirsty throat is titillating in anticipatory delight.

Joseph H. Buckridge, secretary of the New Jersey federation of liquor interests, has made it known that the combined strength of that optimistic organization will be rallied beneath the "clean standard" that Cox captured at the San Francisco convention. If this were not sufficient evidence, there is the governor's own happy vein of chatter, wherein he refers to his adherents as "the boys." Almost any day we may expect to discover that a lofty enthusiasm has forced upon Governor Cox and his cause the fine old campaign song of "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!"

WITH THE BAD BOYS OF POLITICS.

Why this dour and doleful surprise on the part of dissatisfied leaders of the farmer-labor party, when they stumble upon the discovery that their paragon of political childhood has been playing with the I. W. W. bad boys? Everyone else knew it long ago, and though the resignation of the two party leaders in Utah reflects credit upon their sound and sane Americanism they are not at all entitled to plume themselves for perspicacity. They have charged that the I. W. W. seek control of the infantile political entity, that the hidden hand of desperate radicalism guides its destinies, and they are bitter in their upbraidings of the deceit which cloaks this purpose.

It would seem that such notable deflections from the banner of the new crusade, by men who unquestionably acted upon reliable and alarming information, must have its influence upon the miscellaneous membership. Though the virus of violent and anti-patriotic principles poisons the spring at its source, there are many misled but conscientious idealists among the thirsty. These, knowingly, should not drink contamination.

"We want to take the laborer, the man who works every day and crawls home every night with no interest in life, and inspire him with the spirit of adventure," orated Perley P. Christenson, presidential candidate of the farmer-labor party in a recent New York interview.

What spirit of adventure is this of which Perley prates? The spirit of adventure so malignly manifest at Everett and in Centralia? The pervasive lust for a class war with bullets rather than ballots? What touching solicitude is his for the weary workingman, that it should move him to depict a cheerless entrance to a dreary cottage? It is the old melodrama of rant, without thought or logic, or aught save an appeal to prejudice and hate. The individual members of labor, if such demagogic promptings do not move them to spurious self pity, know better than all others that the farmer-labor candidate has falsified conditions. They are far more accustomed to ride to their own homes in their own cars, at the close of a well-paid short-hour day, than to make the lugubrious exit he provides for them.

The dissenting leaders of the party, who have published their opinions and their desertion, charge that Christenson "has sacrificed his integrity to the labor unions and the I. W. W.," and that the furtive, vulpine plotting of the revolutionists is the impulse of the organization. Decidedly they relegate the unions to evil company, but in so heterogeneous a collection of political scamps one might have known that he would rub elbows with treason. It may be that the deserting brethren will illuminate their accusations with the facts they have assembled. These will serve merely to confirm belief, for Christenson himself is talking from the plane of the soap-box.

The estimate that increase in excess baggage rates provided for in the new railroad rate schedules will cost the public $1,400,000 a year is no doubt made without reference to possibilities in the way of cutting down excess baggage transportation. The charge is almost as much a penalty designed to discourage the practice as a means of adding to revenue, and there will be no great sorrow if the increase stimulates travelers to get along with less impedimenta. Present allowance of free baggage on railroads in the United States is greatly in excess of that in other countries, and is sufficient for the needs of most of us, and experts are agreed that a good proportion of excess baggage carried by ordinary travelers could be dispensed with. The burden will be felt, however, by traveling salesmen and purveyors of amusement, who presumably, even under former rates, are not exceeding the free limit merely for the fun of the thing.

PASSENGER STEAMSHIPS TO HOLLAND

The steamship line from Holland to Portland marks a great step in the shipping of this port, because it is not only the first foreign line to northern Europe established since the war but it is our first passenger line established to any foreign ports. It is the beginning of direct travel between Europe and Portland through the Panama canal, it will open trade with Belgium, Germany and Luxemburg as well as Holland, and many immigrants from those countries may be expected to come to the Pacific coast.

Decision was reached to send the ships to this port after the agents had canvassed the opportunities of other Pacific ports, where they no doubt heard all that could be said in disparagement of Portland. There are no cooler business men than the Dutch, and their verdict is strong testimony to the merits of this port from the strictly business viewpoint of traffic opportunities. The position of Portland as the natural outlet for all products of the Columbia river basin had much influence, for Holland imports phosphates and this port was found to be the export point for the phosphate mines of Paris, Idaho. The new line is thus in part the result of successful efforts to secure just freight rates on phosphates and to provide facilities for shipping them.

The fact that the Dutch steamers will carry passengers directly between this port and Europe is also a defeat for the hostile combination which has done its utmost to prevent us from securing passenger service. When it finds that a foreign company is carrying passengers, the shipping board may show greater disposition to allocate American passenger ships to Portland. If the board should continue to hold off, its hesitation may be overcome by other lines, which are likely to compete with the Holland-American.

Ships have come to Portland because we have the traffic and the facilities to handle it. This year we only see the beginning, for more will come every year if we make more business for them and if we keep the facilities at least one step ahead of the needs.

CHURCH UNION AND MISSIONARIES.

It is perplexing, of course, to an alien who professes another religion than our own, and whom we are seeking to proselyte, to discover that we couch our religious philosophy in more than a hundred tongues. The petition which has been circulated recently among Protestant missionaries in China, asking for "one Protestant church" in that country, makes vocal the puzzlement that long has existed in the Orient over that which has ceased to attract attention in this country only because it is so common. We know that most of the differences between creeds are minor ones, which do not affect the vital teachings of Christianity, but we do not make allowance for the bewilderment of the stranger, who is asked to choose between them but who does not have guidance of family associations and other considerations familiar to us in determining his doctrinal preferences.

This much, and a good deal more, was sound in the ambitious plan of the Interchurch World Federation, which collapsed the other day but which has some prospect of being revived on a more enduring foundation. Whatever may be said of the error of assuming that anything could be accomplished so long as funds were contributed generously enough, there was a great deal to commend the scheme to discover the elements in common to all the denominations and to put them to the fore, although at the same time reserving the individual initiative of organizations already in existence and fostering the spirit of emulation such as is helpful to any cause. The great misfortune of the setback which the movement has received is that it is likely to be regarded as a blow to the larger principles sought to be advanced, whereas it probably was due chiefly to executive mismanagement and to undue emphasis on the money end of the campaign.

The petition of the Chinese missionaries contains a larger moral for those who care to seek for it. In their attitude toward the church and toward religion, large numbers of people in our own country are as much heathen as any oriental. They have, in other words, failed to accept the truths which the churches have to offer them, and their reasons for holding aloof are very much the same as those of the Chinese. How shall the open-minded stranger decide among them, when they are not able to agree among themselves?

Because the missionary field is relatively a new field, the denominations have an opportunity to get together in it, which may not be humanly practical in the domestic situation. It seems to be conceded that the country is not ready to accept the "one big church," even were this desirable; but it also is admitted that overchurched communities are a menace to advancement at home as well as abroad, and if union of foreign missionary endeavor is accomplished, it ought to point the way to some practical scheme of avoiding the excessive duplication and reduplication with which we are constantly disadvantaged at home. Stranger things have happened than that the ultra-denominationalists should go abroad to find out the truth about themselves.

IS PROGRESS A DELUSION?

Dean Inge of St. Paul's, London, who recently delivered the Romanes lecture at Oxford, set forth the popular belief that progress is not a task for humanity but a law of nature. He declared that the deepest thought in antiquity was that "progress and retrogression are only the incoming and outgoing tides in an unchanging sea." In the middle ages there was little talk of progress and the belief was not encouraged that the world is steadily improving, or even capable of being improved. Western Europe began in the eighteenth century to dream of a millennium ushered in by reason, and the nineteenth century regarded progress as "that kind of improvement which can be measured by statistics."

The facts assembled by the dean in support of his pessimistic philosophy have the familiar ring. Physically, the race has made no progress in thousands of years. Mentally it could not be shown that we of the present are the equals of the Athenians or the superiors of the Romans. Moral improvement is more difficult to gauge, but the dean rings a familiar bell with the introduction of the late war as proof that we are not less brutal or more humane than were the ancients. Astronomy holds that our planet must come to an end and that the life of the human race is a "brief episode even in the brief life of a planet," while it is "no more than an assumption that the domination of earth by men is a desirable thing."

It is possible so to "reason for the sake of a doubt," as judges say when instructing juries in the law of evidence, that nothing but doubt remains as the result of reasoning. It reminds us of those philosophical hair-splitters who begin by contending that there is no such thing as knowledge, or if there is such a thing it is impossible for us to know of it, and upon this flimsy structure build a science which they call by the imposing name of epistemology. The dean himself would admit that the accumulated experience of mankind is of great value, but he would deny that this constitutes real progress in human nature itself. For the idea that there may be an infinite number of finite purposes in the scheme of the universe—one of which might be that mankind should perform a conscious function in the working out of its own evolution—he would substitute the notion that we are only beguiling ourselves when we suppose that men are rewarded, here or hereafter, according to their deserts and in proportion to development of character.

There are opinions which, while we may not assent to them, are worth dissecting as a mental and moral exercise. Few, unless they are congenitally pessimistic, will believe that the human race ought to be hastily condemned even on the evidence of a world war, unless the conflict be judged in all its phases, or that moderns can be justly compared with ancients by an inadequate measure which takes account only of the evil and ignores the good. It would not be impossible for a more hopeful and ingenious philosopher than the dean to make out a case for moral progress from the war in question. It will not have escaped the attention of the dean, to suggest an obvious instance, that it was the first great war in history in which the chief belligerents regarded it as worth while to try to justify themselves before the moral conscience of the world. That the efforts of some of them were pitifully inadequate is unimportant beside the fact that moral support was admitted to be necessary to the success of a cause in arms.

To deny all human progress is to deny that hope was implanted in the breasts of men as the distinguishing characteristic of the race. That hope itself, which the ancients dismissed as a fraud, should be esteemed by moderns as a virtue will be regarded by the more optimistic as a sign of progress in itself. But in particular we would commend to the philosophically inclined the thesis that progress can be proved on the basis of a myriad of facts.

December 21 has been proclaimed a quasi holiday to honor the landing of the Pilgrims. As descendants of those who came on the Mayflower are not numerous enough to make a showing, those who can run a line to the wheelbarrow limited will be allowed to join.

D. E. Burley, who died in Salt Lake Monday, for years general passenger agent of the Oregon Short Line, probably was the best-known man in the inter-mountain country. He did a lot for his territory, especially Idaho, in the way of general improvement.

The newly organized "Camels" are to hold their first meeting in Portland. We trust they will not neglect to honor the man who testified before the city council Wednesday that he drank as many as 100 glasses of hard cider in a day.

The bolsheviki have regained the river Bug, which they lost to the Poles last spring. Premier Pilsudski might have known no bolshevik could rest easy so long as a stream of such significant name was in enemy hands.

The stranger who accepts invitation to a hotel room to have a drink and is robbed is particeps criminis, caveat emptor and all the rest of the Latin phrases in the back of the dictionary and has no "kick" coming.

Another case in court again shows an aged person should hold the lines on property and not deed it to children in a mistaken notion. There are exceptions, to be sure, but they prove the soundness of the advice.

Wilson's condition is hinted in the news. The later Roosevelt took tea with Mrs. Wilson, but could not see the president. The man who should be acting president is with us today and his name is Marshall.

The town marshal at Dallas has arrested a man on a charge of insanity for saying that, with the high cost of living what it is, one has to eat grasses and dandelions to exist. What do they mean, insane?

The navy skipper who, as governor of Guam, prohibited whistling under penalty of $5 fine, has been relieved of his command. Now and then a Prussian gets into the service in spite of everything.

Ponzi continues business at the old stand and some new ones, despite efforts of the minions of the law to put him out. His case is remarkable in that he can have no imitators.

The fellow who speculated in street-car tickets a month or more ago should be uneasy while the big roads settle the unsold ticket matter, pending the rise.

A woman would be governor of Washington and seeks the republican nomination. Women know where to turn for recognition.

One would think that some of these governments would try to get Ponzi to help them pay off their war debts.

"Wilson is worry to both parties," says a headline. To say nothing of the country and the world.

See that highway, Mr. Marshall? That's typical of Oregon—safe, sound, solid and certain.

The drop of 80 cents in flour ought to shade the loaf at least a cent.

Oregon, 783,285, and it's time some people speeded up.

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE TIMES

Lutheran Pastor Finds Abundance of Humor in the Bible.

Answering the question "Is there any humor in the Bible?" Dr. George W. Englar, pastor of the Bethany Lutheran church in Pittsburg, Pa., writes in the Pittsburg Dispatch:

The Bible has between its covers the finest strains of poetry, the most memorable deeds of history, the profoundest teachings of philosophy, the most impressive experiences of personal biography, the loftiest principles of morality.

And so far as I know, I never stand anywhere in my daily experience but I see where the feet of men mentioned in the Bible have stood there before me. There are coffins and cradles in the Bible. There are glories and glooms in the Bible. There are far ascents and deep descents in the Bible. And when I put my ear to it I hear universal man as he sobs and sings and sighs and swears and supplicates. It is man's book.

There is mystery and comedy and tragedy in that book. There is nothing happened in your life but it is in that book. There is nothing you ever did or thought but it is there in the book. And it is not only a record of yesterday, but a description of today and a prophecy of tomorrow.

And there is humor in it, too. Who can read, for instance, the forty-sixth chapter of Isaiah without seeing the irony there? It is the description of the making of an idol. "The people lavish their gold and hire a goldsmith who maketh it into a god. They bear it upon their shoulders. They carry it and set it in its place and it standeth. From its place it shall not remove. They cry unto it, but it cannot answer."

Or witness that contest on Mount Carmel: "And Elijah said unto the prophets of Baal, 'Choose you one bullock for yourselves and dress it and call on the name of your god.' And they took the bullock and dressed it and called on the name of Baal from morning until noon, saying, 'Oh, Baal, hear us.' And it came to pass at noon that Elijah said, 'Cry aloud; maybe he is musing or peradventure he sleepeth.'" Think you there is no humor in these lines?

Or come to the New Testament. Two men are wending their way to the temple. The one is a Pharisee and the other is a Publican. "The Pharisee stands and prays thus with himself. . . ." "Part of him is praying and part is listening." I have an idea that God in the heavens laughs at the preposterous absurdity—"Man measuring himself against the infinite!"

The wonder is not that I find humor in the book that is intended for universal man, but the wonder, in my mind, is that so few read and know of such a wonderful book.

It charms me like the dawn, like the singing of birds in the springtime, like the blossom of the trillium in the shady places in the woods, like the laugh of a child, like the sons of women. Above all, as Coleridge said, "It finds me" in all the moods and experiences of life.

* * *

Everybody worships the rose. If a man or woman has anything at all growing out of the ground, he or she is pretty sure to have begun with a rose bush. The walk to the multimillionaire's palace is lined with roses, and the poor negro squatter's shack is embowered in them. The noblest of flowers is also the most democratic. The rose is the emblem of the most sacred thing in the world, which is womanhood. The Irish peasant, yearning toward his peasant sweetheart, sings, "Rose o' the world, I love ye!" and the poet says, "Love is like a lovely rose, the world's delight." The budding rose is the type and embodiment, too, of life, of youth, of hope; yet when the loved one is dead, what then?

Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew!

That we are companioned from birth to death by the rose, and by it followed to the grave, is after all the finest proof that we have that the world is good. In bereavement the "white rose of weary leaf" comforts us, and in joy the red rose is the spirit of a blessed infinity made flesh and laid upon our cheek. There is a rose for every sorrow, every joy, every mood, every passion known to the human soul.—Boston Transcript.

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He was just a dog, a black and tan cur with tattered ears and no pedigree. He didn't even have a regular name, answering to the general appellation of "Pup." But he died as a hero when his master's car was burned on a road seven miles from the city. Pup was left in the car while his master went away on an errand, and admonished to remain in the machine. Pup remained. Even when the flames started by a leaking gasoline tank in the battered Ford began to scorch his paws and singe his hair, he stuck to his post.

When the smoke fumes blinded his eyes and choked his yelps for assistance he hung grimly on. He met the most glorious death that can come to a dog—that of making the supreme sacrifice in the service of a beloved master. A charred and stiffened figure surmounting the ruined car was all that met the master's gaze when he returned. He was only a dog, a black and tan cur with tattered ears and no pedigree.—Richmond (Va.) Evening News.

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turned up in the shape of a letter of instructions sent in the pony express days by a merchant in St. Louis to his agent in San Francisco. This letter has reference to the disposal of a lot of goods that were shipped by way of Cape Horn and, although it contained several thousand words and a copy of an invoice, it was written on just two sheets of paper.

The paper itself is a sort of tough, opaque tissue, very thin and slight. When folded the letter slips easily into an envelope three inches wide.

The reason why this communication was prepared in such a peculiar way lies in the stamp attached, one of the old "pony express" series, with a design of a man on horseback spurring at a gallop across the plains. We all know, of course, that the Pacific mail of that period was carried by relay riders, but few of the present generation have any idea of the great pains that were taken to reduce its weight to a minimum. The letters were stored in little flat pouches under the flaps of the saddle and they were usually written on a specially prepared tissue. The one referred to must have occupied an expert clerk several days, for the penmanship is minute. It is, however, beautifully executed, clear and legible.—Indianapolis News.

Those Who Come and Go.

"Some claim that whisky keeps you young, while others put their faith in tobacco, but I've managed to hold my own pretty well in spite of the fact that I never used the former and gave up the latter after using it for 20 years," declares G. W. Barrows, who is spending a couple of months in Portland taking it easy, after the strenuous work of managing the Barrows Furniture company at Phoenix, Ariz. Barrows looks about 51 years old from the front view and a little less from the side, but he has passed his 72d milestone, is a veteran of the Civil war, and can remember when there wasn't a railroad west of the Mississippi and when Chicago didn't have a paved street to its name. "Several dozen years ago I used to be greatly interested in flying, and I am glad I have lived to see it a reality," he said. "I haven't taken a trip in an airplane yet, but I expect I shall one of these days. I am getting a trifle more cautious now that I am getting along toward middle age, however, than I used to be when I was young."

Salmon are not entering the river because they are being scared by the purse seines, according to Astorians in Portland. About 140 boats with purse seines are operating outside of the three-mile limit and they are making catches which are ruinous to the commercial fishing industry, because the purses catch everything from crabs and salmon weighing a pound or two up to the largest size salmon. One boat caught four and a half tons of fish, which means 9000 pounds. There is a law against purse seines, but the law does not extend beyond the three-mile limit. The fish in the river have fallen off and comparatively few are being caught because of the operations of the purse seines off the mouth of the Columbia. As one Astorian put it, the purse seines are killing the goose that lays the golden egg.

For 16 years E. J. Kelly has been coming to Portland and he is one of the veterans among the press agents, although he doesn't like the idea of being referred to as a veteran, because he still wears his own hair, and it isn't white. Mr. Kelly, who is now piloting "Linger Longer, Lettie," says that the show business is good, even if it is summer, and points to $80,000 receipts in San Francisco in the engagement there. "The main spenders for theatrical amusement today," declared Mr. Kelly at the Hotel Portland, "are people who in the past rarely went to shows because they could not afford to. They patronized motion pictures and now they want something more expensive, and the price of a ticket is no object."

"There's nothing to it," declares Fred Stanley of Deschutes, discussing the recent damage suit filed by the government against the Grand Ronde Lumber company for some $600,000. In the complaint filed in the federal court Mr. Stanley is mentioned as one of a group of alleged conspirators who took up land and turned it in to the lumber company. "I sold out of the lumber company in 1902," explained Mr. Stanley. "The company started with a nucleus of 6000 acres and had about 20,000 acres when the property was disposed of in 1902. I took land, paid for it, and later sold it to the company, which was all regular and customary. This was 'way back in 1887 or thereabouts."

Big capital is crowding out the smaller merchants in London and if you want to go in business there the only way to get by is to have entree to a few bank vaults and gold mines, says "Jimmie" Dunn, Portland clothier, who has just returned from a visit of four months in London and other parts of his homeland. Politically the talkings of Britons is nothing but the Irish question, he says. English morals are not just what they ought to be, but this is due to post-war conditions, which will right themselves in time.

"Machines are using McKenzie pass for the road is open and there is plenty of travel," said R. S. Watts, as he registered at the Multnomah yesterday. Mr. Watts is an engineer on some road construction on the McKenzie and his headquarters are at Blue river. The forestry people intends letting a contract in a few weeks for graveling many miles of the highway from Blue river and grading the worst part of Dead Horse hill.

"Every cottage from Tillamook to Wheeler is occupied and the Tillamook beach has developed into the most popular resort in the northwest," declares George W. Kiger, who registered at the Hotel Portland from the cheese metropolis. "There are not enough cottages to accommodate all who want to go to the beach in our county, although a number of small cottages and bungalows have been built this spring and some are even now in course of construction."

Married in Astoria Wednesday night, Mr. and Mrs. Glover Utzinger came to the Hotel Portland yesterday and will take a wedding trip to Alaska. The reservation at the Hotel Portland was made many weeks ago, and the trip to Alaska was all carefully planned out with system, because the bridegroom is assistant cashier in the Astoria National bank.

Malin just escapes being in California, it is so near the line in Klamath county, Oregon. Andrew Johnson landed at the Perkins from Malin yesterday. The town isn't very big, for by a stretch of the imagination about 50 people can be counted as the population, and a sawmill is one of the main industries of the settlement.

He has a poetic name but a most prosaic job. He is Ralph Waldo Emerson of Washington, D. C., and he's assistant director of the war risk insurance department of the federal government. Mr. Emerson, a descendant of the noted American poet, is in Portland on government business.

Frank S. Grant has left for the east to attend the national meeting of the Knights of Pythias, and when he is through with that gathering he will proceed to Chicago to attend the congress of fraternal societies.

G. L. Mitchell, of Echo, is at the Imperial with W. W. Howell, of Rock Island, Ill., and Mr. Howell is being given a liberal education in the irrigation problem of the west, by Mr. Mitchell.

Otto C. Ulrich, a merchant of Connell, Wash., is registered at the Perkins. Mr. Ulrich is a buyer and is here to give orders, and decided not to wait until buyers' week, which starts next Monday.

M. A. Kelly, who lives in Duluth, Minn., but who is interested in Oregon timber lands, is registered at the Hotel Portland. Mr. Kelly is here to attend to routine business.

Professor G. E. Barnett, who specializes in economics at the Johns Hopkins university, is in town for a few days and is registered at the Multnomah.

W. H. Lytle, state veterinarian, is registered at the Imperial. He is attending the meeting of veterinarians of Oregon and Washington.

SAYETH THE OREGON EDITOR

Dallas Will Cling to Its Name Against All Opposition.

Polk County Itemizer.

The Itemizer is unalterably opposed to the change of the name of Dallas, no matter from what source or for what purpose the suggestion originates. Admitting that something should be done to eliminate the confusion that results from the similarity of the names Dallas and The Dalles, and the resulting inconvenience to citizens of both towns, we contend that there is just as much historical reason why the name of our city shall be preserved as that of the city up the Columbia. The whole matter could be settled, and no historical sentiment lost, if the other town would revert to its original name, Fort Dalles.

Tillamook's Road Work.

Oregon City Enterprise.

Whenever a road commences to show signs of going to pieces in Tillamook county, a crew is sent out, a scarifier tears up the surface to a depth of about four inches, the grader follows along and smooths the highway, the ditcher takes care of the drainage and finally the roller packs the surface down and the county has a new road, without the cost of a dollar for new material, and at an expense of the wages of a few men, plus the investment in the machines. As a result thousands of people tour into and through that county, spending their money for the necessaries of life, leaving in Tillamook county millions of dollars annually.

Law That Works Hardship.

Port Orford Tribune.

We believe that the settlers who are undergoing the inconveniences, and oftentimes hardships, of developing a new country are entitled to the benefit of its natural resources. Such resources should, of course, be conserved, but, for instance, there are better ways of conserving our deer than by convicting every settler who provides meat for his family by killing a buck out of season, and to call all such settlers thieves is an unwarranted accusation that slurs many men whose honesty and integrity are above question.

Enough Trouble at Home.

Union Republican.

The Republican doubts if any man can be elected to the presidency of the United States upon the league of nations platform, no matter how good a man he may be. The American people have had about all they desire of foreign wars with the attendant sacrifice of life and disorganized business conditions. There is a growing belief that America will have about all it can do to attend strictly to the affairs of its own country, without going abroad after trouble.

Five Fat Years Gone.

Silver Lake Leader.

Work is still plentiful and wages are still high, and anyone can save if they desire. Five years as spenders has spoiled them as savers—and saving is the only thing that will drive the wolf from the door when it begins to howl. They are enjoying life to the full today, but tomorrow may witness the dead leaves of opportunity falling around them.

Young Dog Tray.

Bend Press.

Because the editor of this paper was appointed on the affirmative side of a debate in which the Non-Partisan league figured in a private club in this city some time ago—and in order to secure material was compelled to communicate with the headquarters of that organization—his name is now being listed with 57 other varieties on a sheet sent out by the league as "parties interested in Non-Partisan league in the state of Oregon."

His Good Term Deserves Another.

La Grande Observer.

The Observer has no voice in the affairs of the city of Portland, but we arise to second the motion that George Baker be drafted to serve another term as mayor of the metropolis. Mr. Baker is 100 per cent mayor. He has the qualifications and lately he has had the support of Portland as a city to put through his plans and ideas, all of which are good.

The Cow's Joy Ride.

Harrisburg Bulletin.

While removing a cow from Rowland to his home place, J. M. Hochdanner made a mess of the job. He rigged up a trailer and loaded the cow half on the trailer and half on the auto. In rounding a corner the rack toppled over and the poor cow went with it. When the ropes were unwound the incident was termed simply a good joke on the cow. She wasn't hurt a bit. But she wouldn't stand for any more joy rides.

Asleep at the Wheel.

Scio Tribune.

Turning an auto into a sleeping car is not exactly a new idea, but to go to sleep at the wheel while on the highway is unusual. Friday night a car bearing license 36922 was seen by passersby in the middle of the road on the east side of Thomas creek with the young woman occupant sleeping so soundly that three passing autos failed to disturb her slumbers, and she awoke only when a joker in his Velie pulled up alongside and made his horn squawk.

Billy Sunday, Republican Spieler.

Baker Herald.

A few more speeches like he delivered at Corvallis the other day and Billy Sunday will be invited to enroll himself as one of the campaign orators by the republican national committee.

Figures Do Not Tell All.

Condon Globe-Times.

Figures announced for the 1920 census for Gilliam county, while not as large regarding Condon as had been expected, are nevertheless very creditable to this section. Whether we have 1127 people or 1500, the town remains the best business center of its size in the country, and shows a healthy growth.

No Sunshine; Moonshine Not Wanted.

Gresham Outlook.

What's the matter with this old world anyway? We can't have all the sugar we want; we can't have all the gasoline we want; we can't have all the money we want—we can only have patience, and we don't want much of that.

The Light-Weight Element.

Forest Grove News-Times.

The views of the chronic kicker and fault finder have less weight than those of any other adult element of the human race.

Good Old Northwest Oregon.

Banks Herald.

Los Angeles is rapidly gaining a reputation as an earthquake city, but we never had the desire to locate there since we discovered this old northwest Oregon—where an earthquake, cyclone, hail storm or blizzard is never known.

No Grudge Is Held.

Judge.

"I sorter wonder why Gabe Slack married again, after the way them other three wives of his'n treated him?" mused a neighbor. "Aw, I reckon he wanted to show that he didn't hold no grudge against womankind in gener'l," replied Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, Arkansas.

More Truth Than Poetry.

By James J. Montague.

NOT WORD FOR WORD.

In gay Paree, where Love holds sway,
But Faithfulness is often phoney,
They've stricken out the word "obey"
From the conjugal ceremony.
The reason being, we are told,
That Mother Eve's dark-eyed descendants,
More firmly to their lords will hold
If they are granted independence.

If sly Flirtation's pleasant sea
Is not forbidden them to swim in,
The best authorities agree
They will not want to—being women.
To know the law forbade her go
With other gentlemen to dine,
Affected Fifi like a blow
It woke profound rebellion in her.

But now that she can flirt with ease,
No matter if she's duly wedded,
And ogle any man she sees
Her nerves and heart are nicely steadied.
There'll be no heartbreak now, nor sighs,
For, as the Paris women view it,
If bursting from the nuptial ties
Is no more wrong, then wherefore do it?

We still employ the word "obey"
To bind fond hearts through storm and strife time,
And in this country Love holds sway
And marriage often lasts a life time.
And though we now and then have heard
Of wives engaged in mild flirtations,
We know that when they say the word
They murmur it—with reservations!

* * *

Something Gained.

Anyway, a Bergdoll in the hand is better than two in the bush.

* * *

They'll Pay All Of It.

Commuters to Pay a Share of Raise in Rates—Headline. What do you mean—a share?

* * *

Purely Academic.

The public took about as much interest in the yacht races as they did in who killed Mr. Elwell.

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In Other Days.

Twenty-five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of August 6, 1895.

SALEM.—The supreme court today sustained the contention of J. B. Eddy, railroad commissioner, that he holds over in that office, and that a vacancy was not created by reason of the failure of the legislature to elect a successor at the 1895 session.

Rev. Arthur Lane, deacon of the Roman Catholic church, was raised to the priesthood yesterday at the procathedral. The priest is a grandson of General Lane, the first governor of Oregon and son of Lafayette Lane, of Roseburg.

A new postoffice has been established 12 miles from The Dalles on Mill creek, called Matney, and Isaac C. Matney has been appointed postmaster.

Walla Walla's real and personal property is valued by the assessor at $6,771,414.

Fifty Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of August 6, 1870.

PARIS.—It is positively asserted that Austria and Italy have entered into an alliance with France.

The Salem mills are now making and shipping 1500 barrels of flour per week, mostly from old wheat.

The Oriflamme brought up a considerable quantity of California wool for the Oregon City mills. The bark Whistler has just delivered a large shipment of Oregon wool at San Francisco. It is an exchange of grades. The Oregon wool is fine and long staple, while the California product is short and coarse.

The river steamer Shoo Fly is engaged in pulling snags out of the channel of the upper Wallamet, and the pile driver is being used to improve the rapids.

ROUTE SELECTION IS FACTOR

Highway Beauty May Be Insured by Care in Location.

PORTLAND, Aug. 5.—(To the Editor.)—I was much interested in an editorial appearing in The Oregonian a few days ago in which attention was called to the necessity of making special efforts to preserve the natural beauty along the scenic highways. A very desirable thing, indeed. The writer of that article mentions, in particular, the beauty-destroying effects of lumbering operations. This is very evident, and in many cases almost impossible to prevent.

Another menace is the forest fire, which leaves a blackened, unsight