Morning Oregonian

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GOVERNOR COX' PLEDGES.

Governor Cox pays the price for the support of the Wilson forces in the democratic party, which have just shown their strength in Missouri and Oklahoma. In his speech of acceptance he attempts to make the Wilson league with none but interpretative reservations the chief issue of his campaign, the main point of attack on the republicans. He accepts the Wilson theory that the president is absolute in foreign affairs, thus following the president's lead in setting aside a plain provision of the constitution. He says the time "calls for straight thinking, straight talking and straight acting," that "this is no time for wobbling." Therefore he wobbles between opposing views on questions which fill at least as large a place as the league in the public mind. He clothes his plea for votes in an inordinately long but skillfully framed structure of words, which must be taken apart in order to discover his meaning.

He attacks Senator Harding's plan for peace with Germany and for association of the United States with other nations as a plan deserving the denunciation which Senator Lodge aimed at a proposal for separate peace while the war was still on.

Aside from the league covenant, the only provisions of the Versailles treaty from which republican senators dissented were those relating to Shantung. They offered and the senate adopted reservations of the power of congress to authorize and of the senate to confirm American members on the various commissions created by the treaty, also requiring assent of congress to restrictions on trade with Germany that might be adopted by the reparations commission. With these very minor changes and with the omission of the covenant the republican administration could, and probably would, adopt the Versailles treaty as a separate treaty with Germany and would then join the power of the United States to that of the allies for its enforcement. There is no danger of a German-American alliance in the election of Senator Harding; that danger would be present in the event of election of Mr. Cox, who excused the Lusitania massacre and whose newspaper was pro-German to the eve of our declaration of war. Yet this man talks of "the perfidious hand that dealt with Germany," and he says that "with the Versailles instrument discarded, the whole subject of partitions and divisions of territory on new lines would be re-opened."

No prospect of membership in any kind of a league is held out by the democratic candidate's adoption of the Wilson policy. He stands pat on article 10 and betrays his ignorance of American foreign policy by calling the Monroe doctrine "the very essence" of that article. Article 10 is a pledge of all nations in the league to defend each other from aggression; the Monroe Doctrine is a declaration that the United States alone will resist European aggression on any nation in the American hemisphere, whether the nation concerned wishes it or not, and it binds no other nation to such action. He would confine reservations to the clarifying of the covenant, which is a synonym for Mr. Wilson's interpretative reservations, adding one declaratory of the purpose of the league, which signifies nothing, and another saying that American action must be in accordance with the constitution. The latter would have no force in the light of Judge Gray's opinion that a treaty is a binding contract and that any branch of the government can refuse to execute it only at the cost of national repudiation.

There is no prospect that there will be a democratic victory, much less a victory so sweeping that enough democratic senators will be elected to secure a two-thirds majority. Therefore no hope of a league rests in Mr. Cox's election pledges to the Wilson policy. He evidently had in mind those democratic senators who voted for the Lodge reservations when he spoke of those who "acted under duress in that a politically bigoted minority was exercising the arbitrary power of its position to enforce drastic conditions" but it is known that many of these senators were of one mind with the republicans and voted for the Lodge reservations from conviction, not under duress. Mr. Cox tries to build a verbal bridge by which they may get in line with him, but they may refuse to cross it. On the other hand, many of the democratic senators who voted against ratification with the Lodge reservations did so under duress of arbitrary power exercised by "a politically bigoted minority" of one, resident in the White House, and they might not yield to Mr. Cox. The way to peace and a league is not the way chosen by Mr. Cox.

Of even greater gravity than Mr. Cox' adoption of the Wilson policy on the league is his adoption of the Wilson principle of autocratic government. This is intimated by his statement that in the treaty controversy "no artifice for interfering with our constitutional peace-making authority was rejected." The "constitutional peace-making authority" is the president and senate, and the only interference was with the president's assumption that his authority over foreign relations is absolute. Mr. Cox, who betrays his lack of information on foreign affairs, proposes, if elected, to act on the same assumption. That purpose is plainly expressed in his remarks condemning Mr. Harding's declaration in favor of party government, which he places "in contrast with the exercise by the president of his own best final judgment," and he makes this positive statement:

> It is the conception of the presidency to which, in case of success of the democratic party in the coming election, my own best efforts shall be dedicated.

In other words, if Mr. Cox should be elected, we should be condemned to four years more of autocracy like that of Mr. Wilson, denunciation of which holds a high place in the republican platform. In this connection it is significant that Mr. Cox holds up to public obloquy as a 'senatorial cabal" those senators who opposed Mr. Wilson, though they are representatives of the people elected by direct vote of their states and have definite duties under the constitution. The purpose is plain to break down the power of the senate and to magnify that of the president—the very course by which the affairs of the nation have been brought to their present confusion. In place of the "senatorial cabal" Mr. Cox would doubtless take counsel with the league of all the Tammanies, though it reeks with the corruption against which he grows eloquent.

Mr. Cox shows himself adept at throwing a sop of consolation to one element while apparently pledging himself to the principles held by an opposing element. He cunningly inserts these words of hope to the wets: "Morals cannot easily be produced by statute," after assuring the drys that "the public official who fails to enforce the law is an enemy both to the constitution and to the American principle of majority rule." If out of regard for his wet friends he should not strictly observe this pledge, the difficulty of producing morals by statute may be pleaded as an excuse.

There is a suggestion of readiness to go beyond his platform in his reference to ex-soldiers. He seems to deal with the wounded and disabled only in his reference to rehabilitation and compensation, but he suggests much more by saying that "war breaks into the plans of young men" and that "we must realize that considerable compensation is due those also who lost much by the break in their material hopes and aspirations."

Most unfortunate were the strictures on the republican congress for not releasing the excess profits tax, for they bring to the front the fact that that tax was imposed by a democratic congress in the face of criticism by Secretary McAdoo and that protests against its immediate repeal were made by two successive secretaries of the treasury, Glass and Houston.

By his declaration for a budget system Mr. Cox only invited attention to the bill which the republican congress passed and the president vetoed lest his autocratic power be diminished by one iota. The fate of that bill was a good reason for congress to defer new tax laws until it would not have to deal with Mr. Wilson or with a president who held his views of executive power.

For the rest, Mr. Cox offers nothing new or materially different from that which the republican platform contains about labor, the farmers, re-organization of the government, railroads or waterways. In judging the value of his promises, the people will take the performance of Mr. Wilson as a measure and will deduct a heavy discount.

HE COULDN'T BEAR THE THOUGHT.

To command confidence in his lofty and altruistic sincerity the conscientious objector, who declined most firmly to follow the flag into carnage, should not relax his pose when peril is past. Above all, he should be consistent. In an absent-minded moment Olaf Anderson, of Astoria, forgot both his caution and his scruples and thrust his wife over the gunwale into the deep, impassive current of the Columbia river. When the nation called for able-bodied men to halt the rape of civilization this temperamental idealist listed himself among the conscientious objectors, and made that plea to the draft board.

A tender-hearted man is Olaf Anderson, the conscientious objector. His disinclination to take human life in fair fight for his country did not impress the callous, cynical crabs of the draft board. No, indeed. But Olaf was spared for higher things by the convenient possession of a wife and child, and it was this that won exemption for him. What blend of Hyde and Jekyll moved in the mind of the Astoria fisherman who shrank from the butt end of a loaded rifle, and an honorable and urgent duty, only to tumble his helpmeet into the dark water a score of months afterward and leave her to drown before the eyes of her own child?

Fie on this Olaf Anderson fellow, that he should bring upon the cult of conscientious objectors even the suspicion of a doubt! How long will it be, think you, before Astoria folk forget that many moralizing idealists, individual expressionists, may be no more sincere in their prattle than was this unnatural monster of the waterfront? Why, at one shove—for scarcely more than that sufficed to still Mrs. Anderson's terror with rank river water—he has wrought irreparable injury to the entire business of conscientious objecting, and ought to be quite frankly ashamed of himself for his breach of good manners and betrayal of the brotherhood of bunk.

Oregon passed a law by popular voice at the last election. It is a statute significant for the fact that conscientious objection to the proper punishment of wife murderers has been entirely deleted.

A FEEDER TO PORTLAND COMMERCE.

Establishment of a steamer line between Portland and all Oregon coast ports should add materially both to the foreign commerce of this port and to the trade of its merchants. It should also contribute to the development of the coast counties. The mosquito fleet which traded to all the small towns of Puget sound laid the foundation for the commerce of the great ports. With Portland the foundation is already laid, but there is need of transportation and trade connections.

Big shipping business requires assembling of cargoes totaling thousands of tons. Small shipments from minor ports to the principal port, for trans-shipment to the ocean steamers can contribute as much as the towns strung along the railroads. These feeder lines thus give small communities an opening to foreign markets, enabling them to increase production. Butter and cheese from the coast cities might thus be gathered for shipment from Portland to the east and all parts of the world, as the same products of Denmark are assembled at Copenhagen.

For lack of this feeder service the southern part of the Oregon coast has been commercially annexed to California. It ships its products to San Francisco and, because its only transportation lines lead that way, it buys supplies there. That trade could be diverted to Portland if this port became a market for products of the coast.

WHAT? NOT ONE?

It is Governor Cox' estimate of the proceedings of the present republican congress that "not a constructive law can be cited."

The democratic candidate for president scraps quite a volume of legislation, in a very few words. Possibly when he has more time he will elucidate at length the wrongs of the railway law, the shipping law, the water power law and others, including the bill which would have put into effect the budget system which he so much admires but which a president jealous of the smallest prerogative vetoed.

May we not also have an exposition of the points wherein the prohibition enforcement law, passed by the present congress, is not constructive? We fear we may not—at least from Governor Cox. The democratic candidate in this hour must be delphic on the prohibition question. Please the wets, but if possible do not alarm the drys. "Morals cannot easily be produced by statute" and that sort of thing.

But let us not despair. Maybe somebody else can tell why and wherein the prohibition law is not constructive. Will the bellhop please page Oswald West? That Oregon authority on both prohibition and democracy ought to be able to tell us what is the matter, if anything, with the Volstead law. Is it or is it not constructive of morality and decency and thrift and productive capacity? There it lies in the scrap heap along with the other beams and girders of republican legislation, shattered by the hammer of the democratic candidate. What is the matter with it? Why does Governor Cox say it is not constructive? Is it because it is destructive also—destructive of capital invested in breweries and distilleries? Destructive of those prime assets of Tammany, the saloon and the brothel?

We are eager to know whether the dry democrats have any reservations to submit to Governor Cox' inclusive indictment of the republican congress. Any amendatory reservations? Any clarifying reservations? Or is it accepted without the dotting of an "i" or the crossing of a "t"?

RIOTOUS DENVER.

Without regard to the question whether the company or the employes are right in the Denver street car strike, the suspension of service and the fatal riots which have resulted are good ground for the assertion that in such a case the public interest is paramount and forbids strikes on public utilities. To deny that a just settlement could have been made without a strike, a riot and tying up the cars is an indictment of the American form of government. Disputes can be settled by arbitral or judicial means, and employes who strike or employers who lock out when these means are available make virtual confession that they want what is unjust.

Both congress and the state legislatures should establish tribunals for such cases, and should provide for their prompt action, for exact justice in their decisions and for enforcement of decisions when made. There is no reason why a city should be deprived of car service because two sets of obstinate men cannot agree. If either party to a dispute refuses to accept a verdict reached in the manner described, it should be displaced. But there should be no such intolerable delays as marked the action on the railroad men's claims to higher wages.

So long as such disorders as have occurred at Denver are permitted, the American people are in poor position to make adverse remarks on similar disorders in other countries. Americans profess to set an example of ordered democracy to other nations, and they should live up to their professions.

THE BRAZEN IMAGE OF JAZZ.

France is thundering in the senate against indecency on the Parisian stage. Berlin and other major cities of Germany are reported to be steeped in saturnalian revel. Russia is prostrate beneath the cruel and clumsy boot of a militaristic soviet—a tyranny as dread and terrible as the old rule of the czars. In England the labor unions are drinking the cup of revolutionary discontent. These are the aftermath of the war, the backwash of a giant storm, say the students of humanity, and will endure until industrious sanity is resumed. It is true that, grim or grotesque, fanatical or frivolous, these various expressions of destroyed poise blend and harmonize in the mask of Momus. What is America's contribution to the insanity of the day?

At a glance one might reply that our species of madness like that of England finds vent in labor disorders, but the strike and the lockout are old custom in the United States and the strife of labor and capital is scarcely more strenuous in the present than it has been in the past. While the tendencies of such disputes are dangerous from an economic viewpoint, while the blood of the disputants mounts and heats and occasionally flows, there is no moral odium, no degenerate tendency, no threat against the racial stock itself, in the quarrels of the economic battleground.

But America has vied with Paris and Berlin in furnishing folly of an obscene and ugly character as a tonic for the weariness of a war-worn people. Behold, we have "jazz!" It permeates our music, our stories, our fashion shops and the daily lives of millions, this negroid spirit of hectic abandon direct from the jungles of the Congo and the voodoo groves of Haiti. Word-sleuths have sought to trace the origin of the term, and many and ingenious have been the accounts of its birth. But these are immaterial beside the fact that the noxious bastard noun is found in the argot of filth and thieves, and that the spirit of this brazen god of revel has the eye of a roue, the lips of a libertine and the cultural endowment of a moron.

"'Jazz' is the retrogression of our moral standards into the degraded slums of putridom," declares one prominent musical critic, "and the abandonment of self-respect into the pitfalls of obscenity, where when once lost it cannot be relieved."

Originating before the public as a term for an unintelligible offering of barbaric music, which violated all the canons of art and reverted to the elemental ecstacy of the ourang, pounding his feeding pan with a shinbone, the term "jazz" swiftly arrogated to itself a broader significance and became the current idiom for the fast pace. It wrought startling effects in the garb of foolish women, it gave to youth the brassy insouciance of flippant ignorance, it encouraged dissolute vaudeville entertainers to crude suggestiveness, and it relegated modest decency to the limbo of obsolete virtues. To "jazz up" a social event came to mean the introduction of street stories and offensively personal pleasantries that would have evoked fistic chastisement in a less sophisticated day. The songs and dances of the day were similarly "jazzed."

Undoubtedly there is profit in the service of "jazz." There is profit in the brothel, and profit in booze—there is always money to be made in tutoring youth toward a graduation in indecency. But the moral blister is more than superficial. It is scored to the very souls of many who have contracted the mania. To hold the rapid pace when youth should be at its lessons, when valuable characters and careers should be in the foundational stage, necessitates a sacrifice of ambition and worthy energy to the pleasurable requirements of the moment, and bespeaks a well-dressed vagrancy. Divorce and crime are the by-products of "jazz," for to follow its standards the recruit must cast the moral conventions aside and elevate a guidon of thorough selfishness.

The brutal, degenerate murder of a Portland chauffeur some weeks ago, its motive the desire of two young men to possess an automobile wherewith to entertain their girl friends, was but one instance of the obliquity induced by the spirit of "jazz." Both of the accused are types of its converts, and the moral abandon of the crime—the trivial motive that impelled their madness—finds its precept and its parallel in the moral abandon of the music and art which are the cultural offerings of this queer cult of unlimited license.

A strange physician for the aching reactions of world strife, surely, is this leering, rouged, evil-eyed and fantastic creature of degenerate carnival—a false prophet in music and a renegade in morality. If "jazz" continues to thrive the day will come when our own sedate senate will discuss the national peril involved, even as the senators of France discuss the dangerous decadence of the Parisian stage. That which is apt permanently to affect our national life cannot long pass officially unnoticed, and none can successfully deny that "jazz" has become the term for a marked decline in the public morals.

It is a matter for congratulation that there is to be some salvage from the enormous preliminary **work done** by the Interchurch World Movement. A number of surveys were conducted at considerable expense and on a scale that had something to do with the collapse of the campaign. The home missions council after study of the situation has made modest appropriations to extend the rural survey and another to meet the expenses of the committee on migrant groups in lumber camps, while the survey of foreign language literature is to be appraised and preserved. The few hundreds of dollars appropriated for the purpose seem pitifully small by comparison with the sums originally expended, but the material undoubtedly is worth the money, even if it is held only as the foundation of future inquiries conducted by accredited agencies which hereafter interest themselves in the subjects covered in the original surveys. It will also be useful in the event that the Interchurch World Movement, as is generally hoped, is rehabilitated on a permanent, if less ambitious, scale.

Friend and mentor of many struggling young authors, and a peer in the fellowship of American letters, William Marion Reedy, editor of the St. Louis Mirror, has written his last paragraph and joined the great majority. The death of Reedy is not the snuffing of a great literary light, in the accepted sense of greatness—but many to whom fame has been given will realize in sorrow that a master of their own craft is gone. Reedy was of the new, unconventional school of letters, and it was to his sanctum and his solace that followers of the cult thronged. He was the discoverer of Edgar Lee Masters, and "Spoon River Anthology" appeared originally in the carefully selected columns of the Mirror. Reedy's taste for the novel and unique genius of Spoon River was indicative of his wayfarings in unconventional prose and poetry. Though he approved the unshackeled form, he did insist that merit must accompany it. Nine-tenths of the free verse now cluttering the market would have found kindly and amused rejection in the sanctum of the Mirror.

Enthusiasts in eastern Washington are going after sheriffs and attorneys seeking re-election whom they suspect of laxity in enforcing prohibition. They are disposed to be unreasonable. Any officer will proceed on evidence, but not everybody will swear to a complaint.

It is the nature of the young to want to dance and they should be accommodated; but when they dance in roadhouses or other resorts the affair should be watched and otherwise policed, for a big sorrow can start in a little time.

A door leading to a fire escape in the Elton Court building was locked when exit was sought, not purposely, of course, but locked, just the same. How many doors of like character in this city were locked last night?

The bulk of the male sex is satisfied with shaves and haircuts. Men who whisk the whiskers and indulge in other hirsute adornment, must meet the advance in the barber's scale, and all is well.

Mr. Yeon has discovered more days of sunshine at The Dalles than at Los Angeles. That is just one of the God-given things Oregonians know of but neglect to tell the world.

This is a mint region and mint is due to be the next agricultural product to be boomed. Already pioneers in the industry are getting good returns.

Why waste time on the fellow who threw his wife out of the boat and drowned her? He is sorry, of course, but cannot be any sorrier after he is hanged.

The suffragists will have the thirty-sixth state when they get it. As to Tennessee, a few days will tell, with the uncertainty against ratification.

The fanatical "dry" is hard to suit. Harding's stand he considers "unsatisfactory," and Cox' worse.

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE TIMES

First Ton of Anthracite Delivered in Philadelphia 100 Years Ago.

An even hundred years have elapsed since one William Wurts, a Philadelphia merchant, drove his team of mules with the first ton of anthracite through the spring freshets and bog land to the banks of the Delaware river and floated the new fuel down the river to Philadelphia on a pine log raft.

But he experienced no little difficulty in that first anthracite year of 1820 in overcoming the popular objection that the coal was "extremely slow of lighting." Pine log rafts floated only 365 tons of anthracite that year. But it fetched a price of $12 a ton and could be delivered freight on raft Philadelphia at $2—a fact that was freely advertised to attract additional capital, for, of course, there was no profiteering in those days.

Spring freshets and bog land and slow inflammability no longer worry operators. Silk shirts for miners are a bigger nuisance. But production in a hundred years has jumped to 86,200,000 tons, and should this year surpass the 100 million ton mark, which was almost reached in 1917.

Reading, Wilkes Barre, Lehigh, Mauch Chunk—these names are spoken one thousand times hourly in the industrial world today, simply because there lay up in the hills of Pennsylvania a hard, black substance, one ton of which sly old William Wurts steered on a raft down the Delaware to Philadelphia, just 100 years ago.—Wall Street Journal.

* * *

We have no quarrel with the fellow who writes headlines. We have to write them ourselves, and we know the difficulties of sense and space that confront the man who would put the essence of an article in large type and small area.

But will headliners please hereafter let "Enoch Arden" alone. Every time a wanderer returns to find that his wife has construed his absence to be one due to demise, and has secured another husband on the theory that she ought to have a man about the place, the headliner sobs forth something about another "Enoch Arden."

We are writing this in behalf of the memory of the late "Enoch Arden," and we protest against these divorce court lizards being permitted to take a place beside the old mariner in the niche which Tennyson, with the assistance of millions of readers, carved out for him. After his return from far off lands, Enoch stood for the moment on the outside looking in at his wife and Philip. Then he walked away and kept his secret, until just before he died. There was no case of Arden against Arden. And there were no headlines. That's the reason there was a poem by the laureate.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

* * *

Mr. Fairfax telephoned to his wife at 5 o'clock that he was bringing a party of six to dinner.

An inventory of the larder showed short rations. So Bridget, the cook, was instructed to order certain supplies over the telephone.

Wishing to supplement the order, Bridget's mistress followed her to the telephone and heard:

"Oi wahnt yez to sind along a leg o' mutton andask the grocer nixt door to let your boy bring two jillies and a tin of pears, an' if Oi don't get them quick Oi'll be along in the marning and paralyze ye all!" A brief pause, then: "Who's shpakin'? Sure, an' it's Mrs. Fairfax of the Cedars."

"Bridget," cried the astonished and outraged mistress. "What do you mean? How dare you say such things?"

"Shure, ma'am," returned the cook unconcernedly, "that's all right. I talks to 'em like that for you all the toime."—New York Globe.

* * *

The London Punch publishes this "Cornish Lullaby," first printed, it is said, in 1760:

Sleep, my little ugling,
Daddy's gone a smuggling,
Daddy's gone to Roscoff in the Mevagissey Maid,
A sloop of ninety tons
With ten brass carriage guns,
To teach the king's ships manners and respect for honest trade.

Hush, my joy and sorrow,
Daddy'll come tomorrow,
Bringing baccy, tea ad snuff and brandy home from France;
And he'll run the goods ashore
While the old collectors snore
And the wicked troopers gamble in the dens of Penzance.

Rock-a-bye, my honey,
Daddy's making money;
You shall be a gentleman and sail with privateers,
With a silver cup for sack
And a blue coat on your back,
With diamonds on your finger-bones and gold rings in your ears.

* * *

London has just seen three new operas by Puccini, "Il Tabarro," "Suor Angelica" and "Gianni Schicchi." Though the London journals write of the opening performance as if it were the first presentation of the operas beyond Italian shores, the present writer is haunted by a notion that the tragedy has had its premiere in America. The three operas have almost nothing in common save the name of Puccini on the title page of the scores. "Il Tabarro" (The Cloak), is a gristly little story of passion and revenge; "Suor Angelica," like the "Jongleur de Notre Dame," is an opera for women's voices; "Gianni Schicchi" is a first-rate farce.—Living Age.

* * *

Sparrows have lived to be 40 years old. A horse does not live much more than 27 years. Cats get to be about 13 years old. The tortoise is supposed to live to be between 300 and 400 years old. Some persons say toads can live forever, but, of course, that has not been proved, though certainly they live to an exceedingly great age. Both an eagle and crow have been known to live to be 100, but the wren lives only about three years. An elephant's lifetime is about 100 years, but he isn't regarded as grown up until he is about 25 years old.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

* * *

There was not even standing room in the crowded electric car, but one more passenger, a young woman, wedged her way along just inside the doorway. Each time the car took a sudden lurch forward she fell helplessly back, and three times she landed in the arms of a large, comfortable man. The third time it happened he said, quietly:

"Hadn't you better stay here?"—Chicago Herald.

Those Who Come and Go.

He's one of those two-fisted, fightin' upholders of the law of eastern Oregon, is J. W. ("Bill") Lillie, sheriff of Gilliam county, who is a guest at the Imperial. When the news of the murder of Til Taylor was flashed from Pendleton to Condon two weeks ago yesterday, Bill Lillie hopped into his machine, shoved on the gas and made the wild ride over mountain roads to Pendleton to assist in the man hunt. For two days and two nights, without rest or sleep, he tracked through the mountains on the hunt for the slayers who killed his close friend and fellow officer. He wanted to stay longer, but important business in his own county called him home. He is now in Portland visiting his wife who is ill at a local hospital. Also, he is resting up from the tense days and nights of a week ago when he was roughing it with other man hunters through the heart of the Blue mountains.

Portland is very favorably known in the middle west and always lives up to her reputation as a clean, substantial city of business and homes, according to W. A. Forsythe, prominent banker and lumberman of Lincoln, Neb., who said he could not resist the desire to stop over in the city Saturday, while returning home from a visit in Los Angeles with a brother. "Portland is just as I expected to find it," he said. "I visited here during the exposition and was very favorably impressed with Portland. Now I find that the city is living up to that impression and to the reputation it has all through our section of the country as a most inviting place to visit—a wholesome, substantial city in a business and commercial way. When we read something favorable about your city we know we are reading facts and not hot air." After enjoying a trip over the highway and visiting friends Mr. Forsythe departed Saturday night for Gardner, Mont., where he was to be joined by Mrs. Forsythe for a trip through the Yellowstone National park.

"The game warden will get you if you don't watch out," is the popular refrain in the mountains of central Oregon where H. McDonald, who registered at the Imperial over the week-end, happens to be district deputy warden. Mr. McDonald has four entire counties and half of four others in his territory and to go 150 miles from his headquarters in Bend after some illegal hunter is just a part of the routine work. Last month he went out after a beaver trapper on the upper Ochoco river. The trapper wasn't home, but his wife promised to send him right in to court in a few days. A week passed and the gentleman with the fondness for beaver failed to show up. The warden called again. The trapper wasn't home. After wasting a whole day on the range looking for his man McDonald supposedly departed from town. Night came and back with it the game warden, to camp in the lot back of the trapper's house. Home came the beaver man to an unexpected reception, which ended up with a slumber party in Prineville, where the county jail is located.

The vanguard of merchants and buyers and others who will be in Portland this week for the annual buyers' week began arriving in Portland yesterday and the lobbies of all the down-town hotels were crowded with men and women who are here to stock up their stores for the coming year. More than that, the hotel clerks say they notice that the wives of the merchants are coming more than ever before, which only goes to show that before the final word is said and the last item written on the order blank it is the "better half" generally who has something to say. Practically every hotel in the city will be filled throughout the week with buyers from Oregon, Washington and Idaho, and the casual tourist will find himself hard put to obtain accommodations, unless, perchance, he makes reservations a few days in advance.

Before the war they called him "Dutch" up around Helena, Mont., where he was born and reared, but when this country got into the fray across the waters and the young men of America were answering the call to khaki and cantonment, somehow or other his intimates dropped the Teutonic appellation and changed it gladly to Art. Because he stands something over six feet and when he said, "Lay off that Dutch stuff," both those who knew him and those who didn't were ready to respect his wishes. It was as Arthur Adrian that he donned the khaki and served for a year in France. In fact, he'd almost forgotten the old nickname "Dutch" until he arrived in Portland and met some of his former Montana friends. He was at the Multnomah last week, en route to Mill City where he has decided to locate.

Carl T. Seely of Missoula passed through Portland yesterday en route home after an extended visit to Los Angeles. One of the Los Angeles quakes started him to packing his grip and the second temblor caused him to buy a ticket on the first train north. Mr. Seely is an old-time newspaper man and recently observed his 50th anniversary in the business. He has been connected with the Missoulan and Missoula, Mont., for 25 years.

He wasn't wearing a Palm Beach suit but he looked cool and comfortable without it. But of course, it's all in the weather. His name is George W. Lainbart and he is registered at the Multnomah from Palm Beach, Fla. Mrs. Lainbart is with him, and they are finding keen enjoyment in their visit to the Pacific northwest from the most noted winter resort of America.

While most folks have their thoughts turned toward the seacoast during these warm August days, H. B. Merriman is leaving the sad sea waves and all that sort of thing to come to Portland for a brief respite. He is registered at the Oregon from Seaside.

L. F. Freitag, who sells jewelry and alarm clocks and similar things at Baker, is registered at the Imperial, having arrived last night for the buyers' week festivities. The jewelry business is good up around Baker and Mr. Frietag plans to stock up plentifully for the fall and winter trade.

It was warm in Portland yesterday and J. Edward Larson doffed his coat in order to be comfortable and not to advertise the class of laundry work his laundry does for the folks of Bend. Mr. Larson is the owner of a laundry in the Deschutes county metropolis and is here on a business mission. He is registered at the Multnomah.

The women folks of Ontario like to wear the latest millinery creations just as they do in Portland and any other town where headgear is used. That is why Nell O. Bedford, milliner of Ontario, came to Portland yesterday to attend buyers' week. She signed the register at the Imperial.

C. E. Conrad and wife of The Dalles are here to attend buyers' week. They are guests at the Oregon. Others here for the week are Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Perrine of Ashland.

C. S. Funk, prominent railroad builder of Chicago, is registered at the Multnomah while on a visit to Oregon and other northwest points looking over possibilities in railroad construction work.

QUARRELS TAKEN OUT OF OREGON

State Declared to Suffer from Chamberlain Rows with Administration.

PORTLAND, Aug. 7.—(To the Editor.)—It has been the cause of a good deal of comment in the press and on the street why Oregon has not been able, with a so-called democratic senate, to secure an even break from the federal government with the state of Washington, where senators and congressmen are all republicans. Several departments of the government have been taken out of Portland and moved bodily to Seattle. Is not the trouble with Senator Chamberlain himself and his arrogant attitude toward members of the cabinet, the president and department heads?

He is known as the one man whom President Wilson despises. He has repeatedly insulted Secretary of War Baker and in recent public speeches has grossly reflected on Secretary Daniels and Secretary of the Interior J. Burton Payne.

A few days ago Senator Chamberlain, in a speech before the chamber of commerce, stated that the charts of the Columbia river used by the war department are 50 years old. This misstatement by the senator was read by every member of the cabinet who would naturally resent it. Just a few days after this Senator Chamberlain requested of the secretary of the interior his aid in having Portland considered on a par with Seattle by the shipping board. He received no reply to his wire, which shows how low his influence has fallen.

Senator Chamberlain stumbled again in the insulting language used in his wire to Admiral W. S. Benson, chairman of the shipping board, when he requested of him that Portland be not included under the Seattle division of operations.

In his wire to Admiral Benson Mr. Chamberlain says: "I beg of you to pay attention to this protest." Did Mr. Chamberlain think he was talking to a colored waiter or bell hop? Senator Chamberlain is a dead one at Washington and after November 2 he will be as dead in Oregon.

ROY N. JOHNSON.

CANADA AND DENMARK AT OUTS

Danish Eskimos Persist in Killing Musk Ox in Dominion.

Toronto Globe.

These not being days of open diplomacy in Canada, few Canadians are aware that a tidy tiff has been taking place between Canada and Denmark. It concerns depredations made by Danish Eskimos from the northern end of Greenland on the musk oxen of Ellesmere Island, a possession of Canada, about which many Canadians know nothing, but which is in territory larger than the British Isles.

Some time ago Canada declared a permanent closed season on musk oxen living in Canadian territory. On this island, so far north that it does not appear on most maps of the dominion, the musk ox has his habitat. Danish Eskimos cross the intervening waters and, according to evidence given before the musk ox commission, kill it for its hide. Leaving the dead bodies to rot strewn about, the valuable furs are taken to Greenland and thence exported.

The Canadian government, though it keeps tight lips on the matter, is believed to have drawn the matter to the attention of the Danish government. What the answer was could not be officially learned. It was understood, however, that the Danish official who replied gave no satisfaction, his reply virtually being to the effect that the matter was none of Canada's business. He evidently thinks the land in question so far north that it is outside of civilized reckoning at the facts.

Meanwhile the next step is up to Canada, so far as the musk ox is concerned.

LET CONGRESSMEN BE QUIZZED.

Campaign Too Much Concerned Over What Presidential Candidates Say.

ALGOMA, Or., Aug. 7.—(To the Editor.)—Each unit of a political organization has the right to approve or criticise the management of a campaign. The one upon whose threshold we are savors too much of the Wilson dynasty. Too many are requiring expressions from the candidates of the major parties. These candidates represent the parties and the platforms of the parties declare what the parties stand for. Both platforms are voluminous enough and it is not difficult to ascertain what is expected of the candidates.

No matter what views the candidates entertain, it requires an act of congress to make public law. The candidates for congress should be the inquisitorial goats. It is none of our concern what the unterrified do, but so far this campaign has been a talking match between Harding and Cox. Both talk too much. To make "a bad matter worse" the democratic chairman is now butting in. All should be muzzled.

W. O. BINNS.

How Coolidge Won His Wife.

Fred John Splitstone, in Leslie's.

About 1904 Mr. Coolidge met Miss Grace A. Goodhue, a teacher in the Clark school for the deaf in Northampton. He showed her the attentions that a studious young man might be expected to pay to an attractive young lady—and no more. Vacation time came and Miss Goodhue went home to Burlington, Vt. Shortly afterward Coolidge appeared in Burlington and called on the Goodhues. He called so industriously that the young lady's parent asked her what he meant. She couldn't enlighten them. Then Mr. Goodhue addressed himself to the young man. "Are you in Burlington on business, Mr. Coolidge?" he asked.

"No," said the future governor.

"Well, may I ask what you are here for?" demanded the elder.

"To marry Grace," was the calm answer.

When Mr. Goodhue recovered his breath he managed to inquire, "Have you said anything to her about this?"

"Not yet," was the response.

Within a week they were married—and a most happy union it has proved. Mrs. Coolidge is idolized by all who know her, and has been of the greatest assistance to her husband in his career.

They have a modest home in a good but quiet street. The principal of the city schools occupies the other half of the double house. Their two sons, John and Calvin Jr., until recently carried newspapers. They are being brought up to be just as sturdy and self-reliant as their father was.

GOLDEN SUMMER.

For summer is a time for simple living,
With azure sky and kindly sun joy giving;
Of days of keen delight in beauty questing,
Of hours when nature seems our spirits testing,
Of moments rare when eyes see not so blindly,
Of time for making friends by being kindly,
And thus to know indeed a golden that fetter,
To play with care-free joy; to feel and love more;
Of days that teach us how to live more sweetly,
To see the best and trust in God better,
To work more joyously; our labor completely,
To free our spirits from the chains summer.

—EMEROI STACY.

In Other Days.

Twenty-Five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of August 9, 1895.

Hong Kong.—The American and British missions at Fat Shan Cgnan, near Canton, were attacked yesterday afternoon by a large mob. The hospitals were demolished.

The Butteville district is in need of 4000 hop pickers. The rate for picking has been fixed at 30 cents a box, but other associations having made the rate 35 cents, a meeting of Butteville growers has been called to consider increasing the price to the same rate.

Judge Bellinger yesterday ordered the mortgage on the Oregon Railroad and Navigation company foreclosed. This will cause a complete reorganization of the property. The mortgage is for $12,583,000.

Tuesday, August 6, the minimum temperature for the 24 hours up to 5 P. M. of that day was registered by the thermometer as 70.2 degrees. This is the highest minimum recorded by the local weather bureau. The next highest was May 16, 1895, when at midnight the temperature was 69.5 degrees.

Fifty Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of August 9, 1870.

Berlin.—Saarbrucken was retaken August 6. The French retreated and in severe fighting at Hagenon were defeated. The losses were heavy on both sides and the position was finally carried by the Prussians at the point of the bayonet. Many guns and 4000 prisoners were captured.

New York.—Fifty-nine American yachts competed in the race yesterday, which was won by the Magic.

The steamship George S. Wright arrived at 3 P. M. yesterday, having made the round trip to Sitka, Alaska. The steamer sailed from Portland July 9. Three sacks of Alaska mail were brought from Alaska points.

Another section of the Boone's Ferry road, about a mile in length, from the county line toward this city, was opened for travel this week.

ENOUGH IS JUST ONE STATEMENT

Harding's Promise to End Absolutism Not Empty Phrase.

PORTLAND, Aug. 7.—(To the Editor.)—A few days ago "A Woman Voter" related her experience with another woman who made the statement, "There is nothing in Mr. Harding's speech," afterward admitting that she had not read the speech—just repeated what she had heard.

As a rule, intelligent people do not take issue with the loud talkers who make statements not supported by facts, or quote parts of sentences, changing the meaning of the entire sentence to suit their political views, or just repeating what suits them or taking their views from publications making a practice of dispensing misinformation by stating only part of a speech when stating the whole of it would be fatal to their argument.

It behooves every right-thinking man or woman to