Morning Oregonian

ESTABLISHED BY HENRY L. PITTOCK.

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THE SURPRISE THAT NEVER CAME.

Governor Cox has left the people in an agony of ungratified curiosity as to the nature of that insert in his speech of acceptance which was to have been telegraphed to the newspapers at the last moment, but which was never sent. It would have been bad enough to arouse public expectation and then to make some declaration that would not cause the slightest quiver of excitement beyond the disgusted comment: "Is that all?" But to intimate that he has a secret to tell that will raise one's hair and then not to tell it sets everybody speculating about what it is and why he did not tell it.

It might have been a message from President Wilson endorsing Mr. Cox's definition of the democratic position on the league of nations and metaphorically folding the mantle of Elijah Wilson about the shoulders of Elisha Cox. To have sent a message of that kind a week in advance of delivery of the speech would have been to risk premature publication followed by discussion which might have made the message a dud when delivered at Dayton. Besides, Mr. Wilson is not handing over any mantles of leadership. Mr. Lansing borrowed one and as soon as the president felt strong enough he booted the offender out of the state department. Mr. Wilson is keeping those mantles in his own possession until 12 o'clock noon on March 4, 1921.

Perhaps Mr. Cox intended to ingratiate himself with the Irish by making some startling declaration in favor of Irish independence, but sober second thought may have led him to refrain. The San Francisco convention declared for mere self-government with three cheers, which brought no answer from the green isle. If Mr. Cox were to go farther, he would go far beyond his platform and would lay up diplomatic trouble for himself in the improbable event of his election. Conflict would also arise between his promise to the Irish republicans and his unqualified endorsement of Article 10 in the covenant. Though Mr. Cox holds out to all men bright prospects of relief from all their woes through democratic victory, he avoids such conflicts by keeping safely in the middle of the road, lest his triumphal chariot be ditched.

Did Mr. Cox contemplate some assurance to the drys which would allay their suspicion that he would favor laws increasing the lawful alcoholic content of beer and wine or that he would be indulgent in enforcing the Volstead law? There would have been good cause for secrecy about such a purpose, for Trails End would have been literally besieged by angry, tearful wets and there would have been forceful protests from the league of democratic bosses. Did he propose to say something more encouraging to the wets than was his assertion that morals cannot be produced by statute? Fear of what W. J. Bryan might do may have led him to abandon that purpose.

Whatever may have been in his mind, Mr. Cox should not have promised a surprise, then not given it. The people do not like to be lifted to their toe-tips for nothing. They are led to critical analysis of Mr. Cox. They find that instead of bidding bold defiance to the powers of evil, regardless of the votes and campaign funds he may lose, he has avoided hitting at anybody of the kind and has made much the kind of speech that he might have been expected to make. So far is it from giving the promised surprise, from revealing the expected secret, that there is not a thrill in it.

A NOTEWORTHY BOOK COLLECTOR.

Henry E. Huntington's decision to remove his famous private library from New York to his home in San Marceno, Cal., suggests that he may be a book collector who derives enjoyment from something more than mere possession of a rare volume. While it is true that the modern editions of the works of which he owns the originals are more convenient for the purposes of the student, he also has performed a real service for bibliophily in assembling what in all probability is the finest private collection of books in the world.

Mr. Huntington's representatives have put book collecting on a new plane in the past few years. His purchase of the Gutenberg Bible for $50,000 some years ago was a record price for a single volume. As the owner of the original manuscript of Benjamin Franklin's "Autobiography" alone he would be the envy of any collector, but his Americana in their aggregate are probably the most complete in the country. The whole cost of the volumes now being transported across the continent runs into many millions.

Collecting originals and rare editions is in the nature of the quest a sport for only the very rich. Yet there is merit in the suggestion of an eastern reviewer that it is altogether a harmless hobby. In the days since the Gutenberg Bible first came off the press, the art of printing has developed so amazingly that there probably is not in the entire Huntington library a single worthwhile volume a textual reproduction of which in all its essentials could not be obtained by any man at the outside cost of a few dollars. Editions of the Bible much more serviceable to the student than the Gutenberg original are procurable for a few cents. During the war just ended the classics of every period were placed before readers in the American expeditionary forces without cost. All except the thrill of exclusive ownership of a volume that may owe its adventitious value to mechanical defects can still be enjoyed by the plainest citizen.

BELIEF AND PRACTICE.

"We believe," says the platform of the New York democratic party in conference (not convention) assembled, "in direct nominations." As an evidence of their fidelity to the principle of the direct primary, they have "suggested" a full state ticket for consideration of the sovereign voters.

The republicans were a little less ingenuous. They had a convention and they called it a convention. They nominated a complete set of candidates, from governor to state engineer, adopted a platform, and submitted their selections to the decision of the primary.

Against this appalling usurpation by both parties of the right of the electorate to choose candidates for office without the advice or consent of any boss or organization, or machine on earth, no one in New York has raised any effective protest. The general opinion is apparently that it is all right. The average voter there wants information about candidates, and he does not resent the fact that leaders of his party are seeking to help him make a selection. The New York World, Dem., approves the pre-primary convention, saying:

> On the whole, these public meetings, by whatever name they are called, are preferable to back-room meetings which govern in the dark, and they give the minority a chance to express its opinions, if nothing else. . . . There is no reason why the democrats should make a pretause of horror at the unblushing frankness of the republican leaders in getting together and recommending a ticket. They might much better devote their time and attention to the choice of candidates who will have a reasonable chance of beating the republicans, and they should not underrate their task.

Evidently they have not heard in New York of the perfect working of the untrammeled Oregon primary, where the right men are always chosen, and the wrong men left at home. Among the men left at home in the recent presidential primary were certain deserving democrats who have given to the party about all the leadership it has had in recent years.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO.

The death of James O'Neil inevitably recalls the Count of Monte Cristo, with which is fame as an actor was intimately associated for considerably more than a third of a century, and the Count of Monte Cristo in turn reminds us of the vitality of vengeance as a theme in romance. At some time in our lives most of us have cherished the notion that revenge is sweet. The cartoonist who pictured Johnny Jones' youthful ambition to grow up speedily for the express purpose of thrashing the daylights out of dad caught the idea that furnishes the thrill in the Dumas tale. Ignoble it may be, but it is fact.

Dumas himself borrowed the thought from Penchet's "A Diamond and a Vengeance." Dumas' hero, Edmond Dantes, furnishes the classical theme of unjust imprisonment and old testament justice on one's enemies. The Chateau d'If, noted in history as the place of confinement of sundry French notables, including Mirabeau and Louis Egalite, owes its popular fame to the novelist rather than to any historian. A forbidden castle, a dungeon impregnable, a hero victimized by unjust fate, fabulous wealth and the power to bring confusion to the foe—these were the convenient media out of which the most celebrated romance of the first half of the nineteenth century was created, and from which came the play that achieved the remarkable record of more than 6000 performances by a single actor.

That O'Neil found his forte in romantic drama there is no question. He early made the discovery that his public liked him best in his standard role. Those who have seen and heard him will remember that he was capable of rising to great heights of dramatic fervor; it was an experience to have shared the enthusiasm of his declaration that "the world is mine." The attempt to dramatize Hugo's Jean Valjean, a character also sinned against, but a thousand times more lovable than Edmond Dantes, has been a failure, measured by the standard of the success of "Monte Cristo." Forgiveness is for philosophers and philanthropists; the gallery gods want their realism straight and the justice of revenge is the stuff they crave.

TEACHING OUR NATIONAL TRUTHS.

It was in the test of war that this nation discovered with what volatile, explosive and unknown human chemicals we had filled the melting pot. It is true that an honorable majority of these adopted sons took up our tasks as their own, looted their savings to buy liberty bonds, toiled at the multiplied industrial duties of the era, and in countless instances laid their bodies beneath the wooden crosses of France. But for the unamalgamated minority, restless and imbued with the dubious doctrines that sprout behind the battle lines, we were forced to create laws that might serve to curb the menace of their open hostility and ill-will.

There me to the consciousness of Americans, as the result of these phenomena—wherein the hand that fed was most ungraciously bitten—the deliberate conviction that we of the soil had not been altogether blameless in the perverse and evil course that certain of our immigrants had chosen. Not only had we admitted them without discrimination, but we had forgotten them upon admittance and left the future citizen to such tutoring as chance might bring his way. With a half-digested concept of liberty, and with a thoroughly functioning bent for envy, such men were the instant prey of those who overlook no opportunity to create disorder and disloyalty. Realizing that we have been remiss in our duty to the immigrant, we are seeking to blaze a course for the future.

Congressional legislation has been advanced to the end that qualifications for citizenship shall be more discriminating, the process of assimilation hastened, and the candidate kept under official surveillance throughout the period of his novitiate. Inevitably we must so proceed, and shall, that the nation will in fact as in letter become a country of one people. But the desirable result will be expedited—indeed, it may never be otherwise achieved—if the power and purpose of the federal government are supported by the attitude of state and municipal governments and of individual Americans. The advances toward citizenship should not be altogether on the part of the aspirant. Plain Smith and Jones, and all the rest of us, should meet with the hand of friendship and the word of encouragement the chap who is ambitious to become one of us. Projects for this purpose are varied and illimitable, they are both personal and civic, but the keynote of each must be friendly and comprehending encouragement.

The Chicago Association of Commerce, for example, has issued a simplified textbook in common English for the guidance of the immigrant. Its opening page is an object lesson in language, its closing paragraphs, or rather verses, are those of the national hymn. It contains fifty-two lessons and the pledge to the flag is among them.

CONCILIATION IN INDUSTRY.

Either there must be some temperate, equitable ground of discussion and award for the settlement of industrial disputes or inflamed partisanship will go to extremes. Oregon has passed the experimental stage in the functioning of the state board of conciliation, now in existence for a year. The first annual report of the board is convincing testimony to its efficacy in promoting industrial peace through justice to disputants. It is regrettable that the terse record of conciliation, successful in almost every instance, is not accompanied by statistical speculation on what as many strikes would have cost in wasted wages and retarded production, to say nothing of intensified prejudice and misunderstanding.

The state board of conciliation is not armed with the power of compelling acceptance of its services, but it has the not insignificant weapon of popular disapproval to draw against the parties who decline to co-operate in settlement of their industrial difficulties. It is far from an extreme measure, as is the industrial court of Kansas, but thus early it has proved conclusively that an impartial light on industrial quarrels is a powerful inducement to just and satisfactory solution. Literally, though it is a tribunal representing the employer, the employe and the public—all otherwise disinterested in the issue—it is the voice of the public and its word carries weight.

In economic history the present will be known as a period in which the public, the huge majority served by industry, and which insures the financial success of both capital and labor, at length found voice and spoke for its rights, declining to suffer longer from the irrational quarrels of those who are in its service.

ANOTHER KENTUCKY TRADITION SHATTERED.

Laws against carrying concealed weapons, and more particularly the revolver or pistol, may have lessened the daily drama of American affairs but have unquestionably preserved the integrity of the census. To tote a pistol is to anticipate the sanguinary moment when its bearer will feel impelled to use the weapon. Yet in Kentucky, sir, such laws have ever been honored more in the breach than the observance and pardons have almost invariably been handed down with neatness and dispatch to those typically southern gentlemen who had been convicted of carrying pocket hardware. Now the pistol must go to the bourne of the mint julep.

"Pistol carrying promotes homicide," declares Governor Morrow, of the blue grass state. "It makes murderers in their minds and hearts before they carry the deed into execution. The pistol carrier is not a good citizen, is not desirable, and on the contrary is a menace to good order and to public safety.

The Kentucky law prescribes jail sentences upon conviction of carrying a pistol and in addition imposes a sentence of disfranchisement for two years. In effect it publishes with the punishment a declaration that the pistol toter is unworthy of citizenship. It is this law that Governor Morrow asserts he will uphold without fear or favor, adding that the last pardon has been issued.

From any number of sources we have gleaned the impression that southern gentlemen, sir, are choleric and hasty, painfully touchy upon superficial points of personal dignity, and addicted to goatees, slim black cigars, and frosty drinks compounded by faithful black servitors. The code of the duellist, personal satisfaction for insult or injury, was almost as dear a heritage as the family recipe for juleps. Now that both pistol and potation are shorn from these belligerent swashbucklers they should, if popular accounts of character are true, be hopping mad.

These impressions may be quite wrong. If so, let us blame literature that boasts of local color. But the tradition that every gentleman must be prepared for hostile eventualities must subside, and the last survival of medievalism be laid to rest with the musty old notion that manhood is best tested by the drinking bout.

THE CELEBRATED CROW CASE.

It is not long since robin redbreast levied on the strawberries and hopped to the forefront of controversial scrutiny. He was named both rogue and saint, according to the views of the disputants and the varying nature of the evidence. If so he is a very human fellow, as all must agree. It is a far cry from robins to crows, those marauders accursed by the farmer, but the ornithological field might as well be weeded of error now as any other time. In the semblance of congenital depravity the crow has the bulge on cock robin, who is a seemly, mild-mannered old bug-hunter. There is about his crowship a singular air of dissolute depravity, prankish mischief, of wisdom that challenges and ridicules ours. An ominous bird, indeed. It was a crow, though specifically his family was the storied line of the raven, that croaked so dismally to Poe.

There are in the United States nine varieties of corvine birds. Six are crows and three are ravens. They are kin in feather and craft and the eye of the uninitiate may not discriminate between them. All are crows and in consequence belong to the clan of feathered outlaws. It is too much to ask the irate farmer, as he surveys a field that must be re-seeded, to bear in mind that the biped crow is not unlike the biped man in characteristics—that the shrewd brain behind those twinkling, satirical eyes is fraught with fear and boldness, hatred and affection, loyalty and revenge, perseverance and carelessness, with a strong tincture of the acquisitive.

For some time both scientists and observant farmers have warmed the suspicion that we have heaped too great contumely on the crow. There has been growing doubt of the desirability of his extinction, and talk of bounties on his glossy pate has met with unexpected and positive opposition. Yet the case for the crow never was taken up and pursued with thorough inquiry until the department of agriculture, unbiased and open-minded, slew 2100 of these birds at varying seasons in a given range, for the purpose of conducting post mortems on the stomach contents.

The report of that inquisition presents the crow in an altogether different light. If it does not hand him a halo, nor declare his song to excel that of the hermit thrush at evening, at least it advises us something to this effect: "The crow is an overgrown blackbird with an insatiable appetite for a most varied menu, whereon many of the items are weeds, seeds, plants, bugs, beetles, worms and rodents inimical to the happiness and prosperity of man. He is also a rogue and a thief without scruple, but for the most part his valuable services to agriculture more than counterbalance his depredations."

Though the post-mortem committee discovered and identified 625 "specifically different substances" in the cosmopolitan tummy of the crow, and though some of these were beyond doubt the tender salad blades of newly-sprouted wheat, of corn and barley, and the seeds thereof, the inquest also developed the fact that fully 20 per cent of the diet consisted of insect life. His meats included wireworms, cutworms, white grubs and grasshoppers, whose names are anathema in the agricultural districts.

What was more important for the crow, if he is to strut warily into the good opinion of men, they found that from May to the close of September, or through the entire growing season, the crow derived a full third of his provender from the insect world. It was true that the inquest in the case of the People versus Crow brought forth partially digested evidence that the scamp is fond of eggs, of fledglings and even of downy little chicks, but the report asserts that this propensity has been greatly exaggerated by alarmists and that the crime is only occasional.

In its recommendations the report of the department of agriculture advises that war against the crow be restricted to localities where damage is prevalent and positive, and that in all other instances the bird be assured of protection under a truce contingent on good behavior for its duration. More drastic measures than these, observed the investigators, would not only be unjust to the crow, but would bring economic misfortune to the farmer.

There is but one indispensable industry, when all is said and done. It is the economic bulwark, farming. Were all else to fail, and civilization go crashing down in industrial chaos, human survival would seek refuge in the soil from whence the race sprang and on which it has been nurtured. Of course, this is not going to happen, but it is comfortable to feel that the kindly old bosom of earth is still fruitful and eager to serve. At a time when strikes and lockouts are the freely brandished weapons of industrial strife there is refreshing assurance in the fact that the soil and sun never walk out or decline duty. Something of this trend of logic is between the lines of the latest report of the federal reserve board, which declares that the car shortage and the labor situation have wrought a slump in industry, and that the situation is redeemed only by a prodigality of crop returns, actual and prospective. The "more confident tone in business," says this authority, is induced by agricultural successes and not by industrial activity.

Now we get word that only a few weeks after having been divorced, Harold Bell Wright, "moral uplift" novelist, has married another woman. Probably his next novel will be a ringing indictment of the immorality of staying married to the same person too long.

A "country" editor across the river is candidate for the legislature. A better office for a "country" editor would be coroner, in which position he could arrest the sheriff and otherwise regulate the patronage.

Governor Cox, speaking at Dayton, predicted that democratic victory is "as certain as the setting of the sun in the western skies." Yes, but sometimes the sunset in the western skies is hidden by clouds.

Cattle rustlers in Saskatchewan have introduced something new by using motor cars in their rustling operations instead of horses. A gasoline shortage has its advantages, after all.

The Hohenzollern horses, harness and carriages are reported in news dispatches to have been advertised for sale. Funny that nothing is said about the Hohenzollern goat.

When a sign bearing the legend "Big Sale—Going Out of Business Immediately" has been up so long that it is worn out, it begins to lose its effect.

Fame does not always bring happiness, but the Rev. Harold Bell Wright, who can tell of it in books, is willing to make a second trial.

The boy missing this afternoon will be found hanging around the speedway hoping an "angel" will come along to help him in.

The photograph of the present Roosevelt lacks something. The briar pipe should be a cob to be truly democratic.

The latest seizure of liquor in Seattle had a value of only $8000. The leading city in the line in dabbling in job lots.

That sturdy body known as the women who vote must see to it that Mrs. Coolidge selects her gowns after election.

Three billion bushels of corn—all for eating and feeding purposes! "Corn juice" is a memory.

If the country buyer wants to see how it is done or made show him the whole shop.

"Poles Want Quick Peace," says a headline. We should think they would.

Emma Goldman and Berkman fit in in Russia.

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE TIMES

Harking Back to the Days of Macbeth and the Early Camoflours.

Macbeth was a general, but no one held that against him. He was right in the thick of things, and even the sergeants and lieutenants who had stood inspection under him had a good word for him. When the arrow barrages began to come over, then Macbeth, they said, was a regular Bellona's bridegroom and all kinds of a hell raiser, so says a writer in the Stars and Stripes.

When the Norwegians and some rebels raided Scotland, Macbeth led his "ladies from hell" in a counter attack. Macbeth, himself, worked on a hostile general until he had the enemy's head for a souvenir. In those days they were not content with just a helmet as a memento.

On the way back to G. H. Q. to report, Macbeth met three old women who, after hitting him for cigarettes all around, started telling his fortune. They prophesied he would rank a couple of thanes who had been ordering him around. They hinted that he might even rise to be commander-in-chief.

That's how the trouble started. Lady Macbeth, who had a grudge against the government because she had never received her allotment, persuaded Macbeth to kill King Duncan. Why wait for promotion by seniority, she suggested, when it's so much faster by selection?

So Macbeth put the king away and several others, and everything would have been all set if ghosts hadn't started trying to swipe Macbeth's place in the mess line.

Finally loyal Scots combined with the English and started a drive on Macbeth's chateau. On the march they pulled off one of the neatest little camouflage stunts of all times. When the outfit came to Birnam wood every buck private took a tree and slung it over his shoulder, higher ranks carried branches, while staff officers wore bouquets of wild flowers in their buttonholes.

Thus the wood seemed to move as the army hiked on. Macbeth's signal corps went crazy trying to correct their maps to date, while everybody accused the forward observer, who reported the mobile forest, of having too much cognac on the hip.

There was some hard hand-to-hand fighting. However, it soon was all over but the armistice. Macbeth was listed as missing until Macduff walked in carrying his head and reported him as a casualty.

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In business correspondence, says the Columbus Dispatch, we frequently find the word "same" used as in the following examples: "We have received your letter of the 20th and note what you say in same;" "your order for 200 barrels received and we shall give prompt attention to same."

This use of the word "same" is condemned by all authorities on English grammar. The two sentences quoted would be worded in much better English if they read as follows: "We have received your letter of the 20th and note what you say in it;" "your order for 200 barrels has been received and we shall give prompt attention to the matter."

Of course, men and women in business are not charged especially with the duty of helping to keep the English language free from error. But it is really amazing to note how many business houses that are careful about the quality of the goods in which they deal and about the stationery which they use permit their letters to go out filled with grammatical errors and errors in punctuation.

* * *

Sir Oliver Lodge has stated that the energy of a gram of radium, if capable of being utilized, would lift the whole British navy as high as the summit of Mont Blanc, writes Hereward Carrington in Leslie's. Unfortunately—or perhaps fortunately—we are as yet unable to control this tremendous energy; we can only observe it. The tiniest particle of radium—no bigger than a pin-point—will give off heat and energy for years. The activity of radium is due to the fact that it constantly gives off tiny particles or streams of energy. These are known as alpha, beta and gamma rays, and were first detected or distinguished by their varying sensitiveness to magnetic fields of attraction.

Some of the latest applications of radium products are the following. The motorist can apply it to his gasoline gauge; for the motorcyclist, there is a luminous speedometer; for the sickroom, a thermos bottle, on the top of which is placed a dab of "undark"—an American product of radium emanations—which will enable the invalid to find it in the dark. A dab on the top of the glass will also serve to locate it. In the same way, special radium luminous markings have been devised for poison bottles—to cut down the frightful toll which accidental poisonings take every year. Illuminated graduating glasses will insure the proper "dose" being mixed, even in a dark room; and radium watches are, of course, relatively plentiful. "Undark" has also been employed on airplane instruments, ships' telegraph dials, house numbers and electric flashlight locators.

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The Slater (Mo.) Rustler is no subscriber to the jokes on the mothers-in-law. In fact the editor speaks of the son-in-law and to him.

"If ever there was a set of fellows who are coddled, spoiled and humored it is sons-in-law. The mother-in-law stands up for you when you want to go fishing. She tempers wife's wrath when you are late from lodge. When you are temporarily short she puts up a tenspot to tide you over. In the sick room she shoulders the bulk of the work and prepares many tempting dainties for the waning appetite. Should you 'go west' she gives the best of her life to see that your fatherless children have protection and care, and are started out properly equipped to fight life's battles. Don't cast a fling at the best on earth. Take off your hat and thank the Lord for the greatest of all blessings—a good mother-in-law."

* * *

The usual crowd was gathered round the usual motor car and the usual goggled one was endeavoring to right matters in the usual way.

"Hello!" suddenly cried the voice of a new arrival. "What's the matter, Hobbins—car turned turtle?"

Hobbins smiled with expressive sweetness.

"Oh, no; not at all, old chap!" he replied. "These kids here wanted to see how the machinery worked, so I had the car turned upside down just to please them."—New York Globe.

Those Who Come and Go.

"There will be a humdinger of a political campaign in our county for state senator," predicted Judge Thomas H. Crawford of LaGrande, as he chewed a cigar in the Imperial lobby yesterday. "There are two candidates for the senate—Walter M. Pierce, who is, of course, as everyone knows, a democrat; and Bruce Dennis, who is, as everyone knows, a republican. Both Walter and Bruce are pretty handy speakers on the stump and as I get the story, they have agreed to travel together and do their talking. To see and hear the two of them on the platform will certainly be worth the price of admission. You see, Walter knows all about Bruce and Bruce knows Walter's history from the cradle, and with such a situation there are unlimited possibilities for entertainment," Judge Crawford was a delegate to the democratic convention in San Francisco and was on the platform committee where the real fireworks were set off.

Charles V. Brown of Astoria came to Portland yesterday to have a little argument with the state highway commission. Mr. Brown is on the highway committee of the Astoria chamber of commerce and the chamber wants the Columbia highway paved between Seaside and Astoria this year. Money is no project of any such speed, but the highway people are in favor of putting the job under contract this winter and having it start the first thing in the spring. The commission, with assistance from the government and Clatsop county, is already building a bridge across Young's bay, which will be part of the highway to Seaside. J. S. Dellinger, newspaper publisher, also appeared from Astoria to boost for the pavement. He said he promised a year ago that he wouldn't return to the commission until the Seaside-Astoria road was finished, but he couldn't keep his word because the commission was so slow.

R. W. Jones, who is the mayor of Ontario, is at the Imperial and discovers there are so many more things to see in Portland than there are in Ontario that he will remain here a few days. Aside from the job of being mayor, Mr. Jones is also in the laundry business and says without fear of successful contradiction that he is giving a clean administration. Ontario is determined to be right on the map with both feet and therefore is paving a considerable portion of its area. One of the pleasant features of Mayor Jones' visit was when the state highway commission decided yesterday that Ontario will be the terminus of the old Oregon trail. The commission made the decision in order to prevent P. J. Gallagher from talking them to death on the subject.

E. H. Smith of Lakeview is the president of the County Judges' and County Commissioners' association of Oregon. Not only that, but Judge Smith offered to lend money to the state highway commission yesterday, because Lake county sold its road bonds before the market dropped and is now in position to give the merry ha-ha to less fortunate counties. The judge goes home with the information that a bridge will be built across the Chewaucan at Paisley and that anywhere from two to ten miles of road will be constructed in the county during the winter.

There isn't enough excitement about being county judge in Harney county to tempt William Farre to seek votes for it. Judge Farre was recently appointed as county judge to fill the unexpired term of his predecessor, but the judge isn't making any effort to hold the place. For 14 years Judge Farre was in the land office at Burns. The judge was in Portland yesterday and is having the highway commission let a contract for improving the road between Crane and Lawen. He got action, too.

"How is it possible for a carload of paper to be shipped to the Pacific coast from the east, get as far west as Omaha, then be attached to an eastbound freight and finally land in a small town in northern New York and remain missing for weeks and weeks?" inquired C. Prad P. Olson. "We would like to know what happened to a carload of paper which was intended for the new code of Oregon laws which I have been compiling. When the lost car was finally found the paper was ruined and another carload had to be secured and shipped."

Representative Hare of Washington county was looking around in Portland yesterday. Several times Mr. Hare has been a member of the lower house at Salem, but now he is the republican nominee for state senator and is as good as elected. Mr. Hare says he hasn't tied himself up on the senate organization contest yet and has so notified Senators Ritner and Eddy, who are aspirants for the presidency.

Not far from where Ross Finnigan of the Benson desk staff is summering on the Clatsop beach a large and very dead sea lion came ashore the other day. At first the hotel man figured on securing the pelt and making himself one of those nifty arctic overcoats, but before the hide could be removed Mr. Finnigan concluded that cremation was the most important ceremony he could perform on the sea lion. Mr. Finnigan will continue to wear a raincoat.

If anything should happen to Ben W. Olcott, W. T. Vinton of Yamhill county would be the governor. Senator Vinton, who visited Portland yesterday, is president of the state senate, and under the amendment to the constitution adopted by the people at the last special election the president of the senate becomes governor when the latter cannot act. Senator Vinton is a holdover.

"Nyssa is the prune center of the world," asserts E. C. Wilson of that Oregon town. Mr. Wilson, who is here attending buyers' week, says that the Idanha orchard is the largest prune concern in the country. There will be between 80 and 100 cars of these winter strawberries produced in the orchard this year and they will all be evaporated.

R. H. Bunnell, who is county judge for Klamath, and Asa Fordyce, who is one of the county commissioners, are registered at the Hotel Oregon. Highway stuff.

Payment of Interest on Note.

HERMISTON, Or., Aug. 9.—(To the Editor.)—Please answer whether following collection of interest on note is legal: A borrows $250 from B, paying interest at the rate of 10 per cent per annum, the $250 to be repaid in six months. At end of six months A repays the money, B demanding $25 interest instead of $12.50, saying it is compulsory to pay for a full years' interest on a six months note. A thinks he paid too high for the use of the money. Which is right?
—PUZZLED ONE.

There is no law to compel payment of interest for longer than the full term for which the note was made. On the other hand, if the note were for one year the lender, at his option, could insist on payment for the entire period.

Choice of Two Places.

She—"When I get to heaven I am going to ask Solomon why he had so many wives."

He—"What if he isn't there?"

She—"Then you ask him."

PARTIES FACE NEW ALIGNMENT

League Without Safeguards Too Much for Many Democrats to Swallow.

McMINNVILLE, Or., Aug. 10.—(To the Editor.)—President Wilson, quite a while ago, suggested that the league of nations be submitted to a solemn referendum of the voters of the United States, and through his influence and the action of Candidate Cox this referendum will be had, the republican party and its candidate, Senator Harding, having accepted the challenge.

But it seems to me that making Wilsonism and this league of nations the dominant issue at the ensuing election will make a new alignment of parties necessary. If one will search the platform of the democratic party from the days of Thomas Jefferson down to this year one will fail to find where that party has ever favored anything like this league or its principles. In fact the traditions of that party and the republican party have always been opposed to attempting to dominate the nations of the world. Both parties have stood for attending to our own business and letting Europe attend to its own affairs.

But Wilson and Candidate Cox want to enter this league of nations without the adoption of any substantial reservations thereto that would safeguard and protect rights and limit our obligations; and they, with the approval of the republican party and its candidate, make this league the dominating question upon which the people will be asked to vote at the November election.

Wilson and Candidate Cox insist on ratifying the treaty with the league of nations without any reservations that will materially change the meaning of any provision of the league. They are not opposed to "interpretations," but they will not accept any reservations that materially modify the meaning of any clause of the league. Mere "interpretations" would not effect any change in the league, but reservations, adopted by our senate, would, so far as this country is concerned, modify the provisions of the league so as to make them accord with the reservations. Of course, the other nations that have gone into the league might refuse to assent to our reservations, if we should adopt any, and then we should not be a member of the league, but if they should expressly or impliedly assent to our reservations, then we should be a member of the league and our rights and obligations would be measured by the terms of the league as modified by our reservations.

If we ratify the league with mere interpretations, our rights and obligations will be measured by the terms of the articles of the league, and our interpretations will be ignored if they do not accord with the articles of the league. We cannot change the meaning of any article of the league by mere interpretations, but we may, by reservations.

As the league of nations is a new article of faith that has been put into the democratic creed by the influence of Wilson and Candidate Cox, many democrats, who do not believe in it, now that it is to be the dominant issue, are likely to refuse to follow these "leaders," and they will be likely to vote for Senator Harding, unless a change shall occur before the election.

A majority of the democratic members of the United States senate, including Senator Chamberlain, showed, by their record in the senate, that they are opposed to ratifying this league without substantial reservations, and, if they want to see votes, how can they vote for Governor Cox? Wilson and Cox have made it impossible for them to support Cox on this question, without stultifying themselves.

The 18th amendment to the constitution of the United States has been decided by the United States supreme court to be a valid part of our supreme law, and, like all other laws, it should be enforced, and congress passed an act for its enforcement, and this act also should be enforced. But it seems certain that "wets" in the east have a scheme to get congress to pass an act amending the existing law so that beer or wine containing enough alcohol to intoxicate may be sold, and many believe that Candidate Cox is favorable to this scheme, and that he would approve such an act, if he should be elected, and such an act should be passed. Efforts have been made without success to get him to declare his position on prohibition.

Voters who are "dry" will be slow to vote for him, unless he shall publish an explicit statement of his position on this subject. Silence will not be satisfactory. The people want to know where he stands, and whether he favors "a pot of beer for the laboring man."

A DOUBTFUL VOTER.

VARIETY OF SCENERY IS GOOD

Products and Industries Not Excluded in Quest of the Beautiful.

BORING, Or., Aug. 9.—(To the Editor.)—In reply to Mr. Crissey's appeal for the Bull Run route of the Mount Hood loop road, I believe the members of the state highway commission are level headed and will decide on the route that will in every way further the best interests of the state. The purpose of constructing such a road is the upbuilding of our state. Agricultural development is the backbone of this upbuilding. We want the kind of tourist travel that will result in bringing more people to settle on our land.

Nowadays the average tourist does not belong to the "traveled and discriminating class," who find travel through a farming community tedious. Man may not live by bread alone, yet the homely statement by the man satiated with too much scenery, who said, "It is good for the eye, but no good for the stomach," will also have its appeal at a time when the world need is more production. We want the tourist to go back home and tell of the wonderful climate and scenery and also of the products and industries—only then will the impression be complete. It is the variety of scenery within a short range that is making Oregon the mecca of the movie maker.

And by no means is the south route devoid of beauty—indeed, it is in the variety of scenery that its charm lies. It offers the tourist more variation and attraction than the Bull Run route, because of its several high-class resorts, as well as the numerous beautiful mountain streams providing ideal camping places that will accommodate thousands of campers for several miles north and south of the main road. On the other hand, if the route went through the Bull Run reserve it would take an army of officers to keep campers out. The south-side route makes a wider loop, provides more variation, is the better grade and would, no doubt, serve the best interests of the state.

MRS. ROBERT JONSRUD.

MARY'S CAR.

Mary had a little car,
Propelled by gasoline;
Everywhere that Mary went
She rode in the machine.

The auto one day struck a stone,
And from its course deflected;
Doctor says that Mary's doing
As well as could be expected.
— SAFETY FIRST.

Will Not Stand With Cox.

Albany Herald.

The Herald will never believe that American womanhood will ever stand on the same plane with Tammany hall and Tom Taggart and their kindred spirits.

More Truth Than Poetry.

By James J. Montague.

LOOKS.

Ermyntrude knows how to pull
The broadest kind of A's;
Ethelinda's mind is full
Of Lord Dunsany's plays;
All of Mr. Bergson's books
Amaryllis reads,
But Mary Ann has got the looks,
And that is all she needs.

She can wax enthusiastic over movies
"realistic";
She can say, "You tell 'em, Bryan, I
ain't got the parts of speech!"
But her cruelty to grammar doesn't
even dim the glamour
That irradiates her beauty like the
bloom upon a peach.
You may think that woman's mission
is to load in erudition;
You may think a mental auro round
a maiden is sublime;
But you never will be troubled when
her negatives are doubled,
For you'll tumble for a looker,
every time.

Phyllis finds in plays by Shaw
A quiet culture thrill;
A girl who murmurs "I have saw"
Would make her rather ill.
Araminta likes to dip
In Mr. Strindberg's stuff,
But little Mamie is a pip,
And that—well, that's enough!

Though she has you staring mutely
when she ripples: "Posilutely!"
Though it jars you to the marrow
when she gurgles "I have went,"
Cast your eyes in the direction of her
apple-blow complexion
And you'll sit and lister to her in a
state of soft content.
And, although you'll often shiver, you
will readily forgive her
When you find she's never looked
inside of magazine books,
For it's not their brains that win you
—there is something deep within
you
That inevitably tumbles for their
looks!

* * *

Worth Money.

With cabbages at half a dollar a head, you needn't feel insulted when you are offered a campaign cigar.

* * *

We're Getting Lethargic.

How can you expect a country that refused to get worked up over the international yacht race to get excited over a mere presidential campaign?

* * *

Fifty-Fifty.

Apparently Carpentier didn't want to fight over here any more than Dempsey wanted to fight in France.

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In Other Days.

Twenty-five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of August 11, 1895

Philadelphia.—James J. Corbett and Robert Fitzsimmons had an impromptu set-to tonight in a barroom, but neither man was injured. Corbett spat in Fitzsimmons' face. Fitzsimmons was taken out by friends.

The Multnomah Athletic club yesterday won the final game over the Portland club in the amateur baseball contest by a score of 9 to 4.

The decree of foreclosure was entered in the United States circuit court yesterday in the case of the Farmers' Loan & Trust company vs. the Oregon Railroad & Navigation company, unless the amount due, $14,016,208, is paid within 20 days.

Sportsmen were disappointed yesterday in a "bear-baiting" at the White House racetrack. A 2-year-old black bear was led round the track, after which dogs and hounds were placed on the trail. The bear cuffed one dog to sleep and the hounds then made friends with bruin and seemed to enjoy playing with him.

Fifty Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of August 11, 1870.

Paris.—Marshal Bazaine of France has 180,000 men at Metz; McMahon 50,000 at Saverne, and Canrobert 50,000 at Nancy. The Prussians are concentrated in front of Metz.

Indianapolis.—President Grant arrived here today on his western tour, and his special train proceeded without detention.

Mr