Morning Oregonian

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ON A JADED HORSE.

Having completed his western tour, what has Governor Cox accomplished? Four weeks remain before election and, unless something should develop during that period to produce a revolution in public opinion, the impressions formed during the last month will be reflected in the popular vote.

Mr. Cox has been eloquent and vociferous in behalf of the Wilson league, but has not offered a practicable plan for putting the United States into it. Nor has he been able to change the conviction prevalent among both friends and foes of the Versailles covenant that Mr. Wilson himself has scrapped it by his autocratic conduct and obstinacy. By taking upon himself the defense of this most conspicuous example of Wilsonism, Mr. Cox has taken up a load which will crush him.

From the league Mr. Cox turned to charges about a republican slush fund, which have been disproved and have served only to invite attention to the source of his own campaign fund and to the popular subscriptions in small sums upon which his opponents rely.

Many questions have been addressed to Mr. Cox as to whether he would enforce prohibition. Saying he would answer frankly, he answered evasively. He always avoided saying he would oppose weakening the Volstead act. The people studied his record and the character of the men to whom he owes his nomination, and they formed the conclusion that there would be a high percentage of humidity in a Cox administration.

Trading on the name of Theodore Roosevelt, whose fifth cousin is running mate, Mr. Cox made an appeal to the progressives of the west by proclaiming himself one of them. The people recalled what Roosevelt—the real Roosevelt—said in the early years of the war and what Cox's newspaper said of the Lusitania. They recalled what Roosevelt said of Wilson, with whom Cox is in "perfect accord." The men and women who love Roosevelt and honor his memory want none of the Cox brand of progressivism.

From every platform Cox has declared that Harding is the nominee of a "senatorial oligarchy" which forced his nomination. That led people to consider the oligarchy by which Cox was forced on a wearied convention. The senators in almost every state are nominated by a direct primary of their parties, in all states they are elected by direct vote of all the people. They are truly representatives, and their leaders, forming the alleged oligarchy, are the choice of their colleagues. Who elected Murphy, Nugent, Taggart and Brennan, who compose Cox's oligarchy? They elected themselves by building up political organizations around themselves, and they chose Cox because he is one of their own kind.

All these spurious issues, put before the people with all the art of a demagogic orator, could not evoke popular acclaim, for there is a groundswell of disgust with democratic administration which makes the people sceptical of all that a democrat says. Mr. Taft is right in saying of Mr. Cox: "He is riding a jaded horse."

THE MENACE OF MENTAL ARROGANCE.

President Hopkins of Dartmouth college sounded a new note the other day in an opening address to students in which he urged attention to sins of omission in higher colleges which he regards as at least partly responsible for the disrepute into which certain great words of the language are falling. "Progressivism," "liberalism" and "idealism," each properly significant of "mental attitudes essential to the advance of vitilization," he finds, are "losing their force . . . because associated so constantly with groups whose theories lead but to destruction or futility." The college president continues:

> We have not put the same stigma on mental arrogance that we have on social or political presumption. We have not withheld admiration from the man of large intellectual capacity who was too self-centered or too selfish to utilize this capacity for the benefit of society as we have withheld approval from those who hoard wealth or political power. We have not held in disdain the man who utilizes his intellectual brilliancy for irresponsible pyrotechnic display to attract the attention of an amused populace as we would visit contempt upon the man who with like purpose spiurged financially or prostituted political power.

Not a novel conception of stewardship, but one that will bear emphasis in a time like the present, is the notion that we hold our natural gifts, as we do our property, however honestly acquired, only in trust for the benefit of our kind. The arrogance of those who misapply brilliancy of intellect lies in the assumption that they alone deserve credit for their achievements. There are intellectual pharisees, as President Hopkins realizes, and they are no more comforting than the conventional kind. The idea that the gift of superior mental power is no less a trust than any other fortunate possession, once it takes deep root, will do much to foster good understanding in places now beset with strife.

The issue here raised is one of intellectual and moral conscience combined. Without trenching on the metaphysical, which Dr. Hopkins himself undoubtedly would avoid doing, it can be said that moral responsibility is increased by intellectual power. We have the right to expect more from the mentally superior than from those whose lights are relatively dim. The latter may more than equalize the disparity by "instinct for intelligent service to the welfare of the times in which they live," as Dr. Hopkins phrases it. And it must be increasingly clear that narrow-mindedness may be as little to the advantage of an age as ineffective-mindedness. A class that deserves to be set down as intellectual profiteers because it trades on the necessities and the disadvantages of others will be richly rewarded in new inward satisfaction if it will study the face in the mirror held up by this educator.

There are nevertheless signs that the leaven is working. In science the "professional spirit" has come to be regarded as a thing to be reverenced. More and more the idea that a great discovery can be legitimately kept as a trade secret is disappearing. There is increasing cooperation in the field of scientific research, as distinguished from that of sociology. One can only wonder whom President Hopkins had in mind when he alluded to the "obstinacy of minds and the uncompromising attributes of temperaments in individuals whose intellectual equipment has won leadership in movements," which defeat their own purposes because of utter failure to comprehend the responsibility that leadership of every kind implies.

DAYS OF WISE COMPROMISE.

A democratic contemporary, historically minded for the moment, remarks that when the United States constitution was presented for adoption it was attacked on the ground that it created a super government over the states and "would destroy the people's liberties." We are also informed:

> The fight against the league of nations is the fight against the American constitution all over again. The same fears are expressed. The same call is made for reservations. The same charges are made against those who framed the instrument.
>
> But the constitution was adopted. None of the things charged against it came to pass. Every fear proved groundless. Every contention against it was demonstrated by experience to have been idle and foolish.

Fairly accurate in part. Far from true in other respects. The principal criticism of the constitution as orisinally drafted was indeed that it created a super-government that would have the power to destroy the people's libertics. But the criticism was directed against things the constitution omitted rather than things which it contained. Its ratification was secured by compromise. That compromise was agreement by the leaders of the federalist party, which stood sponsor for the constitution, that they would aid in securing amendments to the constitution which would guarantee the people against the feared loss of their liberties.

The promised guarantees were formulated by the first congress and were promptly adopted by the states. They are that part of the constitution known as the bill of rights and are in the first ten amendments. They guarantee free speech, a free press, freedom of religion, the right to bear arms and security against unreasonable search; they insure the permanency of the jury system, protect the rights of accused persons, guard life, liberty and property against deprivation without due course of law, prohibit cruel and unusual punishments and safeguard other rights and liberties.

In a word the chief objection to the constitution as originally framed was met, the honest doubts and fears of those who had opposed it were allayed, and the document was not injured in the process. The same thing could have been done with the league covenant. If Washington, Adams, Jay, Marshall and others had been so unyielding as President Wilson the constitution would have probably failed of adoption. The early contentions against the constitution have not been "demonstrated by experience to have been idle and foolish." Probably no sections of the constitution appear as often in court decisions protecting the rights of the people as the sections forming the bill of rights.

RELATIONS WITH JAPAN.

Great desire of the Japanese people for friendly relations with the United States is evidenced by the Yomiuri of Tokio in publishing a Japan-American supplement on the occasion of the visit of the American congressional party. The paper is full of articles by leading Japanese statesmen, politicians, business men and writers to the effect that, after the United States introduced Japan to the modern world, the immigration question must not be permitted to cause a quarrel. It is urged that, as the two principal civilized nations fronting on the Pacific ocean, the United States and Japan must co-operate in the interest of peace; that they have a common task in China and eastern Siberia; that they have common interests in commerce; and that war between them would be an absurdity.

All of this is true, and it is the more reason for an understanding on the most serious point of disagreement—immigration—which will put an end to friction. This cannot be reached unless it recognizes the undeniable fact that the two nations are different, an adjective which does not imply that one is inferior to the other. The difference is social, therefore cannot be removed by laws or treaties. The two nations can work together in international policy, in which their aims and interests coincide, if the masses of their people do not come into close contact and attempt to mix. Social difference is a thing to be accepted as a fact, not to be argued away. If the subject should be approached from that viewpoint by Japan as well as America, there should be no insuperable obstacle to agreement.

This is the more desirable because there is much work in which Japan and the United States can co-operate for themselves, each other and the world. They can work together to promote order, good government and development in China and Siberia, based on the independence of those countries. There is better prospect of their doing so now that the militarist is yielding to the liberal element in Japan. Those countries will afford Japan plenty of room for its overflow population, and Americans will offer no objection to this expansion provided it is not made the means of political or commercial domination.

Americans of broad vision welcome the progress of Japan in democracy, commerce, industry and they welcome and reciprocate expressions of good will such as the Yomiuri publishes. They will welcome good understanding between the two nations, which is possible only through frank recognition of the facts as to their relations.

VINDICATING THE PROFESSORS.

News from the colleges at the opening of the new term is that student enrollment is unprecedented, but that business and industry continue to outbid education for the service of trained men. The absentee strike goes on. The college professor, wedded to his profession, might pause over an offer of, say, 10 per cent more salary in an allen field, but industry offers rewards far greater than that. An exchange records the case of a professor of biology at $2000 a year who has exchanged his chair for a position with an automobile company at $4000; a professor of modern languages at $1200 who has become a trade commissioner at $4500, and a professor of English at $1500 who is to receive just three times that much as an advertising manager. Teachers of public speaking are turning to private speaking, in selling goods; a $3000 college president finds that executive ability is in demand in commerce and will receive $7500. The story is not new, and the list might be indefinitely prolonged.

It is, nevertheless, to the optimistically inclined, a vindication of the college professor, and an utter refutation of the cynicism of Shaw, which was to the effect that those who can do things do them, "while those who can't teach." The professor evidently is no longer the dreamy-eyed, absent-minded man of abstractions who boils his watch and puts the egg in his waistcoat pocket. That he has become a practical, wide-awake man, worth bidding for by business concerns, is a sign that a change is coming over the whole spirit of education.

Yet there is point to the warning sounded by Vernon Kellogg in the North American Review, that the business world in the long run will injure business if it persists in its course. It will not be the first time that excessive competition has overreached itself. Industries that "provide for themselves today at the expense of the future" lack foresight, to say the least. The better plan is that now being fostered by certain of the larger industries, which are cooperating with the technical schools in creating conditions under which professors have the promise of a living wage.

The best type of teacher is worth as much to the school as he can possibly be to any private concern. It probably is true that some teachers are not worth more than they are now getting. But the professors enumerated, who have made good on the outside, have completely justified their claims.

FRUITS OF AUTOCRACY.

One of the worst consequences of the establishment of autocratic rule by President Wilson has been wholesale discharge, on far better terms than were given to honorable soldiers, of so-called conscientious objectors in plain violation of the draft law.

These favors were shown to slackers only. Men who served in the army without effort to avoid service by making the plea of conscientious objection were court-martialed under a military code which survives from Roman military law and were given long sentences in prison for small offenses such as absence without leave.

Men thus convicted in France were sent to the prison camp at Chelles, where they were beaten and tortured by "Hard-boiled" Smith and his picked gang of sluggers. Smith was tried and sentenced to three years in prison. General Pershing reduced the sentence to eighteen months. A congressional committee reported that the original sentence was too light, but Smith did not serve all of the reduced sentence. He was released from Fort Jay, N. Y., on parole and allowed to go to his home for several months of the time. Then he was nominally sent to Leavenworth prison, but actually was required only to mail a report of his movements to the authorities there. His sentence has now expired.

When the soldiers who fought returned from France, many of them landed penniless, their pay being long overdue, and the administration had made no provision for their return to civil life. When the slackers who refused to fight were set free, they were given honorable discharge, full pay for the time that they had refused to serve, civilian clothes and an apology.

A direct result of this kindness to men who were too yellow to fight was a mutiny among the remaining prisoners at Leavenworth. It was not suppressed, but by order of Secretary Baker the commanding officers surrendered to the mutineers by not merely permitting but by co-operating with them in establishment of a soviet to which government of the prison was practically handed over. Leniency to the conscientious objectors was the cause of the mutiny, according to Frederick Stone, a prisoner, who said:

> It was the dissension . . . the release of 113 C. O.s (conscientious objectors) by Secretary of War Baker, all allowances and back pay, army pay, after they had been confined six to eight months; that was what caused the dissension, general uprising.

The whole story was brought out at an inquiry in the United States court. The prisoners struck and, when Colonel Rice, the commandant, attempted to address them, they hooted him. At the suggestion of the executive officer, Chaplain Smith, they appointed a committee which adopted resolutions asking Rice to telegraph Baker a plea for reduced sentences or amnesty, that the committeemen be not punished and denouncing the act of Baker in releasing the conscientious objectors. Rice sent the telegram and gave his personal promise that the leaders should not be punished. When informed that the men would go to work, Rice shed "big tears," according to one prisoner, and gave the committee a "midnight lunch," the first ever served in the prison.

A committee composed of representatives elected by the prisoners in each wing was then elected, a constitution and by-laws were drawn up and revised by Rice, an executive committee of four was chosen to "confer with" the commandant once a week and with the executive officer daily, and subcommittees were appointed to run every department of the prison and its government. Soviet rule was fully established.

Terrorism by the committee, akin to that of the Russian soviet, soon became the rule. It destroyed the regular discipline and was accompanied by wholesale stealing, by vice and drunkenness. Whisky was smuggled in, intoxicants were made of prune juice and lemon extract, morphine and other drugs were stolen from the hospital and sold to prisoners, gambling went on openly and a "redlight district" was established where depraved vices were practiced. Sheets, blankets, socks and handkerchiefs were stolen in thousands and shipped away for sale. Orders of the guards were reversed by committees and the latter were obeyed. The soviet had a slugging committee, which beat men who reported misdeeds to the commandant or guards who asserted authority. Many men escaped, seventy-eight in one month, filling out and signing their own transportation blanks. Some escaped in order to save their lives from the sluggers. Finally a man was slugged to death and inquiry in the United States court followed. In giving a synopsis of the testimony the Kansas City Star says:

> The soviet was sanctioned officially by Secretary Baker and the war department, and the army officers in charge of the barracks had to submit to the soviet.

All of these proceedings, destructive of the moral spirit and discipline of the army, were in flagrant violation of the law, but they accord with the spirit of pacifism. Speaking at St. Louis on September 20, 1916, Secretary Baker said:

> You may classify me as a professional pacifist. I belong to every peace society, and it is my contention we ought to substitute reason for force.

In other words, Mr. Baker was a conscientious objector, and therefore had a fellow-feeling for the men who objected to serve because they were pro-Germans, communists, socialists or I. W. W., not because they were members of "a well-recognized sect or organization whose creed or principles forbid its members to participate in war." He found that congress had not provided exemption for his kind of objectors, so he boldly established a new class, outside of and contrary to law. On October 17, 1917, he sent a "confidential" order through the adjutant-general to the commanders of all national army and national guard camps, instructing them "to segregate the conscientious objectors," to handle them "with tact and consideration," not to treat them "as violating military law." The order closed with this evidence that Baker feared condemnation by public opinion:

> Under no circumstances are the instructions contained in the foregoing to be given to the newspapers.

This attempt to enact law by edict of a department head was approved by President Wilson, for on March 23, 1918, he signed an executive order that not only members of a religious sect which forbids participation in war but those "who object to participating in war because of conscientious scruples but have failed to receive certificates as members of a religious sect or organization from their local board will be assigned to non combatant military service."

Though Mr. Baker has taken precautions to prevent public opinion from becoming informed of what he was doing, he wrote to the president on July 2, 1918:

> We are now doing all that public opinion will stand in the interest of conscientious objectors.

His guide was not the plain meaning of the law but all that he thought "public opinion will stand" when kept in the dark. Thus was leniency given slackers, severity imposed upon those who, though offending against discipline, had shown readiness to fight, and mercy extended the bully, Smith. The fighters were handed over to be slugged by Smith and his gang or by the other hard-boiled men who naturally come to the top among a crowd of mutineers like those who organized the Leavenworth soviet.

It is to guard the people against men with such a peculiar twist in their minds as Mr. Wilson and Mr. Baker have revealed that the fathers of the republic founded a government of law, not of men. The Wilson autocracy is a government of men, not of law, and we see its fruits.

Mr. Pat Foley, who opens his new hotel in The Dalles today, has something of which to be proud in the woodwork, all of Oregon fir, with wonderful efects in the grain and the polishing thereof. Pat Foley, by the way, is as much an asset of The Dalles personally as is his hotel commercially.

This electrical exposition proposed for Portland in 1925 ought to be one of the most popular events ever held. Think of the grand opportunities for getting lit up.

The Dutch government has decided to make the ex-Kaiser pay an income tax. It would be still more to the point if they'd make it an inheritance tax.

Poor little Pu-yi, the 14-year-old ex-emperor of China, wants to visit the United States. Wonder what movie director has been offering him a contract?

A fellow thrown out of a Harding meeting for disturbance at Baltimore has exaggerated ideas of value for a democrat. He is suing for $100,000 damages.

The "punkin" pie is pushing aside the huckleberry affair and soon the "punkin" will get its from the mince article. Thus the progress of the seasons.

Whatever Commissioner Bigelow asks for the fire bureau, he should be given. Fire is a master that must be suppressed in this city.

New York figures twenty-five years ahead on her intra-mural traffic. Portland would not be "crazy" if she did the same.

Edison's invention to talk to the dead may connect up with Bryan's heart in the grave if the wizard only will hurry.

Registration shows a 3-to-1 ratio, and that undoubtedly will be the size of the Harding vote in Multnomah county.

September was a wet month in Astoria, but if it had anything on Portland only the record will show.

It really begins to look as if the sun has declared for the closed shop in Oregon.

Why not a torchlight parade for republican first voters and invite the state?

Last day to get on the city ticket, which, by the way, is full enough.

Flour and butter drop today—healthy pancake combination.

At least two days at the Gresham fair will be about right.

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE TIMES.

American Gift of Picturesque Exaggeration Illustrated.

"It is said that American conversation among men tends to degenerate into a mere exchange of anecdotes," writes Mr. William Archer in "Observations and Reflections."

"I can remember only one party who was in the least degree open to this reproach," he says; "and there the anecdotes were without exception so good and so admirably told that I, for one, should have been sorry to exchange them even for the loftiest discourses on Shakespeare and the musical glasses.

"Here, for instance, is an example of the American gift of picturesque exaggeration. On board one of the Florida steamboats, which have to be built with exceedingly light draft to get over the frequent shallows of the rivers, an Englishmen accosted the captain with the remark, 'I understand, captain, that you think nothing of steaming across a meadow where there's been a heavy fall of dew.' 'Well, I don't know about that,' replied the captain, 'but it is true that we sometimes have to send a man ahead with a watering-pot!' Or take, again, the story of the southern colonel who was conducted to the theater to see Salvini's 'Othello.' He witnessed the performance gravely, and remarked at the close, 'That was a mighty good show, and I don't see but that the coon did as well as any of 'em.'

"A third anecdote that charmed me on this occasion was that of the man, who, being invited to take a drink, replied, 'No, no; I solemnly promised my dear dead mother never to touch a drop; besides, boys, it's too early in the morning; besides, I've just had one.'"

* * *

The oldtime family doctor is rapidly disappearing. Dr. Matthias Nicoll Jr., acting state commissioner of health, declared in an address before the conference of state health officers and public health nurses, at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Specialists are taking the place of the general practitioner, he asserted, leaving the field of general practice of medicine open to the "quack and charlatan."

To restore the depleted ranks of the general practitioner, for whom, he said, "there is a crying need," Dr. Nicoll advocated that the state formulate qualifications for practicing a specialty in medicine. The most important of these, he contended, should be a stipulation that the candidate must have engaged in general practice, in part time at least, for a period of not less than five years.

"Under present conditions," he said, "after a few weeks or months of study, a successful case or two, especially in a small community, and a specialist is born full-fledged from the head of Jove."

* * *

The city of Antwerp received its name in a curious fashion. The first habitation was a castle of three towers on the river Scheldt, ruled by a great robber named Antigonus. Legend gives him a height of 40 feet, and strength in proportion. As the main road ran by his castle gates he formed the jolly habit of halting travelers and demanding heavy toll ere he would allow them to proceed. In case they refused, or had not the money, he seized them and cut off their hands, holding that the sight of such unfortunate wretches wandering about the country would be excellent propaganda to the effect that he meant business. The hands he threw or tossed into the river, and in time the spot became known as "Hantwerpen" or "hand-tossing." A giant wooden figure of Antigonus is in existence, and on great parades it is dragged through the streets with a man inside, who by means of a lever, works the head back and forth in a somewhat lifelike manner. The figure is 40 feet in height—Detroit News.

* * *

Richard Stapells is Toronto's 87-year-old youngster. Through three generations he has warbled in tunes pleasant to the ear, and he is still an active chorister. Born in London, he was a close friend of Charles Dickens. His youth was spent in Rochester, England, where he first sang in a choir 68 years ago. He is now in his forty-seventh year as a member of the choir of All Saints Anglican church, Toronto. He can reach high on the scale, though his normal voice is a deep bass. His son, Richard Jr., is organist of the Church of the Messiah in the same city, and his grandson, also named for him, is a Toronto manufacturer and clubman.

* * *

If you have a message to send to a girl, the Boston Transcript tells you how to "say it with flowers":

If you consider her a wise girl, say it with sage.

If you think her cold, say it with snowdrops.

If you desire to marry her, say it with a poppy.

If you know she has a sweet tooth, say it with candytuft.

If she impresses you as a sad girl, say it with rue.

If she is of a happy, joyous nature, say it with gladiolas.

If she seems a prunes and prisms sort of girl, say it with primula.

If you think her a sour, sharp-tongued old maid, say it with snapdragons, catnip and a century plant.

* * *

Mrs. Louis Bustanoby, widow of the famous New York restaurateur, recently admitted to reporters that it was true that she had become engaged to Count Giuseppe di Colonna, and said that in a short time she would return to Europe and go to the count's home in Italy, where they would be married. She also laughingly admitted that she had written home: "I have plenty of money, they have none. Counts are cheap. Why not bring one home with me?"

"Yes, I wrote that," she said, "and the only reason that I did not bring him home was that I was afraid that I would have to pay duty on him."

* * *

The home of an old man named Walsh of Dungarvan, Waterford, Ireland, whose son is evading capture by the authorities, has been raided at night so many times by the military and police that he has sent them the key of the door in order to save himself the trouble in future of getting up to let them in."

* * *

"I don't think Reginald is going to propose, mother, dear."

"But, Gladys, he is constantly buying you the most expensive presents."

"They are what convince me that he will never be able to rent a flat and pay the first installment on the furniture."—Washington Star.

Those Who Come and Go.

Cigarettes are baneful, whether you roll your own or whiff the Turkish terribles of Hackensack, N. J. This statement is backed by no less an authority than J. A. Hermann, of the Portland clerical staff.

It is noticeable that Mr. Hermann's net tonnage has increased of late, and inquiry develops the interesting fact that he weighs 193 pounds, while six months ago he recorded but 146. Abstention from tobacco wrought this change, declares Mr. Hermann, as he loosens his vest and gazes proudly around.

Entirely willing to make affidavit that the most ponderous pumpkins in all the world are grown in Idaho—with the possible exception of Oregon—Richard W. Childs, manager of the Hotel Portland, returned the other day from Boise where he attended the fair, and stated that he was accompanied by Mrs. Childs. Some years ago, and just preceding his honeymoon, Mr. Childs was secretary of the Boise commercial club. The Idaho state fair was among his pet projects. He washed and dressed it, and combed its hair, and tended the cradle of publicity. "Despite my protracted absence," admitted Mr. Childs, "I found the fair to be more successful than ever, with a larger attendance and a roster of exhibits that exceeds the most hopeful dreams of the old days. I regret, however, to say that the two-headed calf industry has disappeared from the entries, though its place is more than taken in public interest by very superior dairy and beef stock."

All the elevators in Portland's federal buildings—the new postoffice, the old postoffice and the custom house—are now smoothly functioning and halting at the pre-ordained floors. The heating plants are ready for a hard winter, whether it comes or not. And this befalls by reason of the visit of W. A. Brennan, of Washington, D. C., who is officially charged with an annual inspection of machinery in government buildings. Among his official privileges is the stopping of any federal elevator at any floor, or mid-way, and his least word is law to the janitor. He registered at the Imperial during his brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Grider of Tillamook are at the Oregon for a few days. One fails to see just why Mr. Grider deserted the coast city at this season of the year. For all the rivers that flow into the Pacific near to Tillamook are, at the present writing—as the polite correspondent would phrase it—simply teeming with silverside salmon, steelhead and seatrout. "The plea of business, however valid it might be at any tother time, is certainly unseasonable," commented Clerk Doyle, "considering the piscatorial advantages of Mr. Grider's native heath."

"I like Portland," confided A. R. Sussman of Minneapolis to the day clerk of the Multnomah. "I like this city because it reminds me so much of my own. They are twins, you might say, in the sisterhood of American cities. Of almost the same size, each is renowned for scenic beauties, pretty children and cleanly streets and buildings. Bring ginger! If I wasn't already committed to Minneapolis for life, I couldn't pick another location that would please me more than Portland."

With Dewey in Manila bay, and serving under Gridley when the American admiral put the historic question that opens a decisive naval battle, was Robert L. Trask, who registered at the Multnomah the other day. Mr. Trask, who also saw sea service with Fighting Bob Evans, is now a ship chandler at Wilmington, Del., and has definitely chosen to remain on "the dull, tame shore" rather than to rove the seas as chief petty officer.

E. D. Aldrich, editor of the Pendleton East Oregonian, registered at the Portland yesterday, where he greeted his little daughter, Amy Elizabeth, who has been under treatment in a local hospital during the past several weeks—quite grieved at missing round-up. "The round-up was bigger and better than ever," said Mr. Aldrich, with the proud smile of the true Pendletonian.

Miss Marguerite Mahoney of Minneapolis is registered at the Multnomah en route home from an extended visit in California. During the war Miss Mahoney was manager of one of the government hotels in Washington, D. C., and is thoroughly experienced as a hotel manager and executive. Later she was in official service as secretary to the commandant at Fort Snelling, Minn.

Charles Hall, president of the Oregon state chamber of commerce, arrived yesterday from Coos Bay to open the Northwest Rivers and Harbors convention this morning. He is accompanied by Mrs. Hall and is stopping at the Benson.

Herman Wise, veteran postmaster and port enthusiast of Astoria, and B. F. Jones, port commissioner and community booster of Newport, are registered at the Imperial while attending the northwest rivers and harbors convention.

Mrs. M. R. Hogue of Klamath Falls who is one of the most exalted officials of the Eastern Star in Oregon, is at the Imperial while visiting local friends and attending to lodge affairs.

Mr. and Mrs. George R. Sandborg and Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Sandborg of Galesburg, Ill., are at the Oregon while visiting points of scenic interest near this city.

I. B. Cushman of Cushman, Or., down Coos Bay way, is at the Imperial while here as a delegate to the rivers and harbors convention.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Kiersted of Boise, Idaho, were among the new arrivals yesterday at the Portland.

Dr. G. W. Marshall and Mrs. Marshall registered at the Portland last night.

J. M. Watron of Roseburg is at the Benson for a few days' business visit.

TIME SAVING IS EXAGGERATED

Distances By Old and New Routes to Willamette Boulevard Compared.

PORTLAND, Oct. 1. — (To the Editor.)—Publication of the engineer's extravagant claim that the new county road from Russell street to Willamette boulevard makes a saving of twenty minutes to autoists is not justified by the facts. The old route over hard surface pavement by way of Emerson street and Albina-Mississippi avenue, is 2.5 miles in length and an auto traveling twenty-five miles an hour will cover that distance in six minutes. The new county road cuts that distance to 1.8 miles, and the saving will be less than two minutes. The street cars from St. Johns come from Greeley street to the Broadway bridge, via Williams avenue, in fifteen minutes, although the distance is much greater.

I confess to having had a feeling that certain land owners were urging the new road for personal profit, but when Mr. S. Benson, one of such property owners, threw in $10,000 at a critical moment to get the project pushed through, I felt that I owed him a mental apology, because his land benefit will be far less than that sum. COMMUTER.

WHY PINCHOT IS FOR HARDING

Comparison of Candidates' Fitness Strongly Favors Republican.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Oct. 1.—(To the Editor.)—So many former progressives have asked me why I am for Harding that perhaps The Oregonian's readers might be interested in my reasons. Here they are:

I am a follower of Theodore Roosevelt alive or dead. While he was here I worked with him and supported him. Now that he has gone to his reward, I stand for the principles and work for the things for which he worked and stood. I am a Roosevelt republican.

Had he lived my choice for the republican nominee and for the next president would have been Theodore Roosevelt. But only the spirit of Roosevelt is with us still. The republican convention has perforce chosen another candidate. I can not have what I wanted. That, however, is no reason for throwing my vote away.

Senator Harding and I have opposed each other in politics. He was regular in 1912, while I followed Roosevelt, and I can never be glad enough that I did. He has said things about Roosevelt which I deeply resented; I have said things about Harding which he must have resented just as deeply; and I have not forgotten. He has many friends who are not mine, and there is not a little in his record that I regret. On the other hand, I find deep in his confidence men whom I trust; what I like least in his record is farthest back, and what he has said about forestry, conservation and agriculture at Marion is sound and right.

Senator Harding was not made to my order, but he is by no means the reactionary I thought him. He is a republican regular, who supports what his party agrees on, and acts with the majority. There is nothing autocratic about him. Under him, there will be no one-man rule at Washington, congress will represent not the president, but the people, and the government will be American again.

Harding is no super-man, but simple, earnest, sincere and human, best thought of where best known. Men who know him, and on whose judgment I rely, say he is slow to decide, but having decided stands like a stone wall. What I saw at Marion confirms it. I liked Harding because he dodged nothing, looked me straight in the eye, and unmistakably meant what he said. And I liked Mrs. Harding even better.

I want to see Harding elected not only because I have come to think well of him, but because he belongs to the party of Lincoln and Roosevelt, and because I have had my fill of the democrats at Washington. We must have in charge men and a party capable of running the government, and in the White House a president, not a boss.

Cox is in bad company. The liquor men are for him. He stands with Baker, who refused to prepare when he knew that war was sure to come, and therefore sent against the German machine guns thousands of young Americans untrained or half-trained, and without artillery support.

Cox stands for Palmer, who promised to reduce the cost of living and conspicuously failed, but for political reasons let the liquor traffic go on; who denied the rights of free speech and free assembly; imprisoned hundreds of people in defiance of the law he was sworn to inforce, and turned over to the Southern Pacific railroad without a struggle $500,000,000 worth of oil lands in California to which it had no right. That Palmer was overwhelmingly considered for the nomination at San Francisco shows how low the democrats have fallen. There may have been more unfaithful public servants than Mitchell Palmer, but not many.

Cox stands for Wilson. No sooner was he nominated than he hastened to the White House and authorized the statement that there was perfect agreement in all things between Wilson and himself. Nothing is more important than to have done with the Wilson clan, and the only way to do that is to vote against Cox.

The people of the whole earth have learned at bitter cost that what Wilson says is no indication of what he has done or what he will do; that his words and his actions do not match, and that to have his own way is more important in his eyes than the safeguarding of America, the welfare of nations or the saving of human lives.

If a man believes in Wilson, argument is useless. As for me, I hold that it is time to finish with all that smacks of Wilson, with the inefficient extravagance and secretiveness, with the national and international blundering and, with the impudent assumption of wisdom and righteousness beyond human. The only way to repudiate Wilson is to vote against Cox.

Finally, Cox is too reckless in statement, too shifty in argument, too much like a man running for a little office in a little town. His speeches shout it aloud—Cox is too small to be president. Harding's speeches could have come only from a man big enough to handle the job.

GIFFORD PINCHOT.

ALL MINISTERS SENT NOTICE

Prohibitionists Assert Pulpit Is Definitely in Congressional Politics.

PORTLAND, Oct. 3.—(To the Editor.)—An open letter in The Oregonian Saturday signed by C. E. Cline criticises the statement that ministers in a called meeting of the Ministerial association last Monday indorsed the democratic candidate for congress from the third district. For once Mr. Cline is correct. The ministers did not indorse the democratic candidate, but they did most unanimously indorse the prohibition candidate and this office is every hour reminded by phone messages that this indorsement receives the hearty sympathy of both pulpit and pew.

Mr. Cline also says that if call was made not all of the members were notified. In this Mr. Cline is not correct for the entire list of ministers were notified and if any failed to receive notification it is quite the fault of Uncle Sam and not of the persons who sent out call, which was done at the request of the officers of the association and met with their enthusiastic approval. Those of us who were present expected Mr. Cline to appear and oppose the action as he usually does oppose any action that does not bear his particular party stamp. The support that is heartiest from among the ministers comes from members of his own party who are believers in prohibition above party ties.

ADA WALLACE UNRUH,
Secretary Multnomah County Dry Congressional Committee.

SONG.

Through the desert of defeat,
Sorrow's sands beneath my feet;
May my spirit as the sun
Burn until the way is won.

Let me bathe in passion's glow
Though keen sorrow's cup o'er flow;
As I plod, if I can sing—
Light shall grow my journeying.

—Jeanette Martin.

Liberty of Speech Defended.

Washington (D. C.) Star.

"Every man is entitled to his opinion." "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "the same as a man is entitled to a composite breed of dog. It may be nothing to be proud of, but it's his if he wants to hold on to it."

More Truth Than Poetry.

By James J. Montague.

TO A ROBIN.

Your chattering, times without number,
When hunting for worms on the lawn,
Aroused me from glorious slumber
An hour or two before dawn.
Yet not a hard thought did I harbor,
No bitter revenge did I seek;
I knew you were guarding my arbor
With that little beak.

The beetles that came to devour
The tender young shoots in the spring,
When the vines were beginning to flower,
Fled off at the whirr of your wing.
No aphis the petals dared wither,
You put their whole army to rout,
And busily yonder and hither
You fluttered about.

The slugs that appeared in the autumn,
The round, purpling berries to munch,
Had hardly arrived when you caught 'em
And joyfully ate 'em for lunch.
Your vigilance, keen and unblinking,
I always delighted to see,
(Poor idiot!) blissfully thinking
It all was for me.

But now, you perfidious sinner,
My grapes have been plucked to provide,
Not a dainty dessert for my dinner,
But a meal for your little inside.
Don't ask me for mercy or pardon,
You rascally, larcenous elf.
Your labor in guarding my garden
Was all for yourself!

* * *

A National Habit.

Americans invest first and investigate afterward.

* * *

No Election Crook.

Shakespeare was a poacher and a plagiarist, perhaps, but never was a repeater.

* * *

Be Fair.

In common justice to Mr. Debs the government ought to build a front porch on the Atlanta penitentiary.

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John Burroughs' Nature Notes.

Can You Answer These Questions?

1. Are crows always cheery?
2. Why can weasels catch rabbits?
3. How does insect life spend the winter?

Answers in tomorrow's nature notes.

Answers to previous questions:

1. Does the woodcock sing while in flight?

The flight-song of the woodcock I have heard but twice in my life. The first time was in the evening twilight about the middle of April. At an altitude of 100 feet or more, it began to float about in wide circles and broke out in an ecstatic chipper, almost a warble at times, with a peculiar smacking musical quality.

2. At what season are the eggs of insects mostly laid?

The present season is always the mother of the next, and the inception takes place long before the sun loses its power. The eggs that hold the coming crop of insect life are mostly laid in the late summer or early fall, and an annual provision is made in the vegetable world. The egg, the seed, the bud, are all alike in many ways, and look to the future.

3. Is the gray squirrel apt to fall to the ground from the trees?

Indeed, the flying squirrel has little or no advantage over the gray squirrel, and in speed and nimbleness cannot compare with him at all. If he miss his footing and fall, he is sure to catch on the next branch; if the connection be broken, he leaps recklessly for the nearest spray or limb, and secures his hold, even if it be by the skin of his teeth.

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In Other Days.

Twenty five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of October 4, 1895.

Andrew F. Burleigh of Seattle was yesterday appointed receiver of the Northern Pacific Railway company's property in this state by United States Circuit Judge Gilbert.

Salem