Morning Oregonian

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HOW TO PROCURE WORLD PEACE.

"I am in favor," says Mr. Harding, "of a world association—call it what you will, the name is of slight consequence—that will discourage, or tend to prevent, war, and that will encourage, or tend to encourage, a better understanding among the nations of the earth."

I am in favor of the covenant for a league of nations brought back from Versailles by President Wilson, including article 10, says Mr. Cox in substance, without amendment or nullifying reservations; but I do not object to interpretative reservations which serve to make clearer the position and duty of America.

I am in favor of going in the Wilson league, says Mr. Cox. I am not, says Mr. Harding.

You will take the Wilson league or none, says Mr. Cox, in effect. I propose to formulate my own plan for a league, or an association, says Mr. Harding, and to that end I will call into conference the best minds of America, the women included.

You would scrap the covenant and treaty, says Mr. Cox. It has already been scrapped by President Wilson, says Mr. Harding.

The peace of the world is vitally involved in the present league, says Mr. Cox. The league has failed, and will fail, to prevent war, says Mr. Harding; but America will join with other nations, on terms consonant with American interests, ideals and safety, to keep the world at peace.

America cannot remain isolated, says Mr. Cox. No, but America must remain America, says Mr. Harding.

So the debate runs. Yet we hear that Mr. Harding does not make himself clear. Nothing could be clearer. The Wilson league is dead and Mr. Harding will govern himself accordingly, devising a new plan for joint action by the nations for the common good of all. The Wilson league is dead, but Mr. Cox doesn't know it or pretends not to know it. It is dead whether Harding or Cox shall be elected president.

If Cox shall be elected there will be another bitter, futile, protracted and upsetting struggle to ratify the Wilson league, and in the end the work must be begun all over again, or utterly abandoned.

If Harding shall be elected, the outlook for an association or league to prevent war will be altogether hopeful.

THE PORT EXISTS FOR THE STATE.

Objection has been raised by some persons to the Port of Portland amendment bill on the ground that it subjects the people of the port district to taxation by a commission established by the legislature. This objection does not give weight to the fact that the port exists for the benefit of the whole state as the point where their products are transferred from inland to sea transport lines, and that they have a right to insure that its channel and harbor facilities shall be maintained and improved; nor does it give weight to the fact that, as Portland derives the direct benefit from the presence of commerce, without which it would shrink to insignificance, and therefore can justly be required to provide channel and port facilities to handle that commerce.

This is not a political argument invented to support the measure now before the people. It embodies principles of law laid down by the Oregon supreme court in the decision upholding the validity of the original Port of Portland act in 1891, that decision being the foundation for all subsequent legislation in regard to the port and for all acts of the Port of Portland commission. The court then said:

> The Port of Portland, a district which is now the city of Portland, is the commercial metropolis of the state of Oregon, if not of the whole Pacific northwest. It is the center of trade and commerce for a vast section of country, simply because here the commerce of land and sea meets, and through this city the country trades with the world at large. It holds communication with the sea, the great highway of commerce, by the Willamette and Columbia rivers, and can only retain its commercial supremacy by the maintenance in these rivers of a ship channel of sufficient depth to enable the largest seagoing vessels to find anchorage at its wharves. Its present prosperity is due to the fact that it is a center of trade and commerce, which it would not be were these rivers closed, and which in all probability it will not remain if the improvement contemplated is not made. It is not surrounded by any fertile farming districts, rich mines or vast forests, to make it a local center, but depends entirely upon its trade and commerce.

Counsel has well said: "That the maintenance of this great commercial center at this point is of advantage to the whole state is witnessed by the fact that it does its business here; that anything that will cheapen the handling of what the country exports and imports will be a benefit to all is a self-evident fact, and leaves no doubt of the public interest in this improvement. But the public might find other centers of trade, other channels of export and import, presumably not so advantageous, or it would now use them, but still capable of use at need. But the center of trade and commerce, the Port of Portland, cannot go elsewhere; it must live or die here. In the public the interest is general, the improvement and maintenance of an advantageous channel of trade. To the metropolitan district, center of trade and commerce, city, cities, or what you will, embraced in the Port of Portland, the interest is one of life and death."

The people of the Port of Portland, therefore, will reap the principal benefit from the proposed expenditure, and it is not unconstitutional that they should bear the burden.

It is thus both lawful and just that the people of Portland should pay the cost of maintaining the city as a port. At the same time it is necessary that the people of the whole state should vote on the initiative bill enlarging the power of the commission, especially in levying taxes and incurring debt. The commission was created by the legislature, and its jurisdiction extends beyond the limits of the city and county. Only the legislature or the people can therefore amend the law. But while the whole state grants authority, the port pays the bills. The principle is the same as that which permits a city to improve a street for the public benefit, but to assess the cost to the owners of property fronting on the street.

IF ROOSEVELT WERE ALIVE.

The leaders of the Chicago 1920 convention, Penrose, Barnes, Smoot, Lodge, Crane, Watson and their associates, including Harding, were the same men who controlled the Chicago convention of 1912, whose domination the progressive party was created to oust. They have not changed in the eight years—they are still as reactionary, as stand-pat, as unscrupulous, as tainted and corrupt as they were then. Their purposes and methods are the same as when denounced by Roosevelt—Salem Capital Journal.

Who can doubt that, if Roosevelt were alive today, he would be supporting the republican nominee for president, whether himself or another. Doubtless it would have been Roosevelt—by unanimous vote, perhaps. Would his nomination by a convention "controlled" by "reactionaries" have proved him reactionary? Who will dare say it? Or would it have shown—as Harding's nomination has shown—that the republican party is again united and militant, and determined to rescue the country from the domination of the eight years' autocratic incumbent of the White House and from the party of which he is the spokesman and captain?

It is rather a violent indictment of the senatorial group, including Harding, to say that they are reactionary, standpat, unscrupulous, tainted and corrupt. It is one way to divert the mind of the average citizen from the convention which nominated Cox, at the demand of Boss Murphy, Boss Brennan, Boss Taggart, Boss Nugent and their pals. These men discovered Cox, produced his candidacy at San Francisco, and engineered his nomination. He is their man. Now he is Wilson's man. The transfer has done him no good, politically.

It is old stuff, very old, to talk about reactionaries at Chicago. It is not genuine and not true. But if it were true, the country would gladly accept the alternative to a continuance of inefficient autocracy and autocratic inefficiency at Washington.

WHO'S TO PAY?

So long as the process remains a mystery, whereby Candidate Kellaher, if elected mayor, will reduce street car fares to five cents and thereby insure the people rides at less than cost without anybody paying the difference—so long as his process remains a mystery, we are compelled to look elsewhere for illustrations of what similarly public spirited citizens have accomplished.

Here is an interesting incident from real life after election as related by Floyd W. Parsons in the Saturday Evening Post:

> Recently a candidate for the office of mayor of a large city used as his platform the "five-cent streetcar fare." The voting public, worried by the higher prices of all necessities and determined to make every effort to reduce the cost of living, voted almost unanimously for the five-cent-fare mayor. After election the mayor ordered the street railway company to reduce its fare from six cents to five cents. With the penny reduction came a wage reduction to the motormen, conductors and others, and this was quickly followed by a strike, which tied up the city's streetcar service. The mayor endeavored to solve the problem by using jitney busses and trucks, but an unexpected storm interfered with the programme. Within a few days the very people and newspapers which had supported this mayor for election were calling on him to settle the controversy or to take the consequences in the form of a recall movement which was making rapid progress. The mayor held a hurried investigation, the six-cent fare was re-established and the men went back to work. The streetcars were cheered by the citizens when they again appeared.

We should shudder to think that Mr. Kellaher has in mind a reduction of wages as a way to lower fares. Yet it is the only way, at present.

A SONG AND A DISCLOSURE.

All lovers of fair play were of course indignant when they read how democratic miscreants stuffed the straw ballot box at Harry Cummings' political meeting at Heppner, the other day. Mr. Cummings is a writer of sprightly verse, which is peculiarly attractive for its novelties in meter and its bold resort to poetic license. Mr. Cummings, so the verified account runs, hired the town moving picture palace at his own expense, and after the reels had been run, spoke on republican political principles and sang his justly famous campaign song, exactly as advertised.

How deeply some persons are steeped in partisanship may be inferred when the argumentative vigor and lofty sentiment of the Cummings composition are known and it is recalled that these persons were inspired to no higher thoughts than the stuffing of a straw ballot.

The Cummings republican campaign song, unlike the common doggerel that passes as political verse, is both inspirational and logical. The song itself is properly set forth with a prelude, introductory as it were, yet not neglectful of the painful reminiscences that are required by the appeal of the song itself. Thus we read:

> The political pot begins to sizzle; it will soon begin to boil,
> The Democrats have made a fizzle; our even tempers they do roil.
> Cox's charges of slush fund has got him deep in the mire
> And made everybody know we cannot believe what he says.
> Suppose everybody gave to a Republican campaign fund
> To elect Senator Harding, where is any harm done?

To descend from the logical to the plaintive and do it gracefully is not the gift of every poet but Mr. Cummings does it, as witness:

> Their careless wasteful expenditures and utter lack of business sense
> Has cost this nation billions of dollars of unnecessary expense,
> And if we can rout the confounded spendthrifts by raising a campaign fund
> For the love of Mike let's do it. A better thing could not be done.
> In '84 and '88 and again in '92 I voted for the Democratic candidate,
> And I pledge my word to you,
> That every democratic measure, enacted into law
> Brought such distress and general suffering as I had never saw.

So much for the prelude, although it must be confessed that not all of that interesting part is herein given. Now for the swing of the campaign song proper:

> Come rally all you patriots, the time is now at hand
> For each and every one of us to do just all we can.
> To elect Warren G. Harding; thus with one effective stroke,
> We get a man to head the nation that will keep us all from going broke.
> No matter what you think, the truth still remains,
> The president of this nation should possess a lot of brains.
> CHORUS.
> Now rally one and all, republican interests to advance,
> Lest a democratic badge appears on the seat of your pants.

It will be observed by all that the author, in order to make the home thrust, cuts relentlessly through the commonly accepted kinks of versification.

That's what we like about his song—its straightforwardness. There is no beating around with intricate phraseology in order to make the lines scan. It is right to the point. It is vers libre that rhymes, which is quite unusual:

> The whole democratic bunch says to the victor belongs the spoils.
> This gives the most rotten service, while hopelessly he toils
> To keep his family together and get enough to eat,
> While his many obligations the poor fellow cannot meet.
> My friends, this is awful; let us quickly set about
> And elect Senator Harding and turn the rascals out.
> CHORUS.
> Now rally one and all, republican interests to advance,
> Lest a democratic badge appears on the seat of your pants.

The song ends with what might be termed a somewhat daring stanza. It runs:

> Dear ladies, vote for Harding and the clouds will pass away.
> And you can all have beautiful dresses to wear just every day.
> And all you men come to their rescue, let no one hesitate,
> To save our noble women from such an awful fate.
> Now rally one and all, republican interests to advance,
> Lest everybody has to wear a patch on their pants.

In Heppner there is one Charley Thomson whose political affiliations are not disclosed but may be suspected. Charley, it appears, in analyzing the chorus of the Cummings song, has made derogatory remarks about it on the ground that the democratic badge, mentioned therein, is too broad in its application, in view of the participation of women in the responsibilities of government. So Charley is put in his proper place with this cutting rejoinder:

> And I say to Charley Thomson, don't worry any more.
> Harding will soon be our president and our troubles will be o'er.

There is of course much more to the song but enough has been given to disclose the irreconcilable and resentful attitude of those Heppner citizens who stuffed that straw ballot. Plainly enough they were desperate over the far-reaching effect of the Cummings composition and sought by underhanded means to offset it.

Mr. Cummings, as may be guessed, is not through yet. He writes that he is "going to pull off one of the greatest stunts of this twentieth century. There will be a great sensation within two or three weeks."

We believe it.

SCATTERING THE IMMIGRANTS.

It may not be feasible to control absolutely by law the distribution of immigrants arriving in the United States among the communities in which they would be most welcome, as a candidate for congress from a New Jersey district proposes to do, but undoubtedly it would be a desirable goal toward which to strive. The immigrant would profit by better opportunities for employment and for education in a hospitable atmosphere, and the neighborhood as well as himself by his labor employed in its development. The only issue in dispute, therefore, is the matter of ways and means. The New Jersey candidate would "require the immigrant, with a consul's help, to select his place of location according to his fitness for its needs," according to a published statement of the candidate's scheme. There is, however, a plan pending, ready made for the purpose and fostered by the American Legion, which offers many of the advantages of the proposed law, and contains few of the probabilities of the latter in the way of official red tape.

The American Legion already has developed, in keeping with the patriotic purpose of the organization, a comprehensive programme of "Americanization" which it would be the height of unwisdom to ignore. The chairman of the Legion's Americanization committee, Arthur Woods, a former police commissioner of New York and a man of wide experience and catholic sympathies in connection with the problem presented by the foreign-born, has asked the federal immigration service to furnish the central committee representing the legion with the names and ostensible destinations of the newly-arrived, with the view of enlisting the aid of legion posts in receiving them and helping them to adjust themselves to their new surroundings. The information thus obtained would be dispatched to the nearest legion posts, of which there are more than 9000 in the United States, and local committees would welcome the aliens and advise them as to finding homes and suitable employment. Ultimately, it is the evident hope of the leaders of the movement, the machinery of the legion would be employed to direct the immigrant tide, to forestall overcrowding of already crowded cities, and to divert as many as possible to the land, where they are needed and where ordinarily they should thrive.

The two plans present no irreconcilable points of difference. One would make our foreign consular force the adviser, and the other would take the immigrant at his port of debarkation. The former contemplates that the states shall make periodical reports on their labor needs, which reports shall be furnished to our consuls abroad, and the latter would rely on a semi-private agency. A grave objection to attempting to do too much by law is that, even if the law were enforceable, it would operate as a check on individual initiative and open the way to arbitrary and unjust favoritism. Colonel Woods' plan, as summarized by him in an interview in the New York Times, is to "do for the immigrant what one comrade would do for another"—thus approaching the problem in a spirit most favorable for winning the confidence of the potential citizen and insuring his co-operation. The legion also plans, according to Colonel Woods, "to teach the newcomer English and initiate him into our ways."

It will be a little surprising, even to those who have tried to analyze the mental processes of Louis F. Post, assistant secretary of labor, to discover that the first obstacle to carrying out the legion's programme has been interposed by Mr. Post himself, although his subordinates at the port of New York indorse the plan. There is already, says Mr. Post, too much welfare work at Ellis Island. It is a strange excuse to present in a situation in which, it would seem, there could hardly be too much help of the right kind—and it will be conceded that the American Legion has the nation's welfare at heart and is composed of patriotic citizens who understand the menace of an undigested alien population. Mr. Post's motives are at least open to suspicion. That he has come to regard himself as the sole arbiter of the destinies of immigrants as well as of emigrants and is jealous of even the semblance of divided responsibility, is as charitable a construction as it is possible to place upon his latest act.

It is now plain that the prophets were mistaken who predicted that immigration would practically cease with the coming of peace. Already the new tide is at flood. The literacy test only partially checks the coming of undesirables and goes not at all to the root of their proper placement. Next in importance to selection of immigrants comes the problem of their distribution, of avoidance of slums, of reception and assimilation. By rejecting the legion's proffer of constructive help, without offering a working substitute, the assistant secretary of labor writes himself down as a mere obstructionist. He will not, however, convince the thoughtful that the scientific selection and efficient distribution of our new immigrant population are not issues worthy of the combined efforts of every institution and agency, public and private, that can possibly be enrolled in the cause.

ATONING FOR THE PAST.

Refusal of the republican county central committee of Snohomish county, Washington, to accept the resignation of a candidate for sheriff, tendered on the ground that his political opponents had uncovered a youthful indiscretion committed years ago, and for which he had paid the penalty exacted by the law, constitutes by itself an illuminating commentary on the new tendency to give boys their chance. Time was—and well within the memories of men still living—when an ancient scandal made the juiciest of tidbits in a political campaign. A generation back the merest allusion to a term in a reformatory would have blighted a candidate's chances irretrievably. Now the issue has been met, and satisfactorily, by simple candor. The offender was only a boy when he transgressed; he served a term of imprisonment, it is true; but by every observable act since then he has made amends. His neighbors believe him and are willing to base their judgment on his record as they know it.

Nor is it of much importance in the present incident whether the youth, now grown to manhood, was innocent or guilty of the charge for which he suffered punishment. The point is that, in the opinion of those who ought to know, he has given sufficient proof that he is now a worthy citizen. For this, we venture a guess, he owes little or nothing to the "reformatory" in which as a boy he was incarcerated, if it was like the average institution of its kind and time. There is indeed more than just a suggestion of some innate quality of character which not even a term in a typical reformatory could blight.

Now the issue, we think, in an enlightened community like Snohomish county, will resolve itself into the kind of man the nominee for sheriff is, and not the sort of boy he was. A good many of us would hate to be pursued forever by the misdeeds that if we did not commit them we would have done if opportunity and temptation had conspired against us. The spirit of the newer dispensation is wrapped up in decisions such as that of the Snohomish county committee, that it is the height of unchristianity and of bad fellowship to hound the casual offender to his grave. Half a century ago, perhaps, it might have been done; not now. We are making some progress, not only in the technic of penology but in the individual attitude toward offenders who are not inherently bad.

Fear expressed by officials of the United States department of agriculture, that abundant crops of fruit and vegetables may go to waste because of lack of storage, is based, no doubt, on the definite prospect that such waste will have the effect of nullifying all the benefits that the people are entitled to expect from a plentiful harvest. Storage in some form—whether by refrigeration, desiccation, canning or otherwise, is essential if the crops are made to serve throughout the year, and neglect of this means that a very large proportion of perishable foodstuffs will spoil. The law of supply and demand, operating as to that which is left, will increase prices again, so that it will be quite possible to have excessive prices, though only a few weeks ago there was a surplus. The department advises housewives to buy for winter storage, and for those with reasonably adequate storage facilities the advice would seem sound.

The best way to celebrate the Roosevelt birthday October 27 will be by holding a big republican rally that night. Portland needs stirring. Time was when Portland had these things, and torchlight parades, and a republican would fight for party and ticket. Now, he just votes, and sometimes fails in that.

The Electric Railway association wants a law to stop boarding and leaving cars in motion, but the only way to stop the practice is to close the doors. The Birneys prove it. No man and few women think themselves too old to "hop" a car.

A Eugene professor believes a course in dancing and singing will eliminate stage fright in debaters. Sure thing. Two lessons in the "shimmy" ought to eliminate most everything.

Too much bathing ruined Rome, declares a Philadelphia doctor, and the tub conduces to effeminacy. He recommends spraying. He's an apostle of plumbers, that's what he is.

Camille Flammarion, 76, the astronomer, and Anatole France, 76, the author, have just married mademoiselles. Frenchmen never know when they are getting old.

Another negro and another white girl have been found in an opium joint and it's one of the things hard to explain to the Jap when he asks: "How come?"

After 13 months the tailors' strike has ended. There is hope for the laundry workers' and picture operators' affairs.

Heney is to camp on Johnson's trail. Now, if ever Hiram turns around—Wow for Heney!

Alexander of Greece was reported "worse" yesterday. Taken various ways, he couldn't be.

It is funny to send in a false alarm and it's still funnier to be put in jail for it.

To win the world pennant, secure a pitcher from Portland.

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE TIMES

Boy Emperor Hidden in Fastnesses of Forbidden City.

A pathetic boyish figure is hidden from all curious eyes in the mysterious fastnesses of the Forbidden City. He is the deposed boy emperor of the old China. His majesty Pu-Yi (or Hsuan-Tung), the last "son of heaven," came to the throne a baby of two years in 1906, when the aged empress dowager died, or, as the Chinese say, "ascended on the dragon to be a guest on high." With the revolution in 1911 the boy became virtually a prisoner in the central palace. He has never moved out since.

This boy emperor is now a bright little fellow of 14. Only one Englishman has ever seen him since 1911, Mr. R. F. Johnson, who in 1918 administered the government of Wei-Hai-Wei, and has recently been appointed Pu-Yi's tutor. The emperor is a strong and well built boy, very keen on the lessons given him by Mr. Johnson, the first Englishman to go right into the heart of the Forbidden City, to which he now has access.

Pu-Yi is very diligent at his English lessons, at which he gets two hours a day. He writes a boyish letter in beautiful English handwriting. Although not permitted to pass outside the Forbidden City, where he is looked after by imperial eunuchs and old women, the lad is very much interested in the great outer world. He is a very pathetic figure. He would probably love to travel. He is always asking questions on geography, the people and customs of other lands, and also about the world's prominent men.

The republic of China has undertaken responsibility for him and his upbringing. They feel it a duty. The first thing Yuan Shih-kai did when the monarchy was overthrown was to provide for the imperial family. Quite friendly relations are maintained between the republic and the palace.

There are movements in favor of restoring the monarchy, but the boy ex-emperor has never given them any countenance. He is understood to be engaged to the daughter of the president of the republic, Hsu Shih-chang.

Where but in the flowery land could happen such a romance? The deposed monarch to marry his republican successor's daughter! The latter is being educated in the United States. It is believed the boy has never seen her. That is the Chinese old style of arranging marriages between children.—London Daily Mail.

* * *

It is unofficially related that a couple of oil men died and went to heaven. Of course, the skeptics will now begin to jeer at the truth of this story. However, that's the way it runs. "You can't get in here," announced the keeper of the pearly gates.

"How come?" they inquired. "Our record's straight."

"Maybe so," was the unruffled reply "but the place is full up."

The pair drew apart to confer.

"Could you just let us in to take a look round?" they urged. "That won't do any harm surely."

"All right, go ahead, I'll give you half an hour."

The oil men entered. Within ten minutes one of them returned to query the keeper as to the identity of the occupants of an apartment overlooking a choice golden street—what might be called close-in stuff.

"Let's see. Um-yes! Those men are lease hounds from Texas."

The applicant thanked him and rejoined his companion. The minutes passed. Suddenly the keeper was surprised to see a streak flash by him. Presently the two oil men came out.

"Why, I thought you had gone! Who then were those two I saw go out a minute ago?"

"Those fellows from Texas."

"And where have they gone?"

"Well, my partner here happened to mention that he'd heard they'd struck oil in hades, and they've gone to sign up leases."

Let cavilers scoff at the authenticity of this tale all they like; let them rail that it cannot be substantiated, that it's gross exaggeration—I know men so hard boiled they will only accept the story of Jonah and the whale with reservations. It nevertheless reflects with some accuracy what is happening in many portions of the United States today. Men and women in every walk of life are abandoning the security of choice locations on the boulevard of opportunity to chase the rainbow of oil.—George Pattullo in Saturday Evening Post.

* * *

Bostock, the famous animal trainer, tells how he succeeded in making a lion and a lamb firm friends.

"I placed in the lion's cage all sorts of toys of the animal variety—cotton sheep, horses, rabbits—in fact, a regular Noah's ark," said Mr. Bostock. "Then I specialized on manufactured sheep, but it took a long time for the lion to find out that they were not good to eat. Finally a live lamb was introduced. At first the lion looked surprised, and then lay down and gently pawed the stranger. The lamb did not like this, and drawing back a pace or two butted the lion in the mane. This appeared to amuse the lion greatly; he playfully rolled over on his back, while the lamb butted again. Now they are fast friends, and an insurance company would be justified in taking the lamb as a first-class risk."

* * *

The pleasant coffee room of the old "Star and Garter" at Richmond, which was burned in 1869, was patronized by statesmen, politicians and writers. Saturday evenings it was regularly visited by a middle-aged gentleman of rather broad stature, with gray hair and a rather large shirt collar which formed a conspicuous feature of his attire. He would dine always alone at a particular corner table, and after dinner it was his humor to build up before him a pyramid of tumblers and wine glasses, which he topped with a decanter. Occasionally the whole structure would topple over and litter the table with ruins. Then the middle-aged gentleman would rise, pay his bill, including the charge for broken glass, and depart. The waiters knew him well. He was Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay.—Kansas City Star.

* * *

The Clay Center, Kansas, Times says it knows a local democrat who is treasuring in his desk a button that he wore in the campaign four years ago. This year, on election day, according to the Times, he is going to get out this button, put it on and walk proudly to the polls and vote the republican ticket. This is what the button says: "War in Europe; Peace in America. God Bless Wilson."

Those Who Come and Go.

Eighty-one years old and still talking politics is W. J. McConnell, former governor of Idaho, who is in Portland visiting relatives. The former governor is the father-in-law of United States Senator Borah of Idaho. In early days Governor McConnell worked in the mines of eastern Oregon and made his headquarters in Canyon City. Later he moved to North Yamhill and was a merchant there for 12 years. In 1882 he was elected to the Oregon state senate and became president of that body. There was a split among the republicans in the senate and the first thing Governor McConnell knew, someone nominated him for president and he was elected with a whoop. Thirty minutes after his name was proposed he was presiding and there was a red-hot parliamentary debate in progress and the future governor of Idaho didn't know any more about parliamentary procedure than a pig does of heaven.

"When Kap Kubli and I were students at the University of Oregon some 30 or 40 years ago," says Charles McDaniel, banker of Wallowa, "we went pheasant hunting one day. Kap saw what he declared was a pheasant but it looked to me like a chicken, so taking a rest on a fence, Kap blazed away. It was a chicken, sure enough. That night the debating society of which Kap was president discussed the question, 'Resolved, that K. K. Kubli should reimburse the farmer for slaughtering a barnyard fowl.' Last Sunday Mr. Kubli went hunting with the same shotgun, which he boasts of never having cleaned since the day he bought it. Fred L. Boalt, who was duck hunting with Mr. Kubli, says that every time the old gun was fired a few more pieces of it fell off until finally Kap was shooting with the barrel, trigger and skeleton of the stock."

As commander of the Multnomah Guard, the home-deense regiment that rendered valued service in police duty and patriotic activities during the war, Colonel L. P. Campbell of Oak Grove—or, rather, Ridley Station—never acquired the walnut tan of the overseas campaigners. But he flaunts it now, nevertheless, and every square inch of the facial bronze was won in the actual service of Oregon, as one of the state highway commission's competent corps of field lieutenants. "Here and there, all over the state," said the colonel, when called to account for his tan, "that's where I got it. The highway work is something I am most heartily glad to be connected with. Esprit de corps? I'll say so. Those boys, every last one of them, who are working on the state highway projects are all wrapped up in their jobs. Overtime is a dead issue with any number of competent field men, who are working from daylight to dark to the end that Oregon shall have a highways system second to none."

"I don't know what they did with it," said the cashier of one of Portland's suburban banks, referring yesterday to the high wages of the war period. "But I do know that the workmen who received those wages didn't put any considerable portion of their pay in the banks—at least, not in this bank, and this is a typical community of wage-earning residents. We looked for an increased number of accounts and a jump in the volume of business when the wage scales soared, but nothing of the sort occurred. I believe we have one account of slightly less than $2000, that represents the thoughtful thrift of a workman who made hay while the sun shone."

On the whole, the paper business is about as good as can be expected under the present unsettled conditions, reports Herbert Lippitt, representing Brown & Co., of Berlin, N. H., the largest pulp manufacturers in the world. Mr. Lippitt, who is making his annual round of the paper mills, says that one large concern which recently installed three machines for news print will not make paper, as more money can be secured for the pulp. A New York paper, which is paying 5½ cents for news print, has signed a two-year contract for 7 cents. According to Mr. Lippitt, there is no immediate prospect of the price of paper being reduced. Mr. Lippitt is at the Multnomah.

Several weeks in Ireland enabled William and Irving Healy and E. P. Dawson to accumulate a store of information about conditions over there. They are Oregon boys who made the trip with a wheat cargo out of Portland. The trio, registered at the Imperial, are unanimous in the opinion that Ireland has more excitement to the square inch than Broadway and Washington when the traffic is thickest.

A. Whisnant, otherwise "Whiz," is resting at the Imperial with Norman Jacobson. The two men have been showing Irv Cobb, the heavyweight humorist, how to hunt and fish in Oregon, all of which will be written of by Cobb and illuminated with motion pictures. If Cobb got as much fun out of the expedition as "Whiz," then the Cobb articles should be merrier than usual.

Judge T. E. J. Duffy, of Redmond, who is judge of the central Oregon circuit, is in the city with Mrs. Duffy and registered at the Seward. The high desert furnishes most of his cases, the principals being men who wear bandana handkerchiefs around their throats, long mustaches and guns.

When Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Coats are at the Perkins Marmot is almost a deserted village. Marmot is a spread in the road on the way to Mount Hood and is on the location which City Commissioner Mann wanted the state highway commission to build the Mount Hood loop.

In the Palouse country and around Walla Walla much of the wheat crop has not been harvested, according to Z. Dimmick, a rancher of the Walla Walla country, who is at the Hotel Washington. The rains have caused the delay and there has been considerable damage as a result.

For about 20 years F. Hilbert has been coming to the Imperial from Uklah, on the placid banks of the Camas creek in Grant county. Mr. Hilbert is a stockman who arrived here with a number of his fellow Grant county stockmen, escorting a shipment of livestock to the market.

C. D. Mack of Cooley, Ariz., has been attending the loggers' congress in British Columbia and has arrived at the Multnomah. He will visit a number of logging plants in Oregon and Washington before returning to Arizona.

Paul S. Dick, vice-president and cashier of the United States National bank, has gone to Washington, D. C., to attend the annual convention of the American Bankers' association. He will return next month.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hyatt drove from Goldendale, Wash., by auto and are registered at the Seward. Mr. Hyatt is with one of the leading department stores of Goldendale.

J. McC. Johnson, one of the officials of the bustling municipality of Reedsport, is registered at the Imperial with Mrs. Johnson.

To attend the republican executive committee meeting, Daniel Boyd was in Portland yesterday. His home is at Enterprise.

WHAT OREGON PRESS IS SAYING.

First Winter Weather Prophecy Recorded—Other Comment.

Open Winter in "Bunchgrass."

North Powder News.

Old-timers who have made a study of conditions in the Powder valley are of the opinion that the coming winter will be a mild one. Beavers have not built their dams and other animals that make preparations for the winter months have been very improvident thus far this fall. These and several other indications are pointed to as never-failing signs of continued fair fall and mild open winter.

Maneuvering in Tillamook.

Wheeler Reporter.

After a visit to the livestock show we now know where and when the expression "Watch your step" originated.

Back in the Fashion Magazine.

Silverton Tribune.

About the time a fellow gets interested in the girl in a corset ad. along comes a new magazine with a better locking one.

The Honorable Bunk.

Joseph Herald.

California's problem is how to be polite to the Japanese and yet show them that she does not mean it.

The Valley of Content.

Pine Valley Herald.

Pine Valley has all its needs for the coming winter, with the exception of a little more money. The grain crop is good, the hay excellent, there are plenty of vegetables and some fruit; we have milk, butter and cheese, beef, mutton and pork. Providence has favored us this year in the production of agricultural commodities. Now if the gold mines will take a spurt and furnish us something more with which to pay our debts and serve for exchange we shall all be blessed.

Much the Editor Knows.

Woodburn Independent.

If fashion keeps on making dresses shorter some women with unpresentable legs will have to wear ruffles or trousers underneath, or hang on to old styles. They might have recourse to padding, but that would be uncomfortable in summer time.

Come Out of the Grouch.

Sheridan Sun.

Automobiles are on the down grade; sugar is having its fall; flour has a downward tendency and other commodities are teetering on the edge of the price precipice. Then why be grouchy when the sun shines and the world smiles at you? Crack yourself out of the crust of bile and enjoy life as it comes—it's short enough at its best.

Good Reading but Unmoral.

Oregon City Enterprise.

The pages of the Post are usually free from abortive literary effort. Its standard is more than ordinarily high. "The Perfect Crime" is a story that would have better had a chapter relating the capture and punishment of the man responsible. Such an ending would not have impaired its value from an entertainment viewpoint and would have been infinitely better in a moral sense and as an example to the elastic young mind.

Blessing of Being Poor.

Blue Mountain Eagle.

There is one thing the poor can be thankful for, that is they don't have to be guarded by a lot of policemen and soldiers to keep from being blown up by some crooked crank.

Investing at Home.

Bandon Western World.

Isn't it ridiculous to have Coos county people invest their money in questionable real estate schemes in California when real bona fide opportunities for making money in that line are daily knocking at their doors right here at home? Never has real estate been as low in price in this section as now and never again will it be so. With money worth only half what it was before the war and with the price of property as low or lower than it was at that time, what more can be asked? If the doubting Thomases would take a trip to other sections and see what property is selling for they would be contented to come back and begin investing.

Be On the Dot.

Forest Grove News Times.

Make it a practice to be at the appointed place when you say you will, whether it is an engagement of a business nature or just a social call. You'll soon see the advantage of it, and people will commence to place greater confidence in you, just as they will in any man who keeps his word.

Married and Mothering Them.

Silverton Tribune.

What has become of the old-fashioned hired girl who received $2 a week wages and banked a dollar of that?

The New Angle.

Silver Lake Leader.

We confidently look for a heavy increase in the male vote at the November election. No spirited man wants to have his neighbors chuckling over the thought that he had to stay at home and mind the kids while his wife did the voting.

When Looks Counted.

Monmouth Herald.

On their recent trip south to California by automobile, in the vicinity of Crescent City, Howard Morlan lost his pocketbook. They had gone some miles beyond and thought the chances for the return of the purse were slim. Mrs. Morlan expressed the belief that the garage man at Crescent City had an honest look. She wrote to him asking him to make a search for the purse. This week, nearly a month after the loss, Mrs. Morlan received a registered package from Crescent City with the missing pocketbook.

John Vanderwal's Bad Day.

Hillsboro Argus.

John Vanderwal says it doesn't pay to forget. The other day at a sale he bought a couple of nightgowns that someone had brought to dispose of at public vendue. John got them cheap and stowed them away in his machine and forgot all about them. A day or so later the good wife wanted a hammer, and knowing John kept one in the machine, went after it. She ran across the nightgowns, and John had an uncomfortable half hour explaining the incident. John says that half of the way home he congratulated himself on the purchase, as they were bargains—and then to let his memory play him a trick like that and get him in bad is the irony of fate. Judging from the sorrowful look in John's eyes, it is presumed that the gowns were of the master sex.

Lady-killers of 1920.

Enterprise Record-Chieftain.

Among the "lady killers" are found the washboard, the sad iron, the scrub brush, the water pail, the short handled dustpan, the ax and other utensils used by women who do their work in the most laborious manner. To offset this exhibit are shown various tools and devices for lightening housework, including washing machines, iceless refrigerators, plans for simple water systems, fireless cookers, fruit and vegetable driers, oil and electric stoves, etc.

After Letting 'Er Buck.

Pendleton East Oregonian.

Now let 'er rain.

More Truth Than Poetry.

By James J. Montague.

WHAT WERE THEY TALKING ABOUT.

I sat on a bench in the shadowy park
As the twilight was slowly dissolving in dark,
And listened the while with an envious sigh
To the low murmured talk of a couple nearby.

From the trees overhead came the chirp of the birds
That drowned, for the moment, their half-whispered words,
And then of a sudden the twittering ceased
And I found they were talking of raisins and yeast.

Raisins and yeast were the whole of their song,
And the wretches discussed 'em the whole evening long.

I sat in a club, where a judge of the sort
That wears a bald head and presides at a court,
Was earnestly talking to some one I saw
Was also a person who gave out the law.

The confab grew warm, the speeches grew loud,
One judge was indignant; the other was cowed.
I fancied him caught in some serious fault
Till I found they were talking of sugar and malt.

Sugar and malt were the whole of their chat,
And 'twas plain that they both had the subject down pat.

I sat on the porch of a summer hotel
While the sea lapped the beach with a low moaning swell,
And two dear old ladies upon a divan
Were talking as elderly dowagers can.

Each over her knitting bowed down her white head
And it wasn't my fault that I heard what they said
As they knitted and nibbled at peppermint drops,
For the theme of discussion was syrup of hops.

Syrup of hops was the whole of their talk,
So I rose from my rocker and went for a walk.

* * *

Ersatz.

Two years ago the youth who shouldered his rifle promised to bring his sweetheart a German soldier. This year he promises to bring her a Maine guide.

* * *

Merciful.

Before taking