Morning Oregonian

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EXACT JUSTICE.

We shall probably, sooner or later, hear from the sentimental that Husted A. Walters should not be hanged; that he did not intend to kill Patrolman Palmer; that he was not himself because he had been drinking. In support of this "defense" we have the young man's word for it; nothing more. But that is enough for some, if it be given with tears of self-pity, as it was.

But drunkenness was never a legal defense against a criminal charge. Once, perhaps, alcoholic befuddlement appealed more or less to the sympathies of jurors. In that day there was governmental licensing of traffic in the beverages which cloud the intellect. Society, it could be argued with some force, was responsible for placing temptation in the way of men who become beasts when intoxicated. But the liquor traffic is now thoroughly outlawed. He who would drink must seek out liquor in back rooms or dark alleys. He must first of all set out upon an unlawful enterprise. Drunkenness properly can no longer have moral weight with a juror or anybody else.

It is well, also, that it be made clear that the law holds that he who while committing or attempting to commit robbery kills another is guilty of murder in the first degree. Under the interpretation of the supreme court it is not necessary that the killing shall be at the precise place and time of the act of robbery. It is murder in the first degree to kill another when an effort is being made to escape from the scene of the robbery with the goods stolen. Deliberate and premeditated malice in the ordinary meaning of the term need not be proved. They are held to be necessary elements when one takes gun in hand, goes out to commit robbery and kills another. "I didn't mean to do it" has neither legal nor moral justification in such instances. It is right that it should not have.

Walters was engaged in a series of holdups. He was armed. He displayed his weapon. While attempting to escape and in an other otherwise uninterrupted prosecution of his lesser crimes, he shot and killed an officer of the law. From that moment he had no right to expect lesser punishment than the punishment laid down in the law which he violated.

At least temporarily, so far as our juries are concerned, we have abandoned sentiment for exact justice. Undue prevalence of crime is not a condition to be trifled with. Therefore, just now, courts and juries are stern and unrelenting. It is a pity that we do not realize that in America a normal condition would be considered one of crime prevalence by observers from other countries. Our homicide rate is 4.65 for every 100,000 of population. In Ireland the rate is 1.02; in England and Wales it is .88, and in Scotland .41. We have nine times as many murders per 100,000 of population as Norway has, more than six times as many as Germany and more than seven times as many as Japan.

By and large we have as much respect for human life as the other countries named. Yet here is the record. It is from governmental statistics. It can hardly be doubted that they would become more favorable to ourselves if exact, swift and certain justice were made a permanent reform.

IS THE BATHTUB A LUXURY?

It has been the belief of more than one traveler that the attitude toward bathtubs is one of the distinguishing features of life in other countries as compared with that in the United States, but it is something of a shock to read that Holland, whose people are supposed to have high regard for the principle that cleanliness is next to godliness, now seriously proposes to raise revenue by levying a luxury tax on bathtubs. Not even the English, with their insistence on the morning bath, could have surprised us more.

Yet it will be recalled by comparatively few that the bathtub in America is a relatively recent invention and that less than a generation ago there was a point to the widely current story of the congressman who was so well pleased with the ablutory conveniences of his "room and bath" in a Washington hotel that he could hardly wait for the coming of Saturday night. The Roman baths about which students read so much were dingy and forbidding affairs in the days of the empire's highest glory, beside the humblest bathroom in a two-family house in an American factory town. The orient, for all its emphasis on bathing as a semi-religious rite, knows nothing like the bath that is the appurtenant of every American home. There are castles throughout Europe that could be made twice as comfortable as they are by a week's work by a crew of American plumbers, but nothing is done to bring them up to date. Just why the American conception that the bathtub is a necessity did not long ago take root all over the world is a fact that no American can quite comprehend.

Yet, in the United States, as a millionaire sociologist some time ago pointed out, one of the reasons why we have no real class distinctions is that all men are equal in a bathtub, and there is a bathtub in every home. We long ago passed the stage where it could, by any possible projection of imagination, be regarded as anything else than a necessity. We may tax the ice cream cones that children eat, and the shoes that we wear, and the umbrellas that shelter us when it rains, on the theory that these are luxuries, but never the bathtub. We would like to see how far a candidate for congress would run on a platform advocating a luxury tax on this palladium of our democracy.

THE COMING CHANGE.

The astounding plurality of 7,507,677 given to Mr. Harding in the popular vote came from the states of the north, west and the border. Only Tennessee broke away from the eleven states of the solid south, the first voluntary defection since the days of reconstruction. Yet a study of the returns from the south shows interesting features. The republican ferment is working there, and the explosion may come in due time.

Here are the figures for the solid south:

	1916. Hughes.	1916. Wilson.	1920. Harding.	1920. Cox.
Alabama	22,809	99,409	74,699	163,254
Arkansas	47,148	112,148	69,874	105,618
Florida	14,611	55,984	44,553	90,515
Georgia	11,225	125,845	41,081	107,162
Louisiana	6,466	79,875	38,538	87,519
Mississippi	4,253	80,422	11,576	69,277
North Carolina	120,988	168,383	232,806	305,447
South Carolina	1,550	61,846	2,632	63,946
Tennessee	116,223	153,282	219,829	206,558
Texas	64,900	286,514	115,640	289,688
Virginia	49,356	102,824	87,458	141,670
Total	459,619	1,326,523	938,677	1,630,648

Women voted for the first time in November, in the south, and there was a natural increase in totals. But it does not account for the fact that the republican vote was doubled, while the democratic vote showed only a small relative increase.

Alabama, Florida, Louisiana, Georgia and Texas, heretofore thought to be hopelessly democratic, showed remarkable republican gains, while Tennessee actually broke the chains of tradition. A curious contrast is afforded by North Carolina and South Carolina. One is relatively free, the other is tied hard and fast to the color line.

One swallow does not make a summer, nor a potation; but it may show the direction of the wind.

WITH A HISTORICAL SETTING.

The idea of a great exposition at Portland for 1925 has taken hold of the public mind. It has in view the celebration of a century of hydroelectric development, and it is planned to join with it an appropriate testimonial of the expected completion of transcontinental highways. It is fitting enough that Portland should be the central figure in such an event. It has had experience in expositions. It is one of the coast termini of continental highways. It has a vital relation to water powers. It has the will, the pride, and the means to produce great results.

Vancouver, too, is looking forward to 1925. It was long the seat of operations in the Far West for the Hudson's Bay company, which moved its headquarters from Astoria to that location in 1825. Here was the real beginning of Oregon history, following the romantic record of the earlier explorations. Though it was then in British hands, under the joint occupation, Vancouver was the geographical objective of the first missionaries and the early tides of immigration. The relationship of Vancouver and the Hudson's Bay company to all the great movements and developments of the Far Northwest was vital and far-reaching.

An exposition with such a historical background would have an appeal to sentiment and interest in Great Britain, Canada, and the United States. If the promoters of the 1925 celebration can find a suitable part in the plan for Vancouver—and doubtless they can—it should be invited to join with them.

PERILS OF OUR PHILANTHROPISTS.

The effort of a student of sociology to put himself in the place of the down-and-out by merely emptying his pockets and faring forth in search of adventure loses neither its novelty nor its inadequacy, so it would seem from the fact that it is so constantly repeated. Now a writer named Edwin A. Brown has tried it again and "Broke, the Autobiography of a Man Without a Dime," is the result. It is a story of how he was received by the public eleemosynary institutions of several cities. These were not always as cordial as they might have been. The author deduces therefrom that there ought to be immediate reform, that poor houses ought to be made more attractive, that agencies of service, both from the point of view of the community supporting them and that of the recipient of alms, should temper their methods with a greater measure of humanity than is sometimes apparent nowadays.

There is growing belief that the souls of our flinty-hearted philanthropists are in greater danger than are the bodies of the able-bodied wastrels such as the author in his wanderings seemingly represented himself to be. Even after making reasonable allowance for unavoidable misfortune, there is something suspicious in the spectacle of a man without dependents but in possession of all his limbs and faculties resorting to begging. This is peculiarly true where the beggar selects as his field of operations a neighborhood in which work is not likely to be offered to him, and it should be understood, of course, that begging does not include hunting work in places where it probably will be found. But it happens it is precisely the men who are willing to hustle for jobs and willing to work at them when they find them who do not get the sympathy that they really deserve, while those who seek charity at the first rebuff of fortune are the most querulous and complaining if it does not measure up to the height of their desires.

Nevertheless the soup kitchen, by whatever name, that flings its largess as a bone is tossed to a dog is a grave indictment of the so-called benevolence that is content with subscribing money and takes no interest in what becomes of it. Thoughtless giving may be as damaging in its ultimate effects as giving grudgingly or not giving enough. One of the justifications for highly organized charity is that it leaves more for the deserving by weeding out impostors, but the tendency even here is to make it too convenient for the giver to dismiss the subject from his mind as soon as he has signed a check. In committing a great task to trained social workers, however able, we have immeasurably improved the temporal lot of the unfortunate, but we may have taken from the moneyed amateur a job on which his hope of heaven ultimately depends.

The point of view of a man without a dime may never be obtained by any social experimenter who has deliberately and, as he well knows, but temporarily turned his pockets inside out for the purpose of the moment. He is buoyed of course by knowledge that he can quit the life whenever it becomes intolerable, which is no mean sustainer of moral valor. He has, too, a happy sense of martyrdom, even if he is genuinely hungry, that goes a long way toward keeping him alive. But his every thrill is factitious. He does not know, and he has no means of finding out, what it feels like to be broke, and to be without pride or ambition. He is mostly wasting his time, as did the prison reformer who thought that by entering a cell he could enter into the spirit of the condemned, or the sociologist who, traveling for a short time with gypsies, thought himself qualified to interpret all that was in their minds.

It would seem not so difficult to obtain at first hand the experience of one who, possessing some money and a large desire to do good, has set out to render real service. It has been done. It has commonly been the discovery of those who did it that the money accomplished the smaller part of the good. We would not deprecate giving as generously as possible of money to any cause which the donor regards as worthy, but it is well to bear in mind the peril we invite of mechanicalizing our philanthropies. Opportunity for benevolence serves a double purpose, and it is as literally true now as it ever has been that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

"THE OLD MAN."

He's an institution peculiarly American. Every shop, factory, office or other going concern has one—foreman, superintendent or manager; seldom proprietor, who is "Mister" to the hands. Mostly he has grown among them, or in like place elsewhere, and they know him and depend on him for the square deal and give him the same. "The Old Man" does not essentially number his years as many; older men are under him, have seen him grow with the concern and hope he outlasts them.

The title is one of affectionate loyalty and the business that possesses "The Old Man" has an asset that will keep it abiding upon its foundation of rock.

JUDICIAL DIVAGATION.

It may be as difficult for the average man to understand the workings of the mind of Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis as that jurist is said to have said he found it to fathom the mental process of President Wilson. The president, it seems, aroused the judge's ire by reducing the sentence of a flagrant offender against the law, a man who sold tubercular cattle, who not only mulcted his victims of some thousands of dollars, but may have menaced the health of whole communities.

It is indeed sad miscarriage of justice that permits such things to be. It is as hard as Judge Landis says it is to get at the President's mental process in this instance. But it is, on the other hand, not easy to see how justice is helped by letting go free another set of convicted thieves, whose thefts for lack of greater opportunity happened to aggregate a smaller amount that those of the pardoned cattleman.

"If you do so-and-so, why I'll do this-and-that" is the familiar token of a peevish spirit frequently observed in children and not seldom enough in the workings of the minds of grownups. Once Judge Landis achieved a reputation for independence, based on belief that he permitted nothing extraneous to influence him in deciding a case in hand. Now, whether he realizes it or not, he is being swayed by considerations wholly ungermane to the issue before him. Six thieves go unpunished because another thief failed to get his deserts. If every judge on the bench should happen to reason as Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis does, lawlessness would have a field day indeed.

CABLES IN COMMERCE AND POLITICS.

Cable communication has brought each country into instant touch with the markets of other countries. Before the day of cables and steamships a merchant bought and sold goods on information that was a month or more old when he shipped or received the goods. During that interval prices and exchange might have risen or fallen to an extent which would have changed profit into loss or might have greatly increased profits. The merchant took this risk, and had to provide against it by obtaining higher prices on the average, to be paid finally by the consumer. Business then was largely speculation.

Since the nations have been united by cables, this element of speculation has been almost entirely eliminated. A man can buy or sell wheat or wool in Portland with as full knowledge of that day's quotations on the London and Liverpool markets as he has of the Portland quotations. He no longer gambles on the probability that the London and Liverpool quotations have not changed since the last ship came in with news by mail. Buying and selling can therefore be done on a closer margin, and in the end the consumer gains.

For the same or kindred reasons quick, direct cable communication is important in every phase of communication between nations—commercial, political, news and family intercourse. Quick communication enables men to win contracts ahead of foreign competitors, enables shipowners to win charters for vessels, diplomats to form combinations and smooth away friction before an unfriendly power can gain advantage. Direct cables protect the secrecy of communication from the syping of business rivals or of foreign governments, and facilitate exchange of news free from the obstruction and coloring which foreign governments might give. They also exclude propaganda in foreign interest which might be spread from a country controlling the cable by which two other countries communicated.

The British government early recognized the importance of cable control, and has connected its scattered dominions with British-owned lines. A message can pass from one part of the empire to another without touching foreign soil and therefore without reaching a non-British eye or ear. One company has direct cables from western Europe across the Atlantic to the United States and Canada, to the orient and to all points on the west African coast, where the only rival is a French line to French possessions only. The British also have four cables from Europe to Brazil and Argentina and a monopoly of the coastal traffic of Brazil. Until a direct American cable was laid, American messages were sent to the Azores and then back across the Atlantic to South America. The British have a line across the Pacific from Bamfield, Vancouver island, to Brisbane, Australia, which by seizure of the German Atlantic cable and a land line across Canada completes an all-British line around the world. The many islands and colonies of Britain form convenient halfway stations across the oceans which give that country a great advantage in cable-laying, and with control of the gutta percha market and monopoly of cable manufacture that country owns more than half the world's cables.

The United States is second in cable mileage, though far behind Britain. It is connected with all its island possessions and the canal zone by American-owned cables and a line has been laid this year to Rio Janeiro and Santos, Brazil. American cables extend down the west coast of South America to Santiago, whence they reach Buenos Aires by a land line, to Cuba and to Cartagena, Colombia. An American cable crosses the Pacific ocean from San Francisco via Honolulu, Midway and Guam to Manila. It connects at Guam with the German-Netherland line to Yap, thence to Shanghai, Menado, Borneo, Java and other countries. This is the cable which Japan claims to control at Yap against opposition from the United States. A branch of the American line also runs from Guam to the island of Bonin, where it connects with the Japanese government line to Tokio. The only government-owned American cables run to Alaska, from Key West to Dry Tortugas and among the Philippine islands.

France has two cables across the Atlantic, one from Brest to Dakar in West Africa, another from Dakar to Pernambuco, Brazil, and several connecting island colonies with the mainland. Japan's cables merely connect its various islands, Corea, the Liaotung peninsula and northern ports of China.

Before the war Germany had cables across the Atlantic to the United States, down the coast of western Europe to Teneriffe, the Canary islands, Liberia and the then German colonies of Togo and Kamerun, and a third ran from Monrovia, Liberia, to Pernambuco, Brazil. The lines owned jointly by Germany and Holland extending from Yap have independent connection with China, the Dutch East Indies and India. By the treaty of Versailles all German cables are surrendered to the allies, and their allotment is now a subject of controversy.

American cables are only second in importance to American ships in extension of foreign trade. We are engaging in competition with Britain in every market, and shall not be on equal terms so long as we are dependent on our rival's cables for commercial intercourse. Use of the cable has so increased in the last few years that there is business for more on the principal routes without wasteful duplication. Cables are a public utility which should be at the service of the whole world on equal terms and with freedom from espionage and censorship, but Britain cannot be expected to give up its undoubted advantage without a struggle. If the United States should show determination to have its own system to every continent, it would influence Britain to join in an international agreement for cable control, which would put all nations on an equal footing and would prevent useless duplication.

The Fort Worth way of lynching a man for killing a policeman is more speedy but not equal to the Portland way of sending him to the gallows. Sometimes one dodges the drop on appeal, but not often.

In the steady movement of time the Lang Syne society will succeed the Pioneers to keep alive the traditions of Oregon. The Pioneers carved the state and the Lang Syners will do the polishing.

A soda man tainted with bootlegging says the newspapers will be held "strictly accountable" for what they say in the case and one wonders if that be threat or promise.

A Chicago county official wants to increase the price of marriage licenses to the same scale as dog licenses. That's not fair. Dog licenses are permanent.

A woman with $16,000 in bills strapped to her thigh has been found dead in New York, where deputy coroners become wealthy—a remarkable incident.

That Vermont man whose "innards" are all in the wrong places has a good appetite regardless, and what more does a man want?

Atlantic City will next season employ pretty women to lure the "masher." They will be clothed with authority and little else.

"Red population waning," says a headline. Unfortunately, though, it relates to Indians in California, not soviets in Russia.

Last chance to get into jail for the Christmas dinner. While the turkey may be missed, the stew may have thickening.

A train robbery near Kelso was amateur stuff and the robber now is dodging every shadow.

However, it's better to do your Christmas shopping late than not to get it done at all.

Christmas should be a movable feast, fixed immovably in the middle of the week.

Toyland is a seasonal name for Portland.

This mostly will be candy day.

WAY TO PROTECT PHEASANTS

Writer Would Provide Closed Season and Abolish Game Commission.

PORTLAND, Dec. 23.—(To the Editor.)—In an editorial in The Oregonian you ask: "Where are the pheasants?" and then you proceed to discuss the subject very interestingly, but, to my mind, very far from the true reason. You state that "the killing of males only has resulted in too many infertile eggs; there are too many automatics and pump guns; the out-of-season shooter is too busy; and the automobile has made the birds too easy of access."

The first reason is partially correct. Males and females should be included together in the bag limit, the same as any other game bird. The type of gun used has nothing to do with the depletion of the birds, as that can be regulated through the limits and seasons only; the out-of-season shooter is more of an aggravation to the sportsman, and wardens, than anything else. He kills a few now and then on the sly, but not enough in the least to affect the total stock of pheasants. The automobile is in the same class with the type of gun used. Both can be taken care of through the bag limits and season.

You quote Mr. Finley as an authority that the inbreeding of the pheasants has depleted the numbers by softening "the maternal instincts of the mother and a reduction in size. Absolutely tommy-rot. Why does not the inbreeding of our native ruffed and blue grouse reduce the size and maternal instincts of those birds? And, besides, the Chinese pheasants of today that are fully grown are as big and gamey as they were when originally liberated. Mr. Finley, while state game warden, did not contend that inbreeding had anything to do with the matter, but, like all the others, he was intent on creating plausible conditions for the bigger sale of game licenses as the first requisite of a successful state game warden.

It is utter nonsense to raise Chinese pheasants at $3 per and turn them loose to be killed for $1.50 per license. The Simpson game farm at Corvallis is a good one, but should be used only to raise pheasants for the purpose of stocking those sections of the state that do not now have such birds in abundance. Close the season on Chinese pheasants throughout the Willamette valley for only one year and there will be more pheasants raised in the wild than we have ever had before and there won't be any signs of softening of the brain in the females by "inbreeding," either. But the Simpson farm at Corvallis, together with a political game farm in every county in the state, cannot raise enough birds to keep up the supply at the prices quoted above. Of course, during the closed-season year the state game warden might have to worry along on a little less license money, but then he could cut down the salaries of the deputies in the field and make that deficit up. They don't need money, but can live on glory.

But a closed season is the only way to build up the supply of any kind of game or game bird. That fact has been fully demonstrated by the closed seasons fixed by the federal government on certain migratory game birds. In every instance such birds have increased in phenomenal numbers. These matters can be all brought about by absolutely divorcing the commercial fishing interests from the game interests as now camouflaged, and then abolishing the game commission entirely and authorizing the governor to appoint the state game warden, who should be big enough and brave enough to handle such matters for the best interests of the game, and the sportsmen will in time reap the benefits tenfold over present conditions.

Under the present form of commission government the "buck" is passed until it becomes so frazzled that by the time it reaches the original passer it has lost its identity. Make the governor absolutely responsible for the ability and acts of his state game warden and you will come as near removing the game interests from politics as it is humanly possible. Until that time we shall be cursed by political game squabbles, deals and trades for the purpose of feathering the nests of political roustabouts, but to the detriment of the game and the interests of good sportsmanship. I have been intimately concerned in this matter for several years and these are a few of my unbiased deductions.

B. GINNING.

UNEMPLOYED ARE NOT VAGRANTS

Suggestion for Temporary Relief Pending Opportunity for Work.

PORTLAND, Dec. 23.—(To the Editor.)—My attention to the unemployed has first been called by the statement that the municipal judge had over 100 men on his hands. The question arises what will he do with them? If they are let out of jail and have no money, food or shelter, when night comes the same condition exists and jail is again the only refuge.

It has been suggested that Kelly Butte might relieve the congestion. Is it just or fair for us to treat these men as criminals? Judge Rossman says these men ought not to be sent to jail as vagrants. Most of them are young men or mere boys from respectable and decent homes and many of them help to provide for their families, some even contributing all that they can earn, so that when **hard** times come on they find themselves destitute. Many of these men left their homes to find employment and, failing to find the work that they sought, found themselves destitute and therefore treated as vagrants.

Jails and rockpiles for such men as these will not improve the situation any. It is true that they will be housed and fed, but the humiliation of having been "jail birds" will not improve their morale and such degradation will not soon be forgotten. The harvest will be more undesirable citizens. Why would it not be better to let these men go to Pisgah home and be fed by the city there rather than to be fed by the city at the rock pile? Every right-minded man will surely be willing to do work enough to maintain himself at the ranch and there all would have a home instead of a jail.

The judge will be more competent than anyone else to decide who should be permitted to live at the ranch and who should be treated as vagrants and it will be an easy matter to arrange for a branch employment office to be there maintained free of cost to furnish these men with work as soon as work can be found for them.

PISGAH MOTHER.

Millions Starving in China.

WILBUR, Or., Dec. 22.—(To the Editor.)—If there are millions of people starving in China, why cannot we do something about it? Why cannot the world—the Christian world—turn its energies, for the time being, to the relief of this emergency? There are Canada and Australia and Argentine and the United States and other places, no doubt, where food is plentiful. It would have to be quick work, but what are wireless telegraphy and swift steamers for? We might forget the high cost of living and high taxes for a little, while we put over this one big thing. Neither would anyone be poorer next year this time for having helped.

MAZIE D. WALKER.

Those Who Come and Go.

"I think that additions to the state road map should be made by the highway commission, when changes are made, and there appears to be a general belief that the road map should not be tampered with by the legislature," observed William G. Hare, state senator for Washington county. "But," continued Senator Hare, "if any changes are made by the legislature, I will try to have placed on the state map a road from Portland to Astoria through Cedar Mill, North Plains, Banks, Buxton, Scofield, Vernonia, Berkenfeld, Mist, Jewel and Olney. There is quite a demand for such a road, and if built it will tap and make available a body of timber in Columbia, Clatsop and a part of Washington county which will excel the belt of timber near Bend. It will also, in time, develop a great dairy industry, all tributary to Portland. I do not know of another section in Oregon which can be so greatly developed by the building of a state highway as the one I speak of." Senator Hare says that he intends trying to get a little pleasure out of the 1921 session. "I've decided that I can't reform the world," he confessed, while in Portland yesterday, "and the few things which I would like to remedy are administrative, rather than legislative, anyway. I look for a large mass of little bills in the coming session with only a few measures of large importance. It might be a good idea to refer the teachers' tenure bill, for example, to the voters i. Portland, rather than have the legislature try to adjust this matter."

"No more duck business for me. I sold all I had for $1.50 a head and I've figured out since that each duck cost me $8 in feed," announced Henry Pies of Salmonberry at the Hotel Portland. "They were mallards. It's the easiest thing in the world to raise mallards. They won't fly away. All you have to do is to treat them right, and as for fun, a duck is the most comical pet a person can have. Did you ever raise ducks with chickens? A duck eats and then takes a drink; eats and takes another drink. In a mighty short time a duck with chickens discovers that when he leaves the food to get a drink his share of the food is gone when he returns, for the chickens have remained on the job. So, very quickly, the duck gets into the habit of taking a bit of food, reaching quick for water and turning back just as quickly for more food to head off the chickens. Then the ducks, when they go to the river, are as playful as a bunch of boys, diving, swimming and running on the bank and having a bully time. A duck tastes better, however, if it is kept away from the water, although water is supposed to be its natural element." Mr. Pies reports that the steelhead fishing in the Salmonberry and Nehalem is now fine, the water being good for the first time in a couple of weeks.

If every seine, setnet and driftnet in the Rogue river could be taken from the stream and destroyed and commercial fishing forever banished in the Rogue, Wilford Allen would be perfectly satisfied. Mr. Allen, an arrival at the Multnomah from Grants Pass, is head of the Josephine County Sportsmen's league, which comprises about everyone who lives in the county and likes to fish for pleasure. Mr. Allen is in favor of closing the Rogue river to commercial fishing for at least four years. He contends that the Rogue is a great attraction to tourists and that people come from many states just on account of the fishing in that river. As a stream for sportsmen, Mr. Allen is of the opinion that it would bring more money into the state than the river now produces through the commercial fishing interests at the lower end, where the Rogue empties into the Pacific ocean.

Oil is coming so fast out of a new well 20 miles south of Tulsa, Okla., that the company can't get enough tanks to take care of it, according to Dr. S. W. Scott, one of the principals of the company, who has arrived at the Benson to spend the holidays with relatives in Portland. "We are only three feet in the sand," says Dr. Scott, and the well is producing 2500 barrels of oil daily." Dr. Scott says he was the first man to open an oil well in old Mexico, an event which occurred in 1894. The land where the new well near Tulsa has been found is owned by an aged negro. The land has been leased from the colored man on a royalty basis and he is now deriving an income of $5000 a day, which places him beyond the dreams of avarice.

Each Christmas for the past 20 years Lester G. Kent of Philadelphia has been in a different place. This time he will be in Portland at the Multnomah. A year ago he spent Christmas at Shepeards hotel, in Cairo, Egypt, with some Britishers who were wishing they were in merrie England. A year before he was in Cape Town, South Africa. Mr. Kent is constantly on the road, traveling for an importing and exporting firm which has offices in most of the large seaports of the globe.

John Walker, well-known Canadian resident and voyager, arrived at one of the hotels fronting on Broadway late Wednesday night, but in his hurry to get from the lobby to a room above, in some manner lost his equilibrium and fell to the floor, breaking his neck. There was a lobby filled with people who mourned his untimely taking away, although it was quickly decided to be a case for the swamper rather than the coroner.

Ducks and geese are plentiful in the upper Willamette valley and so are hunters, according to E. S. Hawker of Albany. Mr. Hawker, who is district game garden for Linn, Lane and Benton counties, is in town with the news that there are birds in ample quantities for anyone.

Alfred Smith and H. W. Whimme of Bellingham, who were held up by a robber on the Great Northern as they were coming to Portland, are registered at the Hotel Oregon. Messrs Smith and Whimme were standing on the platform of the observation car when the robber poked a gun at them and relieved them of their money.

Luke Goodrich, in the banking business at Eugene and once a noted football player, was at the Imperial yesterday with his son Don, who is a six-footer. Mr. Goodrich was discussing football with some of the present generation of players.

Raymond P. Richardson, newspaper publisher of Dayton, Wash., arrived in the city yesterday to visit with relatives during the Christmas holidays. He is accompanied by Mrs. Richardson and two children.

Mrs. A. L. Ball, wife of a well-known Eugene contractor, was among the arrivals yesterday to spend the Christmas holidays with Portland friends and relatives.

Having bought a press for his newspaper at Salem, George Putnam was in Portland yesterday making arrangements for shipping the apparatus.

G. W. Fischer, wholesale grocery dealer of Seattle, is at the Multnomah, coming here for a conference with other wholesalers.

REMARKS BY STATE NEWSPAPERS

Salvation Army's Charity and Other Subjects Are Discussed.

Marshfield News.

The Salvation Army has won its way into the hearts of many peoples because it comes between the higher spiritual and practical civic agency with just that wise mingling of religion that does not repel the ignorant and immoral and of helpfulness that is comprehensible to the feeble and emotional. The old sentimental, undiscriminating charity, with all its waste and injury to self-reliance, did reach some whom neither scientific charity nor religious appeal could rescue. The mission of the Salvation Army is to organize this sentimentality so as to get the good in it without the evil.

Washday in Weston.

Weston Leader.

About 7 o'clock Monday morning this vicinity was visited by a blinding dust storm. Housewives who had arisen early to hang out family washings were obliged to summon their courage, remove clothes from the line and repeat a portion of their labors. Ivory enameled woodwork quickly acquired an ebony hue. Vacuum cleaners were hastily employed to remove the grimy coverings from rugs, curtains and upholstery. Inasmuch as the storm followed a period of very wet weather, it was regarded as rather unusual.

Old Story, No Argument.

Salem Journal.

It is not the men as a rule who refuse toleration and forgiveness. It is the women who never forget or forgive the erring of their sex and do for get and forgive the erring of the opposite sex, and just how government ukase can change their attitude is beyond mere man. Most efforts to place the sexes upon the same moral plane result in lowering women to man's level instead of raising man to women's level and work toward the destruction of the home. However, the men are quite willing to let the women decide the issue.

Nothing "Codfish" About O. C.

Oregon City Enterprise.

The people of Oregon City are a "homey" people. The town is large enough to have social advantages and at the same time it is too small to possess a purse-proud circle. If it has a silk-stockinged class, they are almighty quiet about it and certainly inoffensive. Oregon City residents are friendly, with the warm handclasp to newcomers. They are also a neighborly lot of folks and maintain exceptionally strong organizations along religious, fraternal and social lines.

Keep the Dollar Turning.

Etnerprise Record Chieftain.

For a purely selfish reason, men should pay promptly in hard times. They can buy cheaper for cash than in normal times. If they pay for what they get they will be out of debt when business turns for the better and others will owe them. But if they bury their money, for fear the country is going to the dogs, they miss the chance to turn it to profit and also they contribute to the general financial distress.

Discriminate Against the Brewer.

Woodburn Independent.

It is no wonder that the price of hops has declined when there is a restriction on the sale of hops to consumers, whether they desire to use them for beer or other purposes. Those who wish to make hop pillows cannot do so. On the other hand, other ingredients for the manufacture of home-made beer are permitted to be sold to consumers. Why the discrimination?

Non-Success in Sheep.

Ontario Argus.

What has happened here in the sheep and cattle game has and will happen in other communities and in other lines of endeavor. The men who are well grounded in a business, who know its possibilities for trouble as well as its avenues for profit, and are governed by that knowledge and strictly attend to their affairs will undoubtedly succeed in the long run.

Advertising on Calendars.

Pine Valley Herald.

The advertising of calendars is almost nil. The pictures so far outshine the printing on the calendars that it is never seen. When the calendar is hung on the wall the picture alone gets the eye. It may be greatly admired, but that is of no advantage to the donor unless it is connected with his business in some way.

When Necessary to Whip, Consider.

The Dalles Chronicle.

For the love of all that is human, remember when whipping children that they are little human beings with souls. Consider that they will feel in time that you, big and strong, manifest brute anger toward them and that in turn every bit of meanness and vileness in their natures will be developed.

Criminal Path a Rocky Highway.

Sheridan Sun.

There is no easy road to wealth and the one who seeks the criminal path is on a rocky highway that leads the opposite way from that which life holds dearest—a clean conscience, honesty and respect. No, crime does not pay.

Alas, Poor Clarence True!

Corvallis Gazette-Times.

The skulls of two of the Pilgrim Fathers were exhumed for a short period the other day. There used to be three of these dlightful relics, but it is understood that the Rev. Clarence True Wilson is wearing one of them.

Short Crops Next Year.

Powers Patriot.

With prices gone to smash this fall after several years of unusually high figures, there will be scant encouragement for enthusiastic production next year, and some essential crops are quite likely to be short at the next harvest.

One "Funny Thing" in Oregon.

Gold Hill News.

Seems funny, so much wood around here and still fuel is so scarce and so expensive when it can be had that oil burners are becoming quite popular. Friend Kellogg has oil burners in both his house and office.

Sam Gaines Is "Sore."

Scio Tribune.

Sam Gaines of the Santiam farm complains bitterly that someone on Halloween stole his ax and a sack of potatoes. Sam doesn't care so much about the spuds, but his wife needs the ax for exercise.

"Wicked" Women.

Dufur Dispatch.

A preacher is reported to have said that the women are taking up the vices discarded by the men. If they confine themselves to the vices which the men have discarded they will get to heaven sure.

Hold On to the Jobs.

Turner Tribune.

Back to normalcy, boys, is the present trend over the country. In a year from now wages will be as low as $3 per day and hundreds after the job. Hold your job, boys, freeze on to it.

More Truth Than Poetry.

By James J. Montague.

CAN HAPPEN.

Sister trims the Christmas tree,
Candles gleam and glow;
Children, helpful as can be,
Darting to and fro;
Sister says, "Let go that limb,"
Baby disobeys—
Which is natural to him—
Up the candles blaze.

Hosecart Five and Engine Two,
Hook and Ladder Four,
Drag a writhing pipe line through
A smashed-in kitchen door.
That's about the only way
Some folks ever learn
That, although it's hChristmas day,
Things like trees will burn.

Father, playing Santa Claus,
For the little folk,
Lights a cigarette because
He just has to smoke;
Lets the blaze run up the match,
Leaps a little higher,
Children cry as whiskers catch:
"Santa's all on fire!"

Father's hair and mustache gone,
Wrapped up in a sheet,
Fire laddies carry on
Till the flames are beat.
Family has but little cause
For its Christmas cheer.
A sadder, wiser Santa Claus
Father'll be next year.

* * *

Adding Insult to Injury.

In some cities you have to have a doctor's prescription to get a ton of coal, which makes the coal cost you $25 a ton instead of $18.

* * *

Cheerful Thought.

If Mr. Bryan does as much for the reformers as he did for Mr. Cox there won't be any blue laws.

* * *

Nothing Is Wasted.

Judging by some of the steaks the butchers are selling, the packers are using the leather that the shoe men can't find a market for.

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John Burroughs' Nature Notes.

Can You Answer These Questions?

1. Where does the bobolink build its nest?

2. Are the black fox and silver-gray fox distinct species?

3. How was maple sugar made?

(Answers in tomorrow's nature notes.)

* * *

Answers to Previous Questions.

1. What is the propolis of the bees?

The bud scales of the poplars along the road, long brown scales like the beaks of birds, leave a rich gummy odor in my hand that lasts for hours. I frequently detect the same odor about my hives when the bees are making all snug against the rains, or against the millers. When used by bees, we call it propolis. Virgil refers to it as a "glue more adhesive than bird-lime and the pitch of Phrygian Ida."

* * *

2. From what is the cowbird named?

The cowbird is so called because it walks about amid the grazing cattle and seizes the insects which their heavy tread sets going. It drops its egg in the nest of the song sparrow, the social sparrow, the snowbird, the vireo, and the wood-warbler, and as a rule it is the only egg in the nest that issues successfully.

* * *

3. Is the red squirrel harmful to birds?

The red squirrel is a destroyer of the eggs and young of birds. I think the mischief it does in this respect can hardly be overestimated. Nearly all birds look upon it as their enemy, and attack and annoy it when it appears near their breeding haunts. Thus, I have seen many birds pursuing it with angry voice and gestures.

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I Never Knew.

By Grace E. Hall.

I never knew that tears could burn
Like acid 'til they left a scar,
Nor that a heart might truly learn
To hide the deep and painful mar;
Nor that the sunshine sometimes turned
Into a fever fierce and hot—
But these at last I've learned—I've learned