Morning Oregonian

ESTABLISHED BY HENRY L. PITTOCK.

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CHRISTMAS DUTIES.

Not one new ideal is needed to make the world all that it ought to be. The call is for wider acceptance of the old. We need no novel rules to govern human conduct. There are already well-established principles, laid down almost two thousand years ago, sufficient for all time. Love of one's fellow man as a cure for the evils that beset us is not on trial, it has not fallen short of sane expectation in a single particular, it is not a failure. The obvious remedy simply has not had a fair trial. Failure lies at the doors of those who have refused to accept it. So long as we continue to cry for a new specific, while we continue to ignore the old, we exhibit our incompetence to appraise the world's real need. It is useless to hope for help worth while from those who wilfully lose sight of the present, sovereign solvent of every temporal evil while they pursue the unreality, with neither soul nor body, vaguely embodied in two meaningless words.

The Galilean ideal is love, but not self-love. The spirit of the season now on us is the spirit of doing for others, not of consideration for ourselves. It is well to mention giving as the symbol of righteousness in times like these, but it is not the giving of money, or of goods, alone that is meant. There is the gift of service which all alike can make, and giving of the heart as well as performance of the hand. The widow's mite is the emblem of the right kind of giving because it represents sacrifice, and sacrifice ennobles service. The measure of duty is not the dollar, but the capacity of him who performs it. Duty is relative. No man has done his whole duty to his fellows who has done less than he can.

The present is a time for self-examination, for appraisement of our own blessings, for scrutiny of desires and motives, but not for hopeless pessimism. It is true that others have passed through a crucible, and that we ourselves have not escaped unscathed. There are those among us who have been face to face with life's tragedies. All know that the ideal has not been attained, yet are not justified in supposing that no progress is being made. We are not, as we might have been, and as others are, helpless before calamity. While the power to render service remains in us, there is at hand the material for our regeneration. The way to moral salvation lies through giving and doing, and with both opportunity and capacity for these we are infinitely blessed.

The colossal tragedy of war is followed by not much less heart-breaking tragedies of peace. It is futile to discuss the issue whether we escaped the full consequences of the former because of our own superior wisdom, or chance, or by the favor of a Providence as inscrutable as it is all-seeing, but it is useful to consider what we are doing to temper the lot of those less fortunate than we. This is the test. We solve no problem by complaining that the earth is no nearer to Christian ideals than it was two thousand years ago, but we bring one measurably nearer to solution if we adopt those ideals as our own. We shall never uproot the spirit of revenge, or drive hate from the world, or heal dissension until we have accepted the Christmas spirit as our own. The path of duty is broad and plain.

Those of the older generation who have good memories know that in every material aspect life in America is easier than it was when they were young. Luxuries of half a century ago have become the accepted and unregarded necessities of today. Science has made amazing progress, education strides forward, public and private benevolences are conducted on a princely scale. There probably are no fewer true missionaries now than in former days, though they labor in a different field. Our soil is as fertile, our industries as prosperous, we are as far removed from the perils of famine as ever in our history. We cannot in reason deny the blessings that are ours, but we shall nullify them if we neglect to share them with a world that needs both moral and material upbuilding, and whose future depends in no small measure on the course that we elect to take.

Response to the moving appeal of some millions of suffering little ones of Europe, which now seems widespread and generous, is one of the encouraging signs of the time. Undoubtedly there still are Americans not imbued with sense of isolation, who cannot view this picture of desolation unmoved, and who realize that our task was not completed when the armistice was signed. But it is pertinent, too, to inquire whether this response has been as generous and as general as it ought to have been, and whether everything has been that could have been done to relieve distress in every other form. Much has been done, but much remains to be done that will be accomplished only when individual responsibility is fully understood.

Upon our conduct now may depend the character and the ideals, no less than the material welfare, of generations to come. There is no better example that we can set for our neighbors across the sea than that of self-denial in the midst of comparative plenty, and no more effective influence in character-building on our own children than acceptance of the mission that is ours. The most case-hardened sinner of us all, we think, must cherish in his secret heart the wish that his sons and daughters may grow up morally sound and strong. Precept is but a feeble candle beside the revealing light of example. The present generation rests under a dual obligation, to itself and to those who will carry the torch when they are gone.

WASTE TIME.

The administration at Washington is a left-over, a survival of another era, and the interval between November 2, 1920, and March 4, 1921—four long months—is lost time.

Congress is concerning itself with matters which it knows are water-under-the-wheel at the White House. For example, it is expected that the president will veto the bill reviving the war finance corporation and it is certain that he will disapprove any high tariff bill on agricultural products. Why are they passed? They are, or are to be, passed because congress regards the great and solemn referendum as a commission to enact legislation which it is known that President Wilson does not want. Yet the president four years ago, at another referendum, both great and solemn, received a verdict of indorsement both for him and his policies, and a commission to direct national affairs until March 4, 1921. There was a new judgment by the people in 1918 and 1920, but it could not become effective as to the president until the end of his constitutional term.

Now here is an anomaly which leads to futility and loss. It should be corrected. Representative McArthur has offered a bill for a constitutional amendment which will make the term of the new congress begin on the first Monday in December after the quadrennial election, and of the new president the second Monday.

The stage-coach days are over. Time was, in Oregon, when a member of congress was elected in June of the even year, and he did not take his seat until December of the following year, unless there was a special session. The long delay was justifiable and even necessary, before the railroad, or the telegraph, or the telephone came; but not now.

When the people, in regular constitutional form, decree a change, there should be a change.

ABOUT A WAR REFERENDUM.

One of the curiosities of politics is that both Colonel George Harvey and W. J. Bryan declare for a popular referendum on a declaration of war by each nation, except when attacked, and for an international agreement to that effect. The embarrassing point is: What are the other nations to do with a nation which breaks the pledge? Let it proceed uninterrupted with its nefarious design until all of them go through the slow motions of a referendum.

Then how are we to distinguish between an aggressive and a defensive war? In 1870 Germany maneuvered France into the position of aggressor, and in 1914 Germany professed to have declared war in self-defense against Russian mobilization.

How are the nations to assure themselves that a government which contemplates an aggressive war puts the issue squarely before the people for their vote, and does not misrepresent an aggressive as a defensive war, as Germany did in 1914?

It also happens that a war begun in self-defense develops into a war for self-aggrandizement. This is evident from contemplation of what the allies have done to their enemies. Would the proponents of the referendum have the people vote on continuation of the war when the purpose of defense had been accomplished, and who is to determine when the transition from defense to offense takes place.

While the belligerents are engaged in satisfying their consciences on this point, is a truce of God to prevail? Would the original offender, seeing a chance to gain the upper hand while his enemy is hesitating, observe such a truce?

After this little questionnaire has been answered to their satisfaction, the people may be willing to consider the war referendum seriously. Until then they may regard it as a device to betray the innocent, conscientious and confiding into the hands of the ruthless, relentless and remorseless.

SALVAGE.

It is possible that the Interchurch World Movement, which was a failure in the respect that it did not raise the great fund that it set out to procure for the advancement of evangelical interests, may yet bear fruit through other agencies of cooperation. The conference of national protestant organizations which met in New York the other day to give counsel as to its affairs, resolved that "the Interchurch World Movement might wisely adjust and conclude its activities," but it is even more important that the conference recommended "development and correlation of existing agencies for cooperative work." This was, if anything was, the truly valuable phase of the original movement, and if existing agencies profit by the mistakes of the greater body there is likely to be a good deal of salvage of worth-while material.

The organized movement yielded among other things a number of surveys dealing with the state of the church and the religious needs of people throughout the world. The value of these surveys is still in dispute; there is much to be said in support of the argument that instead of the stone of statistical investigation people wanted the bread of religion; but it is fair also to presume that if the movement had not collapsed when it did it would have reaped a decided advantage from being organized along modern lines. The data thus obtained, not all of which are incomplete, will be turned over to whatever agencies show capacity for using them, and thus a partial return will be obtained for the large sums expended.

One thing the Interchurch World Movement undoubtedly did was show how greatly the idea that competition is the life of trade can be overdone in church work. Allowing for fundamental doctrinal differences and the personal factors that make certain denominational divisions desirable, it was shown in an impressive number of cases that duplication of work—"overchurching" of rural communities and the like—had reached the proportions of a real evil. The "surveys" which consumed so much of the preliminary funds at least emphasized, if they did not reveal for the first time, the extent to which this practice had been carried on. There is evidence that the tendency has been checked, and in all probability church extension in the future will be governed by policy based on information thus gained.

It is even possible, indeed, that the new movement which is practically certain to succeed the old will be even broader in its relation to all the churches than was the original. Having resolved that each shall go its own way in respect of doctrinal matters, the churches should find no obstacle to the broadest possible co-operation in the many fields of human activity which the movement once proposed to cover. If this result alone can be traced to the recent campaign, the latter will be worth all that it cost.

THE MODERN FELLOW SERVANT.

Is there in all the fabric of the civil law a more discredited doctrine than the fellow servant rule by which only a few years ago the liability of employers for injuries to their employes was governed? In a good many encyclopedias, by no means out of date in other respects, will be found the exposition of the theory that "those who are employed by a common master in the promotion of a common enterprise" shall share in common the hazards arising from one another's acts. True, this was subject to certain modifications, as when the courts began to rule that superintendents were not the fellow servants of employes under them, and, for another example, that the seamen of one ocean vessel were not fellow servants of those on another, though the vessels were owned by the same person. But even these concessions are of but recent date. Rejection of the general rule, with all its severity in application, is well within the memory of the generation now living.

Now a high New York tribunal has unanimously affirmed the principle that a workman is entitled to compensation for injury received as the result of horse-play by fellow employes. The claimant was a workman in a silk mill. He was struck by an apple playfully thrown by a fellow worker and lost the sight of one eye. The question whether this constituted an accident "arising out of and in the course of employment" was raised. The court said:

> The claimant's presence in a factory in association with other workmen involved exposure to the risk of injury from the careless acts of those about him. . . . Whatever men and boys will do, when gathered together in such surroundings, at all events is something reasonably to be expected and was one of the perils of his service. . . . The claimant was injured not merely while he was in a factory, but because he was in a factory, in touch with associations and conditions inseparable from factory life.

In other words, where it is necessary in the course of employment that the worker shall associate with other workers, this association, along with unprotected machinery, fire and other perils, is a hazard of employment. "Not merely while he was in a factory, but because he was in a factory," compresses the essence of a new dispensation into a new aphorism.

Less than thirty years ago a legislator was regarded as exceptionally daring who proposed that the rule of fellow servant be restricted in its application to those of equal rank. Now that last outpost has been stormed and taken. The court in its decision mentions "the broader conception of employment and its incidents to which the court is now committed." Broader conception is right. The incident will be particularly instructive to those who have had a notion that the law cannot be humanized by evolution—that only by bloody revolution can justice be obtained.

LAST OF THE PONY EXPRESS RIDERS.

The death in Los Angeles of William Gooding, said to have been the last of the pony express riders, is a reminder that no adequate history has been written of this romantic phase of the development of communication between east and west. The precursor of the electric telegraph was the pony express, established in the fifties, and maintained by the personal heroism of a peculiarly hardy and death-defying army of young men to whom the achievement was the better part of the reward. When these men succeeded in cutting down the time required by a dispatch to cross the continent from twenty-one to ten days, their cup of happiness was full. It was a feat in that day by comparison with which the wireless telegraph of the present is incapable of giving a thrill.

On May 10, 1861, The Oregonian said in allusion to certain improvements in its news service then just put into effect: "In the last ten years the transmission of news from ocean to ocean has occupied from twenty-five to fifty days. One year ago, on April 16, the pony shortened the distance to ten days. But we did not get the full benefit of the pony express until the mail line from here to San Francisco went into operation." At that time the western limit of the telegraph was Fort Kearney, Neb. Thence dispatches were carried, beginning in 1860, by pony riders across plain and mountain and desert, to the western coast. It was with reason regarded as a triumph of newspaper enterprise, for example, when The Oregonian printed on the morning of April 15, 1862, as the "latest from the east," dispatches to April 3, and on April 21 gave its readers an account of the progress of the battle at Pittsburg Landing and Shiloh to April 8. News of the death of General Albert Sidney Johnston, which occurred on April 6, was contained in The Oregonian April 26. The latter was news of particularly intimate interest to the Pacific coast, because General Johnston had been in command of the department of California and his name had been associated with plans for the Pacific Republic, which never culminated, and for secession of the west as part of the conspiracy to destroy the union.

Twelve, thirteen, twenty days measured the distance between Portland and the national capital. Yet to reduce the gap to this interval of time involved exertion nearly superhuman. The express riders were veritably men of blood and iron. Alexander Mayors, of Russell, Mayors & Waddell, who in the fifties were running a stage line between the Missouri river and Salt Lake City, tells in his "Seventy Years on the Frontier" how the northern pony express owed its inception to sectional politics. An express line known as the Butterfield route, by way of Los Angeles, El Paso and Fort Gibson, was then in existence but was unsatisfactory to Californians. A shorter central route was opposed by factionalists in congress on the ostensible ground that the mountains were impassable during the winter months. Northern congressmen were averse to giving the whole prestige of such a thoroughfare to the extreme south, and it became necessary to demonstrate that a northern route could be made practicable. This done, said Senator Gwin of California, he would support a subsidy for a line between the thirty-ninth and fifty-first parallels.

The record established by the Butterfield line was twenty-one days for a dispatch from San Francisco to New York. The new pony express reduced this to ten days. But the riders for the Butterfield line had founded a tradition to which the new line owed much. The pony rider was an aristocrat of a special sort, fully conscious of the maxim noblesse oblige. It was a point of honor that no man should falter while the spark of life remained in him. Thus a record established in 1853 by F. X. Aubery, a Canadian Frenchman, who traveled the distance of 800 miles between Santa Fe, N. M., and Independence, Mo., in four days and thirteen hours, was, as Mr. Majors says, in some respects the most remarkable ride ever made, and doubtless the record stands to this day, all conditions considered. Aubery rode the entire distance without stopping to rest, having a change of horses only every 100 or 200 miles. He kept a led horse by his side during most of the time, so that when the horse he was riding gave out from exhaustion he changed saddles and went on at full speed. Ruthless as this seems from the viewpoint of those who value horses, the grit of the rider provokes admiration. Aubery's ride was made through a region infested by hostile Indians, so that the adventure was stirring in more ways than one. Majors says it was made on a bet that Aubery, who had previously covered the distance in ten days, could do it in eight. He did it in a little more than half the time.

Two important events occurred during the life of the pony service. President Buchanan's last message to congress, in December, 1860, was carried from the Missouri river to Sacramento, about 2000 miles, in eight days and a few hours. President Lincoln's inaugural message, of March 4, 1861, was conveyed over the same route in seven days and seventeen hours, and this probably warrants Mr. Majors' assertion that, taking all conditions into account, it was the most amazing feat of dispatch-carrying ever performed in this or any other country. So far as we know, the record still stands.

For a short while dispatches were relayed from San Francisco to Portland by steamer or by infrequent stage. The telegraph line to Yreka, Cal., antedated the overland wire. There was a pony express line between Yreka and Jacksonville, Or., to which historians have failed to do justice, and a stage line from the latter point to Portland. The first telegraph news was received in Portland in 1863, over a line built by J. E. Strong from Portland to Eugene. The first through telegraph dispatch from California was printed in The Oregonian on March 5, 1864.

All the changes, from hard-driven horses with steel-sinewed men astride of them, to palace cars and a literal net work of telegraph wires, from six-horse stage to gasoline-propelled automobile, were spanned by a single life. Mr. Gooding witnessed them all, being particularly fitted by experience to comprehend the progress that had been made. So have others observed them, albeit perhaps with duller eyes for contrasts. News is flashed across the continent now in as many seconds as it then took days. Yet the automobilist of today who would essay the journey that Aubery made in 1853, over the same route, would find it no easy matter to equal the record that the pony rider made.

Revelations regarding manipulations of the coal supply by government officials for their own profit should be borne in mind by those people whose remedy for every economic ill is for the government either to engage directly in the business in question or to assume a large measure of control. At the best, there is much interference by men chosen for political reasons, not because they know much about the business in question. At the worst, power is given to dishonest men, who use it to aggravate profiteering and to compel the profiteers to divide with them. Even the honest efforts of Attorney-General Palmer to stop and punish profiteering by the coal men have accomplished nothing. The government can best protect the people from extortion by enforcing the law to keep competition alive.

Those friendly Canadians who write that they'll drink your health on Christmas must know that Americans who used to appreciate such courtesies would at present a good deal rather drink their own health.

The United States army has invented a new sneezing gas more powerful than anything used in the late war. Lucky they didn't have it in Washington's time; we might never have heard of snuff.

Sale of common stock in the Harriman lines to employes means that many partners to stop the leaks and put in the ginger. Some difference when it's "my road."

A man who carries $500 or other large sum does not, of course, deserve to lose it; but he is very careless. Banks are formed to hold a man's five hundred.

Eleven thousand people were married in Vancouver during a two-year period. Portland divorce statistics are not at hand, but will average well.

The success of the Chicago actress who had her bowlegs broken and reset to grow straight will hearten all her pigeon-toed sisters.

The man with the most grandchildren is the luckiest person today, except, perhaps, their grandmother.

Did you hang up the baby's stocking? Perhaps you have no baby, eh! How come?

The man whose moonshine was seized yesterday has a different Christmas today.

Alas, poor Tom, and alack, poor Jerry; you're a long way off from making merry.

Well, anyway, Signor Caruso is getting plenty of publicity out of it

---

Got a friend sick and shut in today? Send a bunch of flowers.

Tomorrow may be yowltide for the neglected. Your fault?

Let nobody be forgotten.

INDEPENDENT OF EVERYTHING

Advantages of Building Hospital on Mountain Top Recited.

PORTLAND, Dec. 23.—(To the Editor.)—The county commissioners having failed to step forward and make a statement in defense of erecting the hospital on the mountain top, I wish to make a statement in their behalf, setting forth a few of the many advantages:

In the first place the altitude is so great, and so unprotected from the east wind, that the patients will live but a very short time, thus saving the taxpayers for board and keeping.

Again, one of those inexpensive road surveys can be utilized for a street railway line, which would not cost to exceed $1,500,000, and if it produced sufficient revenue, it could easily be made a good dividend-paying investment.

It will also have the advantage of owning its own sewer system. A good sewer could be constructed from the top of the hill to the river for a figure not to exceed $896,000, and in this manner the county will avoid paying exorbitant sewer assessments to the city of Portland.

It will construct its own private heat and power plant, at a cost of not more than $400,000, and be entirely independent of our public heat, light and power companies, which make such excessive charges for service.

But one of the most important savings to the taxpayers, and the one principal idea in erecting the hospital in that location is the elimination of burial charges, which will be taken care of by the saw-bones next door.

It is also a well-recognized fact that in order to keep nurses from going out at nights, a hospital should, by all means, be located in an isolated district. When nurses once realize that if they wander away from their line of duty after dark, they will take chances on being killed by Indians or devoured by ferocious beasts, this difficulty will be entirely eliminated.

In view of these facts, I would suggest, instead of instituting a recall against the commissioners, that in recognition of their valuable services and wonderful business acumen, they be awarded a Nobel prize.

GEORGE ALLEN.

MUST ENTERTAIN NO ALARM

Earth Contains Old-Time Movements, Notwithstanding Contrary Reports.

PORTLAND, Dec. 24.—(To the Editor.)—In The Oregonian Tuesday there appeared on the front page under the caption "Shortest Day Is Here," an article atte. pting to describe the cause of the winter solstice in which the situation, as it actually is, seems to be reversed.

Does not the north pole appear to turn toward the sun instead of away, and the sun appear to travel north instead of south after December 21? Please throw some new light on the subject. LAYMAN.

The Oregonian is obliged to admit that in its news columns an ambitious astrological communist did attempt to Russianize our most intimate participation in the movement of the solar system. There has in fact been no revolution in the movements of the earth except its well-known daily revolution on its axis.

HAPPY DAYS.

How good the little children are!
Those anxious days are here
When Santa Claus from near of far
Is likely to appear;
And everywhere with eager eye
The children peek about
For fear that he may somewhere be
And their real goodness doubt.

An urchin jumped up close to me
With eyes a-shining, gay,
And spoke thus confidentially
To me the other day:
"I want to write to Santa Claus,
I don't know his address."
And then with a reflected pause—
"He stays with God, I guess.

"'Cause he's so good to little boys
And don't forget the poor.
Last year he brought some dandy toys;
He'll come again, I'm sure.
But I'd just like to write to him.
Because I want a sled.
And when I asked our Uncle Jim
He said he might be dead!"

And then the little fellow went
To mingle with the crowd
Where children played in full content
With voices ringing loud,
Until the school bell rang again,
The recess being o'er.
They marched along in single train
In through the schoolhouse door;

Each one quite conscious of the fact
That Christmas was real near,
And each one using special tact
To "excellent" appear.
From gulf to coast, from east to west
They're all of just one mind,
And that they'll be by Santa blest
If they are good and kind.

Since early dawn of Christmas grace
Yuletide has rung with cheer,
And all should wear a happy face
At this time of the year.
So let us see no children sad,
And that not one we miss,
But let us make each hearthstone glad—
Help Santa to do this.

—MILTON C. ARMSTRONG.

Aviation Schools in Portland.

NEMA, Wash., Dec. 22.—(To the Editor.)—1. Please let me know the names of aeroplane schools or any place where you can learn to be an aviator. 2. Does the state train its own airmen for the fire patrol or hire only trained aviators? D. W.

1. There are three aviation schools now operating in Portland, the Dudrey School of Aeronautics, the school of the Oregon-Washington and Idaho Airplane company and the Adcox Auto and Aviation school. 2. The men who have been used in the forest patrol work so far have all been experienced aviators, the majority of them having war experience.

Omaha Livestock Market.

INDEPENDENCE, Or., Dec. 22.—(To the Editor.)—In order to settle a dispute, please inform me through the columns of The Oregonian the highest price paid for hogs on the Omaha (Neb.) market during the years 1894 and 1895? SUBSCRIBER.

Write to Omaha Livestock Exchange.

Bede's Anatomical Chart.

Cottage Grove Sentinel.

The appendix is removed because it is useless. If all unused parts of the human anatomy were to be removed some folks would have nothing left but a mouth and a gall bladder.

Motorist Is Puzzled.

Boston Transcript.

"Pa, what is a sine qua non?" "Don't ask me. I haven't had the car long enough to understand all those technical names yet."

Nickel & Co.

Cathlamet Sun.

Maybe this thing called "normalcy" means the time when a nickel can travel without a penny or two for an escort.

Selfishness Is Rebuked.

Toledo (Ohio) Blade.

"I can't imagine what's the matter with me, doctor. I'm continually thinking about myself." "Tut, tut. You must stop worrying over trifles."

Those Who Come and Go.

If it's prunes or walnuts or any kind of orchard produce you would know about, C. E. Wilson of Salem is the man to dole out the information. He is spending the holidays in town. Mr. Wilson, having sojourned in that city several years as city editor of the Capital Journal, went to Eugene for a while, but couldn't get used to being away from the neighborhood of state officials. He came back in the spring and served as assistant manager of the commercial club until in November, when the Oregon Prune Growers' Co-operative association began looking around for someone to direct the "Mistland" publicity. They didn't have to look very far, for Mr. Wilson just naturally was there ready to write up anything good to eat from the Willamette valley. "Some folks raised an awful howl over our new label," said Mr. Wilson yesterday. "They thought people would associate it with the rain and it would give the fruit a black eye. Most of them seem to have got over the feeling now, especially when they found out the name hasn't interferred with the sale of prunes."

"There should be a law requiring everyone driving an auto to come to a dead stop before crossing a railroad track," declared Jack Magladry, Lane county lumberman, who is in Portland to spend the holiday season with his family. "I saw an accident at Creswell when I was coming here. An automobile was coming along the Pacific highway parallel to the railroad track and the driver took a sharp turn and crossed the track. The driver never looked to see if there was a train in sight and the locomotive caught the rear wheel of the fliver and tossed the machine and its two occupants into the air. One of the occupants didn't even get a scratch and the driver was only cut in a couple of places from going through his windshield. There are many such accidents, resulting in fatalities, due to the fact that many drivers do not stop, look and listen before crossing a railroad track. There should be a law compelling them to pause."

"There used to be more wheat raised in the valley in one year than is now raised in ten years," says I. L. Patterson of Eola, Benton county. "Eola was ambitious at one time and wanted to be the state capital. There were two large general stores, two blacksmith shops, two saloons, a shoe-making place and an active population. I can remember as a small boy seeing thousands and thousands of bushels of wheat stacked up along the river bank and quite a ways back, waiting for the fleet of Willamette river boats to take the grain downstream. Now there isn't even a trace of the old town of Eola."

Once upon a time Dr. M. G. Adams, now of Clatskanie, Or., who is in town looking at the shopping crowds, bought a hospital in the interior of Alaska, in a new camp which had just opened up. The doctor was broke at the time, but borrowed $200 and mushed in 90 miles to the new camp, where he bought the hospital building on time. After a year he was able to sell out and eventually left Alaska for the more attractive surroundings of Oregon.

Steelhead salmon are at the height of their run in the coast streams of Tillamook county, is the word brought by George Russell, deputy game warden for that section. Mr. Russell is regaling friends with his tales of fish and ducks and crabs and to demonstrate his veracity brought some of the last in as Christmas gifts. Roads are not bad around Tillamook, he says. He drove in as far as Yamhill.

"I'm playing no favorites," observed an out-of-town hotel manager, who was in Portland yesterday. "I've just bought a pair of silk stockings for every woman employed in the hotel, from the cashiers and waitresses and telephone girls to the maids. I paid the same price for every pair, except one. There's one very fat girl and I had to pay $1 extra to get stockings large enough for her."

Garibaldi and northward along the coast among the beach resorts, there is a prospect of extensive building operations in the coming year. It is estimated that there will be between 50 and 100 cottages erected, a considerable percentage of these being located in the vicinity of the big sawmill at Garibaldi. T. W. Talmedge of Garibaldi is an Imperial arrival.

C. L. Hawley will not ask the legislature to increase the salary of state food and dairy commissioner, which office he will occupy in a short time. The salary of the office was raised at the last session. Mr. Hawley was in town from McCoy yesterday, just looking around.

E. J. Adams, formerly a member of the state highway commission, who was succeeded by R. A. Booth representing the southern district of the state, is in Portland from Eugene. Mr. Adams contemplates establishing himself in this city.

P. L. Sinclair of Ilwaco registered at the Hotel Portland yesterday on his way home from Olympia, Wash., where he attended a conference. Accompanying him to the beach is Thad Sweek of Seattle.

Charles F. Stone, erstwhile member of the state game commission, is in the city on legal business and is registered at the Imperial from Klamath Falls.

F. Barnhouse, city treasurer of Edmundson, Canada, is registered at the Imperial. He brought with him a large amount of bonds of his municipality to deliver here.

George H. Durham, formerly in the banking business in Portland, but now a resident of Grants Pass, is registered at the Imperial.

George Fry, a garage man of Burns, is at the Perkins. Even snow does not interfere with the autos in Harney county until it gets about hub-deep.

W. C. Williams, a stockman of Ione, and Thomas Barber, a stockman of Pendleton, are registered at the Perkins.

Alex Barnhouse of Lafayette, a retired farmer, is at the Perkins for the holiday.

C. N. Bishop of the woolen mill at Pendleton, is registered at the Hotel Portland.

F. H. Robinson the town recorder for Ione, Or., is doing a bit of shopping in Portland.

Christmas Plight of Many.

PORTLAND, Dec. 24.—(To the Editor.)—After reading the letter signed "Happy Mother," will say there are others wondering what extras are in store for their children on Christmas morn. When the struggle for a mere existence is intense—rent $25, fuel, shoes, clothing, food and other expenses, for seven little ones, six in school, one home—all to be done on the irregular wage of dad.

There are many families of the poor respectable who never divulge their struggles to the world; who dislike the very word charity; so go cheerfully without what they cannot get.

ANOTHER HAPPY MOTHER OF SEVEN.

John Burroughs' Nature Notes.

Can You Answer These Questions?

1. How does winter bring us in closer touch with wild animals?

2. Are new nests ever built on top of the last year's nest?

3. Is farm life as picturesque as formerly?

Answers in tomorrow's Nature Notes.

* * *

Answers to Previous Questions.

1. Where does the bobolink build its nest?

The bobolink selects the most monotonous and uniform place she can find amid the daisies or the timothy and clover, and places her simple structure upon the ground in the midst of it. There is no concealment, except as the great conceals the little, as the desert conceals the pebble, as the myriad conceals the unit.

* * *

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

Old fox hunters will tell you, on the evidence of their own eyes, that there is a black fox and a silver-gray fox, two species, but there are not. The black fox is black when coming toward you or running from you, and silver-gray at point-blank view when the eye penetrates the fur. Each separate hair is gray the first half and black the last.

* * *

3. How was maple sugar made?

In my sugar-making days the sap was carried to the boiling place in pails by the aid of a neck yoke and stored in hogsheads, and boiled or evaporated in immense kettles or caldrons set in huge stone arches. Now the hogshead goes to the trees hauled upon a sled by a team, and the sap is evaporated in broad, shallow, sheet iron pans—a great saving of fuel and of labor.

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EACH HAS SPECIAL FUNCTION

Exhibitor Opposes Consolidation of State Fair and Livestock Exposition.

OSWEGO, Or., Dec. 24.—(To the Editor.)—Recently in The Oregonian I noticed a paragraph sent from Salem saying that a bill was being framed in Portland to be presented at the next session of the legislature proposing the uniting of the State Fair at Salem and the Pacific International Livestock exposition of Portland, the joint fair to be held in Portland. Surely this report must be the product of hearsay. Whether it is or not, every effort must be made, if the bill is introduced, to kill it. Oregon has the greatest state fair in the northwest. It also has the greatest livestock exposition on the coast and equal to the greatest shows of the nation in the Pacific international. For number of fairs, Oregon is already short without doubling up. To combine these two great fairs or shows would cripple both very materially. The State Fair should remain at Salem, the state capital and heart of western Oregon. The date of that fair is more suitable for showing farm products than the Pacific International date. The date of the latter show is more suitable for a final great livestock show as the end of the circuit where the winners and champions of other shows can finally come to compete against each other.

We show our Jerseys at the Pacific International and never show and perhaps never will show at the Oregon State Fair simply because we do not like to take our test cows so far from home and do not desire to have them away from home for a longer length of time than for one fair. There are others in the adjoining counties to Salem who exhibit only at the State Fair. This does not mean that any exhibitors do not favor both fairs. Many, and the livestock men in particular, have seriously criticised the state fair even to the point of threats to cease exhibiting livestock if changes were not made as regards the vile concessions that have been growing in numbers and rottenness each season there. This does not mean, by any means, that we have lost faith in the State Fair, for we have hopes that the new management will be able to bring in new thought and find a means of financing the State Fair without the flagrant display of immorality before our boys and girls. D. BROOKS HOGAN.

Requirement of Marine Engineer.

PORTLAND, Dec. 23.—(To the Editor.)—Can a man take out a marine engineer's license without previous experience on the water? If so, to whom should I apply? READER.

Six months' experience at sea is the minimum requirement for a marine engineer's license. Application should be made to the United States steamboat inspectors, Gasco building.

More Truth Than Poetry.

By James J. Montague.

THE GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

Everybody's gone to bed
An' I can't hear a single sound
Except the buzzin' in my head
That keeps a goin' round and round.
My reg'lar bedtime's long went by;
I been awake six hours, I b'lieve;
I never knew the reason why
But I can't sleep on Chris'mas Eve!

I've been an' listened down the stairs
A hundred times, or pretty near,
He must be close around somewheres,
But I am sure that he ain't here.
They say he has an X-ray sight
That goes right through the thickest wall,
An' if you haven't acted right
He never comes around at all.

I wonder did he see me when
I hooked that apple off the store,
If he was snoopin' round there then
I s'pose it made him kinda sore.
An when I broke the baby's cart,
That's got me awful scart, somehow;
I wonder would he have the heart
To hold that up against me now?

I dassn't try to go down stairs;
That board that's loose would mebbe crack,
Or I would stumble on the chairs
An' he would take the presents back.
That is of course if he was here
An' had a lot o' things for me.

. . . . . .

Oh Gosh! This night seems most a year,
Suppose he isn't comin'! Gee!

* * *

Not Safe to Take Any Chances.

Meat was still high enough to make it advisable for Santa Claus to leave his reindeer at home.

* * *

Don't Forget Him.

The postman who staggers up to your door with 200 pounds of Christmas mail will not be bothered by the added burden of the dollar bill you are going to give him.

* * *

It Always Happens.

Many a small boy will be disappointed this morning when he finds that father broke his electric locomotive playing with it last night.

In Other Days.

Twenty-Five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of December 25, 1895.

Washington.—General Miles recently paid a visit to the coast section to determine whether or not the citizens of the coast are really ready for defense.

Recent storms on Puget sound have surpassed any in late years.

Tickets will be advanced in price to $15 and $7.50, according to a recent announcement of the Southern Pacific, which runs to San Francisco.

Fifty Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of December 25, 1870.

London.—It has been announced that troops are pouring into Cherbourg for the defense of the port.

Only two or three jury cases remain on the circuit court docket.

The bark Almatia will be ready to sail about the first of next week with a cargo of produce.

Benjamin Freeland, a pensioned soldier of the war of 1812, resides at Albany.

TRUCK LINE REGULATOR NEEDED

Farmer Would Put Them Somewhat on Railroad Basis.

NEWBERG, Or., Dec. 23.—(To the Editor.)—As a farmer in Chehalem valley, four miles from any railroad, but rather often using trucks and auto transportation, what I have to say should be free from bias.

A railroad builds and maintains its track, its stations and rest rooms and is generally responsible financially as a carrier of freight and passengers. Auto buses or trucks for hire observe none of these things, but just as soon as a paved road is built anywhere they jump onto it, wear it out, overload and sometimes smash people and things without recourse.

Why can't our legislators invest the state highway commission with authority to rent out the privilege of using for hire our paved roads, establish schedules of rates, specify time tables, fix shipping stations and require bonds to secure safety of freight and passengers and use revenue therefrom to repair said roads?

JOHN U. SMITH.

Greatest Asset of City Is Now Guarded

It used to be that school children either progressed, or they did not, and no one questioned why. But it's different today. De Witt Harry, in a special Sunday article, tells how the children of Portland schools are helped along the path to knowledge by the correction of physical defects, including the evil of malnutrition—which, by the way, may afflict the rich little girl as seriously as it sometimes does the children of the poor. A good story of sensible administration, well told and illustrated.

Picturesque Revival of the Mission Play—San Gabriel, in southern California, is destined to become a shrine of American art and history through the recent revival of the Mission Play. Therein are told the incidents that form the warp and woof of civilization on the western shore of the continent—of the conquest achieved by valiant men and women, so long ago that the haze of olden romance clusters about the story. And because the renaissance of the Mission Play is a matter of moment to all of us, Sara Black has written the narrative for the Sunday paper. You'll find it in the magazine section, illustrated.

He Gives More Than He Gets—Few men there are of which this may be said. Stephen T. Mather, director of national parks, is one of them. The fir trees talked to him, the mountains, streams and lakes called compellingly. He harkened and agreed, and thereupon sacrificed his own interests to serve the national out-of-doors. The story of Mather's service is one of the interesting human documents in the Sunday issue, where it is related by Donald Wilhelm.

It's Never Too Late to Marry—What are years, indeed, when the wee god of eternal spring brings vernal beauty into the withered heart—or something of that sort? This story, told in the Sunday issue, is the compilation of several romances in which centenarians and other sprightly old folk jested at their age and took their marriage vows. Sakes alive! It's so, nevertheless, as surely as Joseph H. Appelgate set it all down for readers of The Sunday Oregonian.

Startling Facts About Uncle Sam's Family—What about this widening breach in the proportions of country to city? Why is the back-to-the-farm slogan a far cry that falls upon unheeding ears? These be matters that vitally concern your Uncle Samuel, and in the late census he sought to cast light upon them. Some of his more pertinent findings are