Morning Oregonian

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A FREAK MARRIAGE BILL.

Among the measures on the special election ballot is one designed to prevent the propagation of mentally or physically defective children. It aims at this happy condition by requiring that both applicants for a marriage license shall submit to a physical and mental examination and by providing that, if they fail to pass, they shall not be permitted to marry unless one or both shall be rendered sterile.

Whatever may be said of the principle seemingly declared by this measure, a study of it discloses that in its provisions it is absurd and bound to be ineffectual.

Marriageable mentality is not defined in the act. The test is left to the individual idea of the examining physician. The examining physician must be "competent to examine such applicants," his educational qualifications must be stated in his certificate, and the county clerk must not issue the license unless the examination has been made by a competent physician.

In short the mentality of the applicant is left to the judgment of the physician, and the competency of the physician to judge of the applicant's mentality is left to the decision of the county clerk.

Presumably if one physician decides that a high grade moron is not competent to marry, the high grade moron will be able to find another physician who will not be so particular. There are all grades of physicians. He or she may then secure a license unless the county clerk, in his superior wisdom, draws the line against physicians who think that high grade morons may safely marry.

Not only is there no test prescribed by the measure, but there is no penalty imposed upon the physician who passes a mentally deficient person. There is not, and probably there could not effectively be, any provision in the law prohibiting persons denied licenses in this state from going to another state to wed. Moreover, it is sad but true that the feeble minded are generally unmoral sexually. Feeble-minded children of feeble-minded parents are often born out of wedlock. To catch the few who would desire legally to marry and bring children into the world, the bill is insufficient, but it imposes upon every normal, healthy man and every normal, healthy woman about to wed—it imposes upon the great mass of the marrying public the indelicacy, the inconvenience and the expense of a physical and mental examination.

Oregon now has an unfavorable place in divorce statistics. It is an undeserved ignomony caused by an existing so-called eugenics law which drives couples about to wed to another state in large numbers. Oregon's number of divorces is consequently greatly out of proportion to the number of marriages contracted within the state. This situation is not due to the laxity of divorce laws but to the imposition of the present pre-marriage examination applying only to males.

Now it is proposed that the physical examination be required of women also, and that both men and women submit to a mental test of an undefined sort. The plain effect of this measure, if adopted, will be to drive still greater numbers to other states to wed, put a still worse light on the normal number of divorces granted and yet have virtually no effect as a prevention of marriages among those who ought not to marry.

Eugenic marriage laws can be effective only if nation-wide in scope, and plainly definitive of feeblemindedness and physical ineligibility.

HAITIAN PATRIOTS PROTEST.

A delegation from Haiti is circulating in the United States a "Memoir on the political, economic and financial conditions existing in the republic of Haiti under the American occupation." If its statements were true, the American diplomatic and naval officers would have outdone the Germans in arbitrary overthrow of an independent government and the American marines would have equalled the barbarities of the German troops. But the charges against the marines have been investigated and disproved, and on the contrary it has been proved that marines have been captured and subjected to barbarous cruelty, including cannibalism, by Haitian bandits. In the interior of the island they have to deal with a relapse to African savagery, and elsewhere they have pacified communities that have not known peace for a century.

Haitian politicians call for the right of self-determination, which, judging from the past history of the country, seems to mean the right of public plunder by gangs which alternately win supremacy by civil war. The Haitians are supposed to have had this right for over a century and have done no more than to make a mockery of the republican form of government by continuing chronic civil war. Haiti had become a scandal to the world and a standing invitation to some European creditor nation to intervene in American affairs. The nuisance had to be abated, and the United States abated it. The Haitians now want congress to investigate violation of a constitution which they themselves never respected. Secretary of the Navy Denby welcomes any inquiry that congress cares to make, and says of the memoir:

"It is the same old rot and I am sick of having this thing recur, be disproved and recur again.

The matter with Haiti is that it has real government for the first time since it became independent, and its "patroits," who have never experienced it, do not like it, for it means an end to free graft, free murder and free revolution, and these are the only elements of freedom that they understand.

A CLEAR FIELD FOR THE FAIR.

Elimination of Boston as a possible rival of this city, in the presentation of a 1925 world's exposition, removes the last vestige of anxiety regarding the huge project. It is destined to success, and, holding the field alone, will suffer no division of national interest. Wherever there is discussion of the next great exposition, an exposition in celebration of western American development and of our national highways, the question of locality will not be raised. All will know that the fair of 1925 is to be held in Portland, Oregon, and that it is without competitors.

Primarily the purpose of the exposition will be to acquaint our sister states and the world with Oregon and the Pacific northwest, and at the same time to further the interests of all. To present the exposition in a manner befitting its significance and the dignity of the state a great deal of money will be required. So it is that from the practical viewpoint the question of investment arises. Yet it is safe to say that the men who have sponsored the exposition are well prepared to see that its attractive possibilities—rather certainties—are so set forth as to render financing merely a matter of a brief, decisive campaign.

Portland and Oregon may now consider the 1925 fair as on the ways, and under such careful, masterly construction as will guarantee its successful launching as a prosperous argosy.

THE EMERGENCY CLAUSE.

No legislature, immediately following adoption of the referendum system in Oregon, would have dared to add an emergency clause to any measure, except for reasons obviously justifiable. Now the legislature is not so scrupulous or wary.

The emergency clause to any bill, it should be explained for the benefit of many persons who are not expert in legislative procedure, is the device by which any measure is put into immediate effect. It is liable to abuse, and at times it is abused. For example, if the legislature claps the emergency clause on any measure, it serves to prevent a referendum to the people. There are often good reasons why there should be no referendum, or the possibility of it; and the constitution recognizes the fact, and authorizes a legislature to put any measure into immediate effect "for the preservation of the public peace, health or safety." The legislature, it may be added, is the sole judge of the demands or requirements of the public health, peace, or safety, and no court, or any other authority whatsoever, may say it nay. If, therefore, the legislature decides that it is essential to the public health, peace or safety that a bill be passed to raise the salary of the assessor of Gilliam county from $800 to $850 per year, or to increase the length of legal bedsheets from nine to ten feet or to define the seasons when blue-jays may be exterminated, that is the legislature's sole business.

Now it is proposed, under a measure to be submitted to the people June 7, to authorize the governor to veto separately any emergency clause, thus permitting the measure to become law in the usual course—ninety days after final adjournment of the legislature. It conveys extra large powers upon the executive and will enable him to have new influence over legislation. But the veto power itself is a mighty instrument of coercion or persuasion over a legislature, and the effect of the amendment will be to make that power more flexible, and to insure its exercise more discriminatingly. If the governor is dissatisfied now with any bill carrying an emergency clause, he has the option of signing or disapproving the entire measure. It may often be an unpleasant and unfortunate alternative. It is a predicament which the executive should never be called on to face. It may be escaped, and the cause of sound legislation be advanced, by adoption of the amendment conferring upon the governor the right to veto an emergency clause. The legislature in its turn may carry it over his head by a two-thirds vote.

THE QUEST FOR WHITE SHADOWS.

To those fortunate ones who followed Frederick O'Brien through the hauntingly delightful pages of "White Shadows of the South Seas," smiling and smiled upon, there is dread news to tell. For the white shadows and all that sort of thing have been driven away by the sunshine of civilization, and corsets and culture have superseded the charm and naivete of the nut-brown native maiden. If one pauses by some sylvan bower of palm and fern, whence girlish laughter floats, he is more apt to hear the latest jazz song lifted than to be held by the sweetly sad simplicity of some South Sea lyric. Ah, better far it were that none save Frederick himself should have voyaged to those delectable lands!

It seems that W. D. Boyce, wealthy Chicago publisher, enamoured of the glamor of O'Brien's epic yarn, sought passage when he closed the book and sailed away to see for himself. A man well along in years is Mr. Boyce, a father and taxpayer, but he held it no harm at all to go adventuring and be crowned with garlands of exotic bloom, and loll beneath the palms occasionally while some dark-eyed enchantress narrated the simple annals of the islands. The white surf sighing on a coral beach, bright birds gleaming through an emerald verdure, and, mayhap—who could say?—a thrilling encounter with that ardent Amazon, the hill woman, Mr. Boyce returned the other day, a disillusioned, middle-aged business man. Presumably he cast O'Brien's book into the wake of the boat that bore him back.

"It's sad," said he, "this change of the South Sea islanders from singers of love lyrics and Malekulan idol dancers into movie fans and ragtime whistlers. They have sold their pearl-shell necklaces and waist scarfs to the rag man and have gone in extravagantly for mail-order clothes, red suspenders and celluloid collars. The Fijian women are Sylvia Pankhursting . . . you don't find much of the primitive loveliness any more."

Upon this testimony it is likely that the yearning for yams and white shadows to eat them under will desert many a breast. It is as though a dream garden, where all was ordered with the innocence and delight of childhood, flowers, shells, laughter, music and supper, had been trampled by feet profane, had been invaded by the minions of nightmare. One does not like to dwell upon the thought that the uncouth gambolings of Charles Chaplin are all the rage in Tahitian circles that yesterday were the last refuge of an unspoiled darling simplicity. We do not thank Mr. Boyce for undeceiving us.

And yet, may it not be that he who seeks will always find, if he seeks truly and with unhampered vision? Perhaps the publisher, incapable of escaping the prosaic, peered keenly about for Chaplin films and red suspenders and mail-order finery. Doubtless the poetic Celt saw none of these, or only dimly, and so was taken to the very heart of the South Seas to rest a while.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF DOG POEMS.

Anthologies are apt to become monotonous because there are too many of them. Even in literature we like variety and though an occasional compilation of kindred poems, essays or stories, is not amiss, these gems when assembled do not gleam so brightly as when chance met. But now and again there is found a joyous exception—such, for instance, as Robert Frothingham's admirable anthology, "Songs of Dogs." It cannot be gainsaid that lovers of dogs never tire of the subject. The stories that others tell of canine sagacity and affection but match their own and confirm the faith that between man and the dog there is a fellowship of the finest. And when one considers that such a relationship is old as the race and that dogs and folks have shared the joy and sorrow of ten thousand years together—a mere hazard at the actual compact—this sense of comradeship is not in the least strange.

The reader will remark that Mr. Frothingham's anthology of dog songs is frequently constrained to sign some of the verses "Anonymous." In such instances, there can be no doubt, the gift of versified expression descended upon the writer as a direct manifestation of his regard for dogs. He sang a single song worthy of preservation—worthy because he sang truly, from the heart outward. Clothed in such anonymity is the authorship of a poem that sings the yellow dog—that symbol of the canine outcast and cur. For your true lover of dogs knows that the hue of the hair and the length of the pedigree have nothing at all to do with the spirit and wisdom of his pet.

It isn't what a dog can do, or what a dog can be,
That hits a man; it's simply this—does he believe in me?
And by that test I know there's not the compeer 'neath the skies
Of that plain little yellow dog that never took a prize.

All manners of songs of dogs there are. But, best of all, for that it calls to the rover in all of us—and in our dog friends as well—is the lilting camaraderie of Dana Burnet's "Road to Vagabondia." And on that road, as everyone should know, he is most lonely who is unattended by that same friend our ancient forbears knew, when the tribes moved by pleasant, perilous ways to strange continents. There is a strain of the vagabond in every dog, as there is in every man, and none will have the least difficulty in keeping step with this song:

He was sitting by a doorstep as I went strolling by,
A lonely little beggar, with a wistful, homesick eye—
And he wasn't what you'd borrow,
And he wasn't what you'd steal—
But I guessed his heart was breaking,
So I whistled him to heel.

A number of poets have written of dogs, it appears, from Byron to Berton Braley. The anthology reminds us of what we have always known, but given little thought—that of the many friendships man is heir to, the friendship of the dog is not the least. So it was that Byron felt when he wrote the epitaph to "Boatswain," reflecting bitterly upon the comparative value of friendships:

Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honors none you wish to mourn.
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise,
I never knew but one—and here he lies.

TRIFLING WITH THE NAVY'S NEEDS.

Between the politicians and real estate men the most important part of the programme for shore facilities for the navy on the Pacific coast is in danger of defeat. These facilities are a necessity both to the whole Pacific coast and to the whole country, for without them our defenses would be in a bad way in case of war. But in California discussion of them has degenerated into a local quarrel between Vallejo, where the Mare Island yard is situated, and Alameda. In the senate the little navy men have taken advantage of the quarrel to defeat provision of that without which the Pacific fleet would be handicaped in its work of defense.

Frequent criticism of Mare Island as ill adapted to be a first-class navy yard and base came to a head in the report of the Helm commission, composed of naval officers who presumably viewed the matter from a cold, scientific standpoint without regard to local interests. They thought of meeting the needs of the navy, not of the greatness of Vallejo or Alameda. They decided that Mare Island cannot be developed "as a navy yard suitable for the largest vessels" with either 40 or 35-foot depth in its approach channels, but has many advantages. Therefore its retention and use for shipbuilding and the repair and maintenance of the fleet within the limitations of its 30-foot channel were recommended, also maintenance of the channel at 30 feet, additional berthing facilities, shop and storehouse facilities for building and repair work. It was also proposed to make Mare Island "a repair and home base for submarines and an aviation operating and repair base."

But it was proposed to establish "an additional navy yard on San Francisco bay," avoiding unnecessary duplication and making "the two establishments complementary to each other and in no sense independent or competitive." California offered free of cost 2000 acres of tide land at Alameda, and the commission recommended acceptance and the filling of about 500 acres and construction of dry docks and other improvements to cost $36,307,000. It proposed to use Alameda for docking and repairing larger vessels and as a main fleet base, and that construction of the plant extend over six years.

Then started a storm. Vallejo scented a scheme to abandon Mare Island gradually in favor of Alameda, and began to fight. San Francisco began to talk of abandoning Mare Island and concentrating at Alameda all facilities on the bay, thus giving cause for Vallejo's suspicions. The naval committee of the senate seems to have attempted both to allay these suspicions and to meet the demand for economy by proposing an appropriation of $1,500,000 to fill 500 acres on which storehouses would be later erected at a cost of $3,000,000 to $4,000,000. It drew a distinction between the naval base which would thus be used to supply ships and as a place of recreation and rest for crews, and the navy yard, where ships would be built and repaired.

But the joint naval committee of congress which investigated the subject last winter reported in favor of both a navy yard and a naval base at Alameda. Admiral Rodman declared against Mare Island on the ground that it is "prohibitive to our capital ships, and we are building larger ones"; that "every capital ship we have must go to Bremerton today"; and that "we are way, way behind in our plans for maintenance, upkeep and docking, because we haven't the facilities here." That statement coincided with that of the Helm commission that Mare Island could care for 90 per cent of our ships, for the other 10 per cent are the largest and we are building larger ones. Champions of Mare Island said these statements "let the cat out of the bag," for they betrayed the innocent-looking scheme to build storehouses at Alameda as the thin end of the wedge which was to abolish Mare Island. They quoted Captains Knox and Beach of the navy as declaring in favor of Mare Island, and they condemned an expenditure at Alameda which they estimated at $60,000,000 to $100,000,000, while the $26,000,000 already spent at Mare Island would be thrown away.

The net result of the controversy is that the navy gets no increase of facilities on San Francisco bay, where it urgently needs them, and that the only first-class yard on the coast is at Bremerton. Until an agreement is reached in accordance with the judgment of naval officers and until the clamor of rival towns is silenced or ignored, no money can be obtained either to improve Mare Island to meet the needs of the fleet or to construct a new yard at Alameda. The navy will be without the facilities that it must have on the Pacific coast, and the only persons that will be satisfied will be the little navy men.

Men who desire to supply the needs of the navy, whether it is further enlarged or not, should get together in congress to force decision in the controversy and to secure funds to carry it out. A navy without shore facilities is helpless. The logical sequel to the folly of not providing them is to scrap the navy.

We have pointed many a gibe at sanctimonious Zion, the city founded by Dowie and continued by Voliva. A recent news paragraph dwells upon new blue law restrictions to be enforced there. There shall be no low-necked gowns, no silk stockings, no transparent attire. Many other prohibitions along kindred lines testify to the rigidity of the moral code in Zion. A lunatic city, hoping to harden its citizens for the storming of heaven by denying all charm and beauty. And yet, in another column, a headline smites us. It is to be the fashion for women to rouge their knees. Not that the knees are intended for parade inspection, but merely to be prepared for any eventuality in these days of half-hose and abbreviated skirts. Shade of the first powder-puff! Who would have dreamed that vanity could so eclipse itself? We waver between Zion with its self-righteous citizenry and the streets of the ungodly. Surely there is another choice? Must we be called upon to choose between the code of the puritan and the folly of decadence? Perhaps this report of the rouged knees was a figment. We shall see, we shall see.

Most of our popular songs are made in New York. Tin Pan alley and its cigarette inspired young song writers to prepare for us those singular sentiments and crazed tunes that soothe our hours of ease. It is said that the commercial greed of the song publishers leaves little for these toilers of jazz, and that they contemplate a strike. They will be in on the big profits, or the great American public must hum and whistle last year's tunes. It is an ill wind, indeed, that doesn't blow away something undesirable. We could embrace the opportunity, hoping the strike would endure until the song writers' union disbanded and its individual members sought lucrative and fitting employment as waffle turners or book agents. The vacuum so created might lure a few genuine poets from their attics and give us real songs again, songs that would endure—durable, darling, delightful songs, without suggestiveness, without mockery of virtue, without cheap tributes to booze, without gooey sentiment, without any of those ingredients that are commonly employed by the musical chefs of Tin Pan alley.

Now comes a manufacturer of grape juice and complains to congress that home brew is cutting into the grape juice trade. Come to think of it, William Jennings Bryan hasn't come through with a testimonial for quite a while.

In granting the second class mailing privilege to a radical magazine denied it by Burleson, Postmaster-General Hays declares for the freedom of the press. At last the postoffice department is back to normalcy.

It must be admitted that Seattle has one geographical advantage, after all. Not being at the foot of a water level grade across the mountains, she can't suffer from a flood.

We can take this disarmament talk more seriously when the Japs voluntarily dismantle the battleship part of their navy.

"Luzon clubwomen ask independence," says a headline. We thought all club women were independent.

The Listening Post.

Ships That Change Identity.

CHAMELEON-LIKE ships that changed their identity at will were known on the Oregon coast 30 years or so ago and such things might possibly be today. O. R. Chamberlain lived for many years just below Cape Lookout, south of Tillamook, on the Oregon coast. He tells of mysterious vessels that put into the shelter of the cape, were repainted, their superstructures changed and even their sails and masts altered, and then sailed as different ships. They left port and were likely never heard of again, arriving at their secret destination totally different ships.

Chamberlain now lives in Clarke County, Washington, and delights in spinning tales of the lonesome Oregon coast. Many Portland residents have spent happy vacations roaming about the coast near the old family home and marveled at the two huge anchors lying in the barnyard.

There is a story connected with these anchors of the Norwegian ship Struan, Captain Skoglund, wrecked in the cove Christmas morning, 1890. She loaded at Point Discovery for Melbourne and was dismasted in a terrific southwester when two days out, drifting to near the California coast, when she was picked up by a steamer and her crew saved. She broke loose from the tow in another gale and again appeared off the Little Nestucca, where she was spied just outside the breakers.

The settlers there prepared to harvest a fortune in salvage and brought axes and tools down to the shore to work on the wreck when she drifted in, but their hopes were dashed when the South Coast, a steam schooner from Tillamook, got a line aboard and pulled her to safety. Chamberlain says that one beach-comber was so angry that he threw his axe at the rescuing vessel.

However, the Struan was waterlogged and again broke loose and Chamberlain spied her Christmas morning as she drifted in. The ship struck about 10 A. M. She was loaded with 1,000,000 feet of huge timbers and the sea was soon solid with them and Chamberlain could walk over the breakers to the ship on the huge beams. The dry timbers as they expanded with the water from the leaking ship burst her decks and tumbled out and the noise as the breakers ground them together and broke them up was so terrific, it was impossible to hear.

Afterwards the Chamberlain family erected a small sawmill on the beach and managed to salvage much of the lumber which was used in building many homes. The copper salvaged was shipped out by way of Sheridan, but the two anchors are yet near where the proud vessel struck.

* * *

A falling out in the underworld generally results in betrayal in a spirit of revenge of closely guarded secrets. The most prolific source of information for the police comes from those who are sore at associates for some reason. In their business of sifting out the culls from those who come to America the immigration inspectors meet with many queer cases.

Stringent laws are desired to protect the republic from objectionable citizens. Mental children with adult bodies are refused admission and returned to their native lands at the expense of the ship that brought them over. However, many manage to get through the cordon of guards and are found later by vigilant inspectors. In Oregon they have a record that is exceptionally clean, nearly a perfect score in detection.

Thousands of dollars are saved each year to the taxpayers through deportation of persons liable to become public charges who are taken from the insane asylums and penitentiaries and sent home. Many even pose as criminals or mental dependants when they get discouraged so as to be given a free trip back.

Recently a Swede was deported who admitted that he was an anarchist, one who advocated the overthrow of the government by violence. A Russian was proved a skilled bomb maker who had been connected with extremist red societies and who had served time in Siberia. He is now in the Oregon state penitentiary and will leave for home as soon as his term is completed. A Finnish newspaper man has gone back to his native land for it was found that he had served time for a felony just prior to coming to Oregon.

* * *

A tired and dispirited fisherman prepared himself for a long wait for his car after a hard day's toil with only a lean basket to show. Came a lad who proposed fishing until the car came. The adult was none too eager but the boy promised him a full basket a few yards away. Mystery this—there were no streams in sight.

But the boy led the way to a tiny rivulet that trickled through a series of Japanese truck gardens. "Use worms," he advised, "they do not know salmon eggs," and he baited his hook, went to where the ditch came through a culvert in the road, and cast in a tiny pool.

Wham! He got a strike, a whopper. The space for play was limited but it was a dandy 12-inch cut-throat he landed, and the man did not hesitate any longer. He baited his hook, went down between the rows of onions to where the foot-wide stream trickled under a cross-road in an 18-inch pipe, and had only started to pay out his line when he got that real thrill which comes only from a regular fish who lurked way down that dark drain, and after a few minutes brought a 16-inch beauty to light.

It was a happy two hours they spent, among the onions and cabbages and they never failed to get a dandy from any dark pool or culvert where the six-inch stream went its way. The fisherman caught the car with a limit string.

* * *

Weary Willie has a code for fence posts and doors in cities and towns to guard against the necessity to work for his food. In big cities there is a rich field but the hobo must be brave to dare the dangers of a vigilant police force. The usual plea is to state the number of successive meals missed and then to offer to work. Of late an invasion has been made of certain apartment houses. The daring hobo possibly figures that here is a sure thing if he can strike the sympathetic woman, for there is little likelihood of finding any work.

THE SCOUT.

Those Who Come and Go.

Tales of Folk at the Hotels.

"The gentleman from Malheur," as the speaker has been addressing him since 1919, alias P. J. Gallagher, is registered at the Hotel Portland. Representative Gallagher is one of the lawyers who have expressed a willingness to accept appointment as United States attorney for Oregon, providing Senators McNary and Stanfield are also willing. Meanwhile, pending the time the senators are ready to take the public into their confidence and say whom they have recommended for this and other federal jobs, Mr. Gallagher is trying to talk the state highway commission into spending a few hundred thousand dollars in Malheur county. Mr. Gallagher says that there is a prospect of commercial natural gas in his part of the world and that arrangements are being made to sink test wells. The geologists are not promising much in the way of oil, but do say that there is an abundance of gas, which can be tapped, piped and marketed to advantage. The proposition looks so good that considerable stock has been sold to float the enterprise.

"For two years someone has been writing vicious letters to the higher professional class in Pendleton and this week the identity of the writer has been definitely established," states E. L. Crockett, manager of the automobile club at Pendleton. "Handwriting experts have been working on the case for several weeks and have tested the writing of various people. It is now known that the writer of the letters is a prominent young married woman. The motive back of the letters appears to be jealousy. Letters have been sent to the mayor and various other officials and prominent citizens. Most of the letters gave warning against one particular law firm. The letters have been a sensation in the community for a long time and they caused considerable worry and trouble. The identity of the writer, while known, will not be disclosed and there will be no prosecution provided no more letters are written. The woman is the wife of an official.

The seventh annual convention of the Supreme temple of the Daughters of the Nile is being held in Portland with headquarters at the Multnomah hotel, where a large delegation of members from northwestern and Canadian cities are registered. From Seattle are registered the folowing: Supreme Queen Edith E. Gattis, Supreme Princess Royal Anna Larson, Mrs. Mabel R. Krows, junior past supreme queen; Mrs. Levelia K. West, supreme recorder; Mrs. Laura A. Schubert, supreme princess Zuleima. Mrs. Emma Farnham of Butte, Mont., is supreme princess Badoura. From Tacoma, Wash., are registered: Mrs. Elizabeth McCormack, supreme marshal; Mrs. Emma Love, supreme Zora, and Mrs. Eugene Berkey, supreme chaplain. Mrs. Elizabeth Berkey, supreme Zenobia, and Alice McVey, supreme lady of the keys, are registered from Spokane. Supreme Princess Tirzah Anna M. Brown and Mrs. Frances M. Hobs, attendant, are from Victoria, B. C.

There are no rattlesnakes in Deschutes county, declares Judge Sawyer, registered at the Hotel Portland. A few weeks ago a resident of Madras gave a statement in this column to the effect that it would soon be rattlesnake time in Deschutes county. Judge Sawyer, who owns and edits a newspaper at Bend, as well as serves as county judge, devoted half a column of editorial space denying the allegation about the snakes. Now that he is in the city he reiterates his denial. "There may be some rattlesnakes in Deschutes canyon, down near Tumalo," says Judge Sawyer, "but not in the county proper. Fishermen who report meeting rattlers get off the train at the junction and try their luck in the canyon and never get into Deschutes county. Just bear in mind that there are no rattlers in our county, and we don't want any."

Jay Bowerman is drawing an ordinance to be introduced in the city council at Arlington to keep sheep and cattle off the main street. There is only one good street in the town and the citizens are getting disguested at trying to keep it spick and span so as to make a favorable impression on visitors. The reason is that as soon as the street is swept clean along come three or four bands of sheep or a herd of livestock. Mayor Donnelly cannot discuss the subject with calmness, as it hurts his civic pride and he came to Portland yesterday for the purpose of having Mr. Bowerman fix up an ordinance which will make work light hereafter for the street cleaning department of Arlington. Any sheepman or cattleman who wants to drive through Arlington will have to go around the back way.

"Business in the central part of the country is rotten," is the way A. C. Adams of Joliet, Ill., expressed his sentiments regarding conditions in finance and industry. Mr. Adams is registered with his wife at the Multnomah. "Of course, everyone is more or less hopeful, and there seems little question that business is reviving, although slowly. The east will notice better business first and the wave will sweep to the Pacific coast, for this coast is slower to receive impressions than the east. On the other hand, the Pacific coast does not have the depth of commercial slumps that the Atlantic and mid-west portions of the country do."

"What sight could be more magnificent than a view of 9,000,000 bushels of wheat growing?" asks R. E. Bean of Freewater. "Well, that is the view spread before the people who go to Cabbage hill, in Umatilla county. From this point there are wheat fields spreading away into the distance in all directions, and these fields are yielding 9,000,000 bushels of wheat. I maintain that such a view is better than mountain scenery or waterfalls." Mr. Bean is a county commissioner, who is here to meet the highway commission.

Everyone in the eastern part of the state knows J. R. Blackaby, who is registered at the Imperial. Years ago he was a school teacher in Jordan Valley. He built up the Blackaby Trading company and then had the bank at Jordan Valley. Later he branched out and now he also has the bank at Ontario and is interested in stock, irrigation and other resources of that section. Mr. Blackaby is one of the few men in the banking business in Oregon who is a confirmed democrat and proud of it.

"There will be a road down the Tillamook beach as far as Manhattan this year," reports H. V. Alley of Nehalem, Or., one of the commissioners of Tillamook county. The commission is not willing to stop at Manhattan, but plans to keep pushing ahead and eventually get the road into Brighton.

G. L. Dunning, commissioner of Umatilla county, is registered at the Hotel Oregon. He is here with the county court to discuss road matters with the state highway commission.

Oswald Gustafson and wife are registered at the Multnomah. Mr. Gustafson is here to submit a bid for highway work.

A. O. Dixon, vice-president of the board of regents of the University of Oregon, is registered at the Hotel Portland.

Burroughs Nature Club.

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Can You Answer These Questions?

1. What is meant by a cold-blooded crature?
2. How did the Arbor day idea get started?
3. How does nature plan so that birds are not crippled by moulting?

Answers in tomorrow's nature notes.

* * *

Answers to Previous Questions.

1. Does sap come from the top of a tree, or the roots?

Sap is made in the leaves, in the summer, and stored in the roots during winter. Sap is the life-blood of trees. It must be renewed by food just as blood must. Leaves do the digesting of plant food by a process that depends directly on the sun. In autumn, this food, called elaborated sap, passes down through the bark to the roots. In spring it rises, forms new leaves, and these in turn form new food. In this way the tree grows.

* * *

2. About what time do animals begin and stop moulting?

Moulting of fur depends on climate and weather conditions rather than on calendar. The approach of warm weather makes a lighter coat desirable, and the hide reacts by dropping some of the hairs. As cold weather comes on, and the body is usually fat from fall feeding, the coat feels the stimulus, and new hairs sprout till the coat is warm enough to be a good protection.

* * *

3. Kindly send some reasons why sparrows should not be killed.

If English sparrows are meant, there is no really good argument why they should not be killed. They are an introduced bird that has thrived here at the expense of more desirable native birds. Anything that can be said in the sparrow's defense is given in the United States Farmers' Bulletin No. 493. They do occasionally fight the army worm and a few other insect pests, but do more harm than good in most circumstances.

REAL INDIAN OR JUST SPOOFER?

War Department Puzzled Over Yakima Letter From Charlie Stepinthemudd.

They very much fear in the office of the quartermaster-general at Washington that some western wag has been trying to have a little fun with the army. If he is spoofing the war department, Charley Stepinthemudd certainly has succeeded, for half a dozen veteran clerks of the quartermaster corps have been methodically searching files of the last hundred years in the hope of finding some record that Charley served as an Indian scout from 1812 almost to date.

Charley wants some compensation for his century of service, now that he is retired at the age of 130, and he plaintively asks if he must "waight another 100 years?" which rather indicates that his financial difficulties are not very pressing.

And, poor Lo's story runs thus:

"Thorp, Wash.—First you will haf to excuse my Riting as I onley learned to Rite after I was 100 years old. I am now 130. I am a Onida and Senica Indian the Reason ov me riting to you is this. I Have folowed the American Army near on too 85 years as an Indian Scout, scouting and spying for the Army and I have never drawn any Pay for my services On account ov some of them army officers not turning in my name for my services.

"My first service wax with General Jackson at New Orlens. Fiting the British Redcoats then scouting in Middle West after Bad Indians. I was with General Scott in the Old Mexican War than scouting on the Plains. I was with A. J. Smith thru the civil warr then Back West on the Plains and Rocky mountains after Bad Indians. I went to Cuba with Colol Rosefent as a scout with them Ruff Riders and done my Part to help whip the spanyards.

"Rosefelt did not get me my transportation home soe I Had to goe and work in cane fields and suggar mill untill I could get enough to build me a good tight canue in which I came back to the Missipia River and up to St. Louis and on up the Misurie River to great Falls Montana where I Procured too Horses and came on over to this Place to my old time white Firends House where I stay most ov the time his great grandfather and I were boys togeather.

"Can you not Bring it to Pass soe I can gett just Recompence for my services to this out Belovid country for all the years ov toil and Hardships I have passed through in my countrys service? or must I waight another 100 years? Respectively.

"CHARLEY STEPINTHEMUDD.

"Thorp, Wash."

An ethnological expert with a side line of etymological training might gather from internal evidence that this letter was possibly written by a Caucasian of considerable education.

TAFT'S QUALIFICATIONS PLAIN

Caution and Judicial Mind Would Be Taken to Bench.

UNIVERSITY PARK, May 26.—(To the Editor.)—The words spoken by The Oregonian, editorially, urging the naming of Mr. Taft to succeed the late Chief Justice White, are sane and worthy of acceptance.

Mr. Taft in the afternoon of life would take caution to the Bench, which is helped by that quality a younger man might not have. Judgment is tempered by age.

The need of a judge is more the judicial temper than a technical knowledge of the law which the temper discovers and properly interprets. That Mr. Taft has the judicial mind is evident from his exceedingly wise direction of affairs at the Philippines in a very critical period, his nomination of Mr. Hughes for the post of associate justice and Mr. White to be chief justice, whose career for years has been worthy to be compared with that of Marshall, another great gift of the south to the nation to keep alive nationality.

It does not follow that a man who has occupied the presidential chair cannot glorify another place assigned him in interest of public welfare. John Quincy Adams was greater in the house of representatives than he was as president, and those years in congress almost obliterated the fact he had been president.

Mr. Taft as ex-president has voiced his level-headedness to a whole world, and the spirit which he has manifested in defeat has been that of a patriot and Christian.

B. J. HOADLEY.

On Announcing Sermon Subjects.

PORTLAND, May 26.—(To the Editor.)—Is the habit some ministers have of announcing beforehand the subject of their sermons, the better way?

Of course there may be exceptional instances, but if a preacher advertises something worth hearing people are liable to take it for granted that when he does not announce the theme in the papers, the preaching will be a shebang.

Wouldn't it be a better plan to keep the congregation in an atmosphere of expectancy; and when a bad day comes of stormy weather preach better than any other, if it breaks your neck?

Moreover: Never repeat a sermon. A preacher always feels flattered when asked to repeat a sermon; but by doing so he cuts the sand from under himself.

Better have it understood, if they get the sugar sticks, they must be there all the time. C. E. CLINE.

More Truth Than Poetry.

By James J. Montague.

PIE.

The Bakers of America have decided
to standardize pie fillings and print
the formulae so that the world may
know what pies contain.

How often, at our mid-day lunch,
We used to watch the world go by
As we would sit and gently munch
Our rich and soggy wedge of pie.
We rather sensed than tasted it:
We neither knew nor cared to know
What it contained, as bit by bit,
It went the way all pie should go.

One does not seek to rend apart,
Or do a canvas violence
To learn what makes a work of art,
So pleasing to the finer sense.
One never asked the chemist's aid
To analyze a rare old wine
Or to discover just what made
A dry Martini so divine.

And so with pie, we had no thought
To ask what lay beneath the crust
As our incisors deftly wrought,
We took the contents quite on trust.
Though apple, prune or apricot;
Though mince-meat, fresh, or extra dry
Rhubarb or quince, it mattered not,
Enough for us that it was pie.

And that enough for us is still,
We have an instinct that forbids
Our ever knowing how they fill
The space that lies between its lids.
Though in the papers day by day
A list of formulae we find,
Our eyes we'll quickly turn away
And eat it, as we have done, blind.

* * *

Wrong.

Mr. Hughes says Russia is an economic vacuum, but there can be no vacuum where there is so much hot air.

* * *

May Lead to War.

Most of the border states will regard Ontario's going dry as an unfriendly act.

* * *

Generous.

Mr. Bryan is liberal minded. He doesn't object to people drinking so long as they don't drink within a hundred miles of one of his homes, and he has homes in six or seven states.

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Roads.

By Grace E. Hall.

To one, the dusty winding road
That passes by the farm,
Ends in a citified abode,
With all of culture's charm;
Ends ever in a city goal
That calls forever to the soul.

To one the road that slips away
From noisome city street,
Is like a ribbon fringed and gay,
That leads to some retreat
Where murmuring streams and whispering trees
Tell soothing stories to the breeze.

But oh! to all each wandering trail,
Wherever it may wend,
Leads back at last o'er hill and dale
To those we've christened "Friend";
Leads back, wherever we may roam
And ends forever in a home.

In Other Days.

Twenty-five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of May 27, 1896.

Vancouver, B. C. — Fifty persons were killed and a number injured when the middle span of the Point Ellice bridge, about 100 feet high, gave way.

Moscow.—Emperor Nicholas Alexandrovitch and Empress Alexandra Feodor