Morning Oregonian

ESTABLISHED BY HENRY L. PITTOCK

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PARTNERS, NOT VICTIMS.

It is worth while occasionally to remind the people of the measure of their democracy, as the Hillsboro Independent does in an article quoted in part today. For the public, or a portion of it, under the spell of purposeful oratory, is prone to forget the full measure of its power.

The Independent takes up only the subject of state taxes. When one enumerates the possible checks against legislative extravagance the list becomes formidable. That taxes have grown enormously despite these available checks provokes only the conclusion that the public has been either careless, indifferent or willing.

The people's power begins with the nomination of candidates for office. The ballot is open to any party member who has sufficient standing to obtain a few signatures to a petition. His nomination rests solely with the party members of his district. If chosen as a candidate his election thereafter rests solely with all of the people of his district.

If his course after election does not suit his constitutents, they may subject him to the recall. At best his term of office cannot be long if the people in the succeeding general election will his retirement.

The appropriation bills he helps to pass are subject to the scrutiny of a governor, also nominated and elected by the people. The governor may now veto a single item in an appropriation bill, or veto the whole bill, in which event the item or bill does not become law unless approved by two-thirds of the legislative membership.

If an appropriation bill is approved by both legislature and governor, the people may apply the referendum to the whole bill or to any item separately and decide for themselves whether they want it.

State appropriations not voted by the legislature are voted by the people themselves. Either they spring from the people through the initiative or they are referred to the people voluntarily by the legislature.

It is difficult to imagine a more direct control of their own finances by the people than this. Certainly it is cheaper for the farmers to initiate any measure they want or to referend measures they do not want than it is to contribute heavy dues to a new party or league, which in turn must logically resort to the initiative and referendum to carry out its programme.

But state taxes are by no means the whole of the story, as has been pointed out before in these columns. In Portland, for example, they constitute about one-fourth of the taxpayers' back-breaking burden. But in local affairs the direct primary, the recall, the initiative and the referendum are also applicable. Some district taxes are levied only after affirmative vote of the people.

The route to lower taxation, as the Hillsboro paper remarks, is not through the setting of one element of the people against the other elements or through nursing the belief that the people were victims instead of partners in what has already been done. The true way to economy is through promotion of a programme which aims positively at specific eliminations, consolidations, curtailments and at repression of new, unnecessary governmental activities.

HOW OPEN CAN DIPLOMACY BE?

President Harding's reply to the senate's request for minutes of and records of conversations at the arms conference raises an interesting question as to how far it is practicable to conduct diplomatic negotiations successfully if exact records are kept of every word that passes. Agreement is promoted by freedom of discussion, in which men do not indulge if a stenographer is at hand taking down their every word. If in a general conference a point of disagreement arises between two men in particular and if they later talk it over privately in an effort to get together, is a stenographer to follow them around?

Everybody knows that private business, even on a grand scale, is not done in that way. It could not be, for under such conditions men would become so cautious lest an unguarded word should be held to commit them to a bargain that they would not venture to take the initiative on a deal. Many pros and cons are discussed, many changes of terms made and not till a conclusion is reached in conversation is anything reduced to writing. Should not the same practice be followed in diplomacy?

There is danger that in the reaction from secret diplomacy we may go to an impossible extreme. It should surely suffice to record all proceedings in full conference and in full committee, to publish them promptly and to publish treaties as soon as they are drafted, and even before they are signed. To record all that is said at an informal meeting of a sub-committee or in conversation between two or three delegates would be to carry open diplomacy to an absurd degree and seriously to obstruct any international negotiations. If the general discussion by which conclusions are reached and every agreement of any kind are made public, we shall have all the publicity that is either practicable or desirable.

This was done at the Washington conference, and never before was diplomacy so open, either as to the fullness of reports or the promptness with which proceedings were made known to all the world. In calling for more, critics of the treaties seek to soften the sharp contrast with the Paris conference or to find a pretext for opposing ratification.

ONCE MORE HE VIEWS WITH ALARM.

Senator La Follette is himself again, the Battling Bob of other and more glorious days, the unterrified guardian of the people's rights, the undaunted spokesman of the Wisconsin idea, which was that the union is made up of forty-eight states—Wisconsin and forty-seven others. Let the tail wag the dog, says Wisconsin. La Follette gets away with it always—in Wisconsin. Nowhere else.

Naturally, Mr. La Follette is against the four-power treaty. He sees in it a new and dastardly project of imperialism. "It is," he cries, "nothing more or less than a binding alliance with the three great imperialistic nations of the present time, which pledges the United States to place all her resources of men and money at their disposal whenever they are attacked. . . . We will be bound, if we ratify this treaty, to send our sons once more to the assistance of the British empire, if any of the oppressed peoples who are today crushed under the heel of her government should dare to rise in open rebellion and make war against her."

Mr. La Follette has never been able to get away from the notion that the United States was cajoled, inveigled, coerced, trapped into the European war to assist the British empire. He would have had us stay out, as his vote against the declaration of war with Germany showed. What if Germany won? La Follette was not worried at the prospect.

The small grain of truth in all the La Follette chaff about the four-power treaty is that the four powers agree in advance to discuss the question in order to decide on a course of action in case their respective interests in the Pacific are threatened. That is quite a different thing from pledging American resources in men and money to support British imperialism in any part of the world, as La Follette charges. But it is enough for La Follette to picture to his constituents the frightful apparition of American partnership in the ruthless schemes of British militarism.

Did we say enough? Half of it would be enough for La Follette.

NEW FUR TRADE ROMANCE.

The shipment out of Russia of some fifty million dollars' worth of furs in pursuance of the Bolshevist plan of socializing the resources of the country serves as a reminder of an early time when the fur trade excited the cupidity of men. Fifty million dollars' worth is a vast store of furs, a good many times the quantity in all probability that was taken from the Northwest in the palmy days of the traffic. It will be remembered that the old Hudson's Bay company thought it was doing a huge business when it handled somewhat less than half a million dollars' worth a year. The bolshevists would compress a century of the old fur trade into a season. They have collected their furs, too, after a method differing only in kind but not altogether in its ethical foundation from the system employed in the troubled times of the business a century and a half ago.

The fur trade has always been invested with the air of primitive romance. Its incitements to adventure no less than its promise of pecuniary profit attracted to it a peculiarly striving class of men. It is still remembered that a deal in furs made as the result of an expedition to the Pacific ocean before American independence was won was largely instrumental in inducing exploration of the northwest coast and that the discovery of the Columbia river was directly due to the enterprise of fur traders. The methods of these first traders in their efforts to "socialize the resources" of the aborigines may have been less direct and candid, but they exhibited scarcely more regard for rights in property than is now manifested in Russia under the new order. The bolshevists are seizing their furs wherever they can find them; the trader of old resorted to the slightly less obvious expedient of paying for them in articles of small value at an appraisal vastly below their actual commercial worth.

These are but sidelights upon the history of a period fraught with great consequence to modern civilization. The fur trade was an incident in the development of a continent, in the subjugation of a race and the substitution of a new order for an old; but it was a symbol also of the mighty influence of the motive of gain in the progress of men. Like the ancient spice trade, and like the quest of the treasure of the Incas, the fur business prepared the way for other men with other desires. It would be futile to attempt to estimate how long the conquest of western North America would have been postponed if trapper and trader had not been first led to explore its wilds, and so preceded, first the Christian missionaries and next the pioneers who came to stay, but we hazard little on the guess that it would have been delayed a hundred years. The philosopher will be inclined to say that the cupidity of the trader was but the outward manifestation of the desire of the race for better things—and the historian is apt to accept the view that the outcome justified the methods employed. But these are issues of ethics with which the trade did not much concern itself—for ethics were no more a part of the fur trade then than they are of bolshevism now.

It is trite to say again that the luxuries of yesterday become the necessities of today, but the now classic fur trade is a reminder also that the furs for which men used to risk their fortunes and their lives were not in the beginning worn by Europeans, but were sold to oriental satraps and mandarins, a good while later were affected by the more wealthy people of Europe and America and that not until about the time of the World's Columbian exposition at Chicago did they become popular with the ordinary run of folks. But from the time that they first began to be used as trimmings on the garments of practically all classes, the growth of the business has been unrestrained.

The gentleman adventurers of the original Hudson's Bay company would rub their eyes in astonishment if they could see the traffic that has been built upon the foundation they laid. The old concern, no longer a monopoly, but stimulated by competition from a hundred sources, now adventures across the Pacific for the peltries of another continent; Japanese traders are free lancing across the North Pacific, through the Aleutian islands and up the Alaskan coast on the old trail of the sable and the fox. Game farms are springing up on the eastern shores of Canada that are worth more than the entire invested capital of the original Hudson's Bay company. Beaver trapping has been resumed in the states bordering on the Great Lakes. St. Louis, the fur capital of America in the second, third and fourth decades of the nineteenth century, again strives with London for the premiership of the same old trade in the markets of the world.

For furs are no longer for the exclusive wear of nabobs. The vastly leveling processes by which democracy develops have made them prime articles of desire in all the civilized world. A new topic is suggested by this latest phase of an old-time vocation—a topic interesting alike to romancer, philosopher and historian.

DRIVEN OUT BY DEMAGOGY.

The sort of political flubdub on which partisan democrats rely may attract some men who cannot or will not think for themselves, but it repels men like ex-Senator George Turner of Spokane, who thinks independently. Though he voted for Governor Cox for president in 1920 and has been a democrat for a quarter of a century, he is so disgusted with the demagogic course of the democratic leaders that he has withdrawn from their party. He says that with regard to President Harding's calling of the arms conference the democratic leaders in the senate "became demagogues and took a partisan stand against him for advocating what in substance they themselves had advocated a few months before." He says that "the unwise and inequitable provisions of the income tax and excess profit tax laws are a large cause of the suffering in the country today," but:

> The democratic leaders have opposed any attempt to change them, under their demagogic cry of such action being a move to relieve wealth, a cry designed purely to attract the common people, and without truth in facts.

Nor can he understand the position of the democrats on the tariff, for he believes in protection, though not in "the tariff wall erected by the republicans and by which great corporations were allowed to wax wealthy."

Such utterances by a man of Mr. Turner's character and ability are significant and are worthy of attention from leaders of both parties. The huge majority given President Harding in 1920 was in large part the result of revolt against the unbending partisanship of President Wilson and his followers, of which their stand on the league of nations was an example. They drove a host of men who have no firmly fixed party allegiance into the republican ranks. Mr. Harding endeavors to give effect by his policy to the wishes of these people as well as his partisan followers. That is evidenced by his summoning of the arms conference, by his advocacy of laws for the relief of the farmers and by his course with regard to the soldiers' bonus and taxation. He pursues a course by which he will retain the support of the thinking, independent element.

PORTLAND SHOULD OWN SHIPS.

Affairs in regard to the American merchant marine are fast drawing to a head. When the president is about to urge upon congress a plan for government aid and to call for action at this session, and when the shipping board is already advertising its passenger ships for sale, we may expect a drive to sell all of the emergency fleet that is salable until it has passed into private hands. The time is not far distant when Portland will not be able to depend on ships allocated by the board to a local company as operating agent for direct service to foreign ports. The vessels now in operation across the Pacific ocean may be sold to some company that will operate them from some other port. We should then be dependent for service on some American company controlled by another port and making this merely a port of call or on foreign lines.

Only one way is open for Portland to retain the trans-oceanic service that it now has, the commerce that service has brought to the port, and to expand that service and that commerce, without risk of diversion to rival ports. That is, to enter the market with a company capitalized and safely controlled in this port and to buy ships. By the fight that we have made for a position of equality with other Pacific ports, by our stand for open competition between ports, each controlling its own trans-Pacific line in opposition to the policy of pools or combines, we have become the champion of the competitive policy. It is up to Portland to prove its faith by putting the competitive policy in effect when opportunity offers.

The situation is most favorable for success of that policy. It is generally agreed that the most propitious time to engage in a new business is when prices of all that must be consumed and all that will be produced has reached bedrock or has just begun to rise. Then the necessary plant can be secured and materials can be bought at the minimum cost, the capital required and the overhead cost of operation are held down, and as the market improves the field can be covered in advance of competitors who enter when prosperity is in full tide. That is the situation with regard to shipping. The world price of tonnage is almost, if not quite, down to bedrock, and it will be possible to buy at one-sixth of the price asked two years ago. Manifestly foreign commerce has begun to revive and the impetus to economic reconstruction in all countries is so strong that the volume of sea traffic will surely continue to increase. There is such a deficiency of necessaries, not to speak of luxuries, in the old world that, as buying power increases, ocean traffic will enormously swell. The effect will be employment of all seaworthy ships and profitable ocean freight rates.

The difference in cost of operation between American and foreign ships has been greatly reduced during and since the war, for American cost has about gone back to pre-war figures, while foreign cost remains considerably above those figures. The aid which the government will give should be sufficient to wipe out any remaining difference. American ships will surely have liberal mail contracts and all transportation of army supplies, probably a rebate on the duty on imports that they carry and a bonus for men enrolled in the naval reserve. The shipping board is preparing recommendations for revision of the shipping and seamen's laws, which should reduce cost. If American cost should still remain higher than foreign, the difference would be so small that a subsidy to cover it would be preferred either to continued operation by the government at a loss of $4,000,000 a month for the few vessels that are not laid up or to abandonment of the ocean-carrying business to other nations.

A city does not become a port in the full sense of the term until it owns ships which will serve its commerce in good times and bad, because they are a part of its business life, bringing raw material to its factories and foreign products to its merchants and delivering its goods abroad for both manufacturers and merchants. By that means they can be sure of cargo space, while foreign vessels and those controlled at other ports are constantly tempted by immediate profit or by favoritism for their home ports to suspend service or to give preference to competing ports. Portland has demonstrated by the great volume of commerce that it has handled in the last two years that it has great and growing traffic in its home territory, far more than its competitors on the north and south. The ties between railroads and steamship lines which direct the bulk of overland traffic, especially of imports, to other ports are being broken. Portland vessels will then get full cargoes both ways, and hold their own with any competitors.

The people of Portland have displayed their confidence in their own port by voting many millions of dollars in taxes to improve the channel and to build docks. They realize that it pays to do this, for the splendid showing that they have made in shipping business is the result, and would have been impossible if that expenditure had not been made. Ships come here because they can make money. By the results of the Columbia Pacific's operations Portland people have proved that they can operate ships as efficiently as those of any other port. That is a good reason for becoming owners and securing some of the profit made possible by the people's expenditure on port development. Shipping is a facility of the mercantile and manufacturing business of this port and of the entire Columbia basin. The people have shown their ability and readiness to invest in their own public utilities, manufactures, wool warehouses. The great majorities by which they have voted bonds to improve their harbor show that their interest in the shipping business is keen. If offered the opportunity through a well-organized company under skillful management, they would seize it and would back their confidence with their money. The time is ripe for action.

Not everybody can be so agile and fortunate in jumping out of a window to escape a holdup as the woodyard man on the east side the other night, and not everybody should try it. Better the loss of a few dollars than a broken neck or limb.

The internal revenue bureau issues the cheering information that taxable incomes for 1919 showed an increase of $4,000,000,000 over those of 1918. But not much of that 1919 income will be left when the 1921 taxes are paid.

If there is one place where time is an essence it is in a scholhouse on fire. Mr. Bigelow will do well to place alarm boxes in all of them, something that might have been done long ago. We cannot always be lucky.

If the McCormick girl was not heiress to several millions she could marry any old man without eliciting more than a sniff or a "humph!" from the male sex. She is a dutiful daughter to come home to ask "dad."

A psycho-analyst in New York settles one point by saying Taylor was shot by a blonde and argues to his own satisfaction. All they need do now is sift the blondes, throwing out the peroxide article.

Chicago pastors, peeved by non-attendance, propose to send their sermons by wireless to the links on Sunday mornings. They will be lucky if comment does not get back by wireless.

To judge from the salaries asked by some of these professional ball-players, one reason the baseball magnates want Judge Landis may be to slap on a few $29,000,000 fines.

Is it a contest or what at Los Angeles? There is a new theory of the Taylor murder daily. A lot of powerful brain matter is being wasted.

Lobster a la Newberg is off for the time being, the shipment of 5000 cans from South Africa to the Yamhill town having spoiled on the way.

A Massachusetts professor says the metal coffeepot is unsafe. Yet the old tinpot helped settle this country west of the Alleghanys.

Secretary Fall's denial that he will resign must be displeasing to those persons who want to take a Fall out of the administration.

Low round-trip rates—and they are low—to eastern points have been announced. That evens the favor to this north coast.

Japan wants none of the honorable birth control, but will allow Mrs. Sanger to tour the country on conditions.

Opening of practice by the Cubs yesterday starts the first low hum of what soon shall be the roar of "Play ball!"

No use in trying to belittle the grip by calling it a cold. Consult a doctor and live long afterward.

Perhaps many are waiting the chance to "punch the last hole" in the chest.

The Listening Post.

By DeWitt Harry.

WEATHER sharks sometimes venture their predictions of climatic changes after feeling a rheumatic twitch or analyzing the ache of a pet corn. One of our most reliable amateur prophets swears he gets all his weather information through close observation of red-headed girls. Be all that as it may the fact is that a store-made barometer is not an absolute necessity to set up in business as an expert predictor.

Take the case of S. G. Kelly, fairly accurate in his bulletins issued from the grocery store at East Eightieth and Burnside streets. Now Kelly knows Montavilla weather in all its quirks and absurbities, but he does not go it alone. Olive oil is his assistant. He worked it all out from close watch over the olive oil he kept in stock, noticing that it became cloudy, thick and murky at times. Now—figured Kelly—there must be some reason for this.

Let the bottles get opaque and Kelly knows that a high east wind is coming, or something of the sort, and if a sediment appears he knows that sleet or some other severe visitation is due. As soon as the bright oil loses or regains its transparency Kelly plots out the weather dish that is due, and he enjoys an enviable reputation as a seer. In the midst of a severe storm Kelly has been known seemingly to fly right in the face of reason by telling a customer that sunshine was due within a few hours. He would notice his olive oil barometer clearing up.

Olive oil is extremely sensitive. It feels all weather changes and abrupt or coming fluctuations affect its solider fats. The purer the oil the more noticeable is the change. Pure olive oil will begin to cloud at 2 degrees centigrade and will deposit 28 per cent stearin at 6 degrees. Adulterants show up plainly and its action as a barometer is not unknown.

* * *

"The incidental doings of Paul Bunyon, as reported in The Oregonian from time to time, amuse me," says J. L. Rockwell, "the various claims and conjectures as to his initial job and his life work, are astonishing. It is evident your correspondents are prompted solely by hearsay and never knew Paul personally. He merely dabbled in the logging industry while resting, and fooled around, a little while, with Messrs. Puget and Hood while on a pleasure trip to the Pacific coast. His first real work, as we old-timers in Wyoming, who played with him as boys well know, was the building of Jackson's Hole.

"The bad men of that state finally got so bad the rapidly increasing populace concluded they should have a sheriff, so a sheriff was appointed. This act frightened the bad men nearly out of their wits, and they saw at a glance, that they must provide themselves with a lair, a place where they could 'hole up' when the sheriff picked up their trail. In looking about for a suitable location, they dropped a word or two which were seized upon and picked up by the resourceful Paul, who called into convention all the bad men of the state and laid before them his plan.

"The result was, Paul purchased my father's blue ox and old man Jackson's scraper and swung the lower end of the Teton range of mountains around from Idaho into Wyoming. This caused the governor of Idaho to enter a protest, but Paul set him back in his gubernatorial chair, so to speak, by telling him that one word more from him, and he, Paul, would go over and get the Boise basin. While this verbal spat was going on with the Idaho governor, Paul busied himself by moving down a few hills from the north, where the United States government thought of building a park, and completed the "Hole." Paul had just tossed a couple of tons of baled hay to the ox to nibble on, and was considering several strategic points for an opening where he, and the ox, could get out, and the bad men get in, when a United States official, backed by several companies of regulars, voiced the president's objection to his operations. It was then, and only then, that Paul became peeved. As he placed his boyish foot against the great hill of fresh earth and stone and gave a mighty shove, which accounts for the wonderful point of ingress and egress, he exclaimed, 'You go back and tell the president that if he don't keep his finger out of this little affair, I'll refuse to dig Snake river for him!'

"The digging of Snake river put ideas into the minds of Paul and the president, but that is another story, as the book sharp would say."

* * *

Charles Olsen, the blacksmith—poet of the lumber camps, sends the Post his latest sonnet called, "Woodman's Communion."

I pause in my labor and lift my gaze
To a picture of green and gold and white,
Where the somber hues of the pines unite
With the flint of snow, in the shadowy haze;
Where distance fades, at the rim of space,
The crystal peak of a mountain height
Glows with a wonderful fervent light
In the ecstacy of the sun's embrace.

Softly the god of the wilderness
Breathes on the silent, dreaming trees;
I bare my head to the cool caress
Of the gentle, balsam-scented breeze;
Faintly I hear a stirring pine
Whisper of mysteries divine.

* * *

Downtown business developments continue apace and the changes in what might be called the "personality" of establishments sometimes affords a study in contrasts. For years in the basement of a central office building a bowling alley drew a good trade. Rent increases and other causes forced the amusement enterprise to move. Now this place is a model of speckless white, enameled and tiled, the home of a firm dealing in medical and surgical tools and equipment. Gone the cry, "Set them up in the other alley," now the talk is all of forceps, lancets, knives and anaesthesia.

* * *

Box hedges make a splendid appearance when properly trimmed. In some of the older districts of the city they add greatly to the negihborhood attraction. Last year, in the central east side section of the city, one hedge had a strange appearance. For most of its length it was cropped close as the best gardeners would have it. However there was one section that had not known the touch of the pruning shears. The reason was that a bird had chosen this spot for a nest, and the owner of the house refused to trim the nearby hedge until the youngsters had been hatched and could take care of themselves.

Those Who Come and Go.

Tales of Folks at the Hotels.

With the completion of 4500 feet of the north jetty at the mouth of the Umpqua river, J. Hawkins Napier of Reedsport states that already they have 18 feet depth at the bar instead of 12 and that with the completion of the balance, amounting to 3050 feet, it is expected that there will be a permanent depth of 25 feet. "The work was commenced in 1917," said Mr. Napier, "and $200,000 was raised by the port of Umpqua for the project and $250,000 more has become available for the continuation of the work. Efforts have been made to have the government appropriate $267,500, which we will match with an equal amount; in fact, $200,000 of our amount has already been raised. The present possible tonnage per year, as a result of the expeditures made, amounts to 250,000 tons, incoming and outgoing. Some idea of future tonnage can be gained from the estimate that the standing timber on the watersheds adjacent to the harbor is 60,000,000,000 feet. Lumber is not being shipped to California, and supplies and freight are brought by way of the ocean to Reedsport and adjoining country. With a harbor 12 miles long and from 1800 to 2400 feet wide and deep water at the bar, we feel Reedsport has a bright future. Mr. Napier is registered at the Multnomah.

Usually after a business depression a man doesn't care how quick the business "comes back" or how fast the stuff he has to sell increases in market value. John Kilkenny of Heppner, Or., however, is an exception. Mr. Kilkenny is in the sheep business. He runs a mere trifle of about 20,000 sheep, so it can be understood that he watches the game and is interested in whatever happens in the industry. At the Imperial yesterday Mr. Kilkenny expressed the fear that the sheep business is coming back too fast. He thinks it would be better if the return to higher prices would come about in a more gradual manner than in the sudden jump which has characterized it within the past few weeks. Lambs, he explained, have more than doubled in value recently. Not long ago lambs could be bought for $2.50—any amount of them—and the other day lambs, sheared, were sold for $8 a head, which is indicative of the way the sheep business is moving. Wool, too, said Mr. Kilkenny, is going up faster than he cares to see it; he wants a high price for wool, naturally, but he would prefer that the quotation moved upward more sedately. "I never lost confidence in the sheep business," says he, "even when it was shot to pieces and the bottom had dropped out of it, for I realized that it would improve — it had to — although a lot of sheepmen have had a hard struggle holding on."

The main claim of Maryhill for fame is that it was started by Sam Hill and named after his wife. Sam Hill, being one of the most enthusiastic road builders in the world, went to the expense of having a lot of hard-surfaced pavement laid at Maryhill, just as a demonstration of what should be done, and thereafter, until the road germ developed, he used to bring officials from Oregon, Washington and elsewhere to Maryhill to examine the pavement. Later Mr. Hill started the construction of a regular castle at Maryhill, making the building of concrete, with walls thick enough to resist a seige gun. Frances M. Jordan of Maryhill, Wash., is among the arrivals at the Imperial.

Brightwood, on the road to Mount Hood, is where O. G. McIntyre registers from at the Imperial. There used to be a very steep grade near by, which was known as McIntyre hill, and motorists going to Government camp never had much fondness for this grade. The loop road, graded by the state highway commission, has eliminated the hill. Mr. McIntyre is hoping that by the time the summer season opens the graded road will be covered with a rock surface. This, however, appears to depend on whether Multnomah county "kicks through" with some $80,000 which it promised for the construction of the loop this year.

R. H. Bunnell, county judge of Klamath county, is in the city with his wife. Judge Bunnell is an enthusiastic road man and it is his ambition to see that his county has a good system of roads, with all the co-operation that he can get out of the state highway commission and the federal government. The county has a bond issue under way for the purpose of raising more money for the development of the road system. While the judge was here yesterday federal officials from Washington virtually approved one of the big road projects in Klamath county.

"They are paying a dollar on every sheep to hold the wool," observed W. B. Barratt of Morrow county, sheepman and member of the state highway commission, "and they are charging no interest. I have contracted all of my wool at a very satisfactory figure. The sheep industry is looking good." Having contracted for this season's clip, Mr. Barratt came to Portland to confer with a couple of officials of the forest bureau from Washington, D. C., and to get into action for the regular monthly meeting of the commission, which opens today.

Standing out like a lighthouse in a fog is the signature of P. J. Stadelman of The Dalles, reg'stered at the Multnomah. Mr. Stadelman, mayor in his home town, requires two lines to write his name, just the same as George L. Baker, the Portland mayor.

Dr. Hector MacPherson of the Oregon Agricultural college, is in the city to attend the meeting of the state tax investigation commission, now in session. The doctor has been requested by the commission to make a study of inheritance taxes.

Umapine is where R. E. Bean lives, but he registered at the Hotel Oregon from Freewater, which is his postoffice. Mr. Bean is one of the commissioners of Umatilla county and is here to attend the meeting of the state highway commission.

S. L. Eschen of Leona, Or., is at the Multnomah. Leona is a lumber town on the Pacific highway, where the logs are brought down to the mill by a railroad which comes from somewhere in the mountains. Mr. Eschen is in the lumber business.

Cattle are getting scarce in Sherman county, so Grover Stockhouse, who is in the butcher business at Wasco, has had to come to Portland to buy stock for his trade in the local yards. Mr. Stockhouse is registered at the Hotel Oregon.

P. J. Worrall, hotel manager of Tillamook, is registered at the Hotel Oregon.

Experienced Boy Applies.

Christian Register.

A Japanese "boy" came to the home of a minister in Los Angeles recently and applied for a position. Now it happened that the household was already well supplied with servants, so the minister's wife said, "I am sorry, but we really haven't enough work to keep another boy busy."

"Madame," said the oriental politely, "I am sure that you must have. You may not know what a little bit of work it takes to keep me employed."

Burroughs Nature Club.

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Can You Answer These Questions?

1. Can you give a recipe for a home-made scent to attract skunks and coyotes?

2. Is it true that toads live to be very old?

3. If birds have their eyes on the side of the head, can they see one object with both eyes at once?

Answers in tomorrow's nature notes.

* * *

Answers to Previous Questions.

1. Which sex in parrots is most easily taught to talk?

There is no difference in ability as influenced by sex. Of course individuals will differ a good deal, and sometimes a male might prove more teachable of two birds; but this establishes no general rule as to intelligence and ability to imitate.

* * *

2. Is there any such thing as a "doodle bug?"

Not in the dictionary, but this name is sometimes given locally to one of the ant-lions, myrmeleonidae. These insects live at the bottom of little funnel-shaped pits, into which drop other insects that may happen to wander onto the shifting edge of the sand pit. The ant-lion has powerful jaws. It is the larval stage of a creature that later comes out adult with wings.

* * *

3. How can I feed my pet chameleons? I have been giving them flies, but the supply is gone in winter, and they will not touch raw meat. They have been taking sugar and water.

We have frequent questions on the care of "chameleons," the small green lizards that change color. Insects are the natural food. They will not take earth worms. Sugar and water is no proper diet, and they eat it only to quench thirst. Their quarters should be sprinkled with fine spray of water, as in nature they drink dew drops. Try mealworms, also roaches for solid food.

PEOPLE PARTNERS NOT VICTIMS

Tax Situation Wholly Within Their Own Control, Says Newspaper.

Hillsboro Independent.

It is evident that Mr. Brown of the Farmers' union is one who believes in setting one element of the people against other elements and who believes that distrust by a portion of the people of the rest of the people is to be preferred to a united people working for the good of all. In doing this it would appear that a little thing like the real facts does not enter into his consideration. Thus, last week, in dealing with the plight of farmers who have been unable to pay their taxes and whose property will be sold for delinquency, he remarked that "they now have you where they want you" and the end will be a class of a few landowners and the rest tenants.

Exactly, and the audience evidently took him at his word, for they applauded—not the condition that he predicted, but his arraignment of some indefinite oppression.

But let us see. Who are "they" and just what possible conspiracy could "they" put over and how could "they" do it?

Taxes are imposed and expenditures created in two ways in Oregon, and in both, under the boasted Oregon system, the people have a direct voice and can control. Expenditures directly by the state are ordered by the legislature, and they are subject to the referendum also. The legislature is composed of men supposed to be directly selected by the people, for they are not only elected by the people, but voters are given an opportunity by means of a preliminary expensive primary election to decide who shall appear on the ballot.

If the course of these men has not been satisfactory; if their legislative acts are bringing ruin, who is to blame? Elections are held every two years and if policies have not been satisfactory to the people they could have changed things any time they wished.

Expenditures not voted by the legislature are voted by the people themselves. They may be proposed by the legislature or initiated, but in either event it requires a vote of the people. Advance notice of such proposals is always given far in advance and voters have abundant opportunity to study their merits. If appropriations which are now burdensome have been made in this way, who is to blame?

The point we are endeavoring to show is that responsibility must be placed where it belongs if anything is to be accomplished. People must understand that if the burdens they have created are now oppressive they must set about undoing the mischief in the same orderly fashion in which they performed it, and not be misled by attempts to place responsibility in some indefinite direction. . . .

It is a time for common sense and the faddists, wild-eyed preachers of class consciousness, and those who would secure prestige by appeals to ignorance must be relegated to the background.

Attempts of speakers to place responsibility other than where it belongs and to instill into the hearts of their hearers the belief that they are victims instead of partners in a wrong is a movement in the opposite direction and cannot bring relief.

As we have said above, facts are disagreeable things, but they must sometimes be faced and this is one of the times.

Let us all accept full responsibility and then set about undoing the mischief in a sensible way.

READY TO FIGHT AGAINST DEBT

Ex-Soldier Says He Fought for Flag and Country, Not for Bonus.

SOUTH BEND, Wash., Feb. 19.—(To the Editor.)—The main topic of the day is the soldier bonus. The more I read about it the more my American red blood boils in my veins.

So I say as an ex-service man, down with the bonus bill, and down with it to defeat. The nation is staggering with debts. What is the use of dragging our nation deeper in mire?

I joined the colors to defend our flag and country. I am eligible to bonus, if there be one. But I did not fight for bonus but for our flag and country. I am going to fight the bonus with the same vigor and energy. This bonus must be settled once for all and must be defeated at any cost.

Personally, I thank your representative, Mr. McArthur, from the third district of Oregon, for taking such a stand as he does, and I sincerely hope that the congress will not be blindfolded when the members vote on this so-called bonus bill.

JOSEPH JANALIK.

Petition in Bankruptcy.

PORTLAND, Feb. 20.—(To the Editor.)—We owe several hundred dollars and cannot find any way to meet the bills by day's work. We have a small piece of timber, not worth much. Could we go bankrupt? And how could we go bankrupt? What does it cost to take advantage of the bankrupt law?

A SUBSCRIBER.

A petition in voluntary bankruptcy can be filed with the United States court. The timber land would have to be listed among the assets. Filing fees, for individuals, are $30.

More Truth Than Poetry.

By James J. Montague.

THE ORCHARDIST TO THE WOODMAN.

(With apologies.)

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough,
In youth it was small use to me;
But things are different now.

Although its fruit was sweet,
It had but small appeal,
More ardently I longed to eat
The fruit I had to steal.

But now this single tree
You fain would have attacked,
Is all the chance that's left to me
To beat the Volstead act.

The apples that I spurned,
Before the land went dry,
To sparkling cider may be turned
When ripened, by and by.

Great jugs, with cider filled,
I'll bear upon my back,
To town, where they will be distilled
To luscious apple jack.

And though, bleak, chill and raw
Shall blow the wintry blast,
I shall not know the Volstead law
Was ever even passed!

So Woodman, spare that tree,
Or there will be a row,
Those apples mean my hootch to me;
I'll fight to save 'em now!

* * *

No Wonder He Blew.

DeValera's big mistake was in not changing his name to Clancy or Cassidy or something like that before he went into Irish politics.

* * *

Natural Enough.

The rumor that jazz is dead is made credible by the fact that it has been so much in company with bootleg liquor of late.

* * *

The Law of the Average.

Conservatism is something that makes the world safe for mediocrity.

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In Other Days.

Fifty Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of February 21, 1872.

Salem—A flood in the Willamette river last Monday night caused the south Salem sawmill to lose a large boom of logs. In the bottoms above here, farmers lost many of their cattle and bodies of these animals are floating by here continually.

The empress of Germany recently offered Alfred Tennyson a situation as her private secretary, not knowing that he had recently acquired a job on a New York newspaper.

The railroad ferry boat got a considerable stove the other day by running too violently against the east side pontoon bridge, and is now laid up for repairs.

The Washington guard are making diligent preparations for their tenth anniversary ball to take place tomorrow night.

Twenty-five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of February 21, 1897.

The first party of settlers from Illinois who are to locate near the town of McCoy in the Willamette valley and other points in the state will assemble in and leave Chicago next Saturday morning.

The medals that are to be presented next Monday night to members and ex-members of first regiment, Oregon national guard, for long and faithful service are now on display in a downtown show window.

An employe of the B. O. T. company has departed from the city without leaving an address after having collected numerous accounts of the company.

SAME OLD SOURCE OF TROUBLE

Woman's at Bottom of Crime and Divorce Waves, Says Male.

KELSO, Wash., Feb. 20.—(To the Editor.)—It seems to me that there is a great deal of beating about the bush to arrive at the causes of the crime and divorce evils that are taking hold of the country. If you look at it correctly and are not afraid to express yourself, you will find that the cause of both evils is nothing but a woman.

Now, as to the crime wave among the young men. It is not caused by lack of bringing up, as The Oregonian has said in "Going to the Source," but from the fact that the young men coming of age have no employment. Their sisters have taken their prospective jobs at the baker's and candlestick maker's. The flappers want the jobs to make money to buy silk hose and have what they call a good time—a thing that their fathers cannot furnish. The boys being idle and wishing money as much as do their sisters and, not being able to get work, they naturally revert to crime to supply them with the money also to have a good time.

When a boy gets a job and holds it and knows that he will not be ousted by some woman, his mind begins to center on the business that he is in and he schemes to own a business of his own, with a little home in the suburbs where he can cage his favorite bird. The little bird will keep the home nice and trim for her lord and master, and, not thinking of divorce after she has been caged, knowing full well that if 90 per cent of the jobs are filled by men she will have a slim chance of getting one upon being divorced. Consequently she does not easily get dissatisfied with her lot and husband, but vents her spleen in gossip with her neighbor. In the course of time she finds contentment in her brood of little huskies and a happy home in a country of few divorces and little crime.

J. HENAULT.

ORIGIN OF MOUSETRAP SAYING

Elbert Hubbard Said to Have Employed It in Lecture.

FORT MADISON, Ia., Feb. 16.—(To the Editor.)—"If a man writes a better book, preaches a better sermon, or makes a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."

The authorship of the above quotation, while often credited to Emerson, is generally attributed throughout the advertising fraternity to the late Elbert Hubbard of East Aurora, New York.

I am acquainted with advertising men who claim to have been in the audience at the time Mr. Hubbard spoke on the subject of "Advertising," using this quotation as an example to induce the manufacturers and advertisers of the country to keep up the quality of their products.

It is thought by many that he may have conceived the idea from volume 8 of Emerson's journals, page 258. Here is what Emerson really said: "If a man has good corn, or wood, or boards, or pigs to sell, or can make better chairs, or knives, crucibles or church organs than anybody else, you will find a broad, hard-beaten road to his house, though it be in the woods."

ROBT J. McCOMBS.