Morning Oregonian

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COMING OUT OF THE HERMITAGE.

There is much food for sober thought in Mark Sullivan's comments on what a democratic leader called "the economic effects of hermitage." All of the sudden economic changes that have come over the United States since Armistice day have been the reaction from events and conditions in other countries. The feverish spending mania and rise of prices which immediately followed the war began and were most marked in Europe, in the countries which had suffered most by the war. Peoples on that continent spent easy money made in the war on luxuries or on necessaries the supply of which had been cut off or restricted by the war. This caused continued industrial and commercial activity, high prices and a spending mania in the United States which extended half way through 1920. The industrial depression and fall in prices did not begin in America; it began with a panic following wild speculation in Japan. Thus waves rolled across great oceans from continent to continent, profoundly influencing the lives and fortunes of nations far remote from those on whose shores they had first arisen.

Nothing but mental blindness, induced by outworn tradition, by racial and religious feuds or by partisan passion, could have prevented the nations from seeing that evils which do injury to all must be combated by all in close co-operation if they are to be overcome, just as resort is had to quarantine against an epidemic of disease. The nations are no more able to combat separately such a universal evil as economic and social disorder than the allied armies could win victory while each was fighting independently. As in the war, victory was won when the allied armies fought as one under a single commander, so should the nations now combine their forces to carry out in accord an agreed plan to rescue the world from economic decadence.

Blindness to this necessity has not been confined to the United States. After the war nominally ended, white Russian fought red Russian, Pole fought Russian and German by turns, Greek fought Turk, Italian wrangled with Serb, Arab fought Frenchman and Briton, British and French policy conflicted in Germany and the near east, revolt spread over Ireland, India and Egypt, and bolshevism lifted its ugly head even in far South Africa. When all the diminished energy of a bleeding world was needed to heal its wounds, new wounds were inflicted by this tragic folly. But the passions thus given vent were too deeply ingrained by centuries of wars and feuds among nations in close neighborhood to be calmed by any influence in Europe, for all European nations were so involved that distrust forbade them to act as peacemakers. The geographical isolation of the United States, absence of national interest in the triumph of any party to any quarrel of old world peoples, devotion to the principles of democracy which all profess to hold, and great commercial interest in the general welfare of the world made this nation peculiarly qualified to play that part. Being the greatest in wealth and population of all white nations and having no special interest in common with any one other nation but having a broad common interest with all, this nation was fitted for leadership in the work of world restoration.

When the war ended, the American people were in the frame of mind to play this part if given wise direction. President Wilson aimed to fulfil the mission for which the people were ready, but he invited failure by two initial errors. He undertook to accomplish through one political party a work which should have been the joint task of both parties. He also insisted that this task should be performed in one particular way—by immediate formation of a league of nations which should be the instrument for execution of the peace treaties. He thus gave provocation for partisan opposition, which found ready to hand plenty of campaign material in the traditional abstinence from foreign entanglements and in the old-world quarrels which foreign-born citizens injected into American politics. He also gave an opening for European diplomats to drive a bargain with him as the price of adoption of his league scheme. Persistence in those errors in the face of many warnings and pleadings made him the wrecker of his own work and drove his opponents to greater extremes until they utterly rejected the league which they had been ready to join him in forming if they had been invited to help him and if it had not been interwoven with the peace treaties.

President Harding has begun to build anew amid the ruins which his predecessor left behind. Unlike Mr. Wilson, he made the senate a partner in the work and he called the leaders of both parties to share in it. He thus lifts foreign relations to their proper plane, above party, as a matter demanding national continuity of purpose, which is impossible in affairs that are involved with the changing fortunes of parties. In calling the Washington conference to limit armament, he struck at the root of the world's present troubles, and in providing that the conference should adjust far eastern and Pacific affairs he aimed both to remove the obstacle to limitation of navies and to make a new beginning at American co-operation with other nations, choosing for the purpose the disputes in which we were directly concerned, which were then uppermost in the people's minds and which were an immediate source of danger. In the treaty of Berlin he left the door wide open for American co-operation with the allies in the financial settlement with Germany and in all parts of the peace terms except those relating to strictly political and territorial adjustments. He doubtless awaits only ratification of all the Washington treaties before proposing that the United States take an active part in the work of the reparation commission and he evidently is not averse to participation in a world economic conference after the European nations have freed the economic problem from the political questions that now remain open.

When this is the record of Mr. Harding's first year and when two-thirds of the democratic senators vote to destroy his work from plainly partisan motives after he has deprived them of all the provocation that Mr. Wilson gave to the republicans, the democrats will find themselves seriously embarrassed if they adopt as a slogan at the coming election "the economic effects of heritage." Mr. Harding is not striving to keep the American people in their hermitage; he is leading them out of it, and the democrats try to frighten them back. The economic effects which they have felt during the last three years have impressed them deeply with the penalties of national isolation and have brought home to them the conviction that all nations are members of one family, so closely bound together by all the ties of modern intercourse that any nation which tries to play the hermit sacrifices far more than it gains by denying its obligations to and its community of interest with the family. They have made great progress since the election of 1920 in their education in world affairs, and they will not be easily led astray by appeals to fear and to alien racial hatreds that emanate from either democratic or republican irreconcilables.

THE BREAKING POINT.

It is not likely that a great many persons in Portland object on principle to the teaching of music, cooking, sewing and manual training and the maintenance of two swimming pools in the public schools. Some may, and a greater number may believe we cannot afford them. But if it came to an issue as to whether some children should have to do without the fundamentals of education unless these things were eliminated, there is no doubt as to what the preponderant attitude would be.

It is now tentatively proposed by the school board that these things—frills, some persons call them for want of a better comprehensive term—shall be done away with at least temporarily. Quite naturally there is a protest. The school board undoubtedly is in accord with informed public opinion. It, too, does not object to these activities on principle. It is striving only to solve a serious financial problem, not of its own making, but one for which the people themselves are chiefly responsible.

It has been pointed out heretofore, and it will bear repetition, that the school district levy is now at the maximum permitted by law. The same levy applied this year produces less money than last year because the total property valuation returned by the assessor and equalized by the county board is lower than last year. But while revenues are less than last year, school enrollment is larger. The school population is growing faster than the school plant, and the people in the last election refused to continue an extra tax levy for building purposes.

The breaking point is reached. It is inescapable that if the people will not provide sufficient money to maintain the schools at the existing standard, that standard will have to be reduced.

CAN'T HAPPEN.

So comprehensive is the Oregon corrupt practices act that, though adopted before the era of woman's suffrage, under its beneficent provisions our young men are bound to be spared the humiliation that twenty-five Iowa maidens are inflicting upon their sweethearts, were Oregon maidens similarly minded—which, of course, they are not. For if the woman's ticket in Charlotte, Iowa, be not elected then no swain may thereafter spend Wednesday evening by the side of his adored.

In Oregon, a political campaign is a period of uplift. It is a corrupt practice, made so by asseveration of the sovereign people, to attempt to influence voters by treating, by coercion, by certain appeals to religious beliefs, by undue campaign expenditures, by libel of candidates, by anonymous publication or by dozens of other things. All in all, elections are pure and polite. Nobody is ever convicted of violating the law. Skeptics will note that the word is "convicted."

Oregon maids will note that it is against the law to inflict or to attempt to inflict spiritual injury in order to compel a person to vote or refrain from voting for any candidate, or to influence the course of an election by providing meat, drink or other entertainment. What greater spiritual injury to a young man than to deprive him of the presence of his sweetheart? What greater entertainment than to admit him to her presence?

Of course, no warning is needed. Oregon young men are true and Oregon maidens know it. They need not threaten. Any favor, even so trivial a one as a vote for a candidate for office, is of course granted without expectation of more than the customary rewards for obedience.

Ruth Law has decided wisely in determining that she will fly no more. Ten years of performing aviation stunts have put the patience of Providence to a severe test. Few, if any, other aviators in her class have lasted so long, and the law of averages is against her continued immunity from accident. Yet it is a mistake to assume that she is less valuable as an air pilot because of her increasing age. The experience of the nations at war, except the United States, which did not put the issue to a full test, was that the flyer tended to improve with age, provided he had the qualifications of an aviator to begin with. France had its aces who were 40 years old or more and England was beginning to appreciate the value of its older men when the armistice was signed. Nevertheless a public that was taking a deep sentimental interest in Miss Law's work will be glad on the whole that she has removed herself from active contact with a branch of a vocation that soon or late brings its devotees to an untimely end.

PORTLAND'S FUTURE ON THE SEA.

Portland has suffered less from the business depression of the last year and a half than any other city in the country, even than any other on the Pacific coast, and the reason may be found in the report of the public dock commission for the year 1921. When business the country over was shrinking, when the shipping business of other Pacific ports showed large decreases, the tonnage of Portland exports and imports doubled and the tonnage carried by sea between this port and the Atlantic coast increased ninefold. Portland no longer has to beg for ships; they come without calling, drawn by the magnet of full cargoes and the best facilities for handling.

This is the fruit of the people's investment in modern docks and in an improved harbor and channel. The direct revenue from the public docks has grown to the point where they are almost self-supporting and will soon begin to earn interest on the bonds issued for their cost. But far greater is the indirect revenue which the city as a whole derives from the increased business which ships bring to our merchants, manufacturers, banks, workmen and all other activities. This business is already roughly estimated at $18,000,000 a year paid out by the ships themselves, and it grows. It is in addition to the greater volume of business made possible by the existence of cheap water transportation to the Atlantic coast and by the operation of shipping lines to foreign ports, which open new markets to our products.

The docks as one main factor in the development of our shipping business have abundantly justified the investment which the people have made in them. They and the ships which use them and the great cargoes which pass over them prove that the future of Portland is on the sea, not in the military sense in which that phrase was used by a certain fallen despot, but in the sense that means prosperity and happiness to ourselves and all the people with whom we trade.

POMOLOGICAL MEMORIES.

The unveiling at Proctorville, Ohio, of a monument to the Rome Beauty apple furnished a convenient peg on which to hang reminiscences of the apples of early days. A few like the Rome Beauty have survived, it is true, but much larger is the host about which we hear little or nothing nowadays. A careful survey was made in 1901 by a Cornell professor which revealed some 1857 varieties of apple trees in New York state alone; more than seven hundred were still listed in a nurseryman's catalogue; a few hundred at least were regarded as important in a commercial sense. Tastes differ, in nothing more conspicuously than in matters of food, although there are people who will tell you that every apple tastes like every other apple. Not only do tastes differ, but styles change as well. A list of the common varieties of a century ago makes unfamiliar reading today.

Several important apple centenaries are scheduled for about this time. Just about a hundred years ago there was great activity in apple culture in the east and northeast. It is commonly believed that the Gravenstein apple, for example, was then brought to the United States, to be followed soon afterward by the Oldenberg, the Alexander and the Telefsky. The Rome Beauty, which has just been honored with a monument, probably dates back to 1817. The Red Astrachan, still our staple early variety, was brought from Russia about 1816. Some of these names are reminders of the debt we owe to Russia for pomological contributions. The Alexander, named after Alexander, the reforming czar, came to us by way of England; the name Astrachan carries its own geographical suggestion; Oldenberg seems more Russian to those who know that it used to be called Charlemowski and also Borowski.

The Gravenstein, to which allusion has been made and which deserves a monument if any apple ever did, is rich enough in tradition to furnish the material for a Graustark novel. One account says that it was originated in the gardens of a nobleman at Gravenstein, in Holstein. Another has it that it was found in the orchard of the Count Grafenstein, in Sleswick, and in this version there is a pretty love story to explain how it became known to the outside world. But still another historian puts the locus of its origin in Italy, and it is pretty well known to have been highly esteemed in Germany and Sweden for some time prior to the beginning of the nineteenth century. In all probability it was brought to the United States from Denmark about 1825.

Nature had its way of adapting the new fruits to their unaccustomed surroundings, and in the process a good many of them were measurably changed. It is said that these importations do not now much resemble the originals. Many of them, like the Baldwin, have thrived in some localities and degenerated in others. One of the few members of the apple family which was indigenous to America is the wild Oregon crab—the pyrus rivularis of the botanist Douglas, who found it here in 1825—which wasn't much of an apple in itself, but which pointed to the suitability of conditions in the Oregon country for apple culture. The apple, as a matter of fact, has been slow to become naturalized in other parts of the United States; it is produced spontaneously as a seedling in only a few parts of the country, such as New York, where it now grows wild in large thickets; but it has done well under artificial tending over a pretty wide area. But, as has been said, a good many hundred kinds have been created in the effort to preserve the few score that are now found in the markets of the towns.

The Gloria Mundi, too, is due for a centenary celebration soon. The folks who chose the name for it must have been real pomological enthusiasts of their day. The Ortley also is almost exactly a century old, and is still a success in many places, notably in Oregon. We are reminded that the names of some of our established favorites are still shrouded in mystery. Who was Ben Davis, for example, who gave his name to the first apple to be extensively cultivated south of the Mason and Dixon line? And who was Grimes, for whom a splendid golden pome was called? The Rambo family have left only a still highly regarded but too much neglected variety to attest their fame. Standards like the Esopus Spitzenberg and the Newtowns, green and yellow, have a geographical nomenclature. There used to be a long list of "pippins" and "seedlings," more particularly designated by the names of ambitious propagators, but it diminishes as time runs on.

Most of our best apples as a matter of fact originated as seedlings. The European staples did not often thrive in the soil and climate of their new home. A good many of the better varieties were accidental discoveries, taking their names from local fancy. The Red June, Golden Sweet, Fall Pippin, Twenty Ounce and Limber Twig were such. Their names describe them. Jonathan took the name of one Jonathan Hasbrouck, a New Yorker, who was not, however, an apple grower, but only a connoisseur, who first called the apple to public attention. Almost a century ago it was known as the "New Spitzenberg." Oregonians who know the merits of his find will be inclined to erect a monument to him in recognition of his real service to mankind.

The older generation will look in vain in the modern orchard for most of their favorites. From an old catalogue we cull these names at random: Putnam Russet, Seek-No-Further, Early Chandler, Gilliflower, Pound Royal, Natural, Yellow Greening, Prolific Beauty, Baptist and the Pearmains. The Baptist, curiously, was grown without irrigation. The Pearmains represented a large class, and the term was originally intended to mean "mighty pear." Pear-shaped apples went out of style with the development of a new taste in fruits, and the pearmains are scarcer than they used to be. If they begin building monuments to apples it is going to be hard to find a place to stop. Or writing the romance of the development of apple culture. A chapter might be devoted, for illustration, to the Northern Spy, the original of which never bore a single fruit, but perished in its early youth, after contributing scions from which have been propagated great orchards of one of the finest apples that nature and man ever conspired to give to the apple-eating millions of the world.

Important as export trade has become to our prosperity, we should never lose sight of the fact that the main source of our national economic strength is the fact that our farm industry is so great as in the aggregate to produce enough food for our own people and to leave a surplus for export, and with the rest of our population to consume almost nine-tenths of the product of all our industry. By contrast Great Britain produces only about one-fifth of its food supply and must sell the great bulk of its manufactures abroad in order to pay for the other four-fifths and for raw materials, such as we produce mostly at home. That country's present distress with 2,000,000 unemployed is due to its inability to sell its surplus abroad, though it has the most complete world-marketing organization of all nations. A well-adjusted balance between the output of agriculture and of manufacturing and other industries is a sure basis of national prosperity. That balance needs to be restored, and that can best be done by making productive the land which is now worthless.

The peril of congestion is one of the new perils of unrestricted immigration. It explains why congress is confronted with an entirely new issue, rather than an old issue in a new form. Our hospitality to immigrants must in clear self defense be tempered by considerations of whether they are likely to be adaptable to economic conditions as they exist in the United States today—not as they existed in some former time.

The opponents of prohibition who are discussing a new amendment to the constitution seem to forget that they will need also a new way of getting the amendment across. Three-fourths of the states are a good many more than can be reasonably expected to join in a retrograde movement in this or any other time.

Law holds the warden responsible for the men awaiting execution and provides a place to keep them. The crimes they committed show them to be desperate men—the kind that take the slightest chance for freedom. There is no problem in it.

A steamship moving slowly through the draws arouses the ire of delayed passengers, but they must remember they might not be working here if there was not a river to make a big city.

Perhaps there may be "no fool like an old fool," meaning man; but sometimes an old widow trespasses over the border under hallucination. It is ungallant to say so, but it is a fact.

That man who is going to live with 200 skunks in California will get along because he will be more considerate of their rights than he might be of those of human neighbors.

There will be an election today in a little town in Iowa in which women align against men. This is a trouble breeder, no matter the way it results.

A recent raid was on a house said to be "very old-fashioned," but the officials found 350 gallons of wine, showing the inside was strictly up-to-date.

Old potatoes are likely to last into the season of new ones, at prices satisfactory to the consumer. Oregon onions, however, are attaining war prices.

Of course "flu" is spread by kissing; but the man who will not take a chance hardly is worth being kissed back by the party with the "flu."

Grand opera more than broke even in profits as well as pleasure for Portland and the city is on the music map of the world.

Help! Strawberries will be on the market this week at approximately a dollar a bite.

The Listening Post.

By DeWitt Harry.

IT WOULD not do to mention the name of the girl who told this story, but she has a glorious crop of red hair and works for a big bank that is quartered in a marble building. She was returning to Portland from a visit to Canada and took the Sponkane route via Kingsgate and Eastport. She and her chum were in the parlor car, the only two women; the other occupants, seven men. The men were well-dressed and their manners irreproachable when the girls entered the car. As the train neared Kingsgate the American customs' officers began their inspection and a prohibition agent entered the car.

The prohi agent was a burly, capable-looking man, one who would permit no foolishness. He asked the man nearest the door, to all appearances a retired capitalist or tourist, if he had any liquor and received a negative answer and got the same from the man in the next upholstered chair. However the booze detective decided to search the third man and asked him to stand up. No liquor was in his clothes but the searcher pulled a big bottle from under the seat cushions and another from his traveling bag and a smaller one from a parcel in the rack above.

"And then he began to get mad," the girl continued. "He went on to the next man and got three more bottles and then went back to the first and second ones, those who had denied they had any and got five between the two. Every man in that car had from two to four bottles and the American agent had a big pile of them when he got through. The bottles were hidden every place possible and he asked the first two why they had denied having it and they said they thought they might get by. Our fellow-passengers were a sheepish looking lot, I don't think any of them had known each other before but from that time on they had something in common and got exceedingly chummy. As the prohibition agent left he turned at the door and looked them over and said, 'Well, you're a fine bunch ain't you?'"

* * *

Not a whit chastened by a letter taking exception to the glossary of modern slang that we have been compiling we hasten to offer yet another installment. In explanation of modern slang a "cake-eater" is the masculine of flapper in other days known as a sissy. He is the sort of chap who wore Lord Fauntleroy suits when a child and later affected a passion for purple sox and a handkerchief displayed in the breast pocket, inasmuch as this slang is being used more and more, every day sees a fresh crop of it wafted in.

Egg—hard-boiled cake-eater who lets a Jane pay her way. Thus "egg-harbor" would be a free entertainment of any kind.

Strike breaker—a girl taking the place of any fellow's regular girl when she is away.

Punk—an undesirable person of either sex.

Jane—a girl who meets you at the corner or on the street.

Nice girl—one who takes you in and introduces you to the family.

Hot-dog—joyous expression of approval. "Did I was?" means the same.

Finagler—a young man who stalls until some one else pays the bill.

Wind sucker—a boaster.

Lens louse—one who monopolizes the conversation.

His tempo's bad—anyone off color in any way.

Grease ball—a foreign cake-eater.

Bun duster—another term for cake-eater.

Rug hopper—parlor hound. A young man who never takes a girl out.

One of our steady customers from way back in Lincoln, Neb., writes that he could read about Paul Bunyan for the next ten years, and then goes on on to tell of Paul's feat of putting up a new north pole after the old one had been rubbed down by polar bears scratching themselves on it. E. J.'s tale runs like this:

"Paul, on securing the contract, went to Alaska, where the pole was cut and ready. He took with him, in addition to the big Swede, his famous cook, who had been with Paul ever since he built the Alps, and his four equally well-know French-Canadian river men. With the help of the blue ox everything went well and the pole was set up in good shape. The worst difficulty encountered was the intense cold, which caused the north side of the kettles containing the pea soup for the Frenchmen and the beans for the rest of the crew to freeze solid while the south side was boiling.

"Paul, however, got around this by hiring a gang of Esquimaux, giving them peavies, pike-poles and calk shoes and teaching them to ride the beans and pea-soup icebergs to the south end of the kettles. The beans were, needless to say, specially grown for Paul, and measured from 10 to 15 feet in length."

* * *

One of the character of the old New Hampshire parish from which an Oregon minister has just returned was a woman who celebrated her 100th anniversary during his stay there. She was very bright and came from one of the best families and her memory went back to the days when American history was in the making. She was a cousin of Franklin Pierce and was one of the little girls who strewed flowers before Lafayette on his second visit to this country.

On the first call made on this old woman by the minister she asked him how old he thought she was and he wished to be very complimentary. So the minister said what was the truth, that she seemed about 85. The old woman was quite put out and said:

"Do you think I am a young girl" At that time she was 98.

* * *

"Hello," called out my companion to a passing roadster and the young fellow inside waved his hand. It was a fine-looking car, radiated comfort and prosperity as did the occupants. The man was well-garbed and the girl, if rather too elaborately, right up to the present-day standards.

"Know him?" asked my companion. "He's so-and-so, gets a high salary and a royalty on an invention. He is paying $600 a month alimony, has been divorced three times and pays his ex-wives $200 monthly each. Rumor has it that the fair charmer that was riding with him is to be number four."

Those Who Come and Go.

Tales of Folks at the Hotels.

Ben Dorris, "filbert king" of Lane county, was in Portland for the week-end, and left last night for his home in Eugene. "If a man wants to make a comfortable living in his old age the best method I know of is to raise filberts," declared Mr. Dorris at the Portland hotel yesterday. "It takes a number of years for the trees to start bearing so that they will be profitable but once they have their growth and start producing the grower has a substantial income on small acreage." Before the war Mr. Dorris was in the railroad business in Eugene. He went to the officer's training camp, was made a lieutenant and was assigned to the 91st division. He served with that organization through the Meuse-Argonne and then went with the outfit to Belgium. There on the first day of the fighting he was struck by a shell and wounded so badly that he was in various hospitals of the country in the hands of the army's most skilled surgeons for more than a year. Once back in civil life, he found that he could not follow his old pursuits and accepted the invitation of his uncle George Dorris to try the growing of filberts. He has been specializing in the culture of nuts of various kinds and has developed an extensive nursery business. He is prominent in American Legion affairs and is being considered by many of his friends to fill one of the state offices of the veteran's organization at the next convention.

After having spent 16 years in the wilderness of Alaska, Sam Dubin, merchant of Bettles, is back in civilization for the purpose of making things easy for a while and noting the progress of the country. Mr. Dubin, with his partners, English and Fagan, has stores and trading posts in Bettles, Koyukuk, Wiseman and Alotuna, Alaska. These points are located north of the Yukon river on a tributary known as "St. John's in the Wilderness," due to the fact that it is almost shut off from civilization and is inhabitated only by a few prospectors, miners and Indians. During the long winters of this country transportation, except by dog sleds, ceases. Men, to make their way from one point to another must "mush it." Snow remains very deep all winter. Gold has not been discovered near Alotuna and prospectors are waiting until the opening of spring so that they may go into the country and stake claims. When Mr. Dubin arrived in Seattle, after having been absent for 16 years he was astounded to note the modern improvements. He is now at the Multnomah hotel and declares that he is "having the time of his life." He is going to take a long vacation to make up for the years he has spent in the remote parts of Alaska.

Preparations are being made to drill for oil in Kodiac island, according to J. W. McCord, who is a guest at the Portland. Recent investigations on the island, which is located off the coast of Alaska, have convinced prospectors that there are great quantities of oil to be found. Surveys have been made and engineers are now at work preparing for the sinking of the wells. Mr. McCord says that if oil is discovered on the island there will be no great difficulty in shipping the crude product, as ships can easily land at several points.

George Wilbur, attorney of Hood River, drove down the Columbia River highway to Portland Saturday and spent a few hours transacting business in the city. Mr. Wilbur was a member of the upper house in the 1917 session of the state legislature. He is a veteran of the war and is now prominent in the affairs of the American Legion, having served as a member of the state executive committee for some time. Many of his friends are urging him to seek a higher office in the Legion at the election to beheld in The Dalles in July.

Howard C. Gildea, attorney of McMinnville, was in Portland yesterday and put up at the Multnomah. Mr. Gildea is one of the most popular young men in his city. He has been active in the affairs of the American Legion since that organization was started in his town. He has several times been a contender for the position of adjutant of the state department.

The music-loving citizens who failed to witness the performances of the Chicago opera lost a great deal, according to W. A. Akin, rancher of Hood River. Mr. Akin, with his wife, came down from Hood River Saturday and attended the evening opera at the auditorium. They were registered at the Multnomah.

Harry Yundt, ledgerwood foreman for the C. H. Wheeler Lumber company of Cochran, Or., is at the Multnomah. He is returning to the camps to prepare for their opening. The snows of the winter months have made logging impossible and the crews have been idle. Now that the weather is clearing the camps are to be opened.

W. F. Isaacs of Medford never loses an opportunity to advertise Rogue river apples. Saturday night from the Multnomah hotel he sent a telegram to Medford asking that several boxes of apples be prepared and placed on the train carrying the Chicago grand opera singers when it pased through the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hayter of Dallas were in Portland Saturday night for the purpose of hearing grand opera. Mr. Hayter is one of the leading attorneys of the Willamette valley.

William J. Fraser of Pierre, S. D., is a guest at the Multnomah. The town from which Mr. Fraser registers is the capital of the state and is perhaps the oldest settlement in that section of the country.

J. H. Koke, who conducts a printing and book binding establishment at Eugene, accompanied by Mrs. Koke, attended grand opera at the auditorium Saturday night. They were at the Imperial hotel.

J. E. Turnbill, secretary of the Elks lodge of Eugene, was one of the few out of town people in Portland for the week end who did not come to hear grand opera. He was registered at the Portland.

A. B. Shelley, garage man and automobile dealer of The Dalles, was in Portland Saturday night for the purpose of attending the meeting of Al Kader temple of the Shrine. He registered at the Imperial hotel.

L. M. Addington, dealer in oil lands and farms in the Judith Basin of Montana, is at the Imperial. He is registered from Winnett, located in the heart of the Montana oil country.

Roy Bohler, member of the famous family of athletic coaches, is a guest at the Imperial. He is director of athletics at Willamette university.

E. M. Duffy, who is connected with Oregon Agriculture college at Corvallis, was registered at the Oregon hotel yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Hay of Astoria were at the Imperial yesterday after having attended grand opera Saturday nigh.

Sherman Miles, banker of St. Helens, was at the Benson yesterday.

Burroughs Nature Club.

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Can You Answer These Questions?

1. Is it true that guinea pigs are of no use to man? If so, why are they raised in large numbers?

2. Do young partridges leave the nest just after they are hatched, and how long does it take them to learn to fly?

3. How does a jelly fish sting?

Answered in tomorrow's Nature Notes.

* * *

Answers to Previous Questions.

1. Why are wisdom teeth usually inferior to the rest of the teeth?

Because no longer useful. In the process of evolution the jaw in civilized races has become modified and as the altered food habit probably required less vigorous use of the jaw, the back pairs of teeth, "wisdom" teeth, were not needed for grinding, and deteriorated. In low races these teeth still persist and are useful and full size, probably because the food habit requires their help.

* * *

2. Is the Gila monster poisonous?

Yes, very. In a wild state it is vicious and a good fighter, snapping its powerful jaws at the foe and fastening on with unmistakable grip. The saliva is highly poisonous and passes through grooves in the teeth into the victim's flesh.

* * *

3. Are catbirds helpful around a farm?

On the whole, yes. They are accused of stealing bird's eggs, but investigation of stomach contents does not prove this charge. Catbirds eat some beneficial insects, but the major part of their food is harmful insects, as cutworms, tent caterpillars, etc. In brown-tail and gypsy moth regions they eat both caterpillar and winged forms of these, even feeding them to the nestlings. Catbirds steal much small fruit and are often a pest in gardens and orchards, but are estimated to check insect depradations to an extent that more than covers their fruit thefts.

APATHY FAULT OF BOTH PLANS

Convention and Primary Fail Because Masses Let Few Run Them.

SALEM, Or., March 25.—(To the Editor.)—My friend, the editor of the Woodburn Independent, asks the Oregonian to tell "what there is about the direct primary that needs reforming," and The Oregonian illustrates several of its defects in its results, but it seems to me that the cause of such poor results may be stated in a very simple manner.

The cause of defects in primary election results is the same which made the convention system faulty—the failure of the masses to do their full duty in taking an interest in the public affairs of their county, their state and their nation and expressing their choice fearlessly as to the men and measures presented for their consideration.

I do not believe there could be a better system devised for the choice of officials or the expression of public policies than the caucus and convention system if the people around the firesides would take the proper interest and sacrifice a little of their time for the public good.

There is no place in which men are so well known as in the immediate neighborhood in which they live. There is no other place from which so reliable a representative of community desires can be chosen. If, then, the members of each political party in each precinct would all come together in caucus, or town meeting, the best men or women of that precinct would be in most cases chosen to attend the county meeting or convention, which in turn would send some of those men or women to the district and state conventions, and nominations would be made from similar material, based upon individual merit and usefulness.

Every objection to that system is based upon the fact that not always under it were those results accomplished. But why? Simply because at the very foundation the masses failed to do their duty. Many of those calling themselves the very best people in every precinct failed to attend their caucuses. They left the manipulation of those meetings to the interested few; to the hirelings and self-seekers, thus permitting the conduct of public affairs to drift into the hands of professional politicians. And even with the defects thus cultivated, it is quite generally admitted that the old convention system eliminated a whole lot of undesirables and usually placed a premium upon brains and popularity at least.

The primary system suffers from the same lethargy on the part of the average citizen. In proof of this, we have only to study the figures of our primary elections, which disclose the absence from the polls of usually more than 50 per cent of the voting population. Even at a general election it is surprising the numbers of voters who fail to exercise the right of franchise. In Oregon in 1920 there were 364,469 registered voters before the November election, which involved county, state and national officers, including the president, yet of that number only 247,899 cast their ballots, leaving 116,570 or 34 per cent, who stayed at home.

So long as this state of don't-give-a-cussedness continues, any political system, convention or primary, will have its serious defects and failures, and if that could be cured either system could be made a success, though more easily with caucus and convention than with the primary.

FRANK DAVEY.

Selective Belief in Science.

DALLAS, Or., March 25.—(To the Editor.)—The following excerpt is copied from an editorial in a recent issue of the Atlanta (Ga.) Journal:

Assaying the role of scientist with no less alacrity than he so often has qualified as a candidate, William Jennings Bryan declares with utmost self-confidence that the earth is hardly more than 4000 years old.

That should have settled the matter once for all, according to the Bryanesque mode of thought, which has its ready ipse dixit on every question in the heavens above and the earth beneath and the waters under the earth.

This is quite enough to make one wonder if the "Peerless One," also discredits the facts of electricity, wireless telegraphy and the law of gravitation. If not, why not?

Why accept what the scientists have to say about these matters, and reject what they have to say about the age of the earth? The Bryans of Sir Isaac Newton's time fought the theory of gravitation with the same degree of infatuous ignorance that they do the theory of evolution today.

"They can't make a monkey out of me," indignantly exclaims Mr. Bryan. Well, the evolutionists don't have to do that. J. T. FORD.

Wreck of Brother Jonathan.

SPRINGFIELD, Or., March 25.—(To the Editor.)—When did the Brother Jonathan sink, the ship that foundered off the coast near Port Orford, Or. HENRY SMITHFIELD.

P. S.—Would like a few particulars of same. How many were lost on board, etc.

The Brother Jonathan, bound from San Francisco to Portland, foundered near Crescent City, Cal., July 30, 1865, after striking a sunken reef. Nineteen persons were saved and about 150 drowned.

More Truth Than Poetry.

By James J. Montague.

THE HOUSE PARTY OF TOMORROW.

The license is posted for public inspection;
The censor has taken his place on the floor.
Six sleuths, with rough necks and a ruddy complexion,
And large locust night sticks are guarding the door.
On all of the programmes the statute is printed—
The penalties one may observe at a glance;
So strike up the band and let joy flow unstinted!
On with the dance, people, on with the dance!

To whom is the censor so brutally speaking?
It's Millicent Murkle, the maiden in blue;
He sternly declares he detected her cheeking;
She's sent to her seat for an hour or two.
Who is it he now is regarding morosely?
It's Mrs. McMoney, the matron in white;
She hugged young Bill Flippit a little too closely,
And can't have a partner the rest of the night.

Still joy's unconfined and grows gayer and gayer;
A jazzier number the orchestra moans.
But suddenly stops when the saxophone player
Who pulled a cadenza is fined seven bones.
But look at the radiant Annabel Meyers
She's held by the censor, and turns deadly pale,
Her skirt's not as long as the statute requires,
He calls for the wagon and sends her to jail.

On with the dance, follow forth after pleasure
No sleep till the milk cans are rattling outside!
But always remember to step to the measure
The men at the capital make and provide.
No neck-to-neck stuff, or unseemly gyrations,
No steps that the lawmakers look at askance;
Be joyful; but always observe regulations;
Conform to the statutes—and on with the dance!

* * *

The Wrong Element.

At the New York assay office they are seeking a method to get gold out of air. The usual practice in the neighborhood is to get it out of water.

* * *

Insatiable.

De Valera is organizing a new political party. The man must have something to be president of or he will perish of disappointment.

* * *

Everybody's Doing It.

If it were against the law to suspect your neighbor of holding out on his income tax, we'd have to build a lot of new jails.

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In Other Days.

Twenty-five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of March 27, 1897.

Portland railroad officials say there will be no rate war on account of the decision of the supreme court of the United States against the Trans-Missouri Freight association.

Constantinople—Germany has joined France and England in refusing to assist in the blockade of Greek ports, it was announced here today.

Passengers and crew of the steamer Willapa, which was wrecked opposite the lower end of Queen Charlotte islands, reached Seattle yesterday.

Frederick Booth-Tucker, commander of the United States forces of the Salvation army, arrived in Portland yesterday for a three-day visit.

Fifty Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of March 27, 1872.

The contract to build the new Trinity church on block 69 was let yesterday to Mr. Turkilson for $17,000, exclusive of windows and inside finishing.

A request will be made to the city council to build a fire cistern at Third and G streets, the fire on Monday night having demonstrated the need of one there.

The Commodore Perry and the Stark-street ferry are laying the cable for the use of the latter and expect to finish the job today.

Madrid.—The doors of the last Protestant church were closed here yesterday.

COLLEGE HAS EARNED ITS COST

Profits on Wheats Introduced in Oregon Would Pay Its Way.

SALEM, Or., March 25.—(To the Editor.)—At this time of general discussion of the millage tax system—a pro and con matter which involves more or less ill-informed attacks upon the cost, management and efficiency of our state institutions, and in particular, the state agricultural college—the following reminder may be pertinent to the taxpayers of at least the eastern portion of the state, and suggestive of the scope of the actual practical benefit to the people of the entire state derived from the multifold other departments and activities of the college.

I refer to the introduction of the improved turkey red and marquis wheats in the semi-arid regions of eastern Oregon. This was through the experiment station conducted by the college at Moro in Sherman county. And it is from the viewpoint of a wheat grower of 20 years' experience in that region that I say that section of Oregon owes to the offices of the state agricultural college an increase in yield netting yearly profits fully double the entire annual running expenses of the college. This point is worthy of consideration. This is from an angle altogether utilitarian.

As to the other functions of the state college and their relation to the betterment of the interests of the people of Oregon, I leave the field to other friends of this institution, which, building upon results, has in recent years attained a place of international repute as among the three foremost agricultural colleges in this or any other country.

C. C. KUNEY.

Qualifications of Jurors.

FOSSIL, Or., March 25.—(To the Editor.)—Does a woman have to be a taxpayer or be the wife of a taxpay