GOVERNMENT COSTS CUT $1,600,000,000

Huge Savings Accomplished by Harding Administration.

BUDGET REPORT IS ISSUED

Reduction in Routine Operation Is Nearly Billion; Overlapping of Departments Eliminated.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 7.—The expenditures of the government for the fiscal year 1922 have been reduced more than $1,600,000,000 from the 1921 figures. The reduction in the ordinary expenditures for the operation of the routine business of the government, generally subject to executive control, as compared with 1921, will be in the neighborhood of $907,000,000.

These facts are shown in a report made public by Charles G. Dawes, director of the bureau of budget, and asked by President Harding on the economies effected in the cost of government.

The report was issued also in response to a resolution adopted by the house asking for information showing in what way savings were affected.

It is stated that the essential cause of the economies and improvements in administration which have been effected during the present fiscal year in the conduct of the routine business of the government has been the assumption by President Harding of his full responsibilities as head of the busines organization of the government. Some of the agencies for the transmission for executive pressure, plan and policy have been established upon the advice of Director Dawes, and the president has used the budget bureau itself among his other agencies for the imposition of executive policy.

Large Saving Made.

"The bureau of the budget is an impersonal, impartial and non-partisan business agent," says the report. "In this particular report where its estimates may become a basis of contention in an approaching political contest, its figures should be conservative and meet the test of examination, not only in the present but in the future when existing partisan differences are forgotten and the record for impartiality and non-partisanship of the budget bureau is considered in retrospect by the unprejudiced mind of the governmental economist and student. Out of total estimated expenditures of $3,922,372,-020 for the 1922, the director classifies only $1,765,875,672 as being generally subject to executive control in the operation of the routine business of government. These figures compare with actual expenditures under the same categories in 1921 of $2,673,-435,079.77, segregated out of a total annual expenditure for 1921 of $5,538,-040,889.80.

"The reduction in the ordinary expenditures of the operation of the routine business of Government generally subject to executive control in 1922 as compared with 1921 will be, therefore, in the neighborhood of $907,500,000. As against this enormous total reduction the estimate of economics and savings incident to the new imposition of executive control over governmental expenditures in 1923 is estimated at the lesser sum of $250,134,825.03.

"The director feels reasonably assured that this estimate of economics and savings attributable to the new system is an underestimate, but that if an error has been made in this regard the savings and economics are still so large as to vindicate it, and will at the same time emphasize the indispensable policy of the budget bureau to have its estimates conformable to the principles of business conservatism.

Overlapping Now Avoided.

"In these figures the director of the budget has found it impossible to make any reliable estimate of some indefinite general savings, such as those incident to the corrected system of purchasing which has been established in the Government, by which competition between departments and the overlapping and acquiring of unnecessary surplus has been avoided. On the basis of the original estimates made by the different departments and establishments there have been eliminated after due consideration of the facts involved, in the neighborhood of $150,000,000 claimed economies.

"Certain requests for deficiency and supplemental appropriations proved overestimates of actual necessities. But now that executive control over routine business has been established, overestimates of the budget bureau, even if granted by Congress, like the overestimates of Congress evidenced by unspent appropriations, do not justify or make easier any expenditures above the lowest amount upon which business can be efficiently administered."

HARDING TO ASK ADVICE

CONFERENCES ON BUREAU RE-ORGANIZATION SLATED.

President to Meet Members of Cabinet This Week to Get Views on Departmental Changes.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 7.—In an effort to smooth out any difficulties which might exist among the members of his cabinet concerning reorganization of federal departments and bureaus, President Harding this week will hold individual conferences with the members of his official family.

This plan was said to have been decided upon at the cabinet meeting Friday when the report of Walter F. Brown of Ohio, chairman of the joint congressional commission on reorganization of government departments and bureaus, was considered. The president was said to feel that the views of his cabinet, expressed individually, would enable him to form a speedy decision.

It was stated today by those intimately involved in the formation of the reorganization plans that reports of alleged bitterness among cabinet members in connection with what had been described as "encroachment on each others' departments," was wholly without foundation and, to the contrary, the entire cabinet had entered into the project with cordial support of the president's plans.

Special prices on old-growth cordwood. Edlefsen's, Bdwy. 70.—Adv.

SNAPSHOT OF ONE OF LEADING RUSSIAN DELEGATES AT GENOA CONFERENCE.

—Photo by Underwood.

KRASSIN.

Krassin figures prominently in all dealings of the Russian soviets at the Genoa conference, and had much to do in connection with the recent deals concerning the soviets and European powers. He also was concerned in the transaction giving the British an oil monopoly in Russia, concerning which Arno Dosch-Fleurot's great scoop was published in The Oregonian.

POLICE GIVE WINE ADVICE

"DON'T TRY IT," IS WRITTEN ON LOST RECIPE.

Man Who Called to Report Traffic Accident Leaves Papers Behind, Then Calls for Them.

Among the valuable papers lost at police headquarters yesterday by William H. Kehrli of Garden Home was a new recipe for fig wine, which caused no end of merriment about headquarters when the bit of paper was discovered trying to hide itself away in the folds of his bank book.

Kehrli appeared at the police traffic office to report an automobile accident. Forgetfully, he left his papers behind. A short time later he called excitedly and asked if they had been found. And when he was told they were intact he heaved a sigh of relief.

The wine recipe gave explicit instructions of how to make a rare wine. One of Sergeant Oelsner's morals squad police eyed the recipe and chuckled. Then he got out a typewriter and penned the following note to Kehrli on the back of the recipe:

"Dear Sir: A natural love for humanity and a judgment matured by several years of service in the police bureau, during which time I have followed the history of home brews to their logical conclusion, prompt me to tell you that if you follow the directions on the other side of this paper the 'Goblins' 'll sure get you. For gosh sak', Kehrli, don't do it. It's a good recipe, for I've tried it myself, but oh, the kick!"

PRUNE FETE IS SUCCESS

Thousands View Blossoms in Orchards Near Vancouver.

VANCOUVER, Wash., May 7.—(Special.)—The annual prune blossom fete was staged today with satisfactory results. Several thousand drove through the orchards to view the blossoms.

An estimate of the size of the crowd may be gathered from the fact that the tolls on the interstate bridge, $300 or $900 on week days, and usually less Sundays, jumped to $1200. With the exception of a few showers, the weather was good. The route through the orchards had been mapped out in two loops.

DEPORTATION PLOT FAILS

(Continued From First Page.)

understand that they were federal agents, but that he has since learned that they were employed by the Burns detective agency. One was Ellis, he asserted.

Although it was a hard thing to do, Robertson said he decided to accept the latter alternative. He told them he would go to Buenos Aires. He so decided, he said, because he was made to understand that there would be a nation-wide notoriety to the case and he had promised to keep Miss Culberson's name from being brought into any sensation. He has not forgotten that pledge now, he said, and he would never have come forward with his story had he not been forced to do so. It was his enemies, he said, who dragged these names in.

Plan Falls Through.

With the three detectives he went to Boston, where arrangements were made for his departure for South America. They stopped one night in a costly suite at the Adams house and the following night put up at the Richwood hotel, but although his steamer accommodations had been arranged, the plan was never carried out.

His aunt, alarmed over the circumstances of his disappearance, had gone to Washington and had called upon the British consul-general and upon William J. Burns, head of the bureau of investigation of the department of justice and founder of the Burns detective agency.

The man in charge of operations in Boston received a message telling him to drop the whole matter. Ellis and one other detective accompanied Robertson back to New York, where they bade him good-bye. A few days later, it has been said, both of these men were dismissed by the Burns detective agency.

Warrant Is Sworn Out.

According to Robertson he received a telephone call from Ellis a day or two later, and the detective told him that he was at the Robert Treat hotel and that if he would come over and see him he would reimburse him for his financial losses occasioned by the Boston trip. Instead of accepting this invitation, Mr. Robertson went before a justice of the peace in Bloomfield and swore out a warrant for the arrest of Ellis. The man was held in $3000 bail after a brief hearing, to await the action of the grand jury.

At this hearing no mention was made of the manner in which the Culberson family figured in the case. Ellis, when asked his occupation said that he was a Burns detective, although according to latter statements, he had been dismissed prior to that time.

Yesterday a local paper received a copy of a telegram which, it was alleged, was received by Robertson following the arrest of Ellis.

Telegram Is Quoted.

It reads: "I understand man trailing you was arrested last night at Bloomfield, charged by you with kidnaping. No matter how you have been mistreated, I fear for many reasons this step is a mistake. It is what you said you would not do. Won't you see proper official and tell him that upon further consideration you wish to withdraw the charge? Don't let others influence you to do what you may some day regret. Telegraph or phone me, Holton Arms school, North 4802. MARY."

RAWHIDE RAILROAD TOPIC

PROJECT DISCUSSED IN SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Failure of Walla Walla-Wallula Line, Due to Devouring of Hides by Wolves, Recounted.

Even in Oregon not much has been known about the "Rawhide Railroad," but now it is likely that several million persons throughout the United States will learn of the unusual engineering project built from Walla Walla to Wallula in the days when Portland was a village. In the current issue of the Saturday Evening Post appears a review of the book, "The Rawhide Railroad," written by George Estes of Portland.

Doc Baker, old-timer, capitalist and moving spirit of Walla Walla in pioneer days, was the genius behind the Rawhide railroad. According to Mr. Estes' version of the transportation project, Mr. Baker visited W. S. Ladd at his Portland bank one day and ordered two modern locomotives, which were to be shipped from New York.

Upon arrival, the rolling stock was shipped by barge up the Columbia river, together with 1000 silk hats that had also formed part of the unique order. These hats were for a purpose not revealed until the heavily-loaded barge reached the Wishram rapids where a tribe of Indians dwelt, and who were wont to levy tribute upon traffic passing by this obstruction to navigation.

Doc Baker is said to have bestowed a high silk hat upon each able-bodied member of the tribe in return for portaging his freight around the rapids. With long lines attached to the locomotives, they were overhauled by the warriors and again placed upon the barge, which was worked over the rapids.

There were no steel rails for the Rawhide road; instead, wood stringers were laid. After the line had operated a little while, the wheels cut into the wood and by Doc Baker's order they were faced with rawhide, one of the most useful of all pioneer materials, and it is said to have answered the purpose fully.

But disaster, after all, was ahead. An extremely hard winter swept that portion of the northwest and great numbers of wolves swept down out of the mountains and besieged the settlements. In the desperate search for food, the wolves are said by Mr. Estes to have uncovered the rawhide-covered rails and the hungry animals devoured the hide, thus putting a unique finish to the project that owed its existence to the genius of Doc Baker.

Woman Hurt in Auto Wreck.

Cuts on the head were sustained by Mrs. Alice King, 29, last night when an automobile in which she was riding, driven by J. M. Rankin, 884½ Grand avenue, came into collision with a street car at Alberta and Albina streets. The driver was bruised slightly and the automobile was damaged badly. Mrs. King lives at 1515 East Tenth street.

CHINESE DISTRUST U. S. TRADE ENVOY

Few Dishonest Men Thought to Discredit All.

BOASTING OHIOAN QUOTED

Clevelander Declared Making Tour of World to Demonstrate That His Own Town Is Best.

BY BEN HUR LAMPMAN.

SHANGHAI, China, April 12.—(By Mail.)—Gathered from Europeans and Americans alike is the distinct impression that the individual American, as identified in trade or industrial development with the Chinese, is not the benevolent and admired gentleman that we at home have assumed him to be.

I have no wish to write the oft-repeated assertion—that he is, generally speaking, the most distrusted business emissary of them all. It is put more badly than that. They say that this aversion to and suspicion of American business men arise from the fact that so many of them have proved to be false to their word and their contracts, unstable as water, and that it is safe only to have cash or goods in hand when you do business with them. If you are skeptical, in your shame at these drastic charges, your informants will cite instance after instance, which by their very nature overshadow the honest and the honorable. The Chinese have no wish, it is said, for commercial dealings with Americans.

Dealings Are Cited.

Briefly the summarized story is that our industrial invasions of China promise much and accomplish little and frequently leave their tasks uncompleted; that our importers or exporters break their contracts at their own convenience, and have no regard whatsoever for the verbal contract—on which much business is done in the orient; that important and heavily capitalized firms in America lend their prestige to branch houses here that are locally capitalized at an insignificant amount and make this sharp practice serve their ends; that American agents often will hold or "bucket" an order for American goods in response to a belief that the market will fall, and repudiate the order if the market rises and more, much more, to the same effect.

It is highly probable that all firms and their volume of business considered, this charge of American knavery is exaggerated. But the fact remains that it is the American agents and houses alone who sustain such a charge, and that the spoken word of an English agent or firm is sufficient for the Chinese. The native merchants of the import and export trade are fond of saying that they care quite as much about doing business with the Japanese as with us, which means that they have no taste whatever for the transaction.

Japanese Ideas Peculiar.

The Japanese? They hold peculiar ideas regarding the commercial conquest of China, unconsciously humorous ideas which never could or would be entertained by any other people. There is more than a trace of the Japanese schoolboy in their most carefully considered thought. Though the incident does not exactly fit the premise it is typical of the always utilitarian viewpoint of the smart boys of Asia and should be related. He is a young Japanese who has factory interests in Shanghai, who attended an American university, and who for the past year has made his home in China.

"I not care to go back Japan," he said to me, smiling that shy smile which is so deceptive. "I think more better opportunity in China. I have study the Chinese language. How I do that? I teach Bible class of Chinese boy, young Chinese boy. Every Sunday I teach Bible class. Yes." He smiled coyly again. "I not care so much for teach Bible class, but I think that one of very best ways to learning Chinese. Very fine chance to learning Chinese. What you think?"

Cynical Attitude Correct.

I could not tell him what I thought. He wouldn't have caught the drift of it anyhow. For what I thought was this: Of the modest goods with which I am endowed, O Lord, I would give a not inconsiderable portion to hear this brilliant little fellow state the case as naively to the missionary who taught him how to teach a Bible class. They told us in Japan, the cynical did, that Christianity was a recognized road to familiarity with English speech and thence to commercial success. It now appears they were not so cynical as disillusioned and exact.

The traditional friendship of the United States for China, the instance of the returned Boxer indemnity and such like assurances, no doubt contribute to an official cordiality and sustain the conclusion that the Chinese as a nation are deeply grateful to us. But here in Shanghai men laugh at these as empty pledges, and say that the only trail to the confidence and esteem of the Chinese is through agreeable and trustworthy business relations, such as we have not yet completely established.

English Are Cocksure.

By personal friendship only, created in this wise, is their essentially national confidence to be won. The English are very cool and cocksure about it. They make no bones of admitting that their present success is due entirely to the lessons of experience, that hard tutor, and that it was she who taught them the value of exact commercial probity.

"We have been at the game 300 years," laughed one of them. "It's quite a long while since we learned that a chap must keep his word if he gets on in the orient."

Beggars and blighters—alike dismal and distasteful topics. Yet the east is replete with both, and with gentlemen as well. I wish very much that I could give you a picture in grays and browns of the seasick junks dipping and plunging across the Yellow sea, their lateen sails spread most piratically, their cabined sterns high in air like the caravels of Columbus, and each with its painted eyes fixed on that saffron flood.

Streets Are Gay.

Or of the silk shops, where the huge bolts of splendid fabric shine like jewels; or the streets gay with banners and thick with merchant and coolie and beggar and song girl; or of the toilers who strain in their traces like horses, or wheel their laden barrows, and sing to lessen the burden—though life is brief and harsh for them; or of a company of Sikh lancers glimmering down the bund. For there is color here, in tones that never decked a Ming vase or a white silk painting; and there is drama unrecorded. Art and beauty and strangeness tossed in confusion with rags and want and modernity. Shanghai is a great deal like Porthos, that stout blusterer. It wears a cloak of sheen and golden needlework, but underneath is the sackcloth of penury.

Cleveland Wanderer Met.

Thrice we have met the Man from Cleveland, that restless spirit with the hazelnut diamond scarfpin and checked suit. Once at Nikko, where he glanced with the sharp, appraising eye of a jeweler at the gaudy shrines and the resplendent temples; again at Kyoto, where he mused before a laboring cherry tree and made invidious comparison, and now at Shanghai and the threshold of the eldest civilization of them all.

He is girdling the globe to prove a theory he long has held. Last year he made, he says, a partial demonstration of its truth by visiting Europe. Now he will see them all, the great and little countries, their palaces and home, sweet homes, and settle the matter once and for all. It is his confident belief that, taking them by and large and dealing most liberally with them, there isn't a country of the lot to hold a candle to America nor a city quite fit to claim a parity with Cleveland the beloved.

Yellow Peril Scouted.

"Take these birds here," said he, indicating the jogging coolies of Nanking road. "Somebody called them the yellow peril. They're about as perilous as a sneeze. I hate to think what a bunch of marines could to do a thousand of 'em.

"Then there's the scenery. Here there ain't none. But the scenery in Japan—we got countries back home that have more scenery all to themselves than there is in the whole of Asia. Out from Cleveland a little ways is the niftiest waterfalls you can find anywhere. You never been to Cleveland? No? Well then, friend, you don't know what a park is, an honest-to-gosh park. I'm telling you.

"You have to see it, though. Anyways, you ought to see it, all these foreign countries, so's you can go home and be satisfied with everything there is there, from the movies to the mountains. You got to see it all while you're at it, because what you don't see is exactly what the boys are going to ask you about when you come back. Get me?

Temples Held Lightly.

"You know what I mean—temples and dinky little cliffs and all that sort of thing. When I got home from Europe last year the fellows all wanted to know about this or that, and I'm hanged if the things they asked me about wasn't the very places I had passed up like a cold deck. I'm organized right this time. Won't anything get by me. I'll be able to tell 'em that there ain't any burg like Cleveland. You know what the best thing I saw was on last year's tour? Huh? One guess. You said it, old kid! It was the Statue of Liberty waiting for me. Here's my card. Sometime when you're around Cleveland drop in."

When Judge McGinn was a lad somebody wrote a jingling poem of the American abroad, the mildly chauvinistic hero of which remained unperturbed by grandeur or historic shrine or feat of foreign prowess or any of those symbols to which the guide books make the low salaam.

Verses Are Recalled.

I wonder if Judge McGinn remembers it:

No tale of marvelous beast or bird
Could match the stories he had heard;
No curious place or wondrous view
Was equal to Podunk, I tell yeouw.

Exasperated by his complacency, the cool quality of his ego, a fellow-traveler, British I fancy, launched into a tale of aquatic daredevilry. Something after this fashion the verse ran:

" . . . . . the other day,
Sailing from Dover to Calais,
I saw a man without float or oar
Swimming across to the English shore— "
Manfully breasting the angry sea . . . . "
"Friend," said the Yankee, "that was ME."

I fear that I shall misquote from this point on to the dramatic conclusion of that remarkable tribute to our national self-esteem. At any rate, in Egypt it was, they piled the American with wine to his undoing and thought to achieve his discomfiture, to disturb his poise, by arranging for his subsequent nap in a tomb of the dusty, musty old Pharoahs.

" . . . . till the fumes of Falernian filled his head
And he slept as sound as the silent dead—
Removed a mummy to make him room
And laid him at length in a rocky tomb."

Ensued the watchful waiting for his awakening and the triumph of the jest over his too egregious national sufficiency.

War Cry Chanted.

Out of his vinous stupor the Yankee slowly returned to consciousness, groping for the fabric of things, until presently he swayed to a sitting posture on his chill couch of death and gazed about that gloomy cavern, where the mummied monarchs of Egypt kept him silent company. They chuckled to behold, those watchers did, the dazed and staggered puzzlement of his survey, and yet they laughed too soon. For his eye brightened and he was reported by the bard to have said—nay, to have shouted:

"I see how it is—it's the Judgment Day! We've all been dead and stowed away. Are all of these foreigners sleeping yet? The United States is ahead, you bet!"

I know that I have transgressed. I have misquoted. There were no references. You could not find that lively characterization in rhyme though you scoured China with an imperial search warrant. But you can find the Yankee almost anywhere. Personally I delight to discover him. He confirms my entirely similar opinion.

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