Morning Oregonian

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A RECLAMATION BLOC NEEDED.

If any further justification were needed for combined action on the part of western congressmen to secure legislation needed for development of the west, it is the attitude toward the reclamation bill of eastern congressmen and of those western men who have, by association, become more narrowly eastern in their views than the eastern people themselves. Republican congressmen from the west have been severely censured by eastern leaders for joining southern democrats in forming the farm bloc. What else could men do when they found the men at the head of committees absolutely blind to the condition to which the slump of 1920 reduced agriculture, to the vital importance of agricultural prosperity to that of the whole nation, and to the necessity of prompt legislation to meet the emergency? The states which the defeated eastern obstructionists represent have to thank the farm bloc for the activity that is returning to their manufacturing industries, for that activity is due in large part to the improvement in the condition of agriculture that can be traced to emergency laws. But with its usual crass Bourbonism the east refuses to acknowledge the truth and blocks the progress of the reclamation bill.

This obstruction is the result of that ignorance which makes the east provincial in spirit, being a handicap which the great size of the country imposes on it. This vice of provincialism is peculiarly prevalent in the east. Western people are comparatively free from it, for they, their parents or their grandparents crossed the continent and formed a conception of the country as a whole, of the westward progress of development and of the degree to which the growth of new states contributed to the wealth of the old. Sale of their produce and purchase of supplies necessitate constant relations with the east and frequent journeys across the continent refresh early impressions of the interdependence of east and west. The east needs constant education from the west in the oneness of the country and needs to be frequently prodded, that it may raise its mental eyes from its own comparatively narrow field of vision and may gaze westward to the broad areas where it sells its goods and whence it derives its food. Such combinations as the farm bloc apply the prod. Then the east growls at being awakened, but in great dudgeon takes the course pointed out by the west.

Men like Representative Mondell of Wyoming are a species of political throwback from the broad, national characteristics of the west to the narrow, locally-centered provincialism of the east. The wide, thinly peopled uplands of his great state with their endless opportunities for development should have given him a breadth of view which would make him an enthusiast for reclamation. Long residence in the east and close association with eastern congressmen in his rise to a place of influence have turned his thoughts away from the west so completely that he now seems to outdo the easterners in opposition to measures which by enlarging the productive area of the west will expand the markets for the east. A period of retirement in his own state, riding its bunchgrass plains and valleys and studying the arid areas that cry for water, might correct his mental vision.

Blocking of reclamation is one more added to the several cases of bucking against the policy of President Harding by the house leaders. They induced the house to act contrary to his advice on tax revision and the bonus bill; they imposed impossible restrictions on the settlement of allied debts; they attempted to reduce the manpower of the navy at a point where it would have been weaker than that of Japan. They now block the way against the reclamation bill, though it fulfills a plain pledge of the republican platform, which was reaffirmed in Mr. Harding's campaign speeches.

The only course open in dealing with such men is to retaliate by uniting all members who favor reclamation, of either party, against the measures on which the leaders have set their hearts. No doubt exists that the old guard of the east composes a bloc. That justifies a reclamation bloc. Temporary confusion in the party ranks may result, but if it should end in elimination of the Mondell type of leader and in substitution of men who respect platform pledges, pull with the administration and pass laws enabling progress to continue, the party will gain.

One man's guess is probably as good as another's as to how high the floods in the Columbia river will rise in a given season, but one thing we have learned in recent years is that the snowfall of the preceding winter has little or nothing to do with the result. There has in all probability never been a time when there was not enough snow at the headwaters of the river's tributaries to make a flood equal to that of 1894; the primary requirement for such a freshet is that both the Snake river basin and that of the upper Columbia shall empty themselves practically simultaneously into the main stream. For this reason it is good news that the weather just now is growing cooler in British Columbia, which will give the Snake time to discharge its burden before the waters of the north come down. For about a month guessing on flood probabilities will be one of our seasonal sports—a diversion which is enjoyable in inverse ratio to the stake which the guesser has in the result.

100,000 OR 200,000?

More than one hundred thousand voters participated in the republican primary last week, disagreeing heartily on a long string of candidates, and nominating them—in cases where there were more than two candidates for one office—by a plurality. As it was in the state, so it was in the counties. Nobody gets a majority, unless by his merits, or prestige, he is widely known and the electorate is pretty well united for him.

The primary is the great plurality system. The republican candidate for governor is named by a minority of his party, and so is the democratic nominee. The majority does not rule. It can never rule in any true sense, under the free-for-all system.

There is talk now of reforming the primary—a lot of it. The recall has helped it. The recall is one of the shining ornaments—the choicest gem—of our electoral system. Something has got to be done.

Yet there are the never-learns and won't-admit-its who say that the primary is all right, and that all the voter needs is education, so that he will turn out and vote. He voted last Friday—one hundred thousand strong. Does any one fancy that the result would have been changed—or, if changed, it would have been perfect—if two hundred thousand citizens had exercised their sovereign right to pick their candidates?

The people are not wanting in intelligence. But there is wanting an appropriate vehicle through which their intelligence can express itself in selection of nominees for public office. It is bad for the electorate to stay away from the polls; but it is worse for the people to act always on first impressions, with inconclusive results, when they go to the polls. They do not stay to talk it over and fight it out; each one fires his little shot and goes home. There is nothing for the judges to do but count the survivors, and list the dead and wounded made by the first volley.

Will some hard-boiled defender of the direct primary, who gabbles about educating the masses to vote right, tell us how 200,000 voters, under the present system, could have voted more nearly right than 100,000 voters?

What the Oregon electoral system needs is not so much a more numerous crew as a rudder.

SAFETY FIRST.

The efforts of the London police to discover a new basis for classifying automobile drivers, so that a standard of competency shall take the place of a hard-and-fast limit on speed, will have the good wishes of people everywhere who have faced this problem. Increase in the number of accidents in which speed was not a factor is a reminder that there are times when and drivers with whom ten miles an hour is dangerous, just as forty miles an hour on a clear road with no crossings may be perfectly safe. The idea is to license the individual and to disregard the speed limit altogether, but this has its difficulties, for the human factor, of which so much is said in connection with accidents, runs to licensing officials as well as to drivers, and it is not easy to frame rules that will work infallibly.

The inquiry recently conducted has proved one thing beyond peradventure, however, and that is that no rate of speed is safe for a man who has imbibed intoxicants, and the British, who have a way of construing their much-vaunted "personal liberty" so that it broadly applies also to the victim of the personal license, propose to make permanent revocation of the driving license the penalty of operating a car while drunk.

There is food for reflection in the proposition. Prison sentences are all right as far as they go, but on top of them there might appropriately be provision for removing permanently in each instance the menace of the individual who is so near to the moron that he cannot learn that gasoline and alcohol constitute a peculiarly incompatible mixture.

THE NEEDLE AND PROGRESS.

"The fundamentals of dressmaking and tailoring never change," observes an eminent authority on the modiste's art. In other words, knowledge comes but wisdom lingers. The hard-won technique of the craft is apart from the sway of fashion, which truth aids us to understand why it is that a Chinese junk, archaic in type among its sisters of the deep, is yet the last word in sea-worthiness. Once the principles of any art are mastered there remains for the artist, the creator, the craftsman, no more than the privilege of applying these fundamentals to the service of variety. Fashion is the foundling of dress, and dress, not fashion, marked a definite stage in the cultural progress of the race. It was the inspiration of necessity.

Facility with the needle is the birthright of many women, and though men become tailors there is a not unsupported opinion that their innate qualifications are fewer, their clumsiness, their inaptitude, more than occasional. If you should choose, from such a premise, to follow fancy, the thought would lead to a surmise that needlecraft is an hereditary talent. She who stitched the leopard skin, with thread of sinew and needle of thorn or bone, was the first seamstress and the mother of modern daughters. As custom and tradition and grooved habits mould the thought and soul of a people to agriculture or war, to walled cities or nomadic roving, so must this long processional of mothers, bent above their sewing, have left a definite impress upon the sex. Rather a clumsy way, that, of voicing a conjecture which Hazel Hall so gracefully and convincingly expressed in verse.

Other hands are teaching
My needle; when I sew
I feel the cool, thin fingers
Of hands I used to know.

All the tired women
Who sewed their lives away
Speak in my deft fingers—
As I sew today.

The art of needlework must have contributed largely to the advancement of all culture, serving as it does both beauty and utility. Climate decreed at the first the details of dress, and gave to needlework its permanency among the home crafts. Which is—is it not?—only another glimpse of the basic truth that civilization required the stimulus of frost, the vigor of a north wind, to shake off a tropic lethargy and find itself. For the tropical attire, however resplendent it may be and adequate for the purpose, is not the garmenture with which one would equip for polar exploration, or for any hegira from lotus-land. It was the adaptable needle that furnished the bolder peoples with the uniforms of progress and sent them warm and resolute into the wilderness. As dress descends in simplicity—of integral form, not fashion—so does the scale of culture drop away, downward through semi-civilization to barbarism and stark savagery. One cannot cast the glamor of a white shadow over them all. It is likely, so long as we may only surmise, that lack of the fundamentals of dressmaking accounts for the laggard advance of the backward peoples, as much as any other surmisable factor.

ROUTING THE OLD GUARD.

The Medford Mail-Tribune tells us that the "bull-moosers are coming back" and the Salem Capital-Journal shouts gleefully that the "old guard has been routed." The subject which has created the boil of enthusiasm at Medford and Salem is the result in Pennsylvania, where Pinchot was nominated for governor.

So he was. So has the old guard been routed. By the republicans. Not by the "independents," nor the late progressives, nor by the democrats; but by the republicans. Routing the old guard has been a favorite indoor sport in various parts of the United States for something like a decade or two; but he always appears to be on hand when the routing is to be done. He does not stay routed.

The old guard is more of a phrase than a fact. A politician in power, or a group of them, is the old guard. A politician who wants to get in is the friend of all the people—until he gets in. Then he becomes the old guard.

If Mr. Pinchot and others with him had not abandoned the republican party in 1912, thus leaving the old guard in power within the party, it would not have taken so long to rout the old guard.

BENEFICIARIES OF THE GOLD DISCOVERY.

The "days of forty-nine" celebration, scheduled for this week at the capital of California, challenges the interest of the whole country because the discovery of gold in California in 1848 was an event of greatly more than local importance. It is seriously questionable, indeed, whether other communities did not benefit even more than California did from this epochal economic occurrence.

This was peculiarly true of Oregon. Lacking the ostensible romance of immediate contact with the mining camps and their scenes of disorder, and at the same time escaping its disadvantages, the territory to the north of El Dorado was profoundly influenced in other ways. It was transformed, first by being almost depopulated by the stampede to the placers which ensued and then by the enrichment of its inhabitants through trade in the necessities of life. In particular, however, the change was social. The community had been almost exclusively agricultural and pastoral, and self-contained almost to the point of caring nothing about the progress of the rest of the country. Lack of trade relations with the commercial world, as a historian of the period has aptly said, as well as the sluggish condition of western trade had imposed a penalty on any effort more specialized than want. The political philosopher will find material for a thesis in this sudden accession of incentive and the consequences of it which resulted from the taking of gold from the mines of another state.

Professor James Henry Gilbert reminds us in his very interesting summarization of the trade and currency of early Oregon that apathy had been encouraged and progress inhibited by want of a stable and accepted medium of exchange in that early day. The population of the territory in 1848 included some 13,000 whites, the majority of whom were settled on farms in the Willamette valley. Oregon City, the most important town in the region, had a population of 800; Portland about 100. The people were almost exclusively engaged in tilling the soil, but a truer picture of conditions is obtained from the statement that they were using practically no farm machinery. Ambition was relatively at low ebb. Diversification of industry was the first and most important result of the inflow of gold, and this was followed by a chain of effects from which the territory never relapsed into its former Arcadian situation. It is interesting to recall that one of the discouragements of labor was that the artisan who applied himself to a single trade was compelled to rely upon what Professor Gilbert calls the "coincidence of barter" for the proper disposition of his product and the satisfaction of his wants. This primitive condition, to which some theorists would have us return, was marked by stagnation, by repression of the strong individualism by which the pioneers normally were characterized and even by recesssion to the social state of a much earlier time.

The California discovery infused new life into Oregon in a number of ways. Although it was first followed by a rush southward which is estimated to have taken away two-thirds of the men capable of bearing arms, in a time when Indian wars were rife, this was presently compensated for by the return of considerable numbers with new wealth speedily acquired in the mines. It is historically true that the adventurers from Oregon, the first to reach the diggings, were among the most successful. They had their choice of bonanzas and enjoyed all the privileges of first-comers in a booming country. But, as has come to pass elsewhere under similar circumstances, those who prudently remained at home to harvest their crops or to market their surplus supplies fared on the whole even better than those who accepted the gambling chance of winning a greater treasure. The most extraordinary stampede in history swelled the population of California to 100,000 in about a year, but there were few among that hundred thousand who had come west to engage in prosaic industry. The enormous demand for the requisites of all society, and particularly for food and building materials, did more than increase the wealth of Oregon—it gave new impetus to business of every kind, stimulated ambition and in due course, as economists will tell us was inevitable, created demand for better things for which people now had the means to pay.

The first result of the return of miners, satisfied with the enhancement of their fortunes, to Oregon was a decided movement toward the beautification of homes throughout the Willamette valley; next in order were the acquisition of more land and the improvement of farms and a vast increase in the volume of manufacturing, particularly for export. Mills, factories and river boats were built, prices rose and all the people found constant employment, which only those engaged in farming had had before. "The presence of money in abundance," as Professor Gilbert observes, "stimulated import trade because it created alertness to put forward something which would buy gold and it acted in a similar way toward domestic industry by constituting a spur to production as well as importation."

The era of higher prices which was the unavoidable consequence of these phenomena had its beneficent results, though it deprived the people of some of the emoluments of their natural situation. The evils attendant on sudden expansion of the currency were probably more than offset by the imponderables of quickened incentive and wider outlook. The "boom" in Oregon was a spiritual godsend to it, notwithstanding that it invited reckless speculation. The first labor-saving farm machinery of any note was one of its results; preliminary agitation for a railroad began in the early fifties, and set a mark for the people to aim at though a number of years elapsed before the first railroad was built; the demand for public improvements such as the widening of the channel of the Willamette below the Oregon City falls and the construction of a canal from La Creole river to the Willamette gave needed opportunity for practice in social co-operation. The passion for prospecting which resulted in the discovery of placers in southern Oregon, and some time later in eastern Oregon and the region now embraced in Idaho, was of minor moral significance but, it too, encouraged enterprise and enormously increased the sum total of the territory's wealth.

The "days of forty-nine" in Oregon were less spectacular than they were in California; they were not, however, much less momentous in those respects which appeal to economists and historians rather than to the Bret Hartes, the Sam Davises and the Dan De Quilles.

LADY ASTOR ON PROHIBITION.

Americans who believe in their nation, and in the sincerity of their national motives, heard with some gratification the farewell statement of Lady Astor, when she embarked for her return to England. She had been asked, this brilliant expatriate and notable, her views on prohibition as she observed it here. She replied:

> When I balance the result, offset the uplifting of the poor and struggling and the salvation which prohibition has brought to many wives and children, against the alleged degradation of some of the rich—well, I have no doubt the net result for the country has been good. Yours has been a big contribution to the spiritual regeneration of the world.

These observations, which so completely tally with those of a majority of Americans, are almost unique in that they were made by someone of prominence from Europe. Our visitors from overseas have, in many instances, blandly accepted the illicit cocktail and then made sport of their sinful hosts. They have aided in evading the law, and have prated of American inconsistency and the "failure" of prohibition. Several such were present at the reception given by Dempsey and Carpentier, and on sober second thought announced themselves as greatly shocked by the frequency with which hip flasks were encountered. The truth is that many Europeans hope in their hearts that prohibition will fail, thus discouraging the reform in their own lands.

Lady Astor had the good sense not to expect of prohibition an accomplished task in so brief a period of trial. She was fair enough in her estimate to balance the result, something that is continually dodged by the critics of the Volstead act—who much prefer to balance an olive on the end of a toothpick and drink damnation to all alcoholic reform. One hopes that she will repeat her conclusions anent prohibition to the house of commons and the British public.

Discovery has been made through "fingerprinting" that 10 per cent of employes of one branch of the New York postoffice have criminal records and they have been discharged as measures of safety. Civil service must have been napping when they got by.

A California prisoner, denying his recent confession, says that he dreamed the episode after smoking a single cigarette. Doubtless it was of the brand popular with scenario writers, a peril in every puff.

An American ornithologist is in England to linger until he hears the singing of the nightingale. His is a worthy mission, yet ill-timed unless he first has heard the hermit thrush at home.

A man who is charged with having twelve wives pleads that he doesn't know whether this is true or not. Naturally, he hasn't had much time in which to take a memory course.

There is a "passing show" coming that features 2300 gowns, though popular idea of a "passing show" is something that features much lack of gowns.

All that has been said against mixed marriages does not hinder the occasional white girl from seeking a legalized lazy life.

Heat as well as light is being generated in the controversy over the advisability of adopting artificial daylight saving.

They say that the Columbia freshet is halted. Perhaps. The Columbia takes some halting when she gets fresh.

Hearst is for Hylan for governor, but modesty naturally forbids him from naming his real choice.

It's no use—Debs cannot break back into jail. Nobody in authority will take him seriously.

Friendships between nations, like those of individuals, endure best on a cash basis.

The Listening Post.

By DeWitt Harry.

Of course, there is a great deal of inconvenience in making hootch in a city. In the first place there are so many neighbors and some of them might be against the practice and tip off the still if the fumes become too dense. Then there is the difficulty in getting the apparatus assembled, the necessity for smuggling in the many parts. But the main difficulty is in getting the necessary materials and in keeping the mash until it gains the proper punch for distillation.

But how'd you like to live on a dairy or stock farm and always have a plentiful supply of corn juice at hand? The silo is the secret, for these great towering tanks for the preservation of green foods for cattle produce barrels of juice that has a wallop fit for any "ten-minute country egg." All that is necessary is to tap or "bleed" the silo at the base and the refreshment is at hand. Maybe this may make ranch work popular among some classes, but that's not all the story.

According to expert analysis, ensilage, as it settles, crushes out the juices that ferment at the bottom. Most of the food placed in silos is green corn and the result is corn juice of from 5 to 6 per cent alcoholic content. But another mighty kick comes from noxious weeds. Ragweed are dodder frequently find their way in with the more wholesome contents and the juice from them frequently has a narcotic effect not unlike opium.

Thus the farm hand, after the day's work, can load up on raw, sour corn juice as strong as hard cider and with a knockout drop of "hop" for good measure. He might not be any too enthusiastic about work the next day, but the temporary elevation of spirits would be undoubted. "Silo shine" tastes like biting into a green corn stalk, according to one who knows, and it can be doctored up so that it is really palatable.

* * *

One of the most able judges in the city lives almost an ideal life, his every action unselfish and wholesome. It does not seem possible for this man to be small or petty in any of his deeds and his judicial temperament is a matter of comment among bench and bar. His rulings are just, his judgments calm and well taken, his opinions seldom questioned and his findings generally stand the test of the few appeals that have been made. His private life is as free from reproach as is his public career.

One of his relaxations illustrates his thoughtfulness. For years it has been his regular Sunday and holiday occupation to take sick people out for an airing. Before the war he was known at all the hospitals and many is the gleam of happiness that he has brought into the life of some unfortunate by this unselfish sacrifice of his leisure. Of late months he can be found, nearly any day he has of rest, at the United States public service hospital with a machine full of disabled veterans. If good wishes will warm any heart his must be in a perpetual glow. The amount of cheer he has distributed in this manner is incalculable.

* * *

The story is current of the cowboy visitor in Omaha who, when served the rather loud bit of cheese, excitedly called the waitress and showed her the creepers with this explanation:

"Ever hear of vitamines? Well, them's them."

The counterpart to this tale is going the rounds of Portland, the subject being a sturdy youngster who does mother's marketing. Having heard quite an assortment of anecdotes about weevils in biscuits and other pests in dried fruits, it is no wonder he became excited. Mother had send him for some figs, and when he returned empty handed she asked for an explanation.

"Well, mother, I threw the figs away," related the youngster. "I bit into one of them and it had bugs' eggs in it, and we weren't going to eat bugs' eggs, now, were we?"

* * *

Bill Bemis is six years old and to him newspaper and The Oregonian are synonyms. Bill overheard his mother and grandmother discussing that bane of the housekeeper—moths. Mother was in favor of cedar chests or moth balls to preserve clothing, but grandma had a sovereign protective—newspaper. She said that the moths did not like printer's ink and would not go near it. In explaining the process to his aunt, Bill said:

"If you want to keep moths away from clothes grandma says to wrap them in Oregonians, 'cause moths don't like that paper."

* * *

Clad in greasy coveralls, the driver of the bakery delivery truck swung from his seat and ran into the corner grocery store. The clerk gave him the day's order and the delivery man went out and returned with a dozen or so loaves of bread clasped in his arms. He placed them in the case and then remembered that he had forgotten something and went out again, returning with three delicate little cream puffs perched on his filthy fingers.

* * *

False, Every Word Uvit.

A woman in Puyallup had her spouse arrested and thrown into limb-oo for 30 days because he pulled her hair. Well, old man Listener, it is sometimes difficult for a man to tell whose hair he is pulling when he clutches that on his wife's head these days. BILLBATES.

* * *

This column received one of its highest compliments a few days ago when a friend assured the pilot that he read it every day.

* * *

"What were you women discussing for such a long time?" the married man asked his better half.

"Oh, nothing," was the answer. "We were just talking about clothes."

* * *

First Portland was famed for her roses and she has held her place in the front rank. Then came the dahlia development and the popularity of that flower has increased if anything. Of late months the tulip has began to come into its own until this city is beginning to be famed for her tulips as well. These are far from all the list of striking floral beauties of the city, but the tupil and dahlia may fitfingly be classed as princesses in the court of Queen Rose.

Those Who Come and Go.

Tales of Folks at the Hotels.

Leaving San Francisco at 6:30 A. M., Mr. and Mrs. George Burtt drove to Medford, arriving there at 7:30 P. M., the distance being about 450 miles. The drive from Medford to Portland was made more leisurely. Had Mr. Burtt wished to push the car he could have reached Roseburg before going to bed, but he decided that 450 miles was enough to drive for a day. When he landed in Portland yesterday Mr. Burtt reported that the road between San Francisco and this city is in splendid condition. There are now a rapidly increasing number of tourists on the Pacific highway, the movement being chiefly northward, as scores of Californians are planning to spend the summer season in Oregon, where the weather is more agreeable. Some of these California residents intend traveling around Oregon for two or three months, in which time they expect to cover the state thoroughly.

Baker, as well as Sacramento, Cal., is going in for whiskers. The people of Baker are preparing to celebrate in July and they will sport whiskers and the costumes of pioneer days, just as the residents of Sacramento are doing in their celebration this week. A crowd of Bakerites have promised to come to Portland during the rose festival, wearing their beards and rough raiment as a sort of advertisement for their own show, just as the Pendleton people have done on other occasions as a boost for the round-up. John H. Ingram of Baker is among the arrivals at the Imperial.

Art Kolstad of Hood River is registered at the Benson. Mr. Kolstad has one of the finest motion picture theaters east of the Cascades—probably the finest between Portland and Salt Lake City—according to reports. A few nights ago someone entered the theater and blew open the safe, getting away with some of the profits. Time was when burglars made country postoffices their special target, but of recent years the motion picture houses in the small towns have received more attention from visiting yeggmen.

Wesley Van der Cook, associated with the Long-Bell Lumber company, which is erecting a big plant near Kelso, Wash., is at the Hotel Portland. The Long-Bell company believes in creating a demand for its lumber, so it gets out a booklet of plans for prospective home builders containing estimates of the amount of lumber necessary for the different types of houses. This company also puts a label on its lumber, whereas the average mill lets this opportunity to advertise go neglected.

There are big things doing in the North Unit irrigation project, things involving the expenditure of many millions of dollars, and a group of bond dealers have been working on the matter for a long time. Harry Guard of Madras, who has been boosting for the development of the North Unit for years, is in the city.

"I'll bet," said a hotel clerk yesterday as a man walked up to the desk and inquired for a departed patron, "that he is a bootlegger. I never saw him before, but any man who wears an overcoat on a warm day like this must be using the coat to hide a bottle."

Sherman Lovell, automobile dealer of Astoria, is at the Multnomah. An automobile has to have more power in Astoria than it does in Seattle, for the residence section is on the hill and the grades there would make the average Portland driver's hair stand on end.

Norborne Berkeley, who was nominated on the democratic ticket for the legislature in Umatilla county last Friday, is registered at the Hotel Oregon from Pendleton. Umatilla had the hottest election in its history, and the people up there are still talking about it.

Among the arrivals at the Imperial yesterday was one of the recent democratic aspirants for governor, Will E. Purdy of Salem. Mr. Purdy was low man on the ticket for this nomination, but he had a lot of fun running.

Henry J. Taylor, pioneer of Umatilla county, is in the city attending the grand lodge of Oddfellows. In the good old days, which he wants to see return, Mr. Taylor used to come to Portland to attend the democratic state conventions.

Six hours is the time used by H. W. McCrabbe in motoring from Chehalis, Wash., to Portland, which isn't record-breaking by any means. Mr. McCrabbe, who is in the business of buying hides, is registered at the Bengon.

Ogden R. Mills, son of one of the big cattlemen of Crook county, is at the Imperial from the Paulina country. George M. Stearns, whose father is also in the cattle business in that county, is with Mr. Mills.

Harry Bair, former mayor of Canby, is in the city. He recently returned from central Oregon, which he declares cannot compare in climate, soil or surroundings with dear old Canby.

W. B. Collins, an attorney from Sheboygan, Wis., is registered at the Hotel Portland. He came west on a business trip.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Steelhammer of Silverton are at the Benson. Mr. Steelhammer is one of the city fathers of the town.

STEPHEN FOSTER A REAL BARD

Correspondent Compares Composer of "My Old Kentucky Home" to Lincoln.

PORTLAND, May 23.—(To the Editor.)—To an article in The Sunday Oregonian recently on "A Bard Who Sang in Tune," about Stephen C. Foster, I might say that I knew Mr. Foster for two years and saw him almost daily and I failed to observe many of the facts stated. If I were not as old as I am—79 years—I might inform The Oregonian how and why Foster wrote 'My Old Kentucky Home," just why Foster captivated the common people, and show that the American people can count very few among their number who did as much for the intellectual welfare of American culture as did Stephen C. Foster.

He did it, too, with the foresight of the real prophet. I also want to say that Foster was neither a vagabond, a bum nor a mendicant, but a gentleman. Frail and nearly always an invalid, but ever with a certain purpose in view, and to his glory be it said that he accomplished that purpose before he died, and he was only 38 when that happened. He overcame numerous difficulties, but he stuck to his line. I rank Foster in the same category as Lincoln. He worked for the common people, felt for the common people and was of the common people.

PAUL PFERDNER.

Thanks Friends for Re-election.

SALEM, Or., May 22.—(To the Editor.)—Through your columns I want to express my sincere thanks to my many friends who so loyally supported me prior to and on May 19, by re-electing me to the legislature. As a legislator I tried to do my duty as I saw it, and shall continue in that course as long as I am in public life.

WALTER G. LYNN.

Burroughs Nature Club.

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Can You Answer These Questions?

1. How do birds manage their food—do they break it up before swallowing?

2. Kindly tell what species the tailless cat belongs to. I have one without a tail, and like a rabbit in the back?

3. Do all caterpillars make cocoons for their winged adults to hatch from?

Answers in tomorrow's Nature Notes.

* * *

Answers to Previous Questions.

1. Has the deadly cobra snake any natural enemy?

Yes, one of the Ichneumons, or "trackers." Herpestes griseus, commonly called mongoose, fights and frequently kills this snake, in spite of the latter's fatal bite. The mongoose is very quick at dodging and has thick fur which stands out stiffly when the creature is enraged. This acts almost like armor, making it difficult for the snake to strike into the actual body which is itself slender compared to the furry bulk.

* * *

2. What part of a cotton plant is the cotton fiber?

The fluff is an inside wrapping in the pods, intended to help the seeds to which it clings, float away from the parent plant to a rooting place. This is practically the device of the dandelion and milkweed, to get their seeds sown. Fortunately for man, the wrapping of the cotton seeds is very abundant, especially under cultivation, and stands manipulation.

* * *

3. What is the name of a brown bird, yellow on its breast, with long tail resembling a mocking-bird, that builds in the birdhouse early every sping?

Too scant a description for accurate identification; but we judge, as the correspondent writes from South Carolina, that the Carolina wren may be meant. It is 5½ inches long, rich reddish brown, with whitish line over the eye, white throat, buff on breast and belly. Builds in almost any hole and would use a nesting box.

BOSS CONTROL YET HOLDS ON

Independent Analysis of Results of Direct Primary.

Youth's Companion.

The most significant and closely related incidents have occurred in current politics: Both the democratic and the republican state conventions of Maine have resolved to ask the people through a referendum whether they wish to repeal the direct primary law; and the democratic candidates for senator, four representatives in congress, governor and auditor are shown to have been selected a month on two before the primaries at which the voters are supposed to choose them.

The two incidents show that in one part of the country at least there is a general conviction that the great reform is a failure and they illustrate the failure by concrete examples.

The wonder is that anyone who was capable of thinking at all should ever have supposed that the direct primary would do away with the evils of the system that is replaced. Bosses control caucuses, then away with the caucus! But the caucus was not abolished. What was abolished was the convention that followed the caucus and that sometimes, though not always, corrected the mistakes of the caucus. Precisely the same voters had the right to take part in a caucus who now go to the polls in a primary. If the bosses outgeneraled them in the one, the bosses can defeat them in the other. All that was changed was the name of the process. It is loose thinking for a man who is voting in a primary to suppose that he is not voting in a caucus.

The convention that we gave up was a possible corrector. At present, if there are several candidates for an office in a district or a state the chances are that the nominee will have only a minority of the votes in the primary. If the district contains a city or a town that has a larger voting population than the surrounding country and if that city presents a local candidate, he is almost sure of the nomination, whatever his comparative merits. In the convention that used to follow the local caucuses he would not have been nominated until he had obtained a clear majority of the delegates. In some instances he would not have survived the first ballot. Conventions sometimes took hundreds of ballots before they made a nomination.

There are plenty of other arguments against the direct primary—that a man whose name begins with A stands a better chance of getting votes than one whose name stands farther down the alphabetical list; that a man who will spend money to advertise himself can easily beat one who relies only upon his reputation with his neighbors; that in some states a man may vote in the primary opposed to him and can thus help that party to make a ruinous nomination. The list of objections is a long one. It was to destroy the power of the bosses that the reform was undertaken, and today it is the bosses who most vigorously oppose repeal.

WHERE A PLURALITY RULES

People Do Not Take Enough Interest in Primary Elections.

Grants Pass Observer.

There can be no representative government unless the people take enough interest to make it representative. They are not now doing it. The government under the direct primary is theoretically democratic and representative, but it is not so in practice. About 40 per cent of the qualified voters go to the polls on primary election day, and 25 per cent of this number will no doubt name the nominee of the republican party at Friday's election. Thus the party espouses a nominee who represents, not the people, or a majority of the party even, but a very small minority. Unless there can be greater interest shown, and better nominees presented, there should be a return to the convention system. Then delegates are charged with the selection of party candidates, and the fitness of the man and geographical distribution of offices is given consideration, personal ambition not being the chief motive as now.

If there is the apathy at the Friday nominating election, it would be well to declare the experiment a failure, and give us again the fire and spirit of the political convention. Parties have lost their grip these days, and nothing better has arisen to take their place. The American system of government is founded upon party organization, and party interest must be kept alive.

To make the direct primary representative, the people must vote. It is more essential that they vote then than at the general election, which ratifies the action taken by the party at the direct primary, and a few of us like to be called upon to ratify the action of a handful of electors who may not represent party thought or public need.

Address of Thomas A. Edison.

ALBANY, Or., May 23.—(To the Editor.)—Please publish the address of Thomas A. Edison. MRS. H. H. J.

West Orange, N. J.

More Truth Than Poetry.

By James J. Montague.

MATCH ME, MATCH MY DOG.

A Parisian Pastoral.

If Fifi's morning frock is red
With trimmings somewhat duller,
The dog that ambles on ahead
Must match each lovely color.
If Fifi's evening gown is blue,
With jet to make it snappy,
The dog must be the selfsame hue,
Or Fifi can't be happy.

When Fifi's mamma goes to town
A new spring suit to buy her,
She also takes the puppy down
And parks him with the dyer.
Next day amid the traffic stream
They both are glad surprises;
For Fifi's suit is mauve and cream—
And Pom Pom harmonizes.

In shade and tone they are the same,
But that's just half the story;
The puppy's head is bowed in shame
While Fifi beams with glory.
The puppy cannot care for art
Or color schemes to save him,
For he is just a dog at heart
And likes the skin God gave him.

* * *

No Other Explanation.

Evidently De Valera thinks "He kept us out of peace" will be a popular rallying cry with the Irish.

* * *

Disillusioned.

No man is a hero to his bootlegger.

* * *

Jealous.

In order to keep up with the New York crime wave Chicago has to start a riot.

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Work.

By Grace E. Hall.

I have gone to my work as cheerily
As a bride adorns herself
Upon her wedding day,
A song upon my lips
And laughter in my eyes,
Energy quick-rushing in my veins,
Strong as the tidal wave of blood
That paints the maiden's cheek;
And all day long my tasks were threads
Upon a golden loom,
Where I wove deftly in
The colors of my thought
And at the twilight hour my heart was singing still,
My mind unwearied by the conscious will.

I have gone to my work as fearfully
As a culprit being dragged by force
Before tribunal of law
Destined by men to mete out punishment
Despite his soul's protesting;
Shrinking and afraid have I then
Faced the day,
And every task I undertook
Was like a slow and weary disentangling
Of knotted threads that
Never could come straight;
And when at last my fears were laid,
And tasks all done,
My soul was sicker than at rise of sun.

And I have gone to work as soddenly
And quite as drearily
As any galley-slave who ever clanked
His hindered, hopeless way
Down to his living grave
Of goalless, soulless toil;
I have drawn from my reserve of strength
Until it seemed
My brain must surely yield its spark and die;
While some grim monitor I never could quite name,
Prompted my eyes, my hands,
And urged me on and on;
And somehow at the close of such a fight
I went home calm and sure at fall of night.

In Other Days.

Twenty-Five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of May 24, 1897.

New York.—Two persons perished and three were injured in a fire in a four-story building.

Athens—It is again reported that Edhem Pasha, the Turkish commander-in-chief, demands that peace be negotiated through him.

Dan Malone, one of the ghouls who stole William Ladd's body from Riverview cemetery, is believed to be mentally unbalanced.

Benton Killin, well-known attorney, has been appointed special commissioner of the department of agriculture to study conditions in Alaska.

Fifty Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of May 24, 1872.

Washington—The senate adjourned after having been in continuous session for 24 hours. The Ku Klux and amnesty bills passed. The president signed the amnesty bill.

The organization of the Portland light artillery company was effected last night, with Thomas Mountain as captain.

The Umatilla house at The Dalles is now completed and is in every way an agreeable and well-appointed hostelry.

New York.—Customs inspectors seized 15,000 contraband Havana cigars on the Moro Castle.

Plea for Truthful Clocks.

PORTLAND, May 23.—(To the Editor.)—For some time we have been able to look at a watch or clock and feel that we were not responsible for its facing us with a lie. There is considerable doubt of any organization or body of men having the right to change the time, except, perhaps, as a national measure, in time of war. Is our business with New York banks so much greater than that of San Francisco, or Los Angeles, that such a change is necessary?

The advent of this so-called "daylight saving," will bring a great wave of discontent, and dissatisfaction, and, what real good will it do? At best, it would be only local. Those banks that wish to open at 9 o'clock and call it 10 o'clock, close at 2 o'clock and call it 3 o'clock—what is the matter with their doing so? I don't think very many of us will put up a kick about it. It will be only what you call it, you are not going to change the right time. Let the rest of us live in peace and as nearly natural as we can. Get a little more