Morning Oregonian

ESTABLISHED BY HENRY L. PITTOCK

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH CONGRESS?

Congress is in the dumps, knowing that it has a hard job in redeeming the affairs of the country from the disorder in which the war left them and in organizing the nation for the broadened commercial intercourse upon which it has entered. It is besieged with insistent demands from particular groups that their desires shall be gratified without regard to the rights of others. Public expressions of approval for work generally recognized as good are drowned by calls for action on the demands of these groups. When measures of national scope are brought forward, their merits are either taken as a matter of course or words of commendation are so few and faint that they can scarcely be heard amid the noisy criticism from the comparatively few who do not get what they want.

This congress had to please a nation that was in a state of moral reaction. It was impossible that the people could remain keyed up to the high pitch of patriotic devotion to which the war lifted them. A relapse to selfish absorption in personal or class interest was inevitable and the national morale seems to have gone as far below as during the war it had gone above normal. The disheartening controversy about the peace treaty made the descent deeper and the recovery slower than it should have been. The problems before congress were more complex than any that had confronted the country for many years and were almost all economic, therefore of a kind that did not appeal to the imagination but did appeal most decidedly to the pockets of interested groups. Requiring close study, these problems were not well understood by the people at large, but were the subject of strong opinions among some who thought they understood and who undertook to instruct the rest, but only spread and deepened prejudice.

To legislate for such a people under such circumstances required men of a high average with leaders well above the average. It also required that the members should be willing to accept their leaders' guidance and that parties should be strongly organized to act as units on questions of policy. The present congress does not come up to those specifications. It is an example of the steady deterioration in quality of membership which has continued for more than twenty years, especially in the house. The seniority rule has brought to the head of committees a number of mediocrities, the senate leaders of outstanding ability being well past their prime, therefore incapable of that continuous concentration required of a leader in a long, hard legislative fight.

Men of so low an average quality are naturally susceptible to the disruptive influences abroad, therefore prone to split party into factions. This tendency was strengthened by the enormous republican majority, which would have militated against control of far stronger leaders than are present in this congress. Add to this the fact that republican victory in 1920 was in large degree due to protest against executive dictation, and that this made President Harding at first overscrupulous about exerting his power as leader of his party to hold it to performance of its promises and as head of the government, to whom the people look for the proper functioning of the governmental machine, and we have a combination which militates against performance of the arduous tasks before congress.

The root of the trouble is that the general run of congressmen in both senate and house is of such small mental and moral caliber that they constantly sacrifice national interests to those of their own district, state or section, or to the selfish claims of some class or fanatical group of doctrinaires. They do so because their thoughts are on their own reelection rather than on the needs of their country and because they lack ambition to earn a lasting reputation by legislating wisely. They pay more attention to the well-organized minorities which raise a coyote howl and threaten to swing the votes of this or that group against them than to the great, silent majority which stays quietly at home trusting them to do their duty undisturbed by the special pleas of the lobbyist and propagandist, though, if they prove indifferent to clamor, this majority as silently goes to the polls and re-elects them. A man of character and ability would act upon his unhampered judgment, unheeding the call of faction, working with his party for fulfilment of its pledges, and confident that the sound sense and conscience of that silent majority will vindicate him by re-election or at least will respect him for daring to disagree, though it holds him to have erred.

How comes it that so few men of this large calibre are sent to congress? It is not enough to say that the popular uprising in 1920 was so great that almost anybody could be elected on the republican ticket and that the south is so solid that the same is true of the democratic ticket in that section. We begin to decide the quality of each congress when we nominate candidates. If our system of nomination is such that it leaves the way wide open for men of loud voice, brazen front, small intellect and weak character, while causing men of high quality to shun the contest, it leaves us the choice between two men of the former kind. In order to reform congress, we must begin at the source, subject our methods of nomination to critical analysis, and revise them so that they will send into retirement the men whose whole career in congress is one continual deal for votes of people who are incapable of taking a patriotic, national viewpoint, and will bring to the front men who dare to defy the clamor of the demagogue, the selfseeker and the crank. This must be done, for now more than ever we need such men.

JUSTICE.

Two years after Sheriff Til Taylor was slain in cold blood at Pendleton, two of his murderers are hanged. One had been hanged previously. Two years is a long time—long enough for the stir of excitement and of horror created by the crime to have subsided to a great extent. It has been also long enough for the attorneys of the condemned men to exhaust every possible legal remedy—every technical resource of the law—in a vain attempt to stay the course of justice.

Justice—that is exactly the word. The state hanged Kerby and Rathie in the name and cause of justice. It did not "kill" them, as a weeping contemporary sorrowfully cries, with a plain intimation that the state which hangs is itself a murderer; but in the high performance of its plain duty, without passion, or prejudice, or anger, through the agencies of the law which protects the individual and serves all society, it called finis on two men who had forfeited the right to live in their murder of another.

"For the state to kill," we are told by this opponent of capital punishment, "is an example for the individual to kill." If the state "killed" in any wanton and criminal sense, it would be so. But it does not. It hangs murderers for the same reason that it imprisons other criminals. Is the state a kidnaper because it deprives men of their liberty? Is the state a potential murderer because it puts weapons in the hands of its peace officials? Of course it is not. By arming its police with pistols, it is not setting an example to kill, and by taking forcible custody of lawbreaking citizens it is not setting an example of felonious assault upon citizens.

Hanging, to be sure, is grewsome business. But murder is murder—a disagreeable and awful fact. The state cannot refuse to do justice because of the tears and anguish of the relatives of the murderers; nor does it do justice because of the sorrow visited upon the family and relatives of the murdered man. It does justice for the protection, benefit and safety of society.

UP TO HIS OLD TRICKS.

Residents of Portland should not permit themselves to be greatly incensed over the pernicious absurdity of a falsehood recently published in an Australian newspaper, wherein it was declared with horrified emphasis that even the school children of this city are addicted to moonshine whisky. Surely we of old know John Barleycorn so intimately, in the reckless, wastrel days before his exile, to remember him as a most mendacious scoundrel, who would stoop to any lie that served his purpose. John was ever a tall and facile liar, stone sober or deep in his cups, and never did his nose glow quite so ruddily, his eyes water to more telling effect, than when the rascal was propounding a whopper, a gargantuan fabrication. To find that he is as competent and crafty as of yore, though far away in New South Wales, should neither astonish nor dismay us. Such was the way he had.

Yet this pal of yesteryear, as many Americans will recall him, was afflicted with transparency, an ailment common enough to your ready prevaricator. Thus when he lied and you looked at him, really bent your inquiring gaze upon John, at once you saw right through him, falsehood and all and perceived the hidden impulse of his lie. And so it is with the preposterous story printed in Australia—for there the fight for prohibition has roused Old John and his bibblers to snatch up their bungstarters and have at the proposed reform. Clearly enough the lie about Portland needed no other inspiration than this. For as Cervantes with his drinking, so John with his falsifying. He will lie upon occasion, and sometimes without occasion.

Yet it is proper, not alone for the good name of the city, but for the dissemination of truth which may aid the Australian reformers, that the lie be nailed with documentary proof to the contrary. This proof is now in compilation and will go outward to Sidney, where it will be offered in refutation of such falsehoods as it would seem needless to refute. It will not, quite probably, disturb the sordid complacency of John himself, who doesn't mind in the least if you catch him at his lying, but it may serve to influence the fair-minded Australians, the voters who take a little drink once in a while. It was such as these in America, beyond question, who at length and heartily assisted in giving him the gate, as the argot has it.

There is liquor to be had in prohibition America, and none deny that there is. Yet it is bought and quaffed by stealth and its traffic is waning gradually before the aggression of the law. Yes, it is undeniably true that the thirsty soul who seeks liquor may yet find it, but in considering this it is proper to comment that not many are seeking it. Citizens have discovered that their daily drink is far from indispensable, and business has found that paradoxically the abstinence from stimulant has greatly stimulated its affairs. Occasionally there comes to the United States some foreign guest who pretends to discover that prohibition is a failure. We are hospitable people, even with our bootleg. It seems likely that these critics were so engrossed with such hospitality, in which they illegally participated, that they did not find time to look about them—at sober and law-abiding America. To the contrary, Conan Doyle and Lady Astor, among our more recent visitors from England, returned to London as thorough converts to prohibition.

The canard printed in Sidney, fictitious and foolish in every particular, is typical of similar falsehoods that have from time to time been printed in the English press, and typical as well of the blackguard intolerance that dimmed forever the twinkle of one of Pussyfoot Johnson's perfectly good eyes. More in sorrow than in anger would Portland, Oregon, United States of America, remind Sidney, New South Wales, Australia, of these facts.

PICKING UP TACKS.

In a single town of southern California, where a movement had been begun to make the streets safe for tires, Boy Scouts scouted out and delivered to the junk-heap 1,068-378 pins, tacks, nails and fragments of glass. For this they were rewarded by grateful motorists, and a great deal was said of the menace of carelessly discarded objects. Almost before the last pin was delivered, we may assume, a new crop of destruction had been planted.

Pins, of course, have an incurable habit of getting lost, but no such excuse will serve for tacks and nails and broken glass. In most instances their presence on the public thoroughfare is the result of carelessness of apathetic negligence, of the spirit of let-George-do-it. A broken milk bottle is no phenomenon on any pavement, but to see it carefully picked up, splinter and fragment, by the person who dropped it there is the rarest of sights. Bearers of milk bottles may cry over spilt milk, but certainly they do not weep over broken bottles. This appropriate lamentation is reserved for the motorist, who often enough has reason to weep.

The benefit of such a campaign as that waged by the Boy Scouts in the instance referred to can be but temporary and negligible unless the general public perceives the lesson. Carelessness as to the streets, indifference to the safety and rights of others, can have but one result—a direct or indirect reaction upon the careless. Not all of them, of course, but, soon or late, some of them will be trapped in their own pitfalls.

NO CHECK ON THE FLOOD OF TALK.

The senate had no good reason for refusing to put the cloture on debate on the tariff bill, and had very good reason for putting it on. The debate has already continued longer than that on any former tariff and its promulgation does not enlighten anybody. Every amendment to every one of the thousands of items is debated at length by wearisome repetition of the same arguments, varied only to fit the particular point. Debate revolves chiefly around German competition with American industry, and the same old story is told again and again about depreciation of the mark, low wages of German labor and cheap German imports.

Opposition to the cloture comes from democrats and those republicans whose custom it is to oppose the policy of their party and then to boast of their independent care for the public interest. In fact they are what President Harding well terms "soloists" attempting to "attract attention to themselves instead of working for the good of their party and country." They obtain political advertising for themselves at heavy cost to the people, for the daily expense of keeping congress in session is no small sum, and every day spent in talk that contributes nothing to good legislation represents money wasted.

By their dilatory tactics democrats and dissident republicans not only delay action on the tariff but in effect oppose action on every other important bill that the country needs. They endanger the chances of the bonus bill, the shipping bill, the reclamation bill, the immigration bill and other measures of the highest importance. Some of the obstructionists come from the west, which needs irrigation, some from the south, which needs drainage, some from the south coast, which needs ships, but they compel the progress of the country to wait till they talk themselves dry on the tariff.

There seems to be no hope of reform within the senate, though its shameful waste of time and consequent delay to urgently needed legislation has become a national scandal, until public indignation drives it. President Wilson's scourging of the twelve senators who filibustered against the armed neutrality resolution in March, 1917, drove the senate to adopt the cloture rule. Another such denunciation seems needed to make that rule effective.

NEW POLITICAL TENDENCIES.

Although it is an exaggeration to describe results of recent republican primary elections as showing a radical tendency in the party, they certainly indicate a tendency to form blocs which, while using the name "republican," act independently of the party and often in opposition to it and in alliance with similar blocs of nominal democrats. This is an unmistakable outgrowth of that disintegration of party organization, that weakening of party loyalty, which is directly traceable to the direct primary as now applied. From the extreme of parties closely controlled by bosses, who made slates for conventions to nominate, we have gone to the other extreme of every man and every group for himself or itself without regard to the necessity of maintaining party organization, of upholding fealty to party principles.

The farm bloc is most frequently cited as an example of this tendency, though its formation may fairly be attributed to the existence of an "old guard" bloc, though not known by that name, having its stronghold in the eastern states, smaller centers of power in other states and a following that is influential out of proportion to numbers in the rest of the country. The kind of men that North Dakota sends to the senate may become another bloc advocating a programme so socialist that it has nothing in common with republicanism. There also are Senators La Follette, Norris, France and others who flock loosely together and oppose almost every important measure that is put forward by the party whose name they use to get office. Among the voters there is a less clearly defined labor group which, without regard to party, supports the so-called friends of "labor" and strives to defeat the so-called enemies of labor on both tickets. Cutting across these groups are racial and religious divisions which know neither section nor class and have even less respect for party, for they are of foreign origin and inspiration.

Have we arrived at a period of transition in our political methods? Formation of these more or less clearly defined blocs points that way. They have arisen at a time when there are no plain national issues to unite the two parties one against the other, and their aims are sectional or class, though they are bisected by racial and religious lines. The republican party seems more affected than the democratic chiefly because the nucleus of the latter's strength is the south, which makes it both sectional and mainly agricultural, depending on some passing craze for enough reinforcements in the north and west to win elections. Every new dissident political movement in the last half century has started in the republican party, marking it as the breeding place of new ideas and new parties.

Is the next stage of evolution to be its division into blocs, to which the party means nothing except so far as it may serve their particular ends, and which group themselves variously to carry out their plans by a species of wholesale log-rolling? If that is to be the outcome, no national administration can pursue any consistent national policy unless it makes terms with enough blocs to form a majority party in congress. By that process we should arrive at the situation now prevailing in France, where parties were split into blocs and these blocs cohere anew into parties so loosely bound together that a bloc may at any time go over to the opposition, the result being that a cabinet rarely lives a year. Hence the curse of political instability.

Hope of better things springs from a calm review of recent primary results as a whole. Many are too prone to base general conclusions on extremes like the nomination of Brookhart in Iowa and Frazier in North Dakota, though these are exceptional, not representative of opinion in general. At the other extreme stands the renomination of a typical New England republican like Hale in Maine. For political effect democrats have dwelt much on the nomination of Pinchot in Pennsylvania and Beveridge in Indiana as signs of revolt by the progressives, but they are of a kind with Kellogg in Minnesota, and are of a far different type from the Iowa and North Dakota radicals, though for political effect all are classed together as progressives by democratic writers. Beveridge, Pinchot and Kellogg fairly represent the main body of their party, and they are equally alien to the old guard and to the radicals who preach socialism under the republican banner.

In reality these men and their like, not the standpat old guard, constitute the conservative forces of the republican party. By treating government as a process of evolution, each stage in which is dictated by new developments, intellectual, moral and material, and by adapting laws and administrations to those changes, such men preserve the basic structure of the republic. The men who have been variously termed stand-patters, old guard, and in the old world, tories, provoke demand for radical change by their stubborn resistance to any change whatever, and thus often provoke revolution. The rational progressives are the true conservatives, and to them we must look to preserve the republican party in its integrity. They may show the way to combine what is good in the direct primary with what is good in the convention, thus to evolve a new convention system which will keep the republican party true to its historic purpose, putting national principles and national interests first, above those of class or section, and casting out all discordant elements which trade on the party name in order to subvert that for which it stands.

Fired with ambition to have something worth while to show, an Oregon City man purposes raising the largest bullfrog in the world, and has a good start. That "insect" will have a bellow to send by radio if he lives.

From Los Angeles comes suggestion to ape the ape to obtain equipoise and restore equilibrium by swinging the head lower than the body occasionally. The inharmonious note is the absence of the prehensile tail.

Rocky Kansas, the guy with the neolithic name, was pugilistically pulverized by Benny Leonard, so we are happy to be informed. Some there were who said that Mister Leonard had retrogressed. Has Benny?

"Never again the Hohenzollerns!" was the cry of German workmen at a recent rally. Ah, so? Such a pledge might well be broadened. "Never again" should be the shibboleth of the new German nation.

Speaking of cherries at The Dalles, a dispatch concludes: "Due to the fact that local canneries consumed a larger share of the crop." The local cannery is the essence of progress in any Oregon town.

Depend upon the truthkist southern Californian to put it on the table piping hot. One says consumption of oranges will prevent spinal curvature. The next need is something for corns.

The Salt Lake man who tied his wife hands and feet and burned her to death on an oil-soaked bed was found guilty, though he insisted robbers did it. His passing will be easier.

Boys and matches caused a fire at Bend. Not long ago boys and matches caused a fire and a death in Portland. Boys and matches are a bad chemical combination.

Newberg is an hour's ride, if the speed cops are not looking, and the Berrians have something on the programme for those who can go today.

Bend has a husky-minded school board. Four "frills" have been dropped.

The event at Salem has small comfort for the others in murderers' row.

OBSERVATIONS ON EVOLUTION

Writer Holds Two Forces Cannot Operate as Nature, So-Called.

PORTLAND, July 7.—(To the Editor.)—I should say that the fragmentary notes on evolution by Dr. W. W. Keen were not to enlighten us on the great laws of cosmic evolution, but to rivet on the minds of the youths of the land delusions which enthrall mankind expressed by him as follows: "Thanks be to God, man's destiny is not the same as that of the beasts that perish. To develop great men such as Shakespeare, Milton, Washington and Lincoln and then by death to quench them in utter oblivion would be unworthy of omnipotence. To my mind it is simply an impossible conclusion. Man's soul must be immortal."

Now this mode of thinking may arise only with one who is still captive to the theological or child's state of mind. We already have a saturation of "God omnipotence" to the utter confusion and degradation of our intelligence. (E. g., the howling outrage committed at Vicksburg, Miss.—News item in The Oregonian July 4, 1922.)

There cannot be two separate independent forces operating in the realm of what is called nature—the one called nature, and therefore evolutionary, and the other something undefined, and, not subject to the laws of evolution nor the result of it.

The advances in biology are paralleled by the achievements in astronomy, geography, geology, psychology, sociology, chemistry and natural ethics; all done without the aid of mysticism and finality by the natural brain and peripheral sense of man.

"God omnipotence" had nothing whatever to do with the development of the mind of Shakespeare. The quality of thought in man is determined by the structure of the nervous system. The nervous structure in the brain, which has been evolved biologically is the permanent determinant of ideas. Therefore, the laws of evolution apply to the psychical as well as to physical phenomena. Man comes from the matter of the earth, which is the same as that of the universe, and his mental power is thus derived.

"It is our glory that we are part of nature and reality. We could not survive as beings if we lost touch with them for a moment. Our present and ultimate fate depends upon this connection. We and the universe have one origin and one destiny. Human organisms cannot be taken out of the general flow of reality and subjected to a capricious, arbitrary, separate philosopy." (Borrowed thoughts from Michael Hendrick Fitch: "Universal Evolution.")

"Man is a mamal. He belongs to the most brilliant and influential of the five classes of vertebrates. Man grows from an egg. So do all creatures of clay. Every animal commences at the same place—in a single, lowly, almost homogeneous cell. A dog, a frog, a philosopher and a worm cannot for a long time after their embryonic commencement be distinguished from each other. Like the oyster, the ox, the insect and the fish—like all that live, move and breathe—man is mortal. He increases in size and complexity through an alloted period of time; then, like all his kindred, wilts back into the indistinguishable flux from which he came."—J. Howard Moore: "The Universal Kinship."

Soviet Russia rendered inestimable service to mankind when it banished from its schools the withering blight of religious instruction.

JAMES HISLOP.

WHERE DO THEY GET STUFF?

Conflict in a Sobbing Contemporary's Statements on Herrin.

Coquille Sentinel.

The conduct of the union miners in the Herrin horror was barbarously inhuman. If illiteracy cramps the lives of men and dulls their moral sense, if exploitation of them through a beggar's wage dehumanizes the men and permits them to be mentally but little above the animal, if the miners' sense of human relations is so stupid that they turn on competitors and slay them like fat hogs in the abattoir, then heavy lies the responsibility upon the industrial companies for the fury and ferocity that culminaxed in the Herrin shambles.

So says the Oregon Journal at the close of a leading editorial on "The Herrin Horror," in its Sunday's issue. That the suggestions here conveyed under the projecting shadow of those ifs are utterly baseless and that no such conditions exist at Herrin as the Journal editor would have his readers believe, we have to go no farther than its own news dispatches from Herrin the previous day to demonstrate. In a dispatch prominently displayed on the Journal's front page on Saturday a "United Press" staff correspondent of the Journal says:

Herrin is as quiet and as innocent-looking a town as could have been found anywhere. It is a pretty, prosperous little town, filled with nice shops, fine churches, neat bungalows and well-dressed people. None would ever suspect it was a mining town unless the triple stacks on its edges were immediately recognized as mine stacks and its scaffolds as tipples. The miners live in little, well-kept cottages.

Ninety per cent own their own homes or are building them through building and loan associations. An astonishing proportion of the miners ride in automobiles. These men have been on strike for three months, but the stores are doing business and trade appears to be brisk. Few of them are to be found on the streets. Most of them are fishing or making gardens, or busying themselves outside the mines. Contentment and good will are the first surface impressions of the visitor.

With this setting it is a rude shock to visit a frame building on the side street and see there 17 bullet-riddled bodies stretched in two rows beneath white sheets.

The two pictures seem as far apart as heaven and hell; and yet the Journal limns them both.

These well-dressed people who attend fine churhces and do their buying in nice shops, where trade appears to be brisk, are described in the same paper as "slaying the strikebreakers like fat hogs in the shambles, or compelling them to run the gauntlet between two lines of merciless killers" just as the painted savages who formerly inhabited this country used to do.

What shall be said of a newspaper that tries to deceive its readers by picturing prosperous and profiteering miners who not only kill strikebreakers with ferocity, but who are anxious to starve or freeze the American people to win their strike, as "brutalized or dehumanized by a beggar's wage?"

Federal Farm Loan Bank.

OREGON CITY, Or., July 7.—(To the Editor.)—Please tell me where I can get definite information about the farm loan system? We desire to borrow money from this system but do not know anything definite of it.

J. BUSCH.

Write to the federal land bank, Spokane, Wash., giving the location of the land, and the federal land bank will refer you to the proper local association, to which to apply for detailed information.

Don't Propose.

Boston Transcript.

Mother—Madge has a good many hangers-on.

Father—They all seem to me to be hangers-off.

Those Who Come and Go.

Tales of Folks at the Hotels.

The knights of the good old days didn't have a monopoly on adventures, according to the contention of L. D. Waring of the Salem postoffice staff, who was in Portland yesterday on business. When Mr. Waring set out from the capital city by automobile the little god of adventure must have been sitting in the seat beside him. Things went well for a-time but this side of Oregon City a big automobile truck nosed its way from a side road and took his machine on the side so hard that it was bowled over. Fortunately for the Salem postal employe, however, he landed on his head where the dust of the road was deep and so suffered no ill effects. The day was not over, however, for him for a Clackamas county speed officer came along about that time and insisted on arresting the drivers of both cars and taking them before the nearest justice of the peace at Oak Grove. It was then that Mr. Waring had opportunity to use his latent ability as an attorney. The old saying that a man who has himself for an attorney has a fool for a client failed to be borne out in this particular case. The judge was so impressed with the oratorical powers of the Salem man that he turned him loose without further ado. Mr. Waring had to make the remainder of his trip to Portland by electric car. He said yesterday he had had sufficient adventures for one time and would return to Salem on the train.

Crater lake promises to have the biggest tourist season in its history, according to R. W. Price, manager of the Multnomah hotel and also vice-president and the managing director of the Crater Lake National Park company, who has just returned to the city from a trip to that resort. Mr. Price, who was accompanied on the trip by his daughter, Miss Jane Price, said that Crater lake lodge was opened on July 1 and that there was a much better crowd for the opening days than last year.

"The road from Medford to the lake was opened on June 27 and it is in unusually good shape for motorists," said Mr. Price. "I am not a fast driver and I made the 85 miles from Medford to the resort in four and one-half hours. On the return trip to Medford I was on the road only four hours."

W. A. Camps, an assistant manager at the Multnomah hotel, is resident manager of the lodge this summer. The establishment has the same force as last year.

One hundred members of the Idaho national guard battery will pass through Portland this morning en route to their annual encampment at Camp Lewis, according to Major J. B. Burns of Boise, who was in Portland Thursday night and left yesterday morning for the camp by auto. Major Burns is purchasing agent for the outfit and with a party consisting of C. L. Lepper of Boise, Harry T. Lewis of Boise and J. K. Burns of Emmett, Idaho, planned to get into the camp ahead of the battery and make preparations for them. The members of the automobile party left Boise Wednesday. They spent Wednesday night in Pendleton and Thursday night here at the Multnomah.

The battery is equipped with 75s and is making the trip with the guns and artillery horses in a special train, the major said. They will take two weeks of intensive training at Camp Lewis.

The cherry crop in the Salem district promises to be light, according to Cliff Neuner, former member of the 91st division and a fruit farmer of that section, who was in Portland yesterday on business. Mr. Neuner said that much of the cherry trees were hindered from perfect pollenization by rains. Some of the trees, however, he said are bearing and in cases where that was true the crop is of a high quality. The strawberry crop is also light owing to the extremely hot weather, which in many instances dried up the vines.

C. J. Carlson, contractor of Cosmopolis, Wash., who has the contract for the construction of 13 miles of road between Dead Man's hill and Kamela in eastern Oregon, will start work immediately there, he announced yesterday. The road is a portion of the old Oregon trail between Pendleton and La Grande and is to be graded and macadamized. He was in the city yesterday making preparations for taking up his eastern Oregon job and was registered at the Oregon hotel. Mr. Carlson has been doing some road work up the McKenzie river.

W. R. Taylor of Pendleton, a brother of Til Taylor, the former Pendleton sheriff who was slain by prisoners in a jail break two years ago, is in the city and is registered at the Imperial. Mr. Taylor was in Salem yesterday morning to witness the execution of John Rathie and Elvie D. Kirby, two of his brother's slayers.

Mrs. John A. Keating, former Portlander, now living at San Francisco, is in the city visiting friends and is registered at the Multnomah hotel. Mr. Keating was formerly connected with the Lumbermen's National bank of this city and is now in the banking business in the California city.

There is a good demand for property in the Carlton, Or., district at the present time, according to C. W. Vail, real estate man of that city, who was in the city yesterday and was registered at the Oregon hotel. Mr. Vail said that Carlton was forging ahead in good shape.

Misses Clara Strauss and Ella Strauss of New York city, sisters of Nathan Strauss of Fleischner, Mayer & Co., are in the city for the summer and are visiting with their brother and other friends. They are registered at the Portland hotel.

A good prune crop is being harvested in the Roseburg district, said James Walker, farmer of that city, who passed through here yesterday en route to Seaside. Mr. Walker said that his wife is at the beach there and he was on his way to join her.

THE ROAD TO YOUR HOUSE.

I've followed the roads, through Oregon,
From north to south, and east to west;
But the road that leads to your house,
Is the one I like the best.

I've climbed the roads round Mount Rainier
When her slopes were white with snow,
And from her dizzy, misty heights
Glympsed the flowers a-bloom below.

I've circled Columbia highway
Where wonder-scenes the soul enthrall;
But the road that leads to your house,
To me, is dearest of them all.

Over many roads I've wandered,
Where scenes of beauty meet the view,
But the little road to your house—
Leads to happiness—and you.

—MINA M. GATENS.

More Truth Than Poetry.

By James J. Montague.

THE JUSTICE DODGER

I know the bluejay is a thief—
I've caught him at it, many a time;
I know that, almost past belief,
Is his capacity for crime.
I've seen him steal a robin's child
And wondered how the rascal could;
I've heard him stormed at and reviled
By all the birds about the wood.

I've watched him wheel in sudden fright,
Emitting terror-stricken squeals,
And hurry off with all his might—
Two angry kingbirds at his heels.
I've seen him sitting, unashamed,
When scolded by a chattering wren,
Who every little while exclaimed
"Don't try to eat my eggs again."

He leads a lone and outcast life
In woods where nice birds congregate.
The villain and his flashy wife
Are looked upon with scorn and hate,
And yet he will not mend his ways,
Though mocked, derided and pursued,
And forced his family to raise
In some sequestered solitude.

But he is such a handsome knave,
And wears his clothes with such an art!
He looks so dashing and so brave
Despite his black and evil heart,
That though I set out stern and grim
To end his reign of theft and loot
And aim my deadly gun at him
I never can quite bear to shoot!

* * *

But They've Only Started.

Up to date the peace conferences haven't done quite as much damage as the war.

* * *

Embarrassing Situation.

Apparently it is soon going to be necessary to send out the navy to see that none of the United States shipping board vessels venture inside the three-mile limit.

* * *

Explaining Her Reluctance.

Ireland has discovered with disgust that there will be nothing left to fight for when she gets self-government.

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Burroughs Nature Club.

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Can You Answer These Questions?

1. Do deer have a gall?
2. Is it possible to raise egrets in captivity for plumes?
3. Why should turtle eggs hatch by being buried? I should think the ground would be damp at the bottom of a hole.

Answers in tomorrow's nature notes.

* * *

Answers to Previous Questions.

1. I wish to know if figs bloom?

Yes, both pistillate and staminate flowers, very minute, in quantities, are borne inside a sort of cap or urn-shaped envelope. When this cap ripens it becomes the "fig" we eat, and contains ripened pistils and sugary material.

* * *

2. What is mother-of-pearl?

It is defined as "nacre," a peculiar lining of certain shells. Though it looks rainbow colored, it is not colored by pigments, but by a prismatic effect of light. The inside of the shell is covered with microcopic lines and grooves, on whose side light strikes and is given off—diffracted—just as it is on a coarser scale from a glass or prism. The same rainbow effect has been produced artificially on metal and glass by engraving the surface with invisibly fine lines.

* * *

3. I notice a little yellow-greenish bird around the shrubberies, with bright yellow throat and breast. Upper side mostly greenish, not bright, but olive. Has a sort of black bandage across the forehead close to the bill and running past the eye. What is it?

Presumably a warbler—there are many yellowish green ones. From the black mark we judge this is a Maryland yellow-throat (Goethylpis trichas). The female lacks the black mask across face, and light grayish streak over the eye, of the male. Her throat and breast are duller than male's, and belly whitish, where his is bright yellow. Characteristically flits among shrubberies, but may be seen in orchards.

For a Court to Determine.

ASTORIA, Or., July 5.—(To the Editor.)—A leaves a will, leaving a 45-acre ranch to three children, B, C and D, all other property and money to B, who is executrix. A trades the 45-acre ranch for city property before her death. Does B get all, or does it go to the three, B, C and D? R. T.

Attorneys consulted in this matter are divided in opinion and the question is one for court interpretation. A court might hold that the will was invalid and that the property should be divided equally between the three children, as though the decedent had died intestate. Yet testimony might establish the fact that, while there was no codicil to the will, it was the plain intent of the testator that the three children should share equally only in the 45-acre ranch or the city property which represents it. In this case a court might hold that B was entitled to all but the city property, and to only the third interest in the latter.

Not at Springfield While President.

PORTLAND, July 7.—(To the Editor.)—A Portland evening newspaper prints an interview with an elderly lady who says that when she was 4 years old she remembers very distinctly sitting on Abraham Lincoln's knee in Springfield, Ill., "on the occasion of a political rally at which Lincoln spoke. He was president at the time."

No doubt this good old lady sat on Lincoln's lap at some time during her early childhood, but certainly not in Springfield while he was president. The fact is that he never attended a political rally in Springfield while he was president for the reason that he never saw that city while he was president. After leaving it in February, 1861, he never returned to it until his body was brought there for interment in April, 1865. T. T. GEER.

Carnegie Hero Fund Commission.

NASELLE, Wash., July 5.—(To the Editor.)—What steps must be taken to secure a Carnegie medal for a man who, at the risk of his own life, saved another, who was being attacked by an enraged bull? M.

Send a statement of the facts to the Carnegie hero fund commission Oliver building, Pittsburg, Pa.

How a Girl and a Plane Now Foil the Rattler

How San Diego Zoological society establishes regular sky ambulance service to rush serum to snake-bit victims told in interesting article in *The Sunday Oregonian*.

Box Scores of Big League Games

For the baseball fan The Oregonian is offering most complete service and reports.

Little Stories of Everyday Life

Another of the intensely human series of Helen and Warren stories in tomorrow's paper.

IN THE MAGAZINE

Greenwich Village on How to Dress

Artists and craftsmen (mostly craftswomen) hold first annual show on new costume designs.

Masons to Erect Washington Memorial

Great building costing $2,000,000 to go up at Alexandria, Va., in memory of "grandest" master.

Tale of Thrilling Messenger Holdup

"The Great Taxicab Robbery," a true detective story by George S. Dougherty, has interesting plot.

The Humble Working Girl

Another page of cartoons by W. E. Hill presents subjects in characteristic poses.

Life of Christ to Be Staged

American Oberammergau to be presented in open-air amphitheater at Los Angeles.

The Sack, by Owen Oliver

All his life had been a sack race, and yet he chose to come back to it and his burden.

Benson School Leads America

Technical institution at Portland is model plant of its kind, says article by DeWitt Harry.

OTHER FEATURES

Army of Women in Commerce

Figures prepared by department of labor show that number in industries is growing.

Auto Trip to the Washington Beaches

Interesting phases of such a trip and how to get there told in article by H. W. Lyman.

Seattle Will Show The Wayfarer

Crowd of 100,000 expected to visit Puget sound for pageant costing quarter of million.

Seriousness Urged by Elinor Glyn

Novelist declares flappers should try for more individuality and greater stability.

Paris Puts Beads on Sport Frocks

Latest fashion modes from New York and Paris given in illustrated articles.

Pies Like Mother Used to Make

Recipes for various table delicacies and solutions for home problems in Miss Tingle's column.

Questions Answered on Fashion Problems

Madame Richet gives correspondents advice on various matters relating to the mode.

Comic Features in Comic Section

News of the movies, the drama, the world of business and activities at the beaches featured as some of the high lights in tomorrow's paper.

All the News of All the World Found in

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