Morning Oregonian

ESTABLISHED BY HENRY L. PITTOCK

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MORE THAN EVER AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT.

Though the questions in dispute between the railroad shopmen and the railroad labor board have practically been reduced to one, the strike is to go on and efforts to end it by conference have ceased. Legal authority has been found in the transportation act for reopening the questions of wages and rules by direct negotiation between railroad managers and employes through adjustment boards, local, regional or national, contracts with outside shops have been or are to be abolished, and lawsuits growing out of the strike would fall by the wayside when it ended. There remains no question open except that of seniority rights, which, the strikers demand, shall be unimpaired, while the railroad executives are morally bound by a pledge to give their new employes seniority over those who return after having struck.

Whittling down of the issues to this one makes the strike stand out more than ever as one against the government. It is inconceivable that the people will tolerate disorganization of railroad service by a struggle of the shopmen to be placed in precisely as favorable a position upon their return to work as though they had not struck. By yielding to that demand the managers would break faith with the men who have come to their aid in a crisis at the risk of obloquy and even bodily harm to themselves, and they would sanction the claim that, in striking, a man may quit his job, yet hold it as against any other man. They would encourage strikes and would discourage men from accepting work where a strike is on, thus adopting the rule which labor unions seek to impose, that when a strike occurs in an industry, work must be entirely suspended until one party surrenders or until the employer reaches an agreement with the strikers, the employer meanwhile making no effort to find other men.

Viewing a strike as a sort of war, this theory would put the employer under a heavy handicap, would relieve the striker of an essential incidental risk and would exclude economic conditions as a deciding factor as to the justice of the contending parties' claims. In setting up this claim as the remaining cause for the strike, the strikers set at naught the right of the public to such necessaries as transportation and coal; in fact, they use the necessity of these things to weary the people into throwing their influence to the side of the strikers, to support of the latter's demands, not because they are just but because the consequence of resistance has become no longer endurable.

More than ever is the strike now against the government and the American people. The labor board has been proved so effective an instrument for arranging just terms of employment that it has brought the difference down to the point where the shopmen hold out for a premium on strikes as against a promise and a moral obligation on the part of the managers. The argument of local strike leaders that, because the transportation act does not prohibit strikes and because a court has held the labor board to be only advisory, acceptance of its decision not to be obligatory, the strike is not against the government, cannot hold. The board was established to ascertain and declare what terms of employment are just in order to render strikes inexcusable, in order that the government might with a clear conscience defend the executives in putting their roads in operation on those terms, despite a strike, and that public opinion might support the government in that course. The law is a practical recognition that a moral issue underlies the legal rights of the parties to a strike. It insures that, so far as is humanly possible, when the government intervenes to uphold the legal right and duty of the railroad companies to operate their roads and the undoubted right of the people to transportation, it shall not act against the moral right of the employes to just terms of employment.

The labor board is the agency through which the government brings the rights of all parties—the railroads, the employes and the people—into harmony, that, when the executive branch of the government moves, it may move in confidence that it moves for all-around justice and therefore may hit hard. The law does better than prohibit railroad strikes; it insures that they shall not have justice behind them, therefore that the immense moral power of the people shall support the physical power of the government against them, and that they shall fail. The law aims to abolish these strikes not by prohibiting them but by enlisting irresistible moral force against them.

The course which President Harding has marked out for the government is plain. He has called on the governors of states to use the forces at their command in protecting miners in exercise of their right to work and mine-owners in employing them, and has promised the aid of the federal forces when state forces prove inadequate. We may expect him to use the federal forces more promptly and directly in the case of the railroads, for they are engaged more directly in interstate commerce and in carrying the mails. Men who go to work on the railroads will have the consciousness that they are serving not only the railroads but the people, that they are not helping to degrade labor but are accepting terms which the government, after painstaking inquiry, has found to be just, and that the government is behind them.

There should be no faltering now in proving that a railroad strike against the government cannot win. That is the most effective prohibition of strikes, for it destroys the motive for striking.

INTERPRETING THE LAW.

The public will not be surprised at the decision of Circuit Judges Bingham and Kelly in the Olcott-Hall contest, that a voter may repudiate his registration and abandon his party on the day of election and vote in the primary of some other party. Certainly The Oregonian is not surprised. Without question it is legal for him to do so at any time before a primary election. The court had no alternative but to interpret the law as it is, and has been.

Under the protection of the law's loose terms voters have been doing for years without scruple and without effective challenge what they had no moral right to do—invade the primary of the party with which they have neither sympathy nor affiliation, disturb its affairs and control its results, giving a taint of unfairness and dishonesty to the title of every candidate nominated in consquence of such methods.

It is not at all the purpose of The Oregonian to pass on the merits of the controversy between Mr. Olcott and Mr. Hall, nor to say that any allegations as to fraudulent voting in any instance by either candidate are true or not true. The courts will determine those questions upon the facts as they develop and the law as it is. But it is not improper to say that the decision has brought into clear view an abuse which has been practiced in every Oregon election for twenty years and has not been exceptional or unique in any election. It has emphasized the need of primary election reform, justifying the complaints of bona fide members of political parties that participation in a party primary should be reserved exclusively for them.

The reasonable and decent obligations on a citizen voting in a primary are twofold; first, that he should in good faith be a member of the party at whose primary he seeks to vote; and second, that he should in good faith accept its fair results. It is not contended that any man or woman may thus be bound to support an unfit candidate, nor any candidate who has not honestly obtained his nomination. But both the unfitness of the candidate and the evil of his methods should be clearly demonstrable. It is just as reprehensible for any one to enter a primary with a definite mental reservation that he will abide by its results only if his candidate wins, as it is for a democrat to swear in his vote as a republican or a republican as a democrat.

Now it may be hoped that the rightful demands of many citizens that the way to notorious fraud in primaries be closed through legislation will receive impetus from a decision which in substance stamps the law as an invitation to violation of the reasonable tenets of fair play between parties.

NOT ALONE IN OUR BOASTING.

Young Mr. Lewis, who wrote "Main Street," has returned to America with the definite impression that it is bad form to boast the might and magnificence of one's native land. It is not being done in Europe, he observed, and if you wish to learn of London's fame you must seek another source of information than the average Londoner. Whereupon it is immediately distasteful to our novelist that Americans are, phrasing it gently, considerably given to brag. He has noted that the boorish weakness of his own countrymen is to magnify the accomplishments of their nation, the splendor and enterprise of its cities, and incidentally their own importance in affairs.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Lewis sadly, "when we have twenty generations of ancestors, and a history rich with many great things, we, too, may get in that attitude," meaning thereby the casual comportment of the foreigner blessed with ancestral dignity.

Mr. Lewis should remind himself that the least of us has fully as many ancestors as any noble, and had fully as much to do with their selection. He should also acquaint himself with the fact that antiquity does not necessarily connote greatness, and that much of the glamor which rings it round is spurious and musty. And he should remember, as well, that Americans have not yet quite mastered that very human and pardonable elation which comes of constructing a great nation from wilderness, in far, far less than twenty generations. It is not incumbent upon him to play the cynic outside his book. The same crude, uncouth America he harps at made him and crowned him with fame, and boasted of him—which never ruffled the poise or wrought the vexation of Mr. Lewis.

Brag? Of course we brag. Our vanity is with us soon and late, but none shall say that this oddity is essentially American. Of the scores of cultured and celebrated Europeans who have visited these shores in recent years, to view us curiously, there have been few who did not avail themselves of the opportunity to disparage America by contrast with their own countries. Our defects seemed huge and most misshapen to these critical guests of ours, but always our dollars were true coin with a pleasing jingle. And, strange it is, when pondering this, to remember that we heard them with great good will and many cheerful plaudits. Yet even the most bombastic boasting of the incurable chauvinist is mild as manna beside that variety of brag which both boasts and wounds by invidious comparison.

A braggart patriot, of this land or another, is not a bad fellow at heart. Boresome he may become, at times, but ever he is to be preferred to the flagless, chill and introspective citizen who has forgotten the glory of his line, and who does not thrill to recall the conquest of forest and prairie, the victory over odds. We would be done with bragging and braggarts if a compliant human nature permitted the revision, but as it is there is every likelihood that we must endure yet awhile. From Adam to Sinclair Lewis men have always thought well of themselves and the land that bore them.

PACIFISM AN AID TO THE REDS.

Industrial strife is proving the necessity of an armed force at the disposal of the government for preservation of internal order as well as for defense against a foreign enemy. That need is better understood by enemies of the government than by pacifists who favor disarmament simply because they hate war. The motive of the red revolutionist is to weaken the armed forces of his enemy, the government, in order that he may have a better chance of overthrowing it.

Communist and other revolutionary societies are still active in this, as in other countries, and they do not conceal their purpose to attempt armed rebellion in order to impose minority rule by what they call the proletariat. The first stage of their work is to intervene by deeds of violence in the strikes of labor unions that have no love for them, to incite strikers to such deeds and to support every movement for reduction of the army and against enlistment in the army and national guard. That method advances the day of the revolution by making smaller the opposing forces just as effectively as would fighting in open war, it costs the reds nothing in lives and ammunition and it does not provoke strenuous opposition, as would organized, armed rebellion.

That is an adaptation to revolutionary purposes of the policy pursued by Germany for years before the war. While Germany armed, the kaiser's government instigated the socialists to preach anti-militarism to other nations. German socialists urged French socialists to strike against conscription and increase of the army, and led British workmen to oppose or turn a deaf ear to Lord Roberts' plan for universal military training. Arming of the allies, especially Great Britain, was delayed by these tactics, and the delay greatly improved Germany's chance of victory before they could put forth their full strength. Pacifists, in opposing an army adequate for defense against any foe, either within or without, improve whatever chance the reds have of causing a revolution in this country and, though that chance may be small, they encourage the reds in keeping the country disturbed. That may be far from the pacifist intention, but it is the effect of their action.

CAN THIS BE QUEEN ELIZABETH?

Historian and novelist alike have given us an heroic concept of Queen Elizabeth, so that we envision in her who flouted Spain a vigorous and comely woman, of truly regal stature and presence. Even though these records were dumb, and her admirers compelled to depend on tradition alone for a glimpse of that vanished majesty, her portraiture would not vary. The narrative of her flirtatious episodes bespeaks a more than personable woman, whose individual charm scarcely needed the authority of the crown to command the hearts of her chosen courtiers. Of these, by all accounts, there were several—and in a time when gallants rather prided themselves upon their divination of true beauty.

It sorrows one to lose this fancy, so nobly entrenched in the English-speaking peoples, yet Frederick Chamberlain, in his book, "The Private Character of Queen Elizabeth," assails the story of her pulchritude as fiction and leaves us but a wan, anemic vestige of the virgin queen. Moreover, he tells us, and doubtless with every right, that the notable English critics have acclaimed his history as an excellent and authoritative work, and by this token have indicated full concurrence in his depiction of Elizabeth. So stubborn a thing is fixed opinion that many will turn to his book with reluctance, peruse it in disbelief, and cast it aside in scorn. We sell our heroines dearly.

Mr. Chamberlain, whose boldness much commends him, asserts that he has reversed every historian since 1600, in that they invariably sketched Elizabeth as a large and graceful blonde, of the fresh coloring and buoyancy and elan typical of an English country maiden, who could follow the hounds all day and dance the night into sunrise. Strong and gallant men, said these agreed chroniclers, strove desperately to keep the pace this trenchant queen and super-woman so superbly set, but one and all proved weaklings by contrast. You would say, as you followed such descriptive enthusiasm, that Elizabeth had the heart of a lion, the limbs of a circus rider, and the sturdy constitution of Tarzan's foster mother. Consider then that which Mr. Chamberlain relates.

"Unless all the British reviewers are fools," said he, "and all the historical scholars who have written to congratulate me are to be described in the same fashion, my book has proved that Elizabeth was not over about 5 feet 4 inches, as thin as a rail except when bloated with dropsy, with an olive complexion, except when it was a dead white without the least bit of red in it; that she was never strong, but always ailing; that she had many prolonged and desperate illnesses; was a nervous wreck and so toothless that in her last years she could not be understood unless she spoke very slowly, and that she was as bald as a billiard ball after she was about 33 years of age."

Gracious sakes! In one paragraph the historian filches from us the treasure so carefully guarded for three centuries. There isn't anything comparable to it save that time when Rider Haggard sent a beautiful one into the mysterious flame, or something of the sort, and the deferred centuries took their toll in a twinkling. Leicester, poor chap, and all the rest of her cavaliers, cut droll and unromantic figures under such a scathing spotlight. There isn't a trace of romance left to us when once we behold her majesty, red flannel at her throat, mumbling the thinnest of porridge.

We begin to suspect that historians have not always been as truthful as such scriveners should be, and that here and there, for exigent reasons, they have portrayed grandeur and grace that never existed. Yet the fiction of Elizabeth's beauty, if we admit it to be fanciful, was rooted in the soil of English patriotism. The queen in her power and achievements was the symbol of England, and to her accrued in the records and in popular thought such attributes as are regal. It would not do to suffer the defacement of a symbol. The symbol was England in an era of triumph and development. Sir Walter Raleigh doffed his velvet cloak and tossed it over the puddle in deference to the symbol and not in gallantry toward the woman.

Mr. Chamberlain's book, so well received in England, may have given us a most veracious account of this royal personage, of her features, her foibles and her intrigues. Doubtless he has. Yet not even his work of years, nor the books of a dozen subsequent historians, can rob Elizabeth's memory of the fiction that hedges it round. It is permanent, as a symbol should be, and not to be dethroned by a pen.

The suggestion of a California educator that education rather than age should determine the right to vote and that high school students are qualified and should be permitted political expression has an exterior evidence of logic. Yet while it is plainly evident that high school pupils have qualifications beyond those of many voters, particularly those of foreign birth, the fact is that keen political acumen is not necessarily predicated on book learning—as many an agricultural and industrial community has demonstrated. A group consciousness generally dominates the electorate, and both successfully and correctly. To ask that children, unaware of the interests of their elders, be burdened with political obligations is to ask the absurd and the unfair. Maturity as well as general knowledge are properly the requirements of a voter. That some voters are deficient does not indicate that the system of qualification is in the least at fault. The remedy does not lie in broadening or restricting the franchise, but in reaching those who are in the shadow of ignorance. This the state is making every endeavor to do.

A brawl is a drunken row and when a man dies in one some responsibility should attach to the person who furnished the liquor, if the beverage consumed can be dignified with such name. Under moral law the bootlegger is party to the crime; under prohibition law he should be made a responsible party.

There were sixty-four fires in Oregon in June, causing property loss of nearly a million dollars. Analysis of their causes shows, as usual, that most of them were reasonably preventable. The lesson has not yet been learned that property converted into smoke is a dead loss whether or not it is insured.

Secretary of State Kozer holds one of the keys to the reckless driving problem. Revocation of license, however, is a supplementary penalty and particularly in the case of the man who drives while drunk ought not to be regarded as a substitute for other punishment, preferably a term in jail.

All plans for payment of the European debt to America run in a circle with the United States invariably holding the sack. Thus France will pay if Germany pays the indemnity and Germany will do that if the United States provides a loan.

Sir Auckland Geddes, British ambassador, has no patience with British people who come over to lecture and tell us of our faults. But all are not of the gentle blood of Sir Auckland, he must remember.

Curtailment of mail service will introduce the auto truck as an emergency means. This means more speed in some cases, but much delay in supplying mail to way offices.

The question as to who won the war seems to have been definitely settled by the contract whereby the kaiser is to be paid for his memoirs at the reputed rate of $3 a word.

The direct primary has mystified republican politics in Nebraska, but solidified the state democracy. Hitchock for senator will likely face a sorehead field.

Building a railroad these days is a serious matter. Not only must the road get permission to build but afterward it must have permission if it wishes to tear up its tracks.

About the only thing the Hague conference seems to have accomplished is to prove that all the real statesmen of Europe are on vacation.

Times have changed. Formerly editors going to convention depended upon courtesy of the railways. Now they go by autos—their own, too.

The crying need in the Pacific Coast baseball league seems to be an extra or sub-basement for exclusive occupancy by Portland teams.

Why is it necessary to make continued appeals to lot owners to cut their weeds? Once should be enough.

The forecast of rain the last of the week is off. The showers have been switched east of the mountains.

Men who go into the woods at this time of year should leave their cigarettes behind them when they start.

Los Angeles has a new murder case, only it's a man's body found this time and of little consequence.

McArthur and Watkins ought to know it's a little too warm yet to begin a hot campaign.

Frank Gould is going to trump brother George's connubial card.

The Listening Post.

By DeWitt Harry.

IN THE old days he used to be one of the best of "fly bulls," but age and new conditions have relegated him to the background. Plain clothes men of but a short time back were just ordinary "harness bulls" without uniforms. Their square-toed shoes, their blue serge suits, their plodding walk gave them away to any crook. It was too obvious.

On many a city police force, to this day, they have a few of these old-timers, but they seldom get a chance to try their hands on the more delicate and important cases. They roam the pawn shops and theirs is a routine duty of filling out unending reports. They do not class them as detectives any more and even in police circles they are inspectors while the agencies call them operatives.

The agency operative most often these days is a keen, aggressive young man, selected for special aptitude and then given intensive training. He and his fellows do not look in the least like detective types but like any other young business or professional men, and this is just what they are. But the old, white-haired plugger who did yeoman service while he was in the game and who had some notable achievements to his credit is not the bright shining light he once was.

Years of police work have made it impossible to adopt any other line. First he started on a city force and went into plain clothes. Later he was one of the trusted men with a big agency. Then came a period of service as a railroad special agent. Not fitted for the flashy work, he is yet in the game, but his duty is to warn against minor infractions of city ordinances. He will tell the careless one not to spit on the sidewalk or the grocer that he must cover his fruits with netting to keep the flies away. No more puzzling out the angles of a mystery, no more the thrilling chase after desperate criminals, no more the satisfaction of an important arrest.

* * *

It will ever be one of the inexplicable mysteries why people find humor in others' misfortunes. Take the case of the fat man stewing in hot weather. How many lavish one grain of commiseration on him? Or the ugly girl—who pities her lot except herself and her mirror? Therefore, having properly prepared the field, enter the vacationist who committed the error of getting too chummy with some poison oak on the last day of his holiday.

He comes down to the office to report for work, suffering grievously, one eye closed, cauliflower ear, mouth awry, cheeks puffed and his hat resting on top of a head several sizes larger than ordinary. Though going through torments he knows he must show up or be charged with being a slacker and he is the butt of all manner of ridicule on his way to work. And when he gets there—any sympathy? None! He's made the target for any amount of torture at the hands of friends he has known for years. And yet this is a civilized country and some people cannot figure out why the ancient Romans used to like throwing Christians to the lions or the Spaniards of today get any joy out of a bullfight.

* * *

ODE TO BILBATES.

If I was Willum, Willumbates,
The White Salmon river poet,
I would gather up poetic seed
And then proceed to sow it.

He writes a most refreshing line
That causes us to cackle;
He's raised a smile this long while
From even old Brown Hackle.

A feller that can do such things
Is surely most deserving;
So please, Bilbates, keep on your skates
And continue your neat serving.

—PAUL KRUGER.

* * *

The children keep right up to or even ahead of the times. Often it is the older ones who have to hasten to overtake the quick little minds. Two instances:

An east side woman was planning a party for her little daughter. A 5-year-old boy in the next block was invited to come one day in person as he passed by the house. "Want me to bring a woman?" he asked.

In another home the stork had just arrived. Neighborhood children were discussing the event. One curious little fellow asked "what kind of a baby" it was. His precocious chum answered, "A flapper."

* * *

This one is rather painful, but it's best finished. In a local office the boss entered one morning to find his steno kneeling in front of a mirror and busied with a brush and comb. "What are you doing?" he inquired; of course he knew not, being a bachelor. But Tillie the Toiler was equal to the task and answered, "Combing hair on my knees."

* * *

Some unidentified person postcards us as follows:

Close to our locality about a dozen fine modern homes just have been built and moved into by Italian families, all of whom have earned these places during the last few prosperous years by distributing vegetables. An odd fact—nearly all these homes display on steps of front porch neat metal signs:

"NO PEDDLERS OR AGENTS."

* * *

Another episode of the newly wed series wherein the young wife writes to her girlhood chum. Everything sunny and bright and the letter told of "him" being just a "pal." Then the usual tiff, and in high dudgeon the wife telegraphs to her chum, "change a to i in pal."

* * *

She has oodles of strife,
Has young Mrs. Supp;
For the light of her life
IS ALWAYS LIT UP.

—BILBATES.

* * *

Jazz, Ay Tank So Too.

In spite of all that puritanical people say against dancing, it is unquestionably a MERRY-TOE-RIOUS arrangement.

Shrinks in a Different Climate.

Toronto Globe.

An important personage from a small northern town had some dress clothes made by a west end tailor in a visit to London.

He wore them at a municipal gathering on his return home, and complained to a friend of the way the London tailor had done the job.

"What's wrong with the clothes?" asked the friend.

"Too small," said the great man; "far too small."

"Well, John," said the other, grinning, "you should ha' remembered you're not such a big man in London as you are up here."

Those Who Come and Go.

Tales of Folks at the Hotels.

The wheat crop of eastern Oregon may not be up to standard, and the cherry crop of the Salem district may be a partial failure, but the cheese crop of Tillamook is a good one and is bound to be a strong factor in maintaining Oregon's prestige in an industrial and farm center, according to George Winslow, prominent attorney of Tillamook, who was in the city yesterday, registered at the Imperial. Mr. Winslow is a product of a Polk county farm himself, and so is capable of commenting on things agricultural. At one time he knew what it meant to cut cordwood in the summer time so that he could study law at Willamette university at Salem in the winter.

Rumor had it around the university campus that in addition to being a good student and a good football player, Mr. Winslow was also a good practical joker. For instance, there was authority for the belief that he could tell something about how a brass cannon became mysteriously stolen from the statehouse grounds and was found perched on the front porch of the chapel next morning when the university president came down to conduct the customary services. There was also evidence that he might know how a cow became tied to the pulpit in the chapel one night. Even in those days, however, Mr. Winslow was a good attorney and the university detectives could not make a case.

There are various ways in which an establishment may acquire a reputation, as is witnessed by the case of the stationery store of John H. Graham at Spokane. An ancient Indian of a tribe located near Spokane took a fancy to Mr. Graham's store when he first opened for business at that place. This Indian used to come and sit in the store and smoke his Indian pipe stolidly. His presence in the store day after day came to be expected by the people of that city and the place became famous throughout the city and surrounding country for that reason. Tourists passing through Spokane would visit the store just to get a glimpse of a real live Indian. Mr. Graham arrived in Portland yesterday to attend the stationers' convention to be held here and is registered at the Multnomah hotel.

I. Monheimer, traveling man representing a clothing house in Milwaukee, Wis., had been up late the night before and so when he came down into the lobby of the Portland hotel yesterday morning about 9 o'clock he was still about half asleep. He glanced at the huge cardboard clock on the hotel desk with its hands pointed at a quarter of 12 to indicate the next meeting of the convention of the American Institute of Banking.

"Gee, I slept well last night, here it is a quarter of 12," he commented to the hotel clerk and others in the vicinity as he set his watch by the cardboard timepiece.

The 518-mile trip from Spokane to Portland was made in 15 hours' running time by Val Y. Preston, representative of the March-Strickle Motor company of Spokane, who arrived in Portland yesterday. The trip was made in a Durant four machine and the entire distance was made in high gear, Mr. Preston reported. Mr. Preston started out from Spokane with the idea of making a test trip to show what could be done on the road from the Inland Empire metropolis to the Rose city. He is registered at the Imperial hotel.

Men, women and children of the Salem district are being employed in the vicinity of Gervais, Or., in the effort to save the berry crop, according to T. J. James, farmer of that section, who was in the city yesterday on business. Mr. James said that the crop was a fairly good one but that the farmers were having great difficulty in securing enough help to harvest it.

Dr. Norman C. Beckley and Mrs. Beckley, former residents of Portland and now located at San Francisco, arrived in the city yesterday for a visit, coming from the California city by automobile. They expect to be here several days meeting old friends. They are at the Multnomah hotel.

M. S. Rosenwald of Chicago, whose brother is one of the leading members of the firm of Sears, Roebuck & Co. of the windy city, is in Portland with Mrs. Rosenwald on a tour of the west and is registered at the Multnomah. Mr. and Mrs. Rosenwald made a tour of the city yesterday. They are visiting all the prominent beauty spots of the west during the present trip.

A good demand for automobiles in the capital city was reported by Lee S. Gilbert, automobile dealer of Salem, who was in the city yesterday and registered at the Oregon. The automobile, Mr. Gilbert said, is proving an especial boon to the farmers of the Salem district in the handling of berry and other crops.

Tillamook, Or., is forging to the front as one of the active business centers of the state, according to Fred Small, fish cannery proprietor of that city. Mr. Small is in the city on business and is at the Oregon.

W. E. Tallant, prominent canner of Astoria, motored to Portland yesterday with Mrs. Tallant for a visit in Portland. They are at the Portland.

M. A. Dana, banker of Marshfield, arrived in Portland yesterday for sessions of the bankers' convention. He was accompanied by his wife and son. They are registered at the Portland.

James F. Twohy of Seattle, connected with Twohy Brothers, contractors, is in the city and is at the Portland.

Application for Patent.

VANCOUVER, Wash., July 19.—(To the Editor.)—1. What is the best and safest way to apply for a patent? 2. Can a patent be obtained on a plan, or is a working model needed? 3. Also can you give me the address of the patent office? 4. Will there be a charge?

P. KAAKE.

1. The patent office advises that in every instance the applicant obtain the services of a registered patent attorney.

2. It depends on the character of the invention.

3. Washington, D. C.

4. The filing fee on an original application is $15, and there is an additional fee of $20 when patent is issued.

He Found Them.

Judge.

"When I was a little boy," sweetly piped the hard-boiled sergeant, "I had a set of wooden soldiers. One day I lost those soldiers and I cried, but my mother said:

"'Never mind, Johnny! Some day you will get your wooden soldiers back.' And believe me, you bunch of wooden-headed blockheads, that day has come."

Burroughs Nature Club.

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Can You Answer These Questions?

1. Why is the cow-bird's egg always hatched out ahead of the real eggs in a stolen nest?

2. What can I feed a captive trout?

3. Can wild animals contract diseases from domesticated ones?

Answers in tomorrow's nature notes.

* * *

Answers to Previous Questions.

1. Are pearls found in the common fresh water mussel?

There are about 1500 species of fresh-water mussel, most of which are represented in the U. S., so we hardly know which to call "common." The species Margaritana, found both in Europe and the United States, produces valuable pearls in some cases, with a permanent pink flush. As this question came from Mississippi, and the pearl-producing mussel is only found in the north, we doubt if our correspondent will find pearls in his neighborhood.

* * *

2. What does it mean in natural history books when animals are described as "heterodont"?

The word refers to their teeth, odont, which in mammals are usually of three different, hetero, kinds or patterns; incisors, the front chisel-like teeth for biting off; canines, or "eye" teeth, for hooking or seizing; and molars, for crunching. Every mammal is not heterodont, however, for porpoises, for instance, have teeth all on one pattern.

* * *

3. What is our handsomest bird?

We are afraid we should be in trouble if we tried to settle this. Our own taste leans toward the elegant cedarbird; but its smooth brownish-olive coat and black velvet topknot might seem tame to people who prefer the scarlet tanager or goldfinch. The male rose-breasted grosbeak is wonderfully handsome, and so is the indigo or the lazuli bunting. The woodduck is a beauty, and some sea gulls of a pearly loveliness. If you asked us which is our homeliest bird, we think we should give the prize to the interesting roadrunner of the southwest.

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GARDEN HOSING DEEMED MANIA

Country Vegetables Do Fine Without Sprinkling, Says Old Timer.

PORTLAND, July 20.—(To the Editor.)—At this particular time of the year I obligingly condescend to ponder and reflect on some of the vagaries of the human mind. Let us consider by way of an instance the hose enthusiast—not rolled hose, but the common garden variety.

I have often wondered why it is that bountiful nature should discriminate between the city dweller and the farmer in the matter of raising a garden. From time immemorial the residents of the rural districts have raised their garden truck without the daily process of deluging it with a hose. But, bless us, the city inhabitant would pine away and succumb to some malign disease if he were deprived of a hose.

One can travel over the highways for miles and miles and glimpse acres upon acres of farm gardens, prolific and luxurious spots that have grown unassisted by a garden hose.

I also wonder at the fact that a native of the city would pay $7.00 for a hose and $10.00 for a hand cultivator with which to irrigate and cultivate a garden spot with an estimated valuation of about, let us say, $2.85. Or why one would purchase 20 cents' worth of carrot seed, plant them on the back lot, spend two hours with the hose every evening showering them and wait three months for the seeds to evolute into lilo-size carrots when for a fact one can go to the grocery store almost any day in the year and buy enough carrots for 20 cents to keep a cow alive for three weeks.

My next-door neighbor comes home from work each evening, removes his coat, connects up his hose and proceeds to bathe the garden spot. I have noticed a patch of potatoes that his hose wouldn't reach and another one that received its daily ablution of Bull Run, and I have noted that the patch that has not been baptized looks much better and thriftier than the patch that has been watered.

Likewise his patch of corn. On the farther end of his corn patch, just out of range of the hose, it looks 99 per cent better than the part that has been "hosed." But notwithstanding this fact, at least 95 per cent or more of the city inhabitants accept the hose theory for propagating gardens without a doubt in their minds, just as they do in many other instances.

One can be in a gathering or assemblage of people when the subject of rats arises for discussion. Presently there is the "bird" who invariably arises and relieves himself of this: "Say, do you know how to get rid of rats? Well, I'll tell you. Just catch a rat and singe his hair and then turn him loose, and believe me you'll never be bothered with rats any more—the rest of them will all leave." Of course each and every member in the audience accepts the statement for a fact, and when the occasion arises each and every one is prepared to tell you how to get rid of rats.

But turning again to the subject of the hose. One can turn his gaze in any direction, any hour of the day and night, and see the sprinkling apparatus at work. In some instances the attachment is set on a sloping embankment and the water oozes down onto an inclined sidewalk and for several blocks the famous Bull Run gives us a miniature reproduction of the Umpqua river during a freshet.

AN OLD TIMER.

Conflict in Ski Tournaments.

SEATTLE, Wash., July 19.—(To the Editor.)—I notice in an article on the "Mount Hood Climb" in The Oregonian July 9 that a ski tournament is advocated for Mount Hood on July 4 of each year.

As we have been having tournaments for the last five years at Mount Rainier on that day, we feel that we have a priority right to that date and think it would be advantageous to have our meets on different dates so that we possibly could arrange to have the jumpers from different parts of the country in attendance at both places.

I am just writing this as a suggestion and would appreciate your taking it up with the proper authorities.

H. O. ANDERSON.

Vocational Training for Veterans.

MILWAUKIE, Or., July 19.—(To the Editor.)—Please explain how a soldier enlisted in another state but discharged in Oregon would go about getting government aid in vocational training. Is there any place where he can draw pay while learning a trade?

INQUIRER.

He should communicate with the United States veterans' bureau, Myler building, Portland, Oregon. This organization has charge of vocational training. Vocational training students are allowed $80 a month while in training.

More Truth Than Poetry.

By James J. Montague.

THE SUMMER DIE-HARD.

If any friend of ours should try,
When we were on the scene,
To bite a casual passer by
In some quick fit of spleen,
And we should see him smashed out flat
We'd quake with dread and terror,
And feel extremely certain that
Our friend had made an error.

If any friend of ours should seek
With patient care and toil,
To rear his young in ponds that reek
With crude and smelly oil,
And all his family should die
We'd feel profoundly shaken,
And own with a regretful sigh
That he was much mistaken.

And yet mosquitoes watch their friends,
With little show of fact,
Bite people—for their evil ends—
And perish in the act.
And straightway do the bugs take wing
In fierce, vindictive passion,
And do the self-same risky thing
In quite the self-same fashion.

And though mosquitoes' children die
In ponds that taint the air,
Still other culex parents try
To rear their offspring there.
I'm no admirer of his—
No booster, in the least,
But I confess this insect is
A most persistent beast.

* * *

No Incentive for Oversight.

Now that golf balls sell at 10 cents your caddy will probably be able to find your ball once in a while.

* * *

Forward-Looking Men.

The presidential campaign is again in the minds of the politicians. A number of them are claiming to have been born in Ohio.

* * *

Too Dreary.

Now that Will Hays has made the movie shows cleaner we wish he'd make 'em funnier.

In Other Days.

Twenty-five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of July 21, 1897.

Altoona, Pa.—The striking miners who went to one of the Gallitzin mines today and beat drums with the intention of getting the non-union men out were locked up by the deputies on duty. The strikers held a long meeting to discuss the situation, but no conclusion was reached. It is predicted that a compromise will be effected and that all men will go to work.

London.—The Standard says editorially: "Mr. McKinley has redeemed his pledge and has led his country back into the maze of ultra-protectionism. Europe survived the McKinley tariff and will also survive the Dingley tariff, which guarantees to England continual supremacy of the oversea carrying trade, and therefore is liable to do us more good than harm."

John Green, one of the early pioneers of Oregon and a prominent citizen of Portland for nearly half a century, highly respected by all who came in contact with him, died at his apartments in the Hotel Portland yesterday morning at 9:40.

The greatest field of race horses that ever came together west of Chicago is now quartered at the Anaconda track. They will remain for a week and then will go to Butte for a month's racing.

FARMERS NOT IN SYMPATHY

Rail Strikes Injure Them, and They Are Never Compensated.

GRESHAM, Or., July 20.—(To the Editor.)—I notice the statement of the managing director of the farmers' national council of Washington, D. C., that the farmers of the country are solidly behind the present strike of railroad workers. Wonder where he gets this news. Now, I am an old farmer as well as an Oregon pioneer, and I never have talked with a farmer yet who has favored any railroad strike, for the simple reason that any blockade or disturbance of transportation almost immediately affects more or less the farmer's business, with no resultant compensation for the loss involved, no matter how the disturbance is settled.

Again, we see the statement from almost everywhere that the shopmen walked out quietly without making any trouble. Why in the name of common sense should they do otherwise when they quit the jobs voluntarily? Do we expect, as farmers, when our hired man quits us voluntarily that he will leave the farm gates open or throw down a fence and let stock in on the grain? We do not, and it is never done by the employe, either. Or is it expected of the voluntarily retiring cook in the home that she will slam the doors as she goes out and give the house dog a farewell kick? No; she does not do this, either.

This brings up the question of destroying property of employers, as is often done by strikers or their sympathizers. It's a poor rule that won't work both ways. We have a recent decision of the supreme court that holds strikers t account for the wanton destruction of life and property of the employers, and against such decision the unions make a great howl. Now, the law of equity and justice has for ages demanded that compensation should be given for any damage done to life, limb or property from any cause, more especially when voluntarily committed. Therefore, the decision of the supreme court is only a beginning of what is bound to become in time an established fact of justice.

Apropos of the farmers' sympathy, the present strike is by men who only work eight hours per day, or if over that then they are compensated for such overtime, whilst the farmer never gets off with less than 10 hours on his farm and often three hours over that and no extra compensation for the same. The farmers' sympathy, indeed!

OLD FARMER.

Departed Editor Great Influence.

PORTLAND, July 20.—(To the Editor.)—Permit me to add "Amen" to your tribute to the late Charles R. Miller. He was all you say of him—for more than 40 years the moral and intellectual soul of the New York Times, which under the ownership of Mr. Ochs became the foremost newspaper of the United States.

And while I am passing through Portland let me say how rejoiced and encouraged I am after an absence of 44 years from the Pacific coast to find The Oregonian still maintaining those elevated ideals of clean and courageous journalism with which it has always been associated in my memory.

SLASON THOMPSON.

A Clean Tongue.

Life.

"Do you always read in the original French?"

"Yes, translations are so indecent."