Morning Oregonian

ESTABLISHED BY HENRY L. PITTOCK

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FEATHERS PAINLESSLY PLUCKED.

"The act of taxation consists in so plucking the goose (i. e. the people) as to procure the largest quantity of feathers with the least possible amount of squealing."

The cynical remark is credited to Jean Baptiste Colbert, minister of finance under Louis XIV. It is therefore about 250 years old. It still goes.

It is worthy of notice, however, that the celebrated minister of finance failed to make good on his maxim. It was his duty to find the money to pay for Louis' disastrous wars and in doing it the people were so oppressed with taxes that when he died they were restrained with difficulty from tearing his body to pieces.

We are a tolerant people and we also take few lessons from history. Probably we shall rend no one to pieces, be he dead or alive, but here we are with federal, state and local taxes consuming the value of all the grain, forage, potatoes, vegetables, garden truck and half the fruit we produce, yet our lawgivers, operating through the initiative, attempt to appease our squealing, not by removing fewer feathers, but by plucking the same quantity from the same goose in a different way.

There are three tax measures on the ballot; an income tax amendment, an income tax law and a single tax measure. The only promise in them is that they will remove the feathers a little less painfully.

Both income tax measures are apparently designed to raise no more money than is at present raised. Whether the income tax amendment, offered by the taxpayers' league, achieves that slight concession, is somewhat clouded, if one cares to be technical, by the wording of the amendment.

Property taxes and income taxes, it declares, are not to yield a greater sum than is now "authorized" by the constitution. The constitution "authorizes" nothing in the way of taxation. The right of the state to tax for the necessities of government is inherent. The right is and has been exercised by the people direct and by the people through the legislature, without let, or sanction or authority from the constitution. The constitution does not authorize the legislature to do what it is inherently authorized to do. It merely restricts and limits that authority. It does not on the other hand, limit the authority of the people to increase taxation by their votes.

Regardless of word-meanings, there is yet to be considered the invariable tendency of new revenues to become additional revenues, even though they be originally levied as substitute revenues. Whenever the process of plucking the feathers becomes less painful, we promptly proceed to pluck more feathers. It can be done under the amendment.

The amendment requires that all state taxes shall be raised in equal amounts from a direct property tax and an income tax. As already said, the people are not restrained from voting a measure to increase state taxes. Whatever limitation there may be is a limitation on the legislature, and even that limitation can be removed or set forward a notch at any general election by simple process of voting an amendment to the constitution.

Meanwhile it will cost enormously to collect an income tax. Scientific plucking comes high. If income tax and property tax together produce no more revenue than taxes produce as at present levied, we shall have to cut state expenditures elsewhere in order to get the money to pay for the less painful plucking. Or we shall have to increase taxes because they cost more to collect.

HOME ECONOMICS.

In dignifying home economics by promising to create a bureau for its consideration Secretary Wallace of the federal department of agriculture, emphasizes a contrast between the advancement we have made in formulating and classifying knowledge of industrial processes and the want of progress that has generally marked the development of more intimate and even more important matters associated with life in the home. As a people, Americans have been open to the charge that they are more efficient in practically every other department of human activity than they are in the management of their home affairs. Yet it is suggestive of a turn in the tide of events that at last, though after many years, we are to give the home the scientific recognition that it undoubtedly deserves.

Let us not say that there were no competent home economists in the dear, dead days before efficiency became our watchword. There were many of them, as the survival of the race attests; but also undoubtedly there were but a minority and no agency took pains to assemble and co-ordinate and make available the products of their instincts and the results of their experience. Facts about nutrition, and hygiene, and the proper making of clothing had to be learned and re-learned by successive generations. Fifty years ago there was no recognition of home-making as an art deserving rank beside the construction of a locomotive or the mining of coal. A quarter of a century ago not much advancement had been recorded. Now, as a national conference on the subject freshly reminds us, interest has grown and demand for instruction is so insistent that the entire output of home economics schools is bespoken in advance as teachers, leaving the home itself to await the day when graduates will be free to exercise their skill in the concrete process of home-building itself.

Home economics as a science may never produce better homes than the best that our forefathers knew, but the thing it hopes to do is to produce more of them. Like the quest for longer life, which aims not to give us more centenarians but would be content with a larger number of persons achieving the allotted span, the movement to put the home on a scientific foundation has as its prime purpose the more general dissemination of practical happiness throughout the land.

A SEARCH FOR INDIGNATION.

Mr. Kellaher has a long memory. He goes clear back to last May, recalls the issues of the recall election, and points out that the new public service commissioners have done nothing about telephone rates or streetcar fares. Our memory is still longer. It goes back four years to the time we elected a public service commissioner on the issue of lower streetcar fares and nothing came of it.

Nobody made much of a complaint about it either. By and large election motives are pretty well satisfied when we "turn the rascals out." Few outs are put in because of what they promise to do, but many ins are put out because of that they have done or failed to do. We knock down the old ones and set up new ones, not because we have faith in the new ones but because we have lost faith in the old ones.

We make the guess that the majority of those who voted to recall the two commissioners did not expect thereby to get lower rates and fares, but only expected to get good and even with the fellows that had raised them. As an interesting test of election psychology we suggest that Mr. Kellaher call a mass meeting of protest against the inaction of the new commission, and see how much indignation he can discover.

DIET CRANKS.

We have failed to extract the charm of novelty from the experience of another eccentric dietitian, a Pennsylvanian, who has just concluded a fast of fifty days. He says that after the third day ne did not suffer in any way. The sensation of hunger no longer persisted. He sat around with other people at meal time, but "seeing them eat did not make me want to follow suit." He wonders why anybody dies from going without food. His weight fell from 150 pounds to 105, and although his height is not given we venture a guess that he must have looked rather spare.

The fast was preceded by two months on a diet of raw vegetables and nuts. Your true diet crank tries them all, first or last, and it will be generally noted that he never pays to any of the isms the compliment of persisting in them for any length of time. Enthusiasm knows no limits, but invariably it gives place to enthusiasm for something else.

The fasters, the raw vegetable devotees, the non-meat eaters and all the rest of them prove nothing except that there are virtually no bounds to human peculiarities. "At 40," says a French medical proverb, "a man is either his own physician or a fool." Which, freely interpreted, means that he has either settled upon a regimen deduced from his own experience and his own knowledge of what agrees with him, or else he is beyond hope. Our Pennsylvania friend, who at the age of 50 has concluded that the best way to live a long time is to go without eating, disregards what all prudent men have discovered by the time they are 50, which is that the human engine requires fuel in proportion to the work demanded of it, and that moderation, not foolish extremism, is a cardinal rule of health.

UNDECEIVED I. W. W. EMIGRANTS.

The 500 American I. W. W. in Siberia who have mutined against the rule of the "only workingmen's republic" and who long to return to capitalistic America are victims of that propaganda which teaches that Russia has become the workmen's Utopia and that anything said to the contrary is a capitalistic or bourgeois lie. They have been deluded by that class consciousness which revolutionists aim to arouse for the purpose of closing their dupes' minds to anything that is said in opposition to them and of enlisting them in the class war.

It is much to be desired that these disenchanted idealists could be brought back to America, both in order to rescue them from bolshevist tyranny and to enable them, in the words of the message sent to their I. W. W. brethren in this country, "to tell the facts regarding this socialist and communist paradise." Posibly if the entire 500 should return and tell the truth, many of their brethern would be undeceived, though they would surely be denounced as traitors and capitalist hirelings by the fanatics who refuse to believe anything to the discredit of the soviet republic.

The mendacious propaganda which the bolshevists have carried on among the workmen of all countries has caused thousands of sincere socialists to emigrate to Russia in hope of enjoying the blessings of comunism. Large numbers have gone from Germany, some from France, Italy, England, Sweden. Many have straggled homeward, all with the same story of bad food and little of it, sabotage and loafing by ignorant Russian peasants sent to the factories, tyranny by bolshevist officials. All have been assailed as traitors to their class, but their stories have made a decided impression on the minds of those workmen who are ready to believe the testimony of men who speak from experience. To their influence may be ascribed the decided abatement of revolutionary agitation. Bolshevist tryanny and incompetence are the chief instruments that destroy the illusion on which the Moscow oligarchy relied for a world revolution.

The truth about bolshevism gradually penetrates the minds of men who once gave credence to its falsehoods. It has not established a working men's republic; it has set up a tyranny compared with which so-called "wage slavery" is paradise. In destroying what it calls capitalism it has destroyed industry, reduced production to a fraction of what capitalism made possible, and reduced labor to starvation. The state of Russia is a complete refutation of the whole socialist theory. If the I. W. W. emigrants ever come home, they will be sobered and will be in the frame of mind to appreciate and proclaim the blessings of the American system against which they rebelled.

NO NEED OF WHEAT CURRENCY.

Gold is no longer the royal metal. It has become so costly to produce that only rich mines can be worked at a profit, and men have deserted lower-grade mines for other occupations. Mr. Edison proposes that wheat and other staple commodities be adopted as the basis for currency in place of gold, or alongside of it, and that to this extent the United States abandon gold as the basic money.

That is what the paper money countries of Europe have done, and it is the main cause of their troubles. If the amount of their paper had corresponded with the value of products in course of sale from producer to consumer as measured in gold, it might have remained somewhere near its par value. But when governments ran short of money to pay their way, they printed more money without regard to that standard. Promptly all their money declined in value proportionately to its excess over the volume of business being done at the gold value of commodities. The instability given to prices shrank the volume of business, discouraged production, and increased the government deficit. More money was printed to make the deficit good, further depreciation followed, and the cure aggravated the disease.

Therein lies the danger of adopting consumable commodities as a basis for currency. Money becomes dissociated from the established measure of value, which is gold, and the temptation becomes strong to tide over difficulties by issuing more paper than its commodity basis, of fluctuating value, justifies. Economic law, which overrules all human law, applies the corrective by raising the paper money price of commodities in the same ratio that the amount of paper in circulation exceeds the value of goods produced. All that is then accomplished is that doubt is instilled in the people's minds as to the purchasing power of money in their possession and of money that they may receive for anything they may produce. They hasten to spend their money before it will buy less, and they hesitate to produce lest the selling price be less than the cost.

There is no cause for the United States to expose itself to this temptation. The government will have to pinch in order to keep expenses this year within its revenue, but it can be done or the deficit can be borrowed at interest. Federal reserve notes automatically increase and decrease in volume as the volume of business rises and falls, and they are amply secured by gold. The plea that farmers need more extended credit is not sufficient to justify departure from that system. It can easily be modified to meet fully the farmers' needs. All that is necessary is to extend the rediscount privilege on notes relating to production and sale of farm products to one year, of livestock to two or three years. That would cover the period from beginning of production to completion of sale, and would enable the farmer to borrow at sowing time and to sell gradually as consumers demand instead of rushing to sell immediately after harvest.

All that we need is to adapt our banking and currency system to the needs of all branches of business, agriculture as well as all others, also to foreign trade and investment. The vast stock of gold in this country has an influence adverse to prosperity, both at home and abroad. It is an idle hoard, and should be put to work. It would do this country much good if lent to some European countries as a basis for a sound money system, and invested there and in all parts of the world in restoring or establishing industry and in developing natural resources. In that way it would bring about a general downward movement of world prices, which would lower the cost of producing gold and increase the output. Then gold would automatically flow to fill completely the vacuums in paper money countries, and they would make bonfires of the kind of money that Mr. Edison would introduce in America.

OLD BILL BENT TO DRINK.

One of the characteristics of the water from the springs at Ritter is said to be that if anyone ever takes a drink of it he (or she, as the case may be) will never tell the truth again.—Those Who Come and Go.

William Smith, known to the countryside as Old Bill, was a gruff man, but just. There was resident in him none of that fine fancy which prompts less rigid characters to gild the lily and enhance the lost trout. To Old Bill a spade was ever a spade, and had there been a term more terse, more homely, more flatly descriptive of the tool, he would have used it. Though far from being a cynic, for to be cynical one must needs distort the fact, he possessed the unhappy faculty of clouding the sunniest day by brutal truthfulness. It is a matter of common knowledge that he broke his eldest daughter's heart, and made a spinster of her, by forever harping upon her lack of charm and pulchritude and the prevalance and color-tone of her freckles. This he held to be his duty as a parent. The fact of the matter was that Martha, the younger, was quite a different person when picking flowers, an avocation she afterwards abandoned.

There were many stories current, a generation ago, of Old Bill Smith—the hard of mouth, the stern of eye, the gruff of speech. In the days of their courtship his wife had been a comely girl, it was surmised, so much so that even her unequivocal gallant had, according to legend, once observed that she was as pretty as a rose—for Bill had youth then and could stretch the truth to gain an end. With the years came several children, a bevy of minor Bills and Marthas, and after the manner of hill women the elder Martha lost her looks somewhere along the road of motherhood. Her lord regarded these changes without disfavor, for he rightly construed them to be natural and inevitable. But neighbors thought, and said in their gossip, that this conclusion scarcely warrented his obdurate attitude toward the purchase of a pink straw bonnet with blue forget-me-nots. If Old Bill heard the tittle-tattle about him he paid no heed. A righteous man should vanquish vanity in himself and his, and hold in abhorrence the tender falsehoods of the unregenerate. Such a man was Old Bill Smith.

It happened one day that, having oiled his rifle and thrust a salt-pork sandwich in the pocket of his shirt, Old Bill went out to hunt—having no premonition of disaster. He ranged wide, dipping stealthily into canyons and clambering as silently out, and in the heat of the day his craft was rewarded by a glimpse of dun through the junipers and the flirt of heavy antlers. The merest glimpse was enough for Old Bill, who shot as straight as he talked, and the echo of his rifle drifted far and far to the cabin, where Martha the elder leaned on her hoe in the corn and commented, in a dull voice, that dad had his deer. Now the truth, as Old Bill confessed grimly to himself, was that he had held a bit too low and had but crippled the buck—which crashed in headlong, weakened flight away to the west.

The hour was far past noon, and the sky cloudless and blazing, when Old Bill came upon his quarry and broke its proud neck with a single shot. His was the dusty thirst of the hunter who has followed a long trail. It seemed most providential that the fern at his feet should be lush with moisture and musical with the trickle of water. He brushed the fern aside, dropped to his stout old knees and drank—drank heavily though the water was odd of flavor and warm to the tongue. Water was water to Old Bill. But as he drank he was vaguely alarmed to feel himself all a-tingle, from head to heel, and to note an amazing lightness, a free and not unpleasing giddiness, mount to his brain. Some new purpose, he knew not what, stirred restlessly in him. Old Bill laid these symptoms to the sun, deftly shouldered his buck and made off toward home.

It seemed to him, as he trudged up hill and down, that the fluttering call of the mountain quail was finer music than a mouth-organ or a fiddle, and that the distant rush and shouting of the south fork was melody. Having never before entertained such a revery, Old Bill was at loss to understand the mood, and found some comfort in the reflection that a pipe in the shade would speedily restore him, once he had reached the cabin. So he came down the lane at length, and over the rails of the fence, and toward Martha, drudging in the corn. And as he came a thickness formed in his throat, a wet haze blurred the chill blue eyes of him, and he saw the woman as one infinitely dear and more than beautiful . . . as pretty as a rose.

"Martha!" he called to her. "Martha!"

Old Bill Smith died a liar, long years afterward. He often said that his later years were the happiest of his life, a fact he could not account for and did not seek to. The neighborhood was equally at loss to understand the complete metamorphosis of Old Bill. The folks round about him used to laugh and nudge one another whenever he began to talk, for it was evident that some very tall narrative would form presently in the fog of his pipe—some tale as absurd as it was kindly. When Old Bill passed, to the end denying that he was in pain, there were many to mourn him and his funeral was exceptionally well attended.

The engineer of the fast train that caused the disaster on the Missouri Pacific, and who was killed, is said to have run past the block signal. That is small comfort to the injured and to relatives of the dead.

Statistics compiled by the coroner show that 8375 persons have committed suicide in Chicago in the last seven years. Which moves us to admiration for the conservatism of the other Chicagoans.

A 93-year-old New Yorker says the secret of long life is to talk very little. How does he explain, then, why women, on the average, live longer than men?

Senator Reed wins handily in Missouri despite the opposition of Mr. Wilson. No other ex-president has had so strongly the faculty of guessing wrong all the time.

Because they destroy young birds the usual process of putting out the cat at night is to be reversed here and the destructive feline is to be kept in.

The woman with a little money and inclined toward matrimony needs a guardian, though she does not realize the fact until too late. Men ever were gay deceivers.

The outstanding fact in the raw-materials situation is the raw methods some nations employ to obtain them.

Indians are marketing huckleberries and the purchaser is advised to use the vacumm cleaner on them.

One reason there are so many unhung scoundrels in this country is that there are so many hung juries.

The high price of gasoline will never catch up with the high price of oil stocks.

Mlle. Lengien, tennis star, wants to come back next year and have more pictures taken.

Better cars for less money seems to be the idea of the automobile makers.

This is Portland's big business week. The buyers are dropping in.

Going to Gresham this week? Go often.

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE PRESS

God of Efficiency Bans Flowers From Navy Department.

The glory of a rose or the wonder of a violet have furnished the inspiration for many a gracious or gallant deed, writes the Washington correspondent of the Springfield Republican. Even in our practical times many had felt that flowers had their humble mission of cheer and helpfulness. But such sentimentality is out of date. The navy, in bringing efficiency to its peak, has spoken. Some weeks ago employes of the bureau of supplies and accounts received this notice:

Official Memorandum, No. 45.
Subject: Flowers in Bureau.

1. The paymaster-general appreciates the beauty of flowers, but feels that they do not contribute to the business-like appearance of a business office. It is therefore directed that hereafter no flowers appear on the desks or elsewhere in this bureau.

2. This office memorandum will take effect immediately.

It seems that many of the women clerks, who constitute a majority of the office force, had been in the habit of keeping a flower or two in a small vase on their desks. The flower had seemed to brighten the atmosphere, to relieve the blankness of the dreary offices and to cheer and freshen their own hearts. Now they know better, and the office is more "business-like." But if a visitor looks closely he can observe that ever and anon most of the women will glance furtively into one of the desk drawers, and in the drawer he may detect a simple flower or two stuck in a glass of water. You see, they have their nosegays despite official memorandum No. 45.

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The sweep of the radio craze over the country may be measured by the demands on the government printing office for radio publications. About six months ago the call was slight; today the demand totals over 5000 requests a week. The natural thing has happened. The supplies of these publications have in many instances become exhausted and the reprinting can't keep up with the demand. Day after day, by letter, telephone and personal visit do the amateur radio enthusiasts beslege officials of the office.

The real rush for these publications begins in March, following a broadcast by the navy that a certain booklet was available for distribution at the government printing office. This publication, "Principles Underlying Radio Communication," is one of the most expensive ones, selling for $1, but its popularity has surpassed that of any of the 18 others listed. A printing of 17,000 of this book has been gobbled up and a swarm of applicants are awaiting the next 10,000 from the press. Perhaps the next most sought-after publication is one that sells for only 5 cents, and which is entitled "Construction and Operation of a Simple Homemade Radio Receiving Outfit." Of late the printing office has received so many requests for an alleged publication describing a radio set which requires no storage battery that it has been obliged to issue a form letter denying the presence of such a booklet.

* * *

The River Jordan, which Joshua crossed dryshod, in which Naaman the Syrian bath'd away his leprosy, and where John the Baptist preached, is unique, writes P. W. Wilson in World's Work. Among the rivers of the world there is no other like it. The source of the Jordan is 900 feet above sea level. From that source to its outflow the distance is only 60 miles, but it is a distance which the river itself, by the frequent winding, more than trebles. The outflow is not into any open sea, but it is a lake surrounded entirely by mountains and exhausted only by evaporation or soaking of the water into its bleak and desolate shores. This lake is so charged with various salts that to sink in its waters is impossible, while bathing severely tests the complexion. Most remarkable of all is the fact that the lake, supposed to contain the ruins of Sodom, Gomorrah and other cities of the plain, is situated 1300 feet or thereabouts below the level of the sea. Nowhere, not in the Grand Canyon itself, is there a phenomenon so mysterious and so sensational.

* * *

Mamie Thornton, 17 years old, who told authorities in Denver, Colo., that she is the daughter of J. E. Thornton of Conway, Ark., and who said she eloped from Little Rock, Ark., with an 18-year-old boy she described only as "Bobbie," was found weeping in the Denver union station by police detectives.

"My father wouldn't let me marry Bobbie because he thought we were too young," the girl explained to Jim Goodheart, city chaplain, between sobs. "so I got $50 and went to Little Rock, where my sweetie lives, and we went down to the station to elope to Denver. We found we didn't have enough money, so I bought a ticket and Bobbie said he'd follow on a freight train.

"I got to Denver Tuesday and I've been sitting in the union station waiting and crying ever since. Say, Mr. Goodheart, do they shoot men when they find them riding on freight trains?"

* * *

"High-speed steel" for cutting tools has been well known for years, and an improved form of this material has been introduced in Sheffield, England. It is reported that this steel has four times the cutting power of any other in use. The composition is, it appears, still a secret, but it is said to be the first "high-speed steel" that can be hardened in cold water without danger. It can also be hardened with oil or in a cold blast.

Tools made of it wear out much less rapidly and require much less grinding than those of the older kinds of steel. They will also go on working at high temperature longer. But the makers themselves say that this steel does not by any means mark the final development of "high-speed steel." — Washington Star.

* * *

Who first invented machine guns is a question that is one of the war's aftermaths in France. The city of Lyons puts forth the claim of a M. du Perron, who, in 1775, is said to have submitted to the young King Louis XVI a military "orgue" which worked on a crank system and could fire 24 bullets "almost simultaneously, and consequently could annihilate a whole regiment in a few minutes," according to a contemporary record.

The new weapon appeared to be so murderous that the king and his ministers rejected it, and its inventor was held up as an enemy of humanity.

The powers hostile to France tried to secure the invention, but M. du Perron refused their offers from patriotic motives and died in poverty.

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The public is an habitual and constant critic of the manners of public utilities employes. The latter, it should be remembered, are also critics of the manners of the public. A station master in Cincinnati declares that the public is better-mannered today than 35 years ago and that the "grumpy bluffer" who "used to be always with us" is now an exception. This observer goes so far as to say that the campaign for better manners among railroad men has had an effect on the public.

Those Who Come and Go.

Tales of Folks at the Hotels.

"Thank the Lord that I got out of political office in Salem."—This is the way C. D. Babcock, secretary of the Insurance Brokers' Exchange, in San Francisco, put it yesterday in the Imperial hotel when recalling the time that Governor West ousted him from the industrial accident commission. He is back in Portland on a short vacation, having motored from San Francisco. In 1915 Mr. Babcock left Oregon and went to Detroit. Three years ago he returned west and located in San Francisco. "I have decided to make my home in San Francisco," he said." "I like it there and am doing much better than I would have been had I stuck to a political office. San Francisco is in good shape. The closed shop days are gone. There used to be a time when the walking delegates controlled the town and when the idea was prevalent that it was a 'closed ship' city. Such is not the case now. The Industrial association of San Francisco has been organized for the purpose of promoting industrial peace. It is composed of all classes of people and has done much to improve conditions for both employer and employe. There is a great deal of building going on around the Bay. Hundreds of new houses are being erected and several new residential districts have been opened up. The building of new homes has had the effect of lowering the costs of renting and this, of course, is pleasing to the man who does not own his own home." Mr. Babcock expressed the wish the highway commission of Oregon might exercise control over the 200 miles of road south of our state line. He said that between the California line and Redding the roads were not what they should be and do not compare with the well-paved roads of Oregon.

C. E. Braden, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, accompanied by his wife, is at the Benson hotel. Mr. Braden comes from that section of the state where oil producing is the principal industry. Just west of Tulsa is located the lands of the Osage Indians. Occasionally through the streets of the city will walk "a buck" who still clings to his tribal customs and wears his blanket. He appears to be the "poor Indian" of the story-book type, but ten chances to one outside the main streets he has parked a $4000 automobile with a bright red finish. The Indians of the Osage nation are extremely wealthy, due to the fact that oil in great quantities was discovered on their lands. It has been estimated that each Indian in he tribe is worth an average of $60,000. Royalties on the oil lands continue to increase their riches. One old Indian who had drawn down a large amount of money from his holdings went to an automobile dealer and purchased the most expensive car in the place. He drove the machine three or four miles from town, when it stopped. The Indian climbed out and returned to the city where he endeavored to purchase another car. So far as he was concerned, the original purchase had ceased to operate and was worthless. Money to the half-civilized Indian of Oklahoma means very little. The "bucks" purchase high-grade furniture and use it in their tents. They do not go in strong for houses. High-priced automobiles are parked in the front yards where the storms do their worst.

Oregon is not only a good place for tourists of the middle west to spend their vacation but it is an ideal place for them to come and make their homes, in the opinion of Mrs. Jennie Weeks, of Eagle Grove, Iowa, who is at the Multnomah. During the war Mrs. Weeks was prominent in Red Cross work in her state. Night and day she worked for the men who were in uniform. Her health became broken following the receipt of the news that her son had been killed in battle in France. She came to Portland and stayed here until her health was recovered. She fell in love with the state and after her return to Iowa again decided to come here. "There are lots of people in my state suffering from ill health who would be greatly improved were they to come here," she said yesterday.

For the purpose of informing its members relative to the sections of the country where they may go to enjoy vacations, a Travel club has been organized at Lancaster, Pa., Charles M. Relling, explained at the Multnomah hotel yesterday. He is president of the organization and as such is here to look over the scenery of the northwest so that he may report to his club on his return home. Yesterday he was on the Columbia River highway with Frank Branch Riley. "The northwest offers a great opportunity for easterners to travel," said Mr. Relling. "When I return home I shall advise the members of our club to visit Portland. The Columbia River highway is wonderful and there is nothing in the country that compares with it."

After having spent several weeks in Portland looking after his timber interests, Charles S. Keith, president of the Central Coal & Coke company, checked out of the Portland hotel Saturday night and departed for Kansas City. He will return to Portland again in October. By that time logging operations will have started in his company's timber back of Vernonia.

Pendleton citizens look forward to the greatest Round-up in history this September, according to B. L. Burroughs, who was at the Benson yesterday. Big preparations are being made to entertain the visitors who will come from all parts of the country to witness the "Wild West" stunts that are to be put on during the Round-up.

Frank Rothrock, stockman of Spokane, arrived in Portland yesterday and put up at the Portland hotel. He is one of the best-known breeders of pure blood stock in the state of Washington. Each year he shows his cattle at the Pacific International Livestock exposition here.

R. C. Turner and S. W. McClure of Nampa, Idaho, were among the business men who arrived from Idaho yesterday to participate in Buyers' Week. They are at the Imperial.

E. D. Cusick of Albany was in Portland yesterday and at the Imperial. Mr. Cusick is the republican candidate for senator from Linn and Lane counties this year, and may be chosen president of the senate.

Thomas Thompson, postmaster of Pendleton, was at the Imperial yesterday. D. A. Downey, merchant of the same city, was also at the Imperial.

William von der Hellen, orchardist of Medford, was in Portland yesterday and his name appeared on the Imperial register.

J. E. Reynolds, one of the members of the state fair board, was at the Imperial yesterday. He is a resident of La Grande.

N. P. Doolittle of Seattle is here for a rest. He is a guest at the Portland.

Burroughs Nature Club.

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Can you answer these Questions?

1. Are there any nightingales in this country? I ask because I heard a sweet song one evening from a bird that sang from high up in the air.

2. Are there any cannibals nowadays?

3. Why is the long-leafed pine so hard to grow artificially?

Answers in tomorrow's Nature notes.

* * *

Answers to Previous Questions.

1. Is the young of the racer snake like its parents or not?

No, immature specimens of the common racer, Zamenis constrictor, also called blacksnake, and of the coashwhip snake, Zamins flagelliformis, are distinctly mottled. The pattern is persistent for some time in the coachwhip snake.

* * *

2. Are the goldfinch and yellowbird identical?

The goldfinch is sometimes called yellowbird, but this is unsatisfactory, as the same word applied to the yellow warbler, Dendricca aestiva, and "wild canary" is also loosely used for both birds. We have no wild canary in this country. The yellow warbler has no black cap, no black-and-white on wings and tail, does have brown wings and tail, and reddish streak on breast.

* * *

3. How can I get rid of garden slime slugs?

Preventive measures are best. They live when not feeding under damp boards, old flower-pots, in tall damp grass, and in any damp rubbish heap, near their feeding ground. Clean all these up. A smelly bait, particularly a dead slug, placed in a wire cone on the principle of a fly trap, will attract, and they can be picked out and killed. As they leave a slime track, they can sometimes be traced to their entrance into a cellar, and the hole stopped. One fruit grower recommends a spray of nicotine and black lead, 40 per cent strength, diluted 1-50. We should not recommend using this on the edible fruit, as it is poison.

CITIZEN MAKES THREE "KICKS."

Psychologist, His Exposer and Weed Cleanup Not Handled Right.

PORTLAND, Aug. 5.—(To the Editor.)—The reported case of attempted blackmail by the Mrs. Patricia Reid but indicates the nature of the woman. If it is all true, this community is well rid of such a character, but upon what honorable grounds can the official guardians of city justify their action in permitting her to go away to some other community to prey upon unsuspecting people. If she is as cold-blooded in her purposes as the newspaper accounts indicate she is dangerous to permit to run at large. Of course, the publication of her record will help some, and yet, if the infliction of penalties has any value as a deterrent, it would seem that this is a clear case for such demonstration.

When officers or citizens connive at such evasions of duty and the designing criminal goes elsewhere and runs amuck of the law, it is a pity that the latter community cannot have some way to hold the former community as accessory to the crime.

There was a good deal said about Dr. Miller whom this Mrs. Reid seemed to come here for the purpose of exposing. The mayor was quoted as holding a threat of real exposure over the head of the said Miller. If our mayor had so much on this man, what right had he to withhold it from the public? The man continued to work and his opportunities were many to win the confidences of the people who were favorably impressed. If he was a crook, who should protect the city from his designs but our city officers, with the mayor at their head?

One more kick. We have read a lot about cleaning up the weeds on vacant lots. Good, if it had been done. But in all parts of the city, lots and whole blocks are openly offensive to good taste from the presence of heavy crops of weeds and grass, now dead and dry. They have ripened and shed their crop of seed in the main, and are so dry as to be hard to cut to look like a job. The talk is the most there is to the clean-up, it seems. CITIZEN.

NEW PENAL SYSTEM ADVOCATED

Segregation and Training of Adaptable Prisoners Is Planned.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 1.

To the Editor—I was deeply interested in The Oregonian's editorial July 16 entitled "Combating Crime."

The importance of the penal problem cannot be over-emphasized when we remember that half million prisoners are let out from prison cells every year. Seventy per cent of these prisoners have served at least one previous sentence.

"The new penal system," devised by the National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor (2 Rector street, New York city) provides for the thorough examination of every convicted person, mentally, physically and according to his work, record and previous life. This will result in the permanent care of those, who for their own protection and that of society, should never be discharged, while thorough industrial training based on a knowledge of their capabilities, will be given those who are fitted to return to society.

The existing penal system safeguards against the criminal only while he is behind the walls. The only sure way to protect ourselves against law-breakers for all time is to educate them in the right direction. FRANCES VAN INGLES.

Newspaper Not Ordered Is Gift.

RICKREALL, Or., Aug. 4.—(To the Editor.)—In April, 1920, we subscribed for a county paper for one year to help out in a contest. They have been sending us the paper ever since. We have received several threatening letters saying we should pay up or they would sue us.

Can they make us pay when we subscribed for one year only?

SUBSCRIBER.

The publisher has no case and therefore will not sue you.

OREGON MIDSUMMER.

Long days that grudge the coming of the moon,
And sun that hastens, eager, from the east
To lavish all his light upon the noon;
And noon that surfeits, slumbrous, from the feast,
Wide skies that tremble in deep fields of blue,
Broad fruited trees and rivers, wrapped in light;
Cool fingered firs that sift the west wind through,
And earth, soft dreaming, in a sheer delight—
Dreaming of richer harvests yet to be;
Waiting the fruitage of eternity!

—MARY ALETHEA WOODWARD.

More Truth Than Poetry.

By James J. Montague.

THE NEW ROAD TO FAME.

No longer the cinema star
Who seeks for a place in the news
For the world-wide acclaim
Of his name and his fame,
Which he honestly feels is his dues,
Need gamble or drink or be always in court
Obtaining successive divorces—
He finds it of little avail to resort
To horrid and devilish courses.

Time was when he only need wed
A wife when he had one at home,
And his name would appear
In the press, far and near—
From Rio Janeiro to Nome.
His wickedness gave him an eminent place
As a world-wide attention attractor,
And all of the managers hotly would race
To get him signed up as an actor.

So easy this route to the hearts
Of the army of photoplay fans,
That cinema stars
Broke their marital bars
In companies, bunches and clans.
So sordidly common divorce suits became
That an actor's domestic duplicity
The papers regarded as stupid and tame,
And it got him no useful publicity.

The star of the future who craves
To shine in the popular eye
Will have to be good—
As a married man should—
Or he never can hope to get by.
To get into print he must needs be unique,
No family ties he must sever,
And instead of annexing a new wife each week
He must live with the old one forever!

* * *

Immune to Everything.

If politicians died from shock, there would have been terrific mortality among them when Governor Miller of New York used $6,000 of his $10,000 salary to pay state bills.

* * *

Safe.

Despite the immigration law, enough Italians are coming to America to insure her the golf championship for some time to come.

* * *

Never Satisfactorily.

Every time congress passes a new tariff bill it adjourns so the members can go back home and apologize.

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In Other Days.

Fifty Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of August 7, 1872.

Madrid—The Imparcial, speaking of the Cuban insurrection, says that over 13,000 rebels have been killed and 70,000 have surrendered to the Spanish authorities. Ten thousand horses, 5000 arms and 3000 swords have been captured.

Harrisburg—A terrible tornado visited here last night. Several buildings were injured and hundreds of trees were blown down.

An East Portland man drove over a skunk the other evening while out for an airing. In the language of his wife they "haven't got over that smell yet."

According to the law of congress all iron used in the construction of the Northern Pacific railway must be manufactured from native ores of the United States.

Twenty-five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of August 7, 1897.

London—The Vienna correspondent of the Chronicle says he learns by special dispatch from Warsaw that the Russian government intends to prohibit the export of grain this year, owing to the expected bad harvest.

Joliet, Ill.—The 1900 employes of the Joliet rolling mills have decided to give one day's wages to the striking miners. Considerably over $2000 will be netted.

It is very gratifying not only to our British-born residents, but to the whole state to learn that the queen appreciates the message of love and good will sent from Oregon. It dispels a haunting fear that the queen had perhaps never heard of Oregon.

Fish and Game Protector McGuire is in receipt of numerous letters from all parts of the state informing him that parties are slaughtering Mongolian pheasants in violation of the law.

SENIORITY LOST TO SWITCHMEN

Union Leaders Accused of Present Railway Tactics in 1920.

PORTLAND, Aug. 5.—(To the Editor.)—Under date of August 5, an article appears on the editorial page of The Oregonian, entitled "The Claim of Seniority," written by a striking railroad machinist. I read with digust the propaganda which is being printed in regards to the railroad strike. It brings back to my memory the outlaw switchmen's strike of April, 1920, and the old saying is, "It is a long road that has no turn." What about those thousands of switchmen that lost their jobs and their seniority rights and pensions? Did they not go out on strike for a bread-and-butter proposition? What wages were they receiving through the war? Five dollars per day for eight hours, when sugar was 30 cents a pound. Why did they go out on strike? Because labor leaders had filled them with false promises, telling them to be patriotic, conservative, and to wait, and to live in hopes and die in despair.

The outlaw switchen did not go out on strike against the government. They went out on strike because they were disgusted with their so-called labor leaders. If there is any bunch of men that is deserving of their seniority, it is surely the poor switchmen that left their posts of duty, defying their leaders to bleed them any more.

Who did the strikebreaking in 1920? The different railroad organizations in the United States, including the big four. They installed strikebreaking headquarters in every large city, and the unions' strikebreakers scabbed on the union switchmen. What kind of propaganda did Samuel Gompers send to every local affiliated with the American Federation of Labor? Any local that was reported assisting the outlaws their charter would be taken from them.

It is reported that