Morning Oregonian

ESTABLISHED BY HENRY L. PITTOCK

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STRONG LEADERS; WHY WE LACK THEM.

There is food for thought in Mark Sullivan's contrast between the kind of leader Mark Hanna was in congress and the kind of leaders we have now. Grant, to begin with, that Hanna's methods of winning political victories and of consolidating political power were bad and that his policy often served special, selfish interests rather than the national interest and was therefore reactionary, and there remain some important questions on which his purpose was patriotic and his action was guided by clear understanding. Then let us see what kind of leader he was.

The letters quoted by Mr. Sullivan as having been written to his close political friend, H. H. Kohlsaat, furnish the key. Kohlsaat disagreed with him and told him so. That opinion was not lightly to be disregarded, but Hanna did not believe he was fully informed and told him so, then concluded.

I feel my responsibilities and shall stand by our policy, which I know is right.

Kohlsaat continued his newspaper campaign and wrote a letter censuring Hanna for "implied defiance" of the people, but Hanna stood his ground and in the course of his reply said:

Time will tell who is right, and I have no excuses to offer for my course. Drop the agitation and give us a chance to settle the matter in congress, and then you can give us all the hell you want to; to do it now is no good.

Where shall we look in congress for men who, when accused of running counter to public opinion, stand confident in their judgment of the "right course," that "time will tell who is right?" If there be any such men, they do not rise to leadership. The crowd in congress prefers to follow "ears-to-ground" politicians—the most expert transmitters of the changing currents of public opinion, the most expert at suiting action to those currents, men who are "blown about by every wind of doctrine." Such men are susceptible to the influence of the noise made by small, but well organized minorities. Men who master a subject, then form their conclusion, hold to it in defiance of the portents of human political weather vanes and inspire such confidence in their judgment and right purpose as to secure a strong following—such men are content to wait for time to "tell who is right." They sound the great deeps of public opinion, while their opposites can see only the waves raised by the passing breeze.

The standpat element represented by Hanna had no monopoly of such leaders. Roosevelt, the champion of progress, was another, and it is well worthy of note that these two men, representing two such conflicting lines of thought, that their party was finally torn asunder by the strife of opinion, worked together loyally with mutual respect, and that Roosevelt paid tribute to the character of the man who had tried to sidetrack him from the presidency.

Such men seem almost to have been driven from congress, at least from places of power such as Hanna held. It must be more than a coincidence that this has happened synchronously with the general adoption of direct nomination at the primary. Formerly political leaders had at their backs party organizations which would see them through times of unrest, when passion and impulse overpowered reason in the popular mind until time proved them right. Senators and congressmen who are the product of our present system have no such backing, and are often swept into retirement on some ephemeral issue unless they keep their ears to the ground and shape their course according to the whispers of the grass. They are poor guides to a republic in times of storm.

There is a type of men whose services the people most need, but whose full value is often not generally recognized till they are long dead. It is the kind of man who shrinks from the turmoil, the labor, the personal abuse, the self-exploitation, the appeals to passion, prejudice, selfishness, crowd instinct that mar the primary campaign. They would gladly take office and serve the people by less tumultuous means and, when they do, they prove to be the kind that dares to stand for what they believe to be right, unshaken by clamor and obloquy, serene in confidence that time will vindicate them. The direct primary, as now conducted, does not bring such men to the front or, when it does, tries their moral stamina to the utmost before they put conscience and conviction before personal expediency.

That influenza is apt to be more deadly in its efects upon the race than war is again apparent from the quarterly returns of the registrar-general of Great Britain, showing not only that the epidemic, continued to take a serious toll in the first three months of 1922 but that it claimed more women than men victims. In this particular it ran true to the form it established in the great epidemic of 1918-9, and presented the only occasion in a generation when deaths of females exceeded those of males. Whereas even at the conclusion of a devastating war the race may still rely upon its female population as a basis for replenishment, when the latter is threatened the most gloomy forebodings would appear to be justified. As an argument in favor of the most searching efforts to ascertain the cause and discover a cure the facts would seem to be unanswerable—aside from the appeal they make to the common instinct of humanity and their challenge to the scientific workers of the world.

A BIG FAMILY GATHERING.

Portland welcomes the guests who have come for Buyers' Week, not solely as buyers of its wares but as members of a big family scattered all over the country west of the Rockies, who come here to an annual reunion. They come not only to buy, but to meet friends and to make new ones, to enjoy the sights and festivities which the metropolis of this region offers, and thus to make business the occasion of a break in the routine of business.

This gathering of merchants from afar brings them into direct touch with those who supply them and with one another. Repeated annually for ten years, it has formed bonds which have steadily grown stronger, has established an understanding on which smooth business relations and personal friendships are founded. It has broadened the horizon by promoting intercourse of men and women from widely separated cities, thus drawing the whole Pacific together and tending to make it one community, realizing that it has interestes in common.

Portland gladly caters to the pleasure of its guests, finding as much satisfaction in its part as host as it hopes they find in the entertainment that it provides. When they go, the city will bid farewell with a hearty "Come again."

THE LAST LETTERS OF RATHIE.

Admittedly the last letters of John Rathie to his mother were pathetic. There are tears in them, for the man was about to die. The Rev. Guy Fitch Phelps, an opponent of capital punishment, gives these missives to the public, apparently with the thought that they will inspire sentiment against the hanging of murderers. He declares that they show the doomed slayer to have been of tender and forgiving heart. Strange it is to observe, in the record of Rathie's life, the utter absence of these attributes until the noose had all but tightened round his neck. The pathos of his letters, it may safely be assumed, was the pathos of hysteria.

Not long ago, and but a few days after the executions of Rathie and Kirby, the Rev. Mr. Phelps expressed his horror in print. His soul revolted at the act of legal justice. He depicted the two murderers as guiltless boys, against whom society had taken a hideous and repellent revenge. To this expression of personal opinion it seemed peculiarly fitting that W. R. Taylor, brother of the murdered sheriff, should make reply. Mr. Taylor possessed the facts—the conclusive evidence that not only convicted Rathie and Kirby, but that forbade any amelioration of their sentence. Rathie had been a delinquent from early youth, with a prison record. Kirby was also an ex-convict, whose imprisonment at Pendleton arose from robbery and attempt to kill. These gentle spirits, the testimony had borne witness, were parties to the plot to escape, pledged to shoot their way out if necessary.

Well, they shot their way out. It matters little that the half-breed, Hart, was fated to speed the bullet that killed Sheriff Taylor. But for the plot, in which they were equally concerned, he had not died. Moreover, in proof of their desperate intent, each of the two was armed. They were both potential and actual murderers. Neither pathos nor hysteria should blind us to the facts. Rathie's twilight letters to his mother, so lovingly phrased, were the letters he should have written long years before, under happier auspices. He had reason to regret that he did not stay at home and give to the mother and his brothers and sisters the love and aid he so laggardly professed. By his own record Rathie was neither a dutiful son nor a good man—and his career was crowned with murder.

It is time that sentimentalists wiped the tears of a morbid compassion from their eyes, and beheld crime in its true light and criminals as they are. The sentimentality of the Rev. Mr. Phelps is of that sort which, were the death penalty to be replaced by life imprisonment, speedily would unbar the prison and restore to the most callous and reprehensible murderer his liberty.

A NEW EDITION OF BIERCE.

It seems passable prophecy to predict for Ambrose Bierce a posthumous fame that will eclipse all recognition he received during his cynical lifetime. For Bierce, despite his bitter arrogance, was one of the few masters of the short story. Now, some years after his lonely and unrevealed death in Mexico, a new edition of his works is soon to issue, and one imagines that Bierce will be more widely read and appreciated than ever before. The mystery of his own passing, itself such a story as the author would have found joy in, cannot but contribute to the quickening of that popular interest which buys books. Those who read Bierce may have bad dreams as their immediate reward, but none can follow his pages without tribute to the ease of phrase, the direct simplicity of narrative, and above all to the dark genius that was so like Poe's, and yet unlike any other save that of Bierce himself.

Often we have delight in winsome tales, all goodness and beauty; and again in the dramatic, with its deft blending of light and shadow, of joy and pain; but there is one genre of narrative that never fails to hold us in thrall. It is the horror story, told with the plausibility and dark magic that bespeak genius and which leaves the reader a momentary prey to unimagined dread and forboding. Not even Poe was more adept at this than Bierce. In his stories there are few contrasts—all save an occasional narrative are as darkly fantastical as nightmare, and possessed of the uncanny influence which sometimes bridges the gulf between sleeping and waking. The story of the "damned thing," that creature of unexampled ferocity, whose elements were a shade beyond the spectrum and not to be discerned by human eye, is but a single instance of his facility with the grewsome.

One will wander far with Bierce before he encounters a shining foil to this morbidity of theme. Yet it is there—proof that the genius of the man was versatile. His wartime tale of the gay young gallant, jeered by the rough veterans crouched at the edge of the timber, who rode so happily up the long slope to unmask the batteries and riflemen of the enemy, is an epic that constricts the throat and fires the reader with the brave flame of battle. It is plain that Bierce was not always the celebrant of dread, not always the cynic, for in this tale he portrayed the cheerfully casual death of a very valiant young gentleman. And though we would not war again—well, it is a yarn for every patriot to read and long remember.

Bierce will not be remembered, when his memory comes into its own, as the political satirist and confirmed cynic. We may fittingly regret that he himself inclined so naturally to these roles that much of his time, in the opinion of posterity, was squandered in the ineffectual display of his cynical brilliance. He will be remembered for his narratives, which are assured permanency in our literature, and the pity is that he wrote comparatively so few of them.

MISQUOTING LINCOLN.

The Oregonian the other day made a polite request upon a literary representative of the striking shopmen — Mr. Nash — who had made somewhat elaborate quotations from the speeches and sayings of Abraham Lincoln, for the source of some of them. It doubted their authenticity. It was unable to find more than one of them in any authorized version of Lincoln's addresses and letters. It is familiar with the fact that the great name and fame of Lincoln are often used to support causes good and bad. For bad causes, their advocates have not hesitated at misquotation, substitution, mis-application and outright forgery; in other instances, doubtless, the spurious Lincoln extracts have been innocently used. The Oregonian has no wish to say that its correspondent was other than the victim of unscrupulous counterfeiters in his citation of Lincoln's utterances, only one or possibly two of which was genuine. For example, he says in his letter to The Oregonian;

In 1854, in his debate with Stephen Douglas, Lincoln said from the stump: "No man is good enough to govern another man without that man's consent. I say this is the leading principle—the sheet-anchor of American republicanism."

Now here is a paragraph that bears inherent evidence of its falsity, in the connection in which it is used. Abraham Lincoln had no debate with Stephen A. Douglas in 1854, though he made in that year a speech or two in answer to Douglas. The republican party was not organized until 1856 in Illinois; The cardinal doctrine of the republican party was not abolition, or the suppression of slavery, but the limitation of slavery through denial of its right to extend into the territories. It was not until 1858 that Lincoln in his debates with Douglas made his celebrated "house-divided-against-itself" speech in which he predicted that the Union would be ultimately all-free or all-slave.

Another quotation by The Oregonian's correspondent credited to Lincoln also excites our interest. It is:

I am glad that a system of labor prevails under which laborers can strike when they want to.

The Oregonian has no doubt at all that this quotation is wholly false. The strike was all but unknown in Lincoln's day. Labor organizations were weak and few, labor problems were in no sense national, and labor legislation was in its beginnings. If Lincoln used the word "strike" in any address or letter or statement in any connection whatsoever, The Oregonian would like to know where and when.

When 'Omer smote 'is blooming lyre,
He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea;
An' what he thought 'e might require,
'E went an' took—the same as me!

TOAD IN THE GARDEN.

None may say where he spends the long sun-filled hours—for the reason that none know. He is the toad in the garden, and twilight is his hour. Perhaps, if you were to part at noon the tangle of berry vines, now light as young grass, now dark as emerald, you would descry his retreat in the cool and pleasant mold where the spiny shafts run to soil. Or if, as slim as a ferret, you might slip between the palings of the porch you were likely to find him blinking in his form of clay, the most comfortable fellow for miles around. But it is only when the ruddy globe of the sun slowly expires beyond the hills, that he hops abroad.

He that was vocal and musical enough in March, when the ponds were swollen with rains, is silent and reserved in August—a meditative amphibian given to lonely rambles. The quack-grass stirs at the garden edge, there is the faintest rustle of stalk against stalk, a mouse-like sound that stirs the cat to glare. And into the half light enters Warts himself, now striding with long ungainly reaches of his stubby webs, now hopping with the port and dignity of paunch—a figure as weird and impossible, in miniature, as any that ever strode or floundered from the ancient ooze to haunt the marge of lakes. Fearsome is his mission, for he purposes to dine by the way, but to a casual eye there is nothing of terror in his aspect. He is the toad of the garden, whose gravity is ludicrous.

Puss is no longer interested. What are toads when there are field mice afoot? Curiously the vivid eyes mark his slow progress down the lane of beets, then turn with keener light, and boding, towards a sound too far and finely pitched for all save puss. The cat melts into dusk as one of dusk's own shadows, soft-footed, silent, and is gone. Somewhere past the corn there is hunting. Grief will come to the scamperers who venture to forage in this province. Our amphibian is motionless now, a clod against the darker soil—a clod that presently quivers and stretches slow limbs to the careful business of stalking. Too instant and indisdinct for the eye to catch was that flicker of tongue, but in its sufficient brevity it was kismet to some wandering moth or prowling beetle. A rough morsel that must have been, for Warts has reared from his squatting posture, and cuffs and rubs one fingered palm against his most capacious mouth. Ah, it is down—the hunt begins again.

The toad in the garden, though no adage proclaims the truth, brings luck to the gardener. No tiger in his hunt for game, no lion roaring over his kill by the drinking pond, is more remorseless and insatiable, than is this complacent philosopher in his quest for worm and bug, and slug and waking larva. He is the nemesis of every form of harmful insect, and at the harvest there is ever a heavier, more plenteous yield because he claimed the vicinage as his hunting ground. Some have said that in the forehead of certain toads there is hidden a jewel as precious and magical as the philosopher's stone. Others have held that to touch the chill and pebbled coat of him is to court a plague of warts. The one is a myth, the other a downright defamation of the portly sportsman, who, not less than Nimrod, is a mighty hunter in the sight of the Lord. Dusk is heavy over the garden, there is the faintest of rustles from the darkness. Warts is on patrol.

A DISCREDITED WITNESS.

The best reason for re-appointment of Governor Harding of the federal reserve board is that he is opposed by Senator Heflin. The credibility of the senator as to the charges against Mr. Harding was destroyed by Senator Glass last January. The senator had accused the federal reserve board of instructing regional banks to refuse rediscount of agricultural paper and of thus forcing the fall of prices for farm products in 1920. Mr. Glass proved the exact contrary to be the fact. The rule: "False in one thing, false in all things," should apply to the Alabama senator's present charges.

Before the fall of prices began in 1920 the senate adopted unanimously a resolution demanding to know what the board had done or purposed to do toward deflation. Thus the senate, not the board, made the move.

The board did not order reserve banks to deflate the currency by raising rediscount rates; each of them did so of its own motion, and the increased rates were approved by the board.

The amount of rediscounts was not decreased during the period when prices were falling; it was increased $472,088,000.

The amount of currency was not contracted during that period; it was expanded $328,403,000.

Rediscounts of farm and livestock paper were not decreased in 1920; they were increased by more than $190,000,000.

This increase was almost entirely in the agricultural districts of the south and west.

Federal reserve banks in the manufacturing regions made large loans to those in the farming regions.

Inability of many farmers to obtain credit was due to the inability of banks that are not members of the federal reserve system to grant it and to the refusal of some member banks to avail themselves of the rediscount privilege in aid to farmers. In the south 42 per cent, in the middle west 39 per cent, in the far west 50 per cent and in the Pacific states 36 per cent of the banking power is in non-member banks, which have not the privilege of rediscount at federal reserve banks. On the other hand, many member banks in the south borrowed several times their quota on farm paper. Those banks which could not or would not use this privilege to help the farmers "passed the buck" to the federal reserve board.

Senator Heflin's attack on Governor Harding's official integrity, based on what "lots of people believe" is in effect an attack on the banking organizations which financed the nation through the war, which very materially limited the effects of deflation, and which is successfully carrying the government and business through the period of reconstruction. The distress among the farmers might have been relieved to a far larger degree if all the banks had been allied with the federal system. Men who attack that system undermine the very foundations of national prosperity.

The time is not psychologic to try Sam Gompers' plan of assessing the unions in the Federation to raise funds to prolong the strike. Sam's handsight is good; but the time to fill a war chest is long before the trouble begins.

It would be easier to annul the war debts of the allies if the allies would first make some effort to annul the suspicion that certain of them, at least, want money as first aid to new wars.

A high telephone official says the morale of telephone employes in Portland is very high. But how about the morale of telephone users?

It's a half-hour ride to Gresham and worth while when there. A visit is a civic duty, for it is the Multnomah county fair.

Our guess is that some of the boys have fooled Henry Ford into thinking a political machine is a kind of Ford engine.

The business of banking means handling all the money in the land. That so few go wrong speaks well for the personnel.

It is getting so that a man must be pretty sober to identify his own car and escape trouble in taking the wrong one.

The railroad strike is approaching the situation of surrendering the charter and getting back the jobs.

One candidate purposes to get into that recount even if he has to be "drug in by the cat."

Settlement of the Chicago car strike was easy because both sides used common sense.

Examination of a bank by a bank examiner must occasionally be a sort of comedy.

The country storekeeper is here but looks more like a banker.

Still fair and warmer, but there's a bit of breeze in the shade.

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE PRESS

Texas Rangers Picturesque Set of Legalized Fighting Men.

The Texas ranger, who has been labeled "a first-class fightin' man," has the powers of a military and police officer combined. The Rangers are the most picturesque set of legalized fighting men in this country, says the Kansas City Times. When it comes to putting to a test real fighting qualities, the Rangers, only 40 in number, are equal to almost any emergency that may arise. They are picked men and must be proved experts in marksmanship and at home in the saddle. When a vacancy in a company occurs the captain selects the man to fill it. Most of the Rangers formerly were cowboys. When a man leaves the Ranger service he usually either goes back to the ranch or takes a position as peace officer in some county or city.

The Rangers have been prominent in Texas history ever since Sam Houston and his compatriots seceded from Mexico and set up a government of their own. The United States government organized 17 companies of the Rangers during the war of 1812 and they were made a part of the regular army, being mustered out after Andrew Jackson's victory at New Orleans ended hostilities. When the Black Hawk war broke out in 1835 the Rangers were called into being again. The Rangers later became the 1st cavalry of the regular army. In the troubles with Mexico they assisted the army and acted as scouts.

Rangers have made many enemies in some localities of the state where by force of circumstances they have had to conduct their operations. Many attempts have been made through the legislature and in other ways to abolish the organization, but the Rangers have been held as an indispensable adjunct to the state's militia.

* * *

Mrs. M. C. Mandell of Las Cruces, N. M., has announced her candidacy for United States senator as an independent. She is the first New Mexico woman ever to announce for this office.

She has lived for 48 years within two miles of Las Cruces and has reared a family of six. Some of the principal planks in her platform are:

"I stand for strict enforcement of the Volstead amendment and anti-gambling laws.

"For compulsory arbitration in all labor disputes.

"For a constitutional amendment for popular election of the now appointive offices, including Judges, cabinet ministers and postmasters.

"For national insurance for all crops planted by the farmers.

"For national warehouses for storing all foods, where the producer can have insurance and use his storage receipt to borrow on. Such warehouses I deem essential for the safety of society should our country become famine stricken as Russia is today.

"For unemployed compensation act. Why should a willing worker starve when willing to work?

"For old-age pension.

"For mothers' pension.

"For revision of our spelling. Why should a child spend one-fifth of its school life learning to spell words as some ignorant person mispelled them centuries ago?"

* * *

The New York Sun has discovered a real Utopia:

A stranger, strolling one day through a curving street, paused as he heard the strenuous cry of a baby in a carriage on a porch. He ran up and rang the bell. A nice looking young woman appeared.

"Madam, your baby is crying."

"That is not my baby, sir, but I thank you. It belongs to the young woman across the way."

"What is she doing?"

"She is playing golf. She takes prizes."

"And do you take care of her baby when she is playing?"

"Only on Tuesdays."

"And on other days?"

"She distributes the baby among the rest of us."

"And why do you make this sacrifice?"

"Because, sir, you see she is the best golfer among us. With hard, steady work she is almost certain to win the Metropolitan handicap."

* * *

The Sistine chapel, frequently mentioned in dispatches, is in the palace of the vatican at Rome. It is 134 feet long by 44 feet wide, erected by Pope Sixtus IV in 1473 and designed for religious services during holy week. The ceiling is covered with frescoes by Michael Angelo and other great artists of the time, representing scenes from the Old Testament, while the walls are adorned with paintings, depicting events in the lives of Moses and Christ. The wall above the altar is occupied by Angelo's sublime fresco of the last judgment, filing a space 60 feet high and 30 feet broad. This great work was designed by Michael Angelo when in his 60th year, and required eight years for its completion. The colors, however, have been so much impaired by the dust and incense of centuries that little of the original beauty remains.

* * *

A New York playwright has built a new home in Westchester county and has given it the name of "Cracked Ceilings." Gene Buck calls his fine home at Great Neck "Mortgage Manor." And one of the most magnificent estates at Glen Cove is called "The Shack." There is a reason for this burlesque of names. Little cottages sold at real estate auctions were provided with opulent names such as "Oakleigh Thorne," "Wimbledon Hall," etc.

* * *

Failure to understand the language of the game one is playing may be embarrassing later. The St. Argonaut gives this example: A young man and maiden were playing golf—the maid quite a novice—and had reached a hole which was on top of a little hill. The youth ran up first to see the lie of the balls. "A stymie," he shouted, "a dead stymie." The young woman came up with a sniff. "Well, do you know," she said, "I thought I smelled something as I was walking up the hill."

Those Who Come and Go.

Tales of Folks at the Hotels.

"Lava butte, south of Bend," elucidated E. P. Mahaffey, in the banking business at Bend, "was the last active volcano in central Oregon. From the base of this 500-foot hill there flowed a volume of lava toward the northwest which filled the original canyon of the Deschutes river and, connecting with a rhyolite ridge, dammed the waters, forming a lake, until the river began cutting an escapement through a notch in the rhyolite mass forming what is now known as Benham falls. The flow of lava caused the Deschutes river to make a sharp turn and cut itself a new canyon, the one now being used. How long ago Lava butte was cutting up no one knows, but geologists say 'recently,' which means anything from 5000 to 10,000 years. Anyway, the lava field formed by the butte is as desolate looking an object as can be found anywhere. It does not show weather wear, like old lava, which is the reason the geologists know that it is of comparatively modern times. The butte has a rather deep crater at the top. From the side of it quantities of volcanic cinders have been taken to surface The Dalles-California highway in that vicinity. The cinders look well when first laid but they are so light that they cannot stand up under the traffic."

"Henry Colling says," began Tom Thompson, "that this year's roundup will be the best ever. Henry has been over at Cheyenne attending their frontier show and has arranged for more new talent. There will be more girls in the cowgirl relay race and several strings of horses new to Pendleton crowds. Then, too, a cowboy of the movies has sent word that he will bring his outfit up from Los Angeles and he will have a chance to show what he can do. Portland people will make a big mistake if they miss the show this coming September." Mr. Thompson admits that it is "very hot" in Pendleton and when any one from Pendleton admits as much outsiders can rest assured that it is some hot. However, the heat is a good thing for threshing.

"I expect to see the next big movement to the coast to come from the middle west," said Sam Josephson of Round-up, Mont., at the Imperial. "Montana people and those thereabouts get fed up on that climate and you hear them say 'I'm going to the coast to live.' The town of Round-up was originally a shipping point for cattle, and the name was appropriate. Now, however, it is a coal mine center. A couple of companies are operating, and, prior to the strike, they were producing many thousands of tons of coal a day. The striking miners were well paid, I consider, for just before the strike I saw pay checks of miners which called for $342 for two weeks' work. Of course, it is hard work, and there is the danger risk, but the pay checks show what the miners can earn." Up to 15 years ago Mr. Josephson was a resident of Roseburg, where he was born.

A. L. Black of Mt. Vernon, Or., is registered at the Perkins. Let's see, hum! Isn't that the place on the John Day highway, near a warm spring resort, where R. A. Booth, John B. Yeon, W. B. Barratt and Governor Olcott all donned very small and tight bathing suits and proceeded to demonstrate that they still know how to swim? And where Highway Commissioner Barratt sat under the pipe of warm water which feeds the big tank and drank two gallons of the tepid, mineralized water? Yes, that's it. Not only the highway commission, but people from miles around, as distant as Fife and way ports, go to the springs as Portland people go to the ocean beaches for relief from the hot weather.

John Halvorsen, port captain for the Atlantic, Gulf & Pacific company's fleet, is at the Multnomah with Mrs. Halvorsen and young son. The captain, whose headquarters are in San Francisco, is here in his official capacity and leaves on the company's steamer, Henry S. Grove, which goes to Bellingham for some 2,000,000 feet of lumber. Captain Halvorsen says that the sister ship of the Henry S. Grove became a fruit carrier last season, and would take as many as 42 carloads of oranges from California to the Atlantic coast, getting the fresh fruit to its destination almost as quickly as though the oranges were shipped by rail.

A. King, the mayor of Mitchell, Wheeler county, is registered at the Benson. Mitchell, on Bridge creek, has about as hot a temperature as any place in the state, and once in a while, after a long dry spell, a cloudburst makes its appearance and Bridge creek becomes a regular stream. Natives declare that they have seen the water in the creek 30 feet deep. The "pastimes," stores and hotel are all on the lower level of the town, a residential district being perched on the hill above, far beyond any reach of Bridge creek should it go on the rampage.

Jacob Paulus, who helps guide the destinies of Prairie City, Or., as a member of the board of aldermen, is in Portland on business and is at the Hotel Oregon. Grant county and the government are co-operating to build a section of the John Day highway from Prairie City toward Unity, the latter being in Baker county. This is a particularly expensive piece of work, as it is all in the mountains, but when this road across the Blue mountains is completed the last barrier on the John Day highway will have been eliminated.

J. J. Angell, a stockman of Izee, Or., is at the Imperial. A particularly spectacular horse was secured by the Pendleton Round-up people from the Izee country and named Angel. It was secured from Mr. Angell, but the animal hasn't that sort of a disposition.

Accompanied by his family, R. E. Bean, county commissioner of Umatilla, is registered at the Hotel Oregon from Freewater, Or.

E. C. Davidson, member of the city council of St. Paul, Or., on French prairie, is registered at the Imperial.

W. E. Johnson, recorder for the town of Madras, in Jefferson county, is at the Imperial.

Ung Goey, proprietor of a noodle emporium in Pendleton, is at the Multnomah.

Zoe Houser, sheriff of Umatilla county, passed through Portland on business.

Locations of Universities.

PORTLAND, Aug. 7.—(To the Editor.)—I would like to know how to address a letter to Georgetown university and to the University of Michigan.

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT.

Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.; University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Burroughs Nature Club.

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Can You Answer These Questions?

1. Can you tell why the land turtle digs a hole with its rear feet about two inches in the ground? I have noticed several doing it.

2. Are dancing mice trained ordinary mice?

3. Please give me the name of the game warden, I know a set of boys that are stealing birds' nests and eggs.

Answers in tomorrow's nature notes.

* * *

Answers to Previous 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.

We doubt if there are any nightingales established here. You may have heard the flight song of the oven-bird, Seiurus aurocapillus, called also golden ground thrush. Its song is given at dusk or later, from wooded situations. Or it might have been a woodcock; Philohela minor, depending on what season you heard it. The woodcock's flight song is in March or April, given at nightfall, and on approach of dawn. Sometimes it sings quite late at night.

* * *

2. Are there any cannibals nowadays?

Yes, cannibal tribes are found in the South Seas. A writer recently visited them, took photographs, and is preparing a book on them. Cannibalism was originally a religious observance, the partaking of the actual body and blood of the sacrificed leader or priest being thought to insure the participants some of his admired qualities.

* * *

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

For a variety of reasons. This species (Pinus palustris, it has many local names, as yellow, Georgia, etc.), has a tremendously long tap root, sometimes going down seven feet when the baby tree, at seven years, is but seven inches tall. (The tap root of a mature tree may be 16 feet long). Thus transplanting is impossible, and the tree can be grown under culture only by planting seed. The seed is not particularly plentiful.

HEARST CANDIDATE APPEARS

Mr. Lamping Said to Be Favored by Seattle Newspaper.

Aberdeen World.

Comes now Colonel George Lamping to enter the senatorial contest and to declare that Senator Poindexter is no longer a "progressive" and should, therefore, be defeated. That is the main cry of the principal candidates against Poindexter in this campaign. It is the cry because they imagine they can win on it, and they think they can win because they have an idea that enough radicals will invade the republican primary to insure Poindexter's defeat. Their "constructive platforms," which do not, of course, even pretend to be republican platforms of republican doctrine, are platforms of denunciation. Each of these candidates hopes to ride into office on attacks on Poindexter, not on any wholesome suggestions they have to offer. They seek to make Poindexter the issue of the campaign. No doubt he can stand it.

Colonel Lamping is possibly the Hearst candidate. That will develop in time. But it is to be considered that the elements he hoped to win to his support have gone to Mrs. Axtell. That is a disappointment, no doubt—so great a disappointment that it would need assurance of other support to offset it before the colonel could become a candidate. What other offset could there be except the Hearst support? The colonel must have a hope at least, to say nothing of a good expectation, of obtaining that support or he would not enter the lists.

It has been a long, hard hunt for the Seattle paper. Orders have come from New York, it may be surmised, to "get" Poindexter. He refused to obey Hearst; therefore, he is unfit, in Hearst logic, to remain in office. The problem has been, and still is, for that matter, to find someone who can defeat the senator and take Hearst orders. First-class men have been approached on that basis. Naturally they have refused. A first-class man, fit to be Senator, is nobody's tool, least of all Hearst's. The entry of Colonel Lamping probably means that he is the best Hearst can do and that the Hearst advisers are satisfied that Mrs. Axtell cannot win. It is noteworthy that the Seattle paper has had little to say concerning her beyond the report of her selection and formal candidacy. Possibly the paper has been waiting for Lamping. You can get the bent of the Hearst intentions from the way in which it treats Lamping's announcement.

Lamping's entry does not change the fact that Senator Poindexter is extremely fortunate in the character of the opposition to him. All the jargon of "progressivism" and "reactionary" will be heaped upon him and denunciation will follow denunciation of his vote to seat Senator Newberry of Michigan. You will be led to believe that the only thing he has ever done in the senate is to vote to seat Newberry and that all the rest of his twelve years in the upper house of congress has been wasted, that his war efforts and his efforts for the state are inconsequential in comparison wtih his vote for Newberry.

But the real issue is his vote for the four-power treaty. Hearst did not want that vote cast; in fact, ordered the senator not to cast it. The senator defied the order; hence this fight. The senator says that representative government requires him to exercise his best judgment in such matters. The Seattle paper says representative government leaves its agent no freedom of expression, that a senator is merely the office boy for the state. It assumes—a violent assumption—that the people of this state wanted the four-power treaty defeated. What it really means is that Hearst wanted it defeated, and that in its notion the senator who represents Hearst and follows Hearst dictates really lives up to representative government. What a sorry notion!

If the people of this state display their usual good sense they will not displace Poindexter with any of the crew against him, and they will not turn the direction of their affairs over to Hearst or any other newspaper or group of newspapers or boss or dictator of any kind. But they will do something like that if they defeat Poindexter on Hearst's say-so.

Well Acquainted.

Detroit Free Press.

Here is another sample of muckraking directed toward juries. A lawyer had a somewhat difficult witness and finally asked if he was acquainted with any of the men on the jury.

"Yes, sir," replied the witness, "more than half of them."

"Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them?" demanded the lawyer.

"Well, if it comes to that, I'm willing to swear that I know more than all of them put together."

More Truth Than Poetry.

By James J. Montague.

NOT IN THE MARKET.

I always have been haunted
By dreams about a throne;
Since childhood I have wanted
To have one of my own.
To loll, reclining in it,
A scepter in my hand
A monarch for a minute—
I fancied would be grand.

So when the bolsheviki
Put on the auction block
A throne well worn and creaky,
Some czar had had in stock,
My heart with rapture fluttered,
I grinned from ear to ear,
And happily I muttered,
"At last my chance is here."

And then I recollected,
With quite a startling jar,
The history connected
With many a former czar.
To shoot the persons sitting
In gold-trimmed seats of state,
The Russians think a fitting
Expression of their hate.

No longer I consider
The purchase of the thing.
Were I the lucky bidder,
And sought to play the king,
I'd find it far from pleasant
In fragments to be blown
By some rough Russian peasant
Who coveted my throne!

* * *

Vainly, However.

The Irish republicans are still fighting to lift the curse of freedom.

* * *

A Way Out.

It ought to be easy for England to pay the United States what she owes us in inflated coal.

* * *

No Chance.

What ought to be started in this country is a "Brighter Congress" movement.

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In Other Days.

Fifty Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of August 8, 1872.

Brownsville, Tex.—Captain King, the largest stock owner in Texas, was attacked by a band of Mexicans, but escaped.

New York.—Jasper Johnson sat for his photograph in Brady's a few days ago. Frank Leslie's artist took a card and Jasper will soon appear in Leslie's Day Doings as one of the "eminent self-made men of our time."

It is rumored that the Bank of British Columbia has purchased the triangular block on Front street between A and Vine, and that it is the intention to erect a new bank building at a cost of $50,000.

Greeley butter is offered to the public by a grocer, who probably takes that way of intimating that it is not very strong.

Twenty-five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of August 8, 1897.

Washington.—The geological survey has announced officially that the name of the northwest gold field shall be spelled with "K" and "i" and will hereafter appear on books and maps issued by the survey as "Klondike."

London.—Antarctic expeditions are becoming thick. In addition to the Belgian expedition and the proposed British expedition to the south pole, Professor Neumeyer, president of the German antarctic association, is organizing an expedition consisting of two ships.

A modern Portland church has set aside a pew for the use of traveling men.

One of the regrettable things about the late Mazama ascension of Mount Rainier is that it has done very little to educate coastern newspapers as to the proper spelling of the mountain's name.

PERIL IN POLITICAL RELIGION

Minister Warns Against Departure From Spirit of Christ's Teaching.

TILLAMOOK, Or., Aug. 6.—(To the Editor.)—Europe is tottering on the verge of another awful world war, because each European nation has surrounded itself with a petty wall of racial division of national jealousy, suspicion, egotism and hatred. In Ireland the fires of political-religion are raging and both Catholics and Protestants are drawn into one long, fierce struggle for national supremacy and political control. To gain this political power pillage, fire, ambuscade, famine and sword are used and the result is destruction, desolation and death to both Protestant and Catholic who happen to stand in its pathway.

In Oregon those who dare inject political-religion into the field of public education and personal political strife are playing with high explosives dangerous alike to both church and state. Roman Catholics and Protestants alike have been guilty of trying to harness the religion of Christ to political power and subject it to the will of pope or king. History has thereby been blackened and the wreckage of civilization and horror of human war have always resulted from the attempt.

Today, when the world's civilization and Christianity itself are hanging in the balance and when the world's political, economic, industrial and religious existence is in jeopardy, any man, party or nation which causes division, strife, hatred and war is an enemy of both God and man. Verily the curse of God will be upon any man, party or nation that, knowingly or wittingly, plunges civilization into another black hell of war, and upon the red radical who destroys life and property in the name of brotherhood and freedom.

True Christianity, whether it be expressed by Roman Catholic, Anglican, Lutheran, Calvinist or Armenian, is a spiritual life in the soul of the individual, which transforms the inner motives so that they are conformed to the spirit, life and teaching of Jesus Christ.

So, then, today in Oregon we have no time nor place for Catholic or anti-Catholic to force our public schools into a bitter political-religious war. We have no time nor place for Protestant n