Morning Oregonian

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THE SOBER EFFECTIVE WAY.

There was nothing sensational on the subject of taxation in Governor Olcott's address to the gathering of republicans at Eugene. It was a plain, matter-of-fact statement regarding conditions that must be overcome in order to obtain a reduction in cost of government. They are the same conditions that have been pointed out heretofore by other sober-minded students of the question, and apparently they must be detailed again and again to overcome the demagogy with which high cost of government is so frequently discussed by persons less sincere of purpose.

In Oregon we have a close approach to a pure democracy, a government, the cost of which, as well as its purposes, activities and benefits is subject to direct control by the people. Notwithstanding the democratic form of our government and the frequent application by the whole people of their unusual powers, many of us are still prone to think that the entire at the head of this pure democracy has and exercises the power which the people themselves have and exercise. Candidates freely take advantage of this partial reversion to the days when government was autocratic and promise things that they alone have power to bring about.

For example the governor of the State of Oregon has only the power to recommend to the legislature what should be done, and to veto such of the legislature does of course does not approve. For purposes there was levied in 1921 about $9,000,000. Yet of this 1921 people themselves in the exercise of their rights under a pure democracy, levied about $6,000,000 by their votes duly registered at the polls. Of the $9,000,000 raised by taxation for purely state purposes, less than $3,000,000 consequently passed under the scrutiny of the governor. And while the state was collecting this $9,000,000 for the purpose of paying for purely state functions, other tax-levying and collecting agencies were gathering together from the property owners $32,000,000 more. In short, in the tax bill of the average property owner, less than one-fourth of the sum called for is for state purposes, and two-thirds of that one-fourth were voted by the people themselves.

There are 2749 tax-levying bodies in this state. Each individual comes in financial contact with only a few of them, but their multiplicity creates a condition which makes real economy in taxation a problem of reaching each of the 2749 in order that every taxpayer may be benefited by reduction. Everybody pays state taxes but if the entire legislative appropriations for official salaries, maintenance of institutions and all the miscellaneous affairs of state government, were abolished, the present average tax-bill of $100 would be reduced only $7.

The thirty-six boards that levy county taxes, the many bodies that levy town and city taxes, the many more that levy school taxes, port taxes and road taxes, must be reached with the economy programme if the tax bill is to be reduced perceptibly. For tax-levying bodies are also the tax-spending bodies, and as Governor Olcott remarks, "down to the smallest political subdivision where money is raised and expended for public purposes, thrift must prevail, if we bring about a material lessening of the taxpayer's burden."

The ramifications of the tax system are not to be successfully attacked with a cleaver; mere denunciations by politicians do not affect them. There is only one way to attain genuine reform in taxation, and that is by adoption of a comprehensive programme determined upon through intelligent, systematic survey of tax methods, tax inequalities and tax extravagances.

Such a survey has been undertaken in Oregon. A capable committee, created by the legislature at the suggestion of the governor, has been at work for more than a year. It has discovered inequalities in the assessed value of property, the escape of great values from the tax rolls, a need for uniform accounting, necessity for a more positive budget system, and a want for supervision of tax-levying to the end that tax-raising and tax-spending bodies shall not be identical. It has found, too, that county courts are compelled by state law to levy taxes in specific amounts for local purposes to the detriment of home rule and to the defeat of efforts by local taxing bodies to obtain economies.

The report of this commission will be presented to the next legislature, and if there shall be accomplished any well-deliberated, safe, consistent, permanent reduction of the tax load, and a fairer equalization of the tax burden, the accomplishment will be founded on that report.

As hereinbefore indicated, this commission was created on the recommendation of Governor Olcott. It is a business man's not a politician's method of attacking a complicated problem. It is the method that in its essentials would be adopted by any well organized private industry which found that its overhead was consuming its earnings. The process thus adopted is slow and it is not spectacular. It has not attracted a great deal of attention. It deserves to attract more; it is entitled to the support of a sympathetic legislature and of insistent public opinion.

DEDICATED TO HUMANITY.

Of the various memorials that recall to us, as they will to posterity, the lives of men who lived their span and left the world, none can be more enduring than the altruistic. Bronze may tarnish and marble crumble, but a bequest to humanity is itself a living thing—a memory forever vitalized by the spirit of the donor. Reflections such as these must come to all who give thought to the recent dedication of the new Clark surgery at Good Samaritan hospital. On a tablet in the surgery corridor runs the inscription:

"Dedicated to the relief of human suffering through the science and art of surgery, in memory of Joseph Kitchcart Clark."

Few pause to appreciate the humanitarian motive, so clearly illustrated in this memorial gift, that finds expression in the modern hospital—in such a sanctuary of healing as Good Samaritan hospital. To appreciate we would have need for contrast between the medical and surgical service of the present, in America, and that of the dark centuries when all was guess work and pain and terror, and to be stricken was to die or live at the whim of malady or wound. Or contrast with modern Russia, so atavistic that plague rules under the sufferance of the soviet. Sanitation, medical and surgical knowledge, and the cool clean comfort of the hospital are taken for granted. But the ideal is as a vital flame, that men cherish and guard and minister to.

Good Samaritan hospital has the most exacting of scriptural traditions to live up to and to be worthy of. It is no idle tribute nor vain flattery to say, in all simplicity, that the institution well merits its appellation, and that the Clark memorial surgery is one with the thought and purpose which have created and maintained a refuge and remedy for suffering.

MR. HOHENZOLLERN'S HEART.

To be informed, as international gossip has it, that Mr. Hohenzollern will alleviate his lonely life at Doorn by remarriage, would have stirred the world to comment a few brief years ago. How time flies—and with it crowns and kings! At the most we can but yield a yawn to this tattle of William's tender affair. Princess or hausfrau it is all one to us, though the opinion persists that the bride of the royal exile is about to be buncoed. The shell of a withered monarch, brooding by its moth-gnawed trappings of state, what manner of husband is this?

Political strategy may pull the heart strings of Mr. Hohenzollern, as a puppet is jerked by the mountebank—for it might be hazarded by the hopeful that romance is the key wherewith to unlock the stolid opposition of the republic to another reign of the all-highest. Financial advantage may also influence the drabbled amour, for rumor reports that the gold of the Hohenzollerns took flight with the crown and that a fat goose is a problem. We move these possibilities first of all, having learned—at some cost of steel and blood—that sentiment of the more human sort had little to do with the designs of German princes. Practical fellows they were, and none more practical than William Hohenzollern. What a figure he cut, this arbiter of mortal destinies, ten years ago!

But a more generous theory is that when a man is stripped of his prestige, and brought low, and reft of his friends and his fortune, the heart of him cries out for companionship and sympathy—and he turns to a woman, if a woman will have him. And the singular truth is women are always waiting somewhere for these broken lives, to mend them like crockery, and watch them jealously lest they crack again. A great pity it seems, with the ex-kaiser about to make his bid for happiness, that some similar dispensation could not be granted those millions who, willy-nilly, like cards on a table, went down to misery before the gust of his imperial vanity.

UNIONS AND LIVING STANDARDS.

Such speakers as Miss Mary Van Kleeck so confuse questions of economics with sentiment that one no sooner exposes their fallacies than one exposes himself to the charge of being callously indifferent to the sufferings of the poor. Yet it is not those who call attention to economic truth who are wanting in sympathy; it is that truth itself.

"Those who control capital" are said to be in an attitude of "antagonism to labor" and the implication plainly is that by "labor" is meant union labor, though only a fraction of the labor of the country is in the unions. The millions of farmers have no union, though they have various co-operative associations to secure the full share of the price paid by consumers for their products, but they certainly labor. Nor is it true that capital in general is antagonistic to labor unions, though it opposes some of their policies.

In many industries employers welcome active co-operation of unions, and opposition to unions which refuse to abide by the verdict of an impartial government board or to arbitrate disputes does not bespeak antagonism to unions in general. Yet a sweeping charge that capital conspires to destroy unions is founded on resistance to the railroad shopmen's demands after the latter had rejected the labor board's award. The theory seems to be that any employer who refuses to grant whatever a union demands is an enemy of unionism. This is simply not true.

Then we are told that "the wages of too large a number in all industries are too low for an adequate standard family life." The only basis on which employers can possibly fix wages is the value of the work done. The fact is that economic law does take account of the human factor in industry, for at its base is the instinctive disposition of man to work for the comfort of himself and his family, to increase his earnings and to accumulate wealth, at least a competence for old age. Payment of day wages obstructs the working of this law, for it removes the incentive to greater production as the means to larger earnings, but labor unions are the greatest champions of time wages and opponents of piece-work wages. If they would center their efforts on establishing piece-work scales, graduated by the price of the commodity they produce, and on resistance to efforts of greedy employers to lower the scale when earnings increase, workmen could automatically raise their standard of living by increasing their earnings.

MAPPING THE WORLD.

It is not surprising that the Arctic explorer, Donald McMillan, should have discovered, as he relates that he did, many grave errors in the latest available maps of the polar regions. One of the chief tasks of the modern geographer is to correct the mistakes in the rough outlines of the work of the pioneers. In his brief account of his voyage in the Bowdoin which he recently sent by courier to Newfoundland, McMillan describes the difficulties he met in trying to steer by the charts covering the region he traversed, but these appear to be but difficulties that have been common in all time.

When he says that he entered territory in Baffin Land that no white man has visited since the voyage of "Northwest" Fox, three centuries ago, he gives an understandable explanation of the discrepancies he found. Maps of the world three hundred years ago were relatively crude, highly misleading where they purported to set down definite locations, and usually wrong in important particulars. Much more recent charts than those of Fox have erred so grossly that it is wholly credible that McMillan should have "sailed over an area indicated as land on all the latest and most authoritative maps, and indeed fifteen miles into a hypothetical interior."

The cartography of the Arctic zone is yet in a condition relatively similar to that of western North America in a time still within the memories of men now living. It is interesting to recall that when John C. Fremont set out on his journey from Oregon to California in the winter of 1843 he confidently expected to find pasture for his horses and rest for his men in a salubrious valley not a great distance south of The Dalles. No other hypothesis justifies his undertaking of what proved to be an extraordinarily hazardous expedition at a peculiarly unpropitious time. A great river was presumed to flow from Salt lake westward into the Pacific ocean at San Francisco. The Santa Fe trail had been explored on the south and Jedediah Smith had twice crossed the great American desert, without, however, leaving an authentic repudiation of the old tradition which so nearly cost Fremont and his men their lives. The best information then available to the Oregon attaches of the Hudson's Bay company, the center of official knowledge in the northwest, credited the supposition that what is now known to be an irreclaimable desert was a smiling valley basking under a perpetual sun.

Captain Benjamin L. E. Bonneville, whose labors it is likely would have gone for naught but for the literary genius of Irving, was indeed the first to represent with even approximate accuracy the larger natural features of the western country. But his map, which would have disposed of the mistaken notion that a Buenaventura river existed, was not published until 1837 and then in a limited edition which appears to have attracted so little attention that Fremont probably did not receive a copy at all. Thomas H. Benton, who was deeply concerned with western affairs and whose memory is embalmed in the name of a county of Oregon, wrote in 1856, in his "Thirty Years' View," how his son-in-law, Fremont, was misled though he acted on the best knowledge that Oregon then possessed of its immediate neighbors.

Fremont, says Benton, "was at Fort Vancouver the guest of the hospitable Dr. McLaughlin, and obtained from him all possible information upon his line of return, faithfully given, but which proved to be disastrously erroneous in its leading and governing features. All maps up to that time had shown this region traversed from east to west, from the base of the Rocky mountains to the bay of San Francisco, by a great river called the Buenaventura, which may be translated the Good Chance. Fremont believed in it, and his plan was to reach it before the dead of winter and hibernate upon it."

"It is evident," says Lieutenant Gouverneur K. Warren, whose geographical researches are the most thorough of any up to his time, "that Colonel Benton had never seen Captain Bonneville's map." Few others had been so exceptionally fortunate and belief in the existence of this fabulous stream persisted throughout the Oregon country for a long time. It was not until the decade of the fifties that the fruits of Bonneville's work began to be harvested and, although that adventurer destroyed the Buenaventura illusion and placed the Humboldt river approximately where it belonged, he was guilty of inadvertencies and inaccuracies of another character, which were not repaired until the surveys for the Pacific railroads were made.

It is but a century and a half since existence of the River of the West was postulated and but a century and a third since the discovery of its mouth removed it from the realm of controversy. The practice of basing charts on the unverified accounts of irresponsible savages has only lately fallen into disrepute. Baron La Hontan's account, written in 1689 and published forty-six years later, of a journey of six weeks' duration up a river which he declared to flow into the Mississippi from the west, was widely discredited, although it now appears to have been reasonable, but a contemporaneous story, resting on the authority of certain Indian slaves, of the existence of a far western river flowing into a great salt lake was generally believed, though it curiously combined the Buenaventura tradition and the aboriginal lore concerning the Columbia. "The lower part of that river," said the annalist, "is adorned with six noble cities, surrounded with stone cemented with fat earth; the houses of those cities have no roofs." The great salt lake may have been the Pacific ocean, and the river may have been either the Colorado or the Columbia, but the six noble cities are not accounted for.

As recently as 1846 maps were offered as evidence in the northwest boundary dispute which perpetuated the Buenaventura legend and which represented the Willamette river, then written "Walamet," as turning sharply from the east in the vicinity of the present city of Eugene. But for the development of railroad building, with its instruments of precision in surveying and its demand for complete and authentic reconnoissance, it is likely that the practical science of map-making would have been indefinitely retarded, even as to regions now familiar to every student of local geography.

Reports to the department of commerce that the foreign demand for American automobiles is increasing ought to be followed by news that the good roads movement has been extended to the farthest corners of the world. Burmah, which is just awakening to the advantages of quick transportation, is described by travelers as one of the principal mudholes of the world, and Japan, which is about to supplant the jinriksha with light motor cars, finds the field for four-wheeled vehicles much circumscribed by the road system in vogue. The impossibility of imagining a man who owns an automobile as anything else than a roads booster makes it seem probable that the matter of finding employment for populations will solve itself as soon as the primary necessities, such as food, have been provided for.

The Fascisti of Italy by resort to direct action gave the Communists a dose of their own medicine and went them one better. That is a fit penalty for any party which attempts by force to usurp the power of government and to set itself up as dictator, but what must be thought of a government that leaves suppression of such an element to the private initiative of another armed faction? It will inevitably be at the mercy of the victorious party and will have given its sanction to private war.

The settlement of the anthracite strike is only a truce like that of the bituminous coal strike. Unless action is taken to assert the rights of the people, the operators and miners will again have the business of the country at their mercy a year hence. What is wanted is a settlement of the coal strike that will insure its being the last.

A fine characteristic of the miner is the readiness and devotion with which he goes to the rescue of comrades trapped underground. It is a tradition of the craft, similar to seamen's efforts at the peril of their lives to save mariners in distress.

There has not been an escape from the Oregon prison for a year. Warden Lewis must not make life there too delightful or there may be an epidemic of breaking in. It is a good record, all the same.

Some young woman clerk chucked those missing ballots into a drawer and forgot about them while the furore raged. Confound it, can't the women keep their housekeeping ideas out of public office?

Mrs. Price shows possession of sound sense in asking whatever sum is raised be put into a trust. That way it will be safe from birds of prey, of whom there are too many and too few punished.

An Aberdeen milhand whose wife had begun suit for separation simplified matters by committing suicide. This course is not to be recommended generally. There may be possibilities in living.

When Stephen Foster sang of "the mild September," he did not contemplate a warm September Sunday afternoon in Oregon as he "listened to the mockingbird."

The city commissioners today begin the pleasant work of fitting a twelve-foot carpet to a twenty-foot room, only they call it "budgets."

The haste with which the Greeks get out of Asia Minor is a humiliating contrast to the retreat of Xenophon's 10,000 through that country.

Two carloads of Oregon walnuts will be sent east to supply a demand started by people who know a good thing when they see it.

The probe result that more women named "Anna" get divorced did not go far enough. Maybe more get into politics, too.

Quite likely the reason it's so hard to induce the Turks to give up their harems is the enormous first cost of alimony.

The man who commits suicide on the grave of his wife, recently deceased, take a mighty long chance on reunion.

The daughter of the sultan of Sulu may be able to introduce something new in grass skirts in Berkeley.

With most present-day folks the important thing isn't so much revision of prayer as praying at all.

And the outcome is that both the coal owners and the miners have had a nice summer vacation.

Here's a consolatory idea. None of the visiting prelates will be injured in a joy ride today.

To realize how the year is running down, consider the state fair to begin in two weeks.

The Turks probably feared the Greek army would take a shine to Constantinople.

Has the fiend who terrorized the Peninsula district moved to Olympia?

The auto camper is really "the bird of freedom."

DISPENSARY PROVED A FAILURE

Wet Recommendations of Mr. Fairman Tried and Found Wanting.

PORTLAND, Sept. 9.—(To the Editor.)—I was amused by an article by a Mr. J. D. Fairman on the subject of re-opening the saloon.

He thinks "strict government regulation" means something. We now have strict government prohibition with the state, county and city assisting and he seems to know what we really have. In 1910 when a prohibition campaign was on in Oregon Miss Marie Brehm of Chicago went to the internal revenue office here and counted the government liquor licenses issued for Portland. I went to the city hall and secured the number of licenses issued by the city. After allowing for drug stores, breweries and rectifiers we found there were over 500 bootleggers or blind pigs, as you please.

Again, he thinks that if the government sold the stuff and saw that it was properly manufactured it would help. The government always did supervise the manufacture. So far as the government selling it is concerned the state of South Carolina tried that under the Tillman "dispensary" arrangement. The state only was permitted to sell, those who sold were salaried men with no incentive to increase sales, the places did not open until 8 A. M. and closed at 6 P. M. and it was sold in original package and not permitted to be opened on the premises. The result was that after a trial the state went to straight prohibition, for the dispensary has not helped at all.

A few hundred years ago England decided that if the clergy only were permitted to sell liquor the abuse would be cured because no clergyman would sell to a man who was becoming a drunkard nor to a man who had enough. The result of that was that the clergy became debauched and today a great many English clergy are owners of brewery stocks, but drunkenness was not helped.

Mr. Fairman thinks that under government sale a good stiff price could be charged. The dubs who buy it now tell me they have to pay a good stiff price now. Last year the enforcement (?) cost the government $9,600,000 and the revenue from fines, etc., was $62,000,000, so the people are making some money out of it now.

Beer is the most injurious of all the drinks. In the old days when an epidemic ran through the country it was the beer drinkers who died like flies. The reason is that while the alcohol vitiates the blood the quantities of fluid taken in beer drinking overwork the kidneys and fill the system with poison.

The whole thing is that it is the alcohol in the liquor that does the work, whether in 6 per cent beer drunk in large quantities, or 20 per cent wine or 40 per cent whisky. No matter how you sell it, if the people get the alcohol you will see the results just the same.

John G. Wooley used to say there was one thing worse than the saloon and that was the moral condition of a people who would license it for a price. He was right.

E. T. JOHNSON.

REASONS FOR LOSS OF STRIKE

Laboring Class Divided; Strikers Desert Ranks; Public Blind.

In the Roseburg News-Review.

ROSEBURG, Or., Sept. 1.—(Editor News-Review.)—Will you permit me to say a few words regarding the strike?

The strike is lost as far as the men that went out are concerned. Why is it lost? Because the public is blind, people are divided—even the laboring classes pull against one another.

The engineers and conductors are better than the firemen and brakemen. All are above me, don't even recognize me because I am a laborer. I can not even lace their shoes.

The strike is lost because many deserted the ranks, went back and acted as instructors. Of course the inexperienced men can do the work under competent mechanics.

The railroad heads are not to blame, the officials are not to blame, it is because the men are divided among themselves—too many unions.

Are the public, the churches, the law-makers, the rulers of this Christian land (so-called) going to see our brothers go down?

The striking shopmen are good men, competent men, the backbone of our country. Are we going to see our brothers go down in defeat? Are we truly a Christian nation, or in name only? Will violence win justice? No! a thousand times no! One wrong will not right another. Where cometh justice? From the men we elect to represent us at Washington? No other source unless from the God of heaven through Christ who was rejected, betrayed and murdered by mankind.

Are we going to let our brothers go down in defeat? Yes, unless we try to do something.

Is the Big Four going to do anything? We think not—their time will come. The shopmen can take their places while they rest a while and meditate.

Railroads are public utilities and must and will continue to operate. We can not get along without them. They should and must be controlled as public property.

Will justice ever come? Yes, when we as a nation wake up and bring it about by intelligent thinking and action. The ballot is our weapon. We must use it or go down in defeat, peonage, slavery!

CLARENCE WHITE.

It Was Over His Head.

Judge.

A Baptist minister who practiced immersion was asked to tell what was his most awkward experience. He said: "One Sunday afternoon I was to have an immersion in the river on the outskirts of town. A great crowd had assembled. There were two candidates for baptism. One was an extraordinarily tall woman, coming almost up to my own 6 foot 3 in height. The other was a little runt of a man hardly five feet tall. When it came time for the ceremony I took the towering lady by the arm, intending to immerse her first, and told the little man to follow us. The lady and I had gone into the water until it was about up to our waists, when I heard very improper tittering among the spectators. Looking back to discover the cause of this untimely levity, I beheld the little candidate for baptism coming along—swimming!"

Isaac Fell In.

Argonaut.

The gentile bought a packet of cigarets from Isaac Isaacstein, his regular tobacconist.

"Isaac," said the customer, after the purchase had been completed, "you gave me a bad shilling in my change the other night."

"Impossible," answered Isaac. "I never took or gave a bad coin away in my life. With my 40 years' experience in handling money I can tell by the touch at once; physical instinct, my boy. I suppose you managed to get rid of it?"

"Yes," was the reply. "I have just paid it to you for these cigarets."

Those Who Come and Go.

Tales of Folks at the Hotels.

Montague, California, that little old town which is located between Weed and the Oregon line, is off of the map so far as the Pacific Highway is concerned, according to R. C. Hale, who with his wife were at the Imperial yesterday. Montague is their home. When plans were being made for the Pacific Highway construction, the citizens of Montague were of the opinion that it would extend through their town. Everything seemed to indicate it until the California state highway commission got busy and located the road through the old town of Yreka. Montague citizens were up in arms but they could do nothing. Their town is still on the main line of the railroad but it is off the highway and misses the great tourist travel that passes between Portland and San Francisco. Montague is a peculiar little village, according to Mr. Hale. Its streets are exceedingly narrow and its buildings still carry the old-fashioned wooden awnings. Before the Pacific Highway was constructed, the majority of the automobile travel went through Montague, and traffic officers kept a constant guard for speeders. The man who was so careless as to drive his machine down one of the city's narrow streets at a rate of more than 15 miles an hour would find himself facing the justice of the peace before many minutes had passed. There he was called upon to contribute liberally to the city treasury. The Montague citizens have searched the justice of peace records to determine whether or not at some time members of the California State Highway commission were not "pinched" by the traffic officers.

Al Brown who is almost as well known in Oregon as his birthplace, Salem, was given the treat of his life Saturday when he, as the guest of Phil Metschan of the Imperial hotel, took a trip over the Pacific Highway as far as Corvallis. Brown, who has been a railroad man for many years, knows almost every railroad tie and telegraph pole along the right-of-way of the Southern Pacific in Oregon, but he had never been over the highway until Mr. Metschan took him Saturday. "It was the greatest trip I ever had," he declared yesterday. "I did not enjoy it so much until I got in the red hills beyond Salem. There I began to see country that was familiar to me as a boy. I had quite an argument with Mr. Metschan regarding the location of the old "Gassy" Smith place, but I won out. You can't fool me about that country. I knew every foot of it when a boy."

Among the guests of the Imperial hotel yesterday was H. R. Goodwillie of the new town of Grand Ronde. That little city, which has been built up by the Spaulding-Miami Lumber company, is active now, Mr. Goodwillie said. Large numbers of men are being employed in the two big logging camps of the lumber company. Thousands of feet of logs are daily being taken from the timber and sent to the mills of the Spaulding Lumber company at Newberg and Salem. The interests that brought about the building of the new Grand Ronde are deeply interested in having the bootlegger wiped out of their district. Bootleg whisky sold to an Indian from the old reservation was responsible for the deaths of Grover Todd and Glenn H. Price, prohibition agents, in Grand Ronde a week ago.

When it comes to saddles and other equipment that a modern cowpuncher should have, L. H. Hamley of Pendleton is not only an authority, but a manufacturer. The Hamley saddles are known from one end of the country to the other. Even before the Pendleton Round-up came into existence annually Mr. Hamley was making saddles and other cowpuncher equipment. Now the concern has a mail order business from all parts of the United States. None but stock saddles are made by the company. Each year the saddles are seen in the Round-up. With Mr. Hamley at the Benson yesterday were Rudy Tanler, garage owner, and Fred Donert, grain man of Pendleton. They drove here by automobile.

Lyman G. Rice, banker of Pendleton, after a few days here, will leave the Benson for his home to prepare for the Round-up. "I must get up there and prepare for the big show," he said yesterday. "I will have to grease up my cowboy clothes and make ready for the affair. I am not saying that I am going to ride a horse but I will doll myself up in a rig that makes me look like I could ride. A Pendleton man's life is not worth a cent unless he looks the part of a cowpuncher during the Round-up." Mr. Rice is a member of the state bonus commission and has been spending a great deal of time between Portland and Salem recently.

S. W. Morris, general manager of the affairs of the Long Bell Lumber Company in the West, is at the Portland hotel. Mr. Morris is in charge of the plant of his company at Weed, Cal., and also overseeing the work of the big lumber company at Kelso, Wash.

Sam Garland, attorney of Lebanon and one of the democratic warhorses of the state, was in Portland yesterday and his name appeared on the register of the Imperial hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Scocalo of Los Angeles were guests of the Imperial yesterday. They have been making an automobile tour of the northwest and were on their way back to their southern California home. They had visited Vancouver, B. C., and Seattle before arriving here.

C. D. Butler, of The Dalles, who has been active in the affairs of the American legion and the republican party of Wasco county for the last few years, was at the Benson hotel yesterday.

Among the guests of the Multnomah yesterday was George T. Collins, of Medford. Mr. Collins is manager of the branch house of Mason, Ehrman & Co. in Medford and is a director of the Crater Lake National Park company.

E. L. Potter, a member of the faculty of Oregon Agriculture college, was at the Imperial hotel yesterday. He is making preparations for the opening of the school year.

After having spent several days at Seaside and other coast points J. L. Niday, attorney of Boise, accompanied by his family, was at the Multnomah yesterday.

R. W. Sawyer, publisher of the Bulletin, of Bend, was at the Oregon hotel yesterday. Another newspaper man who was at the Oregon was I. B. Bowen, of Baker.

The name of Coy Burnett, who formerly practiced law here but now is a resident of Los Angeles, appeared on the register of the Portland hotel yesterday.

F. S. Lamport, of the United States National Bank of Salem, was in Portland yesterday and stopped at the Benson.

Burroughs Nature Club.

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Can You Answwer These Questions?

1. Is there any reason to believe the birds will migrate early this year? I ask because I have recently seen (August, in Connecticut) a Baltimore oriole and two black and white warblers.

2. Can I get any account of the Arctic sea cow?

3. What do garter snakes eat?

* * *

Answers to Previous Questions.

1. What kind of song has the Baltimore oriole?

Its note is usually characterized as a whistle—not actually a song, though during the nesting season the male often groups his notes in a short musical phrase. The female also has a whistle at this time, and both mates break into a noisy chatter if disturbed. The male's tune is quieted when the nesting season is over, but toward the end of summer, after moulting the wedding plumage, he resumes whistling until fall migration.

* * *

2. How can I protect my horses from having their hoofs nibbled by rats in the stable?

If you can get a druggist to sell you some diluted carbolic acid, apply it as a wash to the hoofs, using a brush or bit of sponge. It is a good clean antiseptic, and will discourage the rats considerably.

* * *

3. Occasionally I get a sealed package of cereal that is webby inside and has white worms in it. How is it possible for them to get into the sealed box?

The "worms" get into the cereal before it is packed, in the egg stage, and hatch in the meal, feeding on it, and leaving a webby silk as they move through the food. This worm is the grub or larva of a small moth that infests grinding mills—either the Indian meal moth or the Mediterranean flour moth. Sometimes the webs of the larvae become so extensive that the machinery gets clogged.

ADVERTISING OREGON'S NEED

Traveler Commends What Has Been Done but It Is Not Enough.

PORTLAND, Sept. 10.—(To the Editor.)—I have just returned from an automobile trip lasting many months, during which I traveled through many eastern and middle-west states, and was careful to make close observance of conditions generally. While it is not our province to disparage other states, my comparisons all were in favor of Oregon. I would not give one square mile of the Willamette valley for all of Ohio—if I had to live there, and yet Ohio is a wonderully rich state. Generally, the same situation applies.

This leads me to a question which I believe is of paramount importance, if Oregon is to come into her own. We lack advertising. Our Chamber of Commerce has done a lot of good work, but what Portland needs is a large advertising fund that her advantages might be spread before the people of the country. It seems to me we are neglecting our opportunities. We spend comparatively nothing, while Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle and other coast cities are spending immense sums for publicity and reaping the rewards of intelligent advertising.

I was immensely pleased to see in the hands of tourists bound for Oregon road maps of this state, issued by the Oregon Tourist and Information bureau, which is a new creation since I left the state on my long journey. I saw large numbers of cars in Idaho and in Washington, and even farther east, the drivers of which rather proudly displayed the free maps issued by the bureau. That is what I consider good advertising, but it should be followed up with a larger campaign.

Just east of Salt Lake, at the junction of the Lincoln and Pikes Peak highways, I was made glad to see an immense sign directing tourists to Oregon over the Old Oregon trail. The sign was made attractive by a well painted picture of Wallowa lake. Thousands of tourists pass this point every week. It was good for an Oregonian to see. East of Pocatello we saw another of these fine signs. I was impressed with the beauties of the Blue mountains which were shown. Returning west from Yellowstone park, and as we neared Spokane, a splendid picture of the Columbia river highway was shown on a board which was about 50 feet long, and on the Yellowstone trail, east of Walla Walla, we encountered sign number four, showing Mount Hood in all her glory, and making an appeal to tourists to visit Oregon. The signs were erected by the Oregon Tourist and Information bureau.

I have ascertained since returning to Portland that the tourist bureau was created by the last legislature, and that only the paltry sum of $12,500 for two successive years was appropriated to carry on its work. Oregon might easily spend $50,000 a year on just such work as the bureau in question is so well performing.

I want to see Oregon advertised, not in a better way, but in a larger way. I want to see Portland advertised in both a better and a larger way. The exposition will help, but there should be provided other means for letting the world know that Portland is the finest city on the Pacific coast in which to live.

GEORGE R. KING,
720 East Davis street.

Command on Vessel.

PORTLAND, Sept. 10.—(To the Editor)—A contends that the captain and the chief engineer on board a United States shipping board boat are of equal rank and that the captain cannot give orders to the engineer, and if given he can use his own discretion as to obeying them.

B contends that the captain is in supreme command and must be obeyed by all on board. Who is right? H. C. F.

The captain is in supreme command.

Bonus Law in Washington.

VADER, Wash., Sept. 9.—(To the Editor)—Why is not a deceased veteran's widow allowed bonus? My late husband served for the duration of the war. Our home was in Washington and he enlisted there. He died February 25, 1920. Why does not the state of Washington pay the bonus to me?

Apply to the auditor of your county for form on which to make application to the state. A widow is allowed the bonus of her husband if it has not been paid.

Airy About It.

Boston Transcript.

"I am quite taken up with this thing," said the man who was enjoying his first ride in an airplane.

More Truth Than Poetry.

By James J. Montague.

THE BITERS BITTEN.

On learning that all the mosquitoes
Within a few days were destroyed
In lakelets and pools where militant schools
Of bug-eating fish were employed,
We purchased a litter of minnows,
And sowed them all over the place,
Where water was found, to go hustling around
The myriad pests to efface.

We waited with grim satisfaction
Till the minnows their harvest should reap,
And at last we should find, when they freely had dined,
A chance for a good restful sleep.
Our soul was serenely exultant
To think of the terrified squeals
Of the mean little things when they folded their wings
As they served our wild minnows for meals.

Yet they multiplied faster than ever,
And when to the ponds we repaired,
As the season advanced, to learn how it chanced
That the needle-jawed pests had been spared,
We found our demoralized minnows
With punctures in all of their scales,
And a dull baffled air that bespoke their despair
Were scratching their backs with their tails.

* * *

A Part Equal to the Whole.

France maintains that she doesn't like keeping the watch on the Rhine, but she doesn't deny that she intends some day to take the whole works.

* * *

Something Just as Good.

Senator Lodge never heard Colonel Roosevelt say "damn," but he could say "ham and eggs" so it sounded just as dreadful.

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In Other Days.

Twenty-five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of September 11, 1897.

Berlin.—The appointment of Baron Thelmann, retiring German ambassador to the United States, as secretary of the imperial treasury in succession to Count Posadowski Wehner is gazetted.

Lima, Peru.—Telegraphic advices just received announce the death by drowning of the celebrated Amazon explorer, Fiscarraldo.

Mount Hood loomed up in the same old place yesterday, grand, gloomy and peculiar as usual, the first time that it has been visible from this city for several weeks.

Deputy City Surveyor J. F. Chase and five assistants are busy surveying in the Macleay park, in Balch Creek canyon.

Fifty Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of September 11, 1872.

Paris.—Orders have been issued stopping work on the military defenses near Mont Cenis tunnel.

New York.—A special from Constantinople says that Mohammed Pasha has been consigned to banishment by the sultan and his estates are to be confiscated for appropriating public moneys to his own use.

Several workmen were engaged yesterday in making a brace on the eastern bank of the river to which will be attached one end of the new cable soon to be stretched from shore to shore at the foot of Stark and L streets.

SCHOOL "PIECE" IS PURLOINED

Writer Offers Favorite Poem of '60s as His Own Product.

VANCOUVER, Wash., Sept. 9.—(To the Editor.)—I wonder how many readers of The Oregonian recognize the poem which "Bilbates"—I don't know who he is—sprung over his own name in the Listening Post column September 7. I am wondering, also, just what his object was in using it in such connection as a very funny thing when it would seem he must know that many would recognize it and be sorry that he should cheapen his efforts by stealing some other man's thunder.

Changing a few words and attempting to adapt the verse to later-day conditions does not help the case a bit. The original of that poem was written a great many years ago by John W. Palmer, noted physician, poet and man of literary attainments. Under the title "The Smack in School," it may be found on page 25 of William Cullen Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song," memorial edition.

It was a favorite poem in the schools of the east and middle west in the '60s, and was more than once spoken by ambitious pupils as a "piece" on exhibition occasions. It read as follows:

A district school, not far away,
'Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of three-score mingled girls and boys:
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent.
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book,
When suddenly, behind his back,
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack!
As 'twere a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss!
"What's that?" the startled master cries;
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willitt, if you pleathe—
I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe!"
With frown to make a statue thrill
The master thundered, "Hither, Will!"
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came—
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun.
With smile suppressed and birch unraised,
The threatener faltered—"I'm amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude!
Before the whole set school, to boot—
What evil genius put you to it?"
"'Twas she, herself, sir," sobbed the lad.
"I did not mean to be so bad:
But when Susannah shook her curls,
And whispered, I was 'frald of girls,
And durst't kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,
But up and k