Morning Oregonian

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A MOUNTAIN OUT OF A MOLEHILL.

Portland's supremacy as the great wheat port of the Pacific coast and as the second in the United States has made Seattle so touchy that, when the railroads refused to bill nine cars to that port, they were accused of discrimination and a story was published to the effect that Portland was so congested as to compel diversion of a Japanese ship to Seattle. Those nine carloads of wheat caused Seattle to appeal to the Washington department of public works, whereupon that department appealed to the interstate commerce commission. Portland was depicted as a greedy monster trying to shut Seattle out of the business and gathering more wheat into its elevators and warehouses than it could handle.

The North Bank and Union Pacific roads are not trying to divert wheat from Seattle; they are simply trying to keep their cars on their own lines, so that they may load them again with their own traffic. Cars are at a premium and when one railroad gets possession of another's cars, it loads them again without being too particular to start them on the straight road homeward. The North Bank and Union Pacific refuse to let their cars go over the Northern Pacific track because they could not guess how many days or weeks would elapse before those cars came home.

Some ships destined for Portland have been diverted to Seattle, but the reason was not that Portland docks were unable to handle wheat as fast as it arrived, for they handled without delay twice as much last year as arrives this year. The reason is that wheat is more smutty this year than last. Arrivals by rail at Seattle are so much smaller than at Portland that the shutting machines on the Seattle docks have been able not only to keep up with them but to accumulate a supply of clean wheat, while the smutting machines at Portland have not been able to keep up. Therefore ships were sent where they could get cleaned wheat. But the Portland dock commission has ordered more machines, which will soon be installed and will smut wheat as fast as it arrives. Then there will be no further cause to divert ships, and the insignificant basis for Seattle's cry of congestion will disappear.

DANGER IN DESPOTIC POWER.

The Wall Street Journal quotes "an authority on shipping conditions" as condemning the ship subsidy bill both on the ground that the proposed ten-year subsidy contracts would tie the hands of congress for that period and that the bill "gives despotic and unprecedented powers to the shipping board." This authority says:

> It does not require the board to report or account to the president, to the congress or to anybody else at any time. There is no finer example of the creation of that bureaucratic control toward which our whole governmental system seems to be tending. The board is to have absolute control over sale of the ships owned by the government, which are expected to bring $200,000,000; the loaning of $125,000,000 to ship owners to be used for reconditioning and additional building; and the making of the subsidy contracts. The whole scheme is tantamount to our giving the ships away, and the payment of over $500,000,000 to operate them in the next ten years.
>
> Any congressional action will be futile after the contracts are once made. A repeal of the subsidy law would be useless, because it is hardly conceivable that the government would undertake to force cancellation of the ten-year subsidy contracts, and even if it did the shipping companies could enforce their contracts in the courts.

In order to effect its purpose of establishing an American merchant marine, a subsidy should be assured to shipowners for a definite term, and in most cases ten years would not be too long, but the fact that the government would be tied up for that period is the more reason for not giving the shipping board "despotic and unprecedented power." It is an excellent reason for open methods in selling ships and for public hearings of all interested before granting subsidies or loans on building or establishing lines. Practically the government would embark on a new enterprise, actually it would inaugurate a new policy which has caused sharp differences of opinion. That no fatal mistakes may be made, that no suspicion of special favor may attach to the administration of the law, it is imperative that no step be taken until all facts have been learned, all expert opinion digested. That policy would have the further advantage of educating the board in its work as it went along and, if it gave heed to what it learned, of carrying public opinion along with the board. If the board should plunge along in its old, star-chamber, bureaucratic way, it would be very likely gradually to provoke such a storm of opposition as would sweep away shipping board, subsidy and merchant marine, all together.

It is generally agreed among those who have considered the subject without prejudice that our merchant marine cannot be firmly established without subsidy, at least at the beginning. Success requires that the subsidy be continued until that end is attained, therefore that it be administered in a way to win continued public approval. If flagrant errors of the board should cause earlier abandonment, the system would fall into such disrepute that it could not be revived for at least another generation. The best friends of the subsidy bill are those who would place due limits on the power of the board, not those who would, by giving it unbounded power and freedom to act secretly, tempt it to a course that would wreck the entire programme.

ALAS, IT'S TOO MUCH MONEY!

A free giver at Ashland who describes himself as "an Eastern man who has come to Oregon to live" has had the temerity to forward his check for $5000 to the Walter M. Pierce campaign fund. Our weeping Walter will, of course, decline it. No anti-Newberry democrat could possibly thus put himself in the hands of the wicked money power. As for ourselves we implicitly believe the enthusiastic donor when he says that he was "profoundly impressed" by a speech made by Walter—"your sound reasoning, your common sense views, your proposals for the equalization and reduction of taxes, and your general policies."

But, of course, Walter, being a friend of the people, and having been long in the business of telling them so, is deeply suspicious of large campaign contributions. Can anyone give $5000 to any candidate without a fair implication that he expects something for his money—something he shouldn't have? Also, can any man honestly earn $5000 all by himself? Walter has his doubts, to be sure. It is too bad that the money must be sent back for there are sundry people who really think that it is to the interest of the state that Mr. Pierce be elected governor, and $5000 would help a lot. That's also what Newberry and his friends thought.

Undoubtedly Walter made a fine speech at Ashland, worth all of $5000. Undoubtedly, he promised to equalize and reduce taxes. That speech should have greater currency, if it proposed a concrete plan. What was it?

Will Mr. Pierce, or somebody for him, tell precisely how and where he will reduce taxes? The first proposal so far made by Walter in that direction is to add from 12,000 to 20,000 children to the public school rolls. All very fine; but how will it reduce taxes?

BACK TO UNPREPAREDNESS.

The plain intimation from the war department that the present army of 125,000 men and 12,000 officers is insufficient to train the organized reserve is subject for thought by those who have not forgotten in what state the declaration of war in April, 1917, found our army. By its provision of enough officers and men to train the organized reserve the national defense act of 1920 made the one most definite provision for permanent preparedness that remains from our great military effort in the war. If that should be abandoned, we should be back where we stood when the regular army and the national guard were our only military forces, when reserves had to be organized much as Bryan's million men would have been—no officers, no arms, no training, no quarters, no transport, no medical or engineer corps—just a mass of human raw material.

The national defense act provided the very least that can rationally be called an organized reserve—the training of officers and the laying up of a store of equipment, these to constitute the skeleton of a reserve, which should be built up with men drawn from the civil population. When the attempt was made during the war to supply officers by intensive training for sixty days, it was but a makeshift to which years of unpreparedness compelled us to resort. Officers thus trained, though excellent material, had but a smattering of what they should have known and their lack of thorough training cost us the life of many a good man on the Marne, the Argonne and the Meuse, as ex-service men can testify. Privates and non-commissioned officers may in case of necessity be put in the battle-line after brief training provided they are led by well trained officers. Lacking such officers, they are exposed to massacre or demoralization by the consequent lack of morale which trained officers, and the confidence in them which that training inspires among their men, are best able to impart.

It is no exaggeration to say that the money saved by the efforts of pacifists at economy represents a corresponding loss of men in our next war. Constructively pacifists are accessories before the fact to the needless killing of our best men.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT IN A DAY.

The promise of postoffice officials that mail service will soon be established that will cross the continent, from New York to San Francisco, in a trifle more than a day does not seem unreasonable in view of recent performances by army aviators. It is quite within the bounds of scientific probability, however, that the voyage in the opposite direction will be made in a much shorter period. A third of twenty-four hours is indeed more than the vagrant fancy of a twentieth century Jules Verne.

Major Schroeder's experience in the flight on which he made a new record for altitude has recently formed the basis for important deductions concerning the existence of trade winds in the unexplored higher levels which the Scientific American regards as having a bearing on the future of air travel. Schroeder rose to a height of six miles, headed his plane due west and flew an hour and a half at a speed of 100 miles an hour and landed 200 miles due east from his starting point. His flight, which may prove to be the most significant in the recent history of experimental flying, appears to confirm previous theories that at certain distance aloft there is a constant air current moving from west to east, and to fill the need expressed by meteorologists for anti-trade winds to maintain a balance with the trade winds which prevail at the surface of the earth.

More depends, therefore, on the development of the oxygen tank, which Major Schroeder utilized on his memorable venture but which did not always serve the purposes of the Himalayan explorers, than on early changes in the mechanism of flying machines. Schroeder proved that present-day airplanes are capable of maintaining the desired altitude, and though the passenger-carrying capacity of a trade-wind plane would be largely diminished by the necessity for taking along an oxygen supply the forecast is no doubt warranted that once the eight-hour flight has been demonstrated by a daring pioneer, both the means of carrying passengers and the passengers themselves will be forthcoming.

The coming direction of airplane flying, if aviators hope to continue to thrill us, will be from the west toward the east. But so rapidly are we losing our capacity for wonder at anything that an eight-hour cross-continent flight, if it were performed tomorrow would be ancient history by next week.

ANOTHER KING GOES TO EXILE.

Fall of King Constantine is the penalty of that perfidy which he practiced toward the allies during the first half of the war and of the mad ambition to become ruler of a great country which led him to undertake with the forces of exhausted Greece, to overpower the Turks when they made their last stand in their homeland. If he had been true to the interests of his people, he would have escaped deposition on demand of the allies and could now have been ruler of a greater Greece. But he was dazzled by the glamor of greatness which his imperial brother-in-law, the kaiser, offered him; he became inoculated with the divine right delusion, and therefore cast out the great popular leader, Venizelos. He has gone the way of all divine right kings. These are bad days for the king business, as the swarm of exiled and deposed monarchs testifies.

Restoration of Constantine to the throne in December, 1920, is one of those events which are inexplicable to Americans until they study the mind of Europe. The great powers compelled Turkey to recognize Greek independence almost a century ago, and they promptly busied themselves to furnish Greece with a king. The reaction from the French revolution was in full swing, and to them it was unthinkable that the Greek people should be permitted to choose their own form of government or that a republic should be desired or even permitted. Their first choice of a dynasty ended unfortunately, for the Bavarian, King Otho, ruled as a despot and was deposed, and George of Denmark was chosen, again no thought being given to a republic. The idea that monarchy is the only form of government to be tolerated had been so firmly inculcated in the mind of the people that they took it as a matter of course.

Yet democratic ideas are strong in them and their history down to the accession of Constantine has been a succession of party struggles under a constitutional monarch. Their affairs fell into such confusion from this cause that Venizelos, leader of the Cretans in their conflict with Turkey for union with Greece, was called to reorganize the government, and by his genius put the nation in position to fight Turkey and formed the Balkan alliance which almost drove the Turks out of Europe in 1912-13. He was regarded by the people as the maker of a greater Greece, but, republican by instinct and insisting that, as a constitutional monarch, the king should rule but not govern, he earned the enmity of the court.

When the murder of George on March 18, 1913, made Constantine king, the contest between king and popular tribune began. Constantine had married the kaiser's sister, Sophia, and his brother, Nicholas, had married Grand Duchess Helen, a cousin of the czar, and both these scions of autocracy hated Venizelos and urged Constantine to be a real king. The court swarmed with royalist syoophants and with army officers educated in Germany, where they had imbibed Prussian militarism. Constantine paid a visit to the kaiser, saw the army maneuvers, the evidence of Germany's tremendous military power, was made honorary colonel of a regiment, and the kaiser laid before him plans for the aggrandizement of Greece which should enthrone dear "Tino" as ruler of a new eastern empire, allied with a Germany that would have reduced Austria and all other Balkan states to feudatories, crushed France, humbled Britain, taken Turkey under its protection and advanced through that country to the conquest of India. His mind filled with such visions, Constantine returned to Athens to find Venizelos the great obstacle to their realization. By his victories in the Balkan wars Constantine had wiped out the memory of the disaster to which he had led the army in the war of 1897 and by his agreeable personality had won the hearts of the people, but the able statesmanship of Venizelos and his devotion to popular rule had won him a greater following.

Thus the forces were arrayed when the world war broke out—all the instincts of the people turning them, with Venizelos as their leader, to the side of the allies; the royalist, militarist, pro-German party covertly working for Germany, proclaiming German victory as certain and advocating neutrality while ostensibly falling in with the popular desire. At the outset Venizelos informed the allies that Greece was ready to join them when they called for its help, provided it was secured against a flank attack from Bulgaria. The allies blunderingly played into the hands of their enemies. When Venizelos in February, 1915, proposed to send 50,000 men to attack the Dardanelles, which were then held by only 5000 Turks, the general staff opposed, and the king refused consent. Venizelos reduced the force to 15,000 men and the crown council approved, but Constantine again refused assent. Russia at the same time informed Greece that it did not favor the participation of a Greek army in taking Constantinople or in any movements in European Turkey. Britain and France chased the mirage of a revived Balkan alliance to include Bulgaria, and when Venizelos resigned in the spring of 1915 on the issue of joining the allies, his successor, Gounaris, continued his pro-ally policy by offering the aid of the Greek fleet to the allies provided they would guarantee the integrity of Greece. They refused to give the guaranty, as it might discourage Bulgaria. They even proposed to buy that country's aid with slices of Greek and Serbian territory.

The diplomacy of the allies thus aided the intrigues of the pro-Germans at Athens and when Bulgaria declared war and Venizelos invited the allies to land troops at Salonica, the nation was so divided that Constantine was able to drive Venizelos from office and to proclaim neutrality in violation of the treaty binding Greece to defend Serbia. He promised to be neutral benevolently toward the allies, but flagrantly favored Germany, kept up secret correspondence with the kaiser, surrendered forts and towns to the Bulgars, and sent irregular bands to harass the allied army's rear. Russian and Italian hostility to Venizelos caused the allies to defer drastic action against Constantine, though they angered the people by blockading the coasts. After surrender of the forts to Bulgaria, Venizelos led the islands and Macedonia in forming a provisional government at Salonica and in organizing an army to join the allies.

The Russian revolution ended Russian opposition to Venizelos and the American declaration of war brought the United States to his support. Italy had to yield, and the allies compelled Constantine to withdraw in June, 1917, but neglected to obtain his formal abdication. Venizelos again became supreme with Alexander as a puppet king, and Greece became united on the side of the allies, aiding materially in the campaign that forced Bulgaria to surrender. Venizelos was the most influential among the statesmen of the small allies at the peace conference and was given almost all that he asked under the treaty of Sevres.

Again allied disunion and bungling played into the hands of Constantine. Greece was given a mandate to occupy the Smyrna district and, when Mustapha Kemal's army threatened the straits, to drive it back, which was done with great ease in the summer of 1920. But the Greeks were forbidden to advance beyond a certain line, though they could doubtless at that time have destroyed the Turkish army, which was ill-organized and ill-armed. Forced inaction caused discontent among the troops and the people at home, who were impoverished and weary with eight years of almost continuous war. They were in a receptive mood for royalist propaganda, and the death of King Alexander from the bite of a monkey in November, 1920, gave them opportunity. An election was called on the issue of Constantine's recall and was won by the royalists. The king refused to return except in response to a popular vote, which was given by 98 per cent of those voting, the liberals abstaining. Then Venizelos left the country and Constantine returned.

The king followed up the war policy of Venizelos, designed to hold Smyrna by right of possession and to deliver the Greeks of Asia Minor from Turkish tyranny, but in face of opposition from the allies. But the allies, who had been friendly to Venizelos, were frankly hostile to Constantine, for they could not forgive his treachery, and they were divided in policy. Though Britain was half won over, France and Italy became pro-Turkish, all proclaimed neutrality in a war between their ally and their enemy, but Britain supplied arms to the Greeks, France and Italy to the Turks, and they refused Greece belligerent rights at sea. In defiance of them Greece renewed the war in 1921, with such success that the army advanced to within twenty miles of Angora. There a long, stubborn battle was fought and the Greeks retired. For almost a year inactivity has eaten away their morale while France and Russia armed the Turks. Hence the rout which ended with the massacre at Smyrna, and the enraged soldiers return to depose Constantine as "the author of Greece's misery."

Venizelos has once again been hailed as the hope of his country's regeneration. This time the revolution may not stop short of a republic, for Prince George, being a pro-German, is as unpopular as his father, and Greece should have had enough of kings. Another chapter in the involved story of Balkan politics opens as a new recruit is added to the company of rejected monarchs.

A four-inch tooth found near Bend has been identified as that of a horse fifty or sixty hands high of prehistoric days. Now somebody must find a shinbone of the man big enough to ride that animal.

Debs sorrows because the locomotive firemen rejected a proposal to invite him to address them in convention. Ingratitude is linked with wisdom.

Constantine deserves less sympathy than almost any other deposed monarch, for he had two chances and couldn't make good either time.

Chief Jenkins has ordered a ban on dice games and punch boards. If kept up it means Christmas money for the shakers and punchers.

Canada proposes to lure Americans across the border. The United States always has taken bright Canadians and made much of them. Perhaps Canada will reciprocate.

The aim of the "reds" in the United States seems to be to make up in vividness of color that which is lacking in numerical strength.

Even if Kipling said what he is said to have said, it makes no difference. The standing of poets as statesmen always has been low.

Greece has shipped $25,000,000 gold to New York. "Markos Bozzaris" does not intend staying broke in any event.

Heppner is in the midst of a rodeo and Ford carnival. It must be edifying to see those things buck and sunfish.

The dead bank robbers at the Arkansas town went there from Crookstown, Okla. That was a bad starting point.

Portland visitors took some good weather with them to Salem.

The free-for-all is on for city commissioner.

The Listening Post.

By DeWitt Harry.

"WHAT'S in a name?" Well, what is? Take it from us there is quite a lot concealed in some names. Just to introduce a new amusement, run over the list of those you know and see what their initials spell.

Initials are important, especially on a railroad. The autocrat of the lines is the chief dispatcher and his initialed dispatches are law. Few of the men along the line know him by name. Take EMR, for example, otherwise E. M. Ringer of the U. P. The whole system knows EMR, but few of them know him in person.

But to get to our new game—herewith a list of notables, their initials bared to publicity.

Charles A. Bigelow	cab
C. A. Babcock	cab
Milton O. Williams	mow
J. O. Barr	job
W. A. Dale	wad
Charles O. Devore	C. O. D.
H. A. Green	hag
Arthur C. Emmons	ace
W. A. Goodman	wag
H. E. Lounsbury	hel
George A. Schmidt	gas
M. A. M. Ashley	mama
Watson Eastman	we
K. K. Kubli	KKK
Ben E. Titus	bet
Perry O. Powell	pop
G. A. Francis	gaf
Beryl A. Green	bag
Mary Emily Newman	men
B. E. Davis	bed
Fred E. Davis	fed
H. E. Noble	hen
H. A. Maddox	ham
H. A. Metschan	ham
H. A. Manning	ham
T. A. Reynolds	tar
G. E. Murphy	gem
Mrs. E. T. Colwell	etc
Rev. J. A. Gearhart	jag
George A. Bleakman	gab
Judge G. A. Gardner	gag
Fay A. Gridley	fag
Louis O. Gerber	log
R. A. Matson	ram

* * *

Home Town Stuff.

The telephone is an instrument of torture connected by a wire with a girl who has sum in a place called central. There are two kinds of telephones—those you do not wish to use, and those that are out of order. When a telephone is out of order it is as helpless as a one-legged man at a kicking match. Some people, however, construe its importance as stubbornness and resort to violence in an effort to conquer its rebellious spirit. They jiggle the receiver hook frantically, hit the transmitter on the ear with a paper weight and, at length, in desperation, massage the instrument with a swivel chair. Nothing avails, however, except fasting and prayer.

In the old days the telephone user crawled under his desk and cranked a coffee mill arrangement to attract central's attention. Now he merely removes the receiver and barks. Barking at central is a sport greatly enjoyed by men who wear 13½ collars.

There is a beautiful story about a man who barked at central. He was in Haines and wished to talk to a man in La Grande. Central told him the charge would be 80 cents.

"What!" barked the man. Why, say, in La Grande I could telephone to hell for a quarter."

And central said: "I know; but that is inside the city limits."

Public phones are kept in fireless cookers called booths. The patron enters, drops a coin in the little hole and begins to understand why the British never forgot the Black Hole of Calcutta.

Telephones are very useful to people who wish to know what time it is and where the fire is, and also to people who wish to address uncomplimentary remarks to a hard-boiled egg, but they discourage leg work and thus increase the national expenditure for anti-fat nostrums and digestion tablets.—Haines Record.

Whoever originated the "grab-bag," that great American institution? We don't seem to change our characteristics a great deal from generation to generation, but who would have thought that an old-fashioned stunt like that would prove popular these days?

The loud-talking ballyhoo expert stood on a platform in a 5-10-15-cent store and coaxed the crowds up. "Take a chance, plenty of prizes, no blanks, never know what you get until you open them, just a dime and you may get a quarter's worth, take a chance, make a grab, plenty for all."

On and on he went and the crowd surged about and literally grabbed the place bare. As fast as the stock of parcels would be replenished they would disappear. They were wrapped in all sorts of odd shapes, and some of them, though light, were bulky. The crowd literally fought for a chance, and the stunt was reaping a harvest. No matter how trifling or useless were the results of their gabbing they seemed to come back for more.

What a country! What a people! One persistent woman paid her thin dime and snatched a huge bundle right out of another's arms only to find when she opened it that it contained a penwiper. She dug up another dime and got a thin pie-plate, and yet another yielded a bunch of paper flowers. What in the world could she do with the collection of impossible junk she had piled in front of her? But she seemed in the grip of a gambling mania and bought and bought. What a jag and what a headache!

* * *

IT'S THE VIEWPOINT.

A fly sat upon an auto wheel
And said: "See the dust I make."
The innocent insect did not know
That he was merely a fake,
For his little inside
Was swollen with pride,
And we all make the same mistake.

—REMLIK.

* * *

She was well worth an extra glance, but her expert use of a toothpick destroyed the ensemble. As you turn your head and step off the curb on your noonday stroll a woman driving a Ford with a monogram on the side nearly nips off a foot. As usual, on the wrong side of the street. Too much to look at these days. A girl living a goldfish existence in a show window. One of the best bootleggers in the city, red carnation in buttonhole, much interested in the act.

Here comes a man with a celluloid collar. Behind him a limping young chap with a silver badge in his lapel. Dapper Dan Collins taking tickets at a movie door—always assures you the show is the best yet. A dignified old gentleman comes along, looks like a successful professional man, but he is only a bridge lawyer. A country cousin fresh from the fields, with real red in her cheeks. Her swain displays a comb and a fountain pen in his vest pocket.

The pigeons circle about overhead and settle down to coax tidbits from their friends. Spots of sunshine fleck the glistening pavements. Summer is going out in a blaze of glory.

* * *

According to mere man's viewpoint, one of the greatest domestic inventions of all time is the electric toaster.

Those Who Come and Go.

Tales of Folks at the Hotels.

There are probably more boosters to the square mile in Malheur county than in any other county of Oregon. It appears to be in the air. No man from Malheur can come to Portland without telling what a wonderful country Malheur is and what bountiful crops are grown there and what an ideal climate can be found and much more to the same effect. A real sporting event would be to start a citizen of Malheur and one from southern California each telling the other about the advantages of his respective section. The super-booster of Malheur, however, is now in Portland. He is W. H. Doolittle, who is not only secretary of the chamber of commerce of Ontario, Or., but he is also mayor of that lively city on the bank of the Snake river. No day is perfect and complete in the life of Mayor Doolittle if he fails to take some visitor—preferably a business man from Portland—out to see what is being done in the way of irrigation in the vicinity of Ontario. He will, on the shortest notice, show where a score or more of people are making a living on a single acre of irrigated land.

Hobbling on crutches, Seneca Curtis Beach is in Portland, from Los Angeles for a visit to relatives. Mr. Beach intended remaining here only a few days, but on the night of his arrival he stepped off a sidewalk into a shadow and his foot was broken, so that accounts for the crutches and the fact that the visit will have to be extended until he can move around more freely. For years Mr. Beach played an active part in Oregon politics. Years ago he operated a newspaper at Lakeview, later coming to Portland. He has been city superintendent of streets, city license officer, representative in the legislature, state senator and supervisor of the census for Oregon. A number of years ago he disposed of his printing plant in Portland and moved to California. For a time he made his headquarters in San Francisco, but latterly he has been located in Los Angeles.

"Rocking is proceeding north and south from the quarry north of Manhattan beach. The rock has been spread to Jetty creek already," reports H. V. Alley, commissioner of Tillamook county, registered at the Imperial. "We have placed the rock on the clay section first because rocking clay in wet weather is impossible. By surfacing the clay first we can proceed surfacing the Coast highway where we strike the sand and the rain will not be an interference. Work is also moving along on the Neskowin section. Considering that the county did not get started until almost summer on the road work this year, due to long and continuous rains from early spring, a very good showing is being made. The people of Tillamook county are especially interested in good roads and never hesitate to bond themselves for highways. In this respect they do not take second place to any other county in Oregon."

Four deer were killed by the party consisting of George H. Kelly, Phil Metschan and Clyde G. Huntley, in the Oakridge country. The hunters returned satisfied with their trip and Mr. Metschan insists that he killed one of the deer. He says he shot at two others which he failed to get. Throughout the trip, as a safety measure, the hotelman wore a red hat, the same one which he used to beat off hornets last year and which caused a steer to attack him and an eagle to swoop down to take a bite at him. No such harrowing adventures were recorded on the present expedition.

Any old-timer in Pendleton knows who is meant when a reference is made to "Alex." For years R. Alexander was a merchant in the Round-up town but he has been living the life of a retired capitalist of late. Having seen that the recent Round-up was carried on with its customary success and that Pendleton is now returned to normalcy, Mr. Alexander has arrived in Portland to rest up.

There is no slack in the automobile business, according to W. J. Gray of Oakland, Cal., at the Multnomah. Mr. Gray is in the tire business and has been east visiting factories. The constantly increasing demand for tires, which is keeping the manufacturers busy, is an indication of how cars are being used, for the more cars kept busy the greater the demand for tires, whether the cars are new or old.

J. C. Penney, who has a string of stores throughout the country, registered at the Multnomah yesterday from White Plains, N. Y. Mr. Penney is here to attend a conference of the store managers who look after his interests in the Pacific northwest.

Samuel Mather, who was said to be the second richest man in America before he went to Rainier a few days ago, returned to the Multnomah yesterday, where he was staying during the recent Episcopal convention. Mr. Mather is from Cleveland, O.

Blaine Hallock of Baker, member of the state game commission, passed through Portland yesterday on his way to Salem to consult with state officials relative to condemnation of alfalfa hay in that section.

R. R. Crandall, who is republican candidate for representative for Malheur county, has checked out of the Hotel Oregon for home. He attended the republican platform conference.

A. D. Anderson of Madras, who is interested in irrigation, is at the Hotel Oregon. There are a number of irrigation advocates of that district now in the city on business.

Benjamin Brick, who was well-known in Portland several years ago, when he was active in political circles, arrived at the Hotel Oregon yesterday from Seattle.

E. M. Reagan of the Herald at Albany is among the arrivals at the Hotel Oregon. The Herald, of which Mr. Reagan is the editor, was established in 1879.

Motoring from Spokane are Mrs. August Paulsen, Mrs. Lulu Richardson and Miss Frances Paulsen. They are registered at the Hotel Portland.

C. E. Gates, mayor of Medford, is in town, either on business or politics, or perhaps both.

C. W. Parker, garage man of Roseburg, is registered at the Imperial, accompanied by his wife.

W. C. Van Emon, an attorney of Klamath Falls, Or., is at the Benson with Mrs. Van Emon and son.

City Attorney J. T. Brand of Marshfield, Or., is in the city.

Mother's Break.

Boston Transcript.

Little girl (before statue in museum)—Mamma, who's this?

Attendant (after pause)—That's Mercury, the messenger of the gods. You have read about him, no doubt.

Mother—Of course she has. But, do you know, my little girl has such a very poor memory for scripture.

More Truth Than Poetry.

By James J. Montague.

NO USE.

I read recently in the paper
Of a man of a hundred and ten,
Who still keeps the pace in the gruelling race
Of vigorous, red-blooded men.
And I wrote him to ask how he did it,
Though I don't want to lag on the stage,
Till more dead than alive, but I'd like to survive
To a happy and useful old age.

I hoped he would advocate resting
And taking occasional drinks,
Or spending week-ends with my prosperous friends
Who live near the edge of the links.
By lazily swinging a golf club
And cutting a bit off my score,
As day followed day seemed a rather nice way
To eke out some sixty years more.

Alas! When I opened the letter
The old fellow sent in return,
I found that to park at the century mark
Involves weary methods and stern.
He rises at four every morning,
Feeds the horses and cattle their hay,
And harrows and sows and husks pumpkins and mows
Till the end of a strenuous day.

No longer I nurse the ambition
To live till a hundred and ten,
For I'm fain to recoil at long sessions of toil
Repeated again and again.
If one, to live long, must be busy
From the dawn until far into the night,
And keep up the pace in the sweat of his face,
A short life will suit me all right!

* * *

Accounting for It.

Maybe Mr. Kipling's books are not selling in America as well as they used to.

* * *

Hope.

The best peace prospect up to date is the likelihood that all the nations will soon have to get together to lick Turkey.

* * *

Inexplicable.

We notice that all the New England hotels with the highest prices this summer were those nearest the Canadian line.

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Burroughs Nature Club.

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Can You Answer These Questions?

1. How can we keep English sparrows out of our bird houses?

2. Does the western woodchuck follow the same habits as the eastern?

3. Please identify this specimen bug I found on a crate of oranges from Florida.

Answers in tomorrow's Nature Notes.

* * *

Answers to Previous Questions.

1. I have seen a queerly marked bird unlike anything ever before observed. It has a yellow head, red collar at back of neck, and the rest of the body is odd patches or stripes of red and yellowish green, except the tail, which is black. The long wing quills are also black. Bill sharp but strong, not very long.

This must be a partly moulted scarlet tanager, and it does look odd at this season of the post-nuptial moult. By the time he flies south, his red stripes will all be lost, and the coat a general olive tone, except where the quills are black. The black marks last all year round.

* * *

2. Are all rats in stables and warehouses and such places the same kind?

They are likely to be specimens of the brown rat, Mus norvegicus, as this is commonest and most widely distributed. It goes also under the name of gray, house, barn, wharf and Norway rat. Body slightly over 9 inches, tail 7. Grizzled coat, due to black tips to long hairs on the back, showing above general gray tone. The black rat is not common in the new world; but the roof rat, Mus alexandrinus, is likely to be the species around South Atlantic seaports. Has very light feet and abdomen.

* * *

3. What is the use of the long snout or bill on the paddle-fish?

This upper jaw, paddle-shaped and sometimes 15 inches long, is used to stir up the mud in river bottoms where the fish lives, for the sake of the minute forms of life found in the mud, which serve for food. The paddle is also thought to be a tactile organ, very helpful to a fish whose eyes are unusually small, and which lives in muddy water, hard to see in.

Signers of Constitution.

PORTLAND, Sept. 28.—(To the Editor.)—A little controversy came up relating to the signers of the constitution of the United States. A claims that no Catholic signed the constitution and B claims that there was one. Can you advise us if Catholics were signers and, if so, how many signed? F. G. M.

Two members of the convention which framed the constitution of the United States, both of whom signed the completed constitution, were Catholics—Daniel Carroll of Maryland and Thomas Fitz-Simons of Pennsylvania.

Address of Horse Breeder.

PORTLAND, Sept. 28.—(To the Editor.)—Could you inform me as to how to get an address of a man who raises fancy horses? I know his name, but do not know his address. The state, I think, he lives in is New Mexico. Do they advertise in any magazine?

OLD SUBSCRIBER.

It is only a chance, but you might find his advertisement in some stock journal. Try the Breeders' Gazette, Chicago; Western Horseman, Indianapolis, Ind.; Farm and Ranch, Dallas, Tex., or Southwest Stockman-Farmer, Phoenix, Ariz.

No Ticket Scalpers.

ROSEBURG, Or., Sept. 27.—(To the Editor.)—Kindly give me the names of some railway ticket brokers in Portland and their addresses. E. W. W.

There are no railway ticket brokers in Portland. Agents of the various railroads and other transportation lines sell tickets of their respective companies, in which other persons are forbidden by law to deal.

Bottling of Grape Juice.

PORTLAND, Sept. 28.—(To the Editor.)—Kindly inform me whether the juice extracted from the grape and then put in air-tight containers will ferment or not? ARGUMENT.

You will not succeed in keeping grape juice sweet unless you pasteurize or sterilize it.

Self.

By Grace E. Hall.

However much your friends may do
They cannot win your game,
For your success depends on you,
Whatever others claim;
And if at last someone declares:
"I made this man, you see,"
It is false witness that he bears,
For such could never be.

Your game is yours for you to play,
The strength you must supply,
And though applause may cheer the way,
No victory can it buy;
A million may look on and shout,
Your name may loudly call;
But you alone must bring about
The triumph, after all.

We love applause the world around,
And plaudits yearn for, too,
But in ourselves alone is found
The worth of what we do;
And when, sometimes, someone declares
"I made this man, you see,"
It is false witness that he bears—
For such could never be.

In Other Days.

Fifty Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of Sept. 29, 1872.

Washington.—Commissioner of Internal revenue has decided that certificates of naturalization issued by the United States or state courts are not such certificates as require stamps under the internal revenue law and are exempt from stamp tax.

Brownsville, Tex.—It is reliably reported that Cortinas has been writing letters to friends in Texas, calling them to assist him in an intended raid into the country in the vicinity of Laredo. In these letters he impresses the idea that the country between Uneela and the Rio Grande belongs to the Mexicans, and consequently they have the right to plunder it.

In a fight with a belligerent fly yesterday a man gave himself a bloody nose. The fly persisted in attacking the man's proboscis (we suspect that it was sweetened with rum and sugar) when with murderous intent he aimed a fierce blow at the annoying insect. The fly escaped.

The street car track has reached Alder street.

Twenty-five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of Sept. 29, 1897.

Columbus, O.—The first annual conference of the mayors and councilmen of the cities of the United States was called to order this morning by Mayor Bannock of this city. About 160 accredited delegates were present.

Constantinople.—Six customs officials have been arrested for circulating pamphlets of the young Turk party.

Chris Nolan, who was an old resident of Portland and the first toll collector on the Stark-street ferry, and the first man who drove a hack in this city, died in the suburbs Monday.

The ratification of the Hawaiian annexation treaty will require a two-thirds vote of the senate when it meets next December.

ATTITUDE DISGRACES NATIONS

Tolerance of Turk Reflects on Every Civilized Country.

PHILOMATH, Or., Sept. 27.—(To the Editor.)—The Oregonian's editorial, entitled "Surrendering to the Turk," was splendid. It expresses my sentiments better than I could have done myself. It makes an American blush with shame when to think of any self-respecting nation yielding anything to the murderous Turk.

The Turk has outlived his day of usefulness. As a nation Turkey has forfeited all rights to exist. The atrocious crimes of the Turk forever bar that nation from participation in any conference of nations.

If there is one corner in hell hotter than another, it will surely be reserved for that nation that has butchered and outraged innocent women and children. I hate war, but there are some things worse than war. It is a disgrace to all civilized nations that they have so long stood by and witnessed the slaughter of a smaller nation by the Turk. It is cowardice on our part if we longer tolerate such inhuman practice.

Let this country stand shoulder to shoulder with England and wipe the Turkish nation off the map. A call for volunteers would enlist thousands of red-blooded Americans in a war with the Turks. In the name of justice let's have this thing over with. The Turk respects no argument but the cannon's roar; his word is not as good as the kaiser's scrap of paper.

Yet notwithstanding all our knowledge of this treacherous Turk, there is likelihood that he will be invited to a seat in the league of nations. This villain, with his hands dripping with the hearts' blood of his late victims, would be a nice neighbor around the league of nations table. What's a league of nations for if not to protect the weak nations like Armenia from such fiends in human form? What was our peace conference for if not to rid the world of such continual trouble makers?

From every pulpit, from every city council chamber, from every lodgeroom there should go up