

A LITTLE JOURNEY IN QUEST OF LOCAL COLOR

Some Everyday Sights and Impressions To Be Found in Portland's Streets



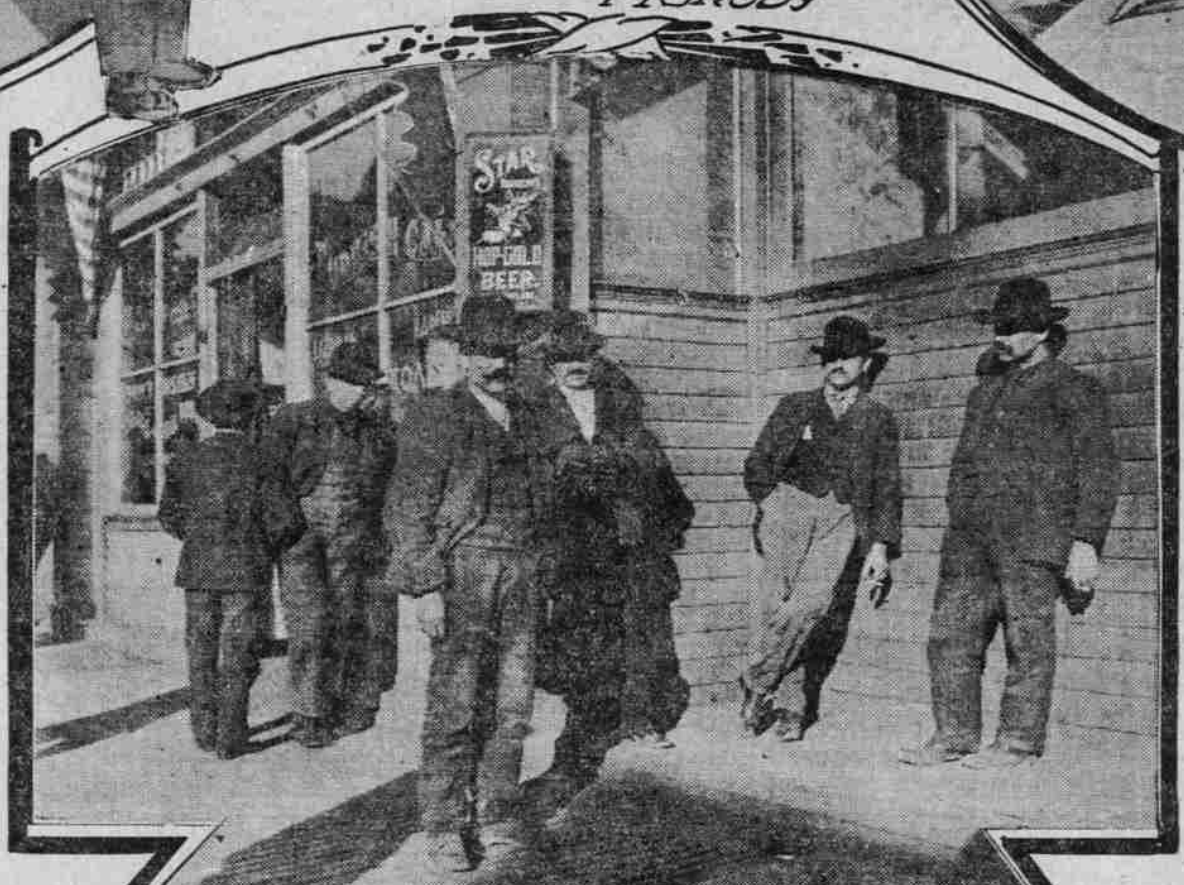
DENZENS OF THE YELLOW STREAK



THE BLIND MINSTREL AND HIS DOLEFUL MONODY



ONE-LEGGED FLOWER VENDOR FINDS PROFIT IN HIS TRADE



ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE

By ARTHUR A. GREENE.

JUST rows of big buildings, lanes between some definite place for the doing of the day's business and some definite place for resting from the fitfulness and strife of life's whirling flywheels—a thoughtless, hurried progress to and from those premises through the ever-moving currents of humanity which constitute a city's life-blood as it ebbs and flows through a city's arteries—these in the concrete constitute the staid and respectable routine which is imposed by the rules of the game which the townsmen plays. The splendid average of men and women who make the underpinning of society sees little else. There are just so many houses, so much asphalt, so many voters, so many taxpayers, so many workers and so many idlers. The shop, the office, the home, the club. These are the things big with significance in the reasoning of those who make this tolerably good and tolerably well behaved world an abiding place for the children of men, coming down through devious ways, marching from across from the valley of the Euphrates. It is a long time since that they gathered in tribes and villages and cities. The community instinct has developed so gradually that we have come to take it as a matter of course. What it has always been and what has been will always be. There have been births and marriages and deaths since long before the time when an angel of the Lord found Hagar by a fountain of water in the wilderness, by the fountain in the way to Shur. This society first discovered that the individual is merely a means to an end, that the warp and woof of colorful tapestry that life is continually weaving and hanging on the walls of history. It is in the mass alone that we see each other, that we heed each other's plaints and rejoice in each other's victories. That is the reason why the average atom of humanity, when he is thrown close together with his kind, sees the passing through any as a stream of faces, represents so much power and requires so much feeding from the springs which culminate to make it flow.

The quest of local color is fascinating, inexpensive and not altogether vain. Neither does it lead one far. Always provided one has eyes and ears and a small ability to assimilate, the least of us may become for a little while, philosopher, painter and poet. Try it sometime, going up and down any of the more frequented streets when achievement waits upon your leisure, and you may rejoice in the zest of exploration. Here at the curb, where perhaps one in 500 of the passers stops to buy a one-legged flower vendor, whom I know, with our Oregon climate as his silent partner, finds profit in his helpful trade. At his elbow the newsboy, wiser than many sages of antiquity, offers for barter the most lately written chapter of the world's history.

From another corner, percolating through the noise of car horns and automobile horns, comes the doleful melody of an automatic accordion. It takes on the familiar notes of a well-worn hymn tune "There's a Land that is Fairer Than Day," suggesting at

wearing self-esteem large on his public face and wrapped in the garments of ultra-respectability—the wrecker of a bank who brought suffering to thousands like those who jostle him and who will go scot free after the law's delay is over. Perhaps here a daughter of Babylon, flaunting her ancient prowess in the face of her sisters, defiant in the midst of her misery. Now tottering upon his cane goes the "last leaf," survivor of the heroic days when Oregon was more remote than the "Thicket of today." The pioneer finds himself in a strange country and has no place in the crowd. Timidly he suffers himself to be carried along in the swirl with his dimming old eyes on the watch for an eddy into which he may drift and watch the world go by. Here the beaux and belles of King's Heights and close beside are Mayme, of the ribbon counter and Jimmy of the "Gents' department" go home from work with Pap of the trowel and empty dinner bucket dragging his weary feet in their wake. It's a motley and an incongruous throng. But it is these and their counterparts in a thousand cities that are keeping the machinery of the world going. The stokers, the oilers, the apprentices, the drudges, the master mechanics, the hoisters and the owners of the great machine. At once the operators and the fuel. Good, bad and indifferent,



WHERE THE OTHER HALF DOES ITS SHOPPING



A PICTURESQUE POCKET, MILES FROM ANYWHERE

than on battlefields. If the blind player could see the sunshine and the blessedness of the day he might attune his harp to something more sprightly. It's worth a nickel in his tin cup, however.

wisdom, folly, virtue and vice all cheek by jowl. It takes them all to make a city.

If you wander from the main thoroughfare it may chance that you will find Portland's "yellow streak" that long street given over mainly to the oldest civilization under the sun. Here the shops are small replicas of the marts of Canton and the almond-eyed denizens not much farther away from Confucius than their ancestors were in the days when Moses wrote upon his tablets of stone. Our Chinese brethren and fellow residents take the whole matter rather indifferently and fail to understand what the fuss up town is all about. They exhibit a rather languorous resentment toward the camera and seem to trouble their fan-tan games and the operation of their lotteries in this journalistic visitation. For they still do all the things they want to do in Chinatown and will continue to so long as the lotus crop across the sea holds out and the Oriental fancy lightly turns to games of chance and smoked duck.

Farther north and well "over the line" are many things to see of human interest, even from the sidewalk and in broad daylight. After nightfall and "on the inside"—well, then and there are wonders indeed to look upon. It was my happy lot to arrive at a certain "Turkish cafe," a had eminence in that morass of general cussedness and bad liquor, just in time to watch Lou Wagner and his deputies go about the pleasant task of raiding the place. The absent-minded proprietor had failed to comply with the law in some manner or other, and the constable did his duty. From that "Turkish cafe" he ejected some 300 Greeks, but there were any "regular" Turks in the place they concealed their identity. The photographer promised me a picture of this mob of ejected habitues, but his camera went wrong and I called for the promise. The best he got in the pictorial line was a family group of "the glory that was Greece" just before the middle-arm of the law reached them. It is a rather sorry cry from Marathon to North Portland, and from Pericles to the fellows in the picture. If the Greek of that elder day might by some miracle be brought back to this present one, and to this town to meet these modern Greeks, it is almost certain he would order a hemlock high ball for his and take the count.

We have wandered somewhat far away from Petticoat Lane, where Miladi goes a-shopping, but even here there is trafficking in other goods than the luxuries. This is the chosen field of the second-hand merchant and a lively trade does he ply. The patronage is not of the exacting kind except that it wants the necessities cheaply in order to conserve riches for the pandering of their accomplished tastes in the matter of life's pleasures. "Dollar fifty palace" is a typical sign, though perhaps larger and more trimly kept than other emporiums that flourish north of Ankeny street. It is here and at similar places that the "Other Half" does its shopping, while the carriage and limousines await Miladi at the department stores a dozen blocks away.

Our ramble has extended far from the center of things and it is growing late. Too late for photographs. "Barony" tells me, and there is nothing for it but to "hit" a car and get back to civilization again. This little journey was a simple affair of half an afternoon, but I found it well worth while. Maybe when the signs are right there will be another one for the reading of those who may find interest in the local color quest. Meanwhile, try it yourself. You will find that there are things worth seeing this side of the Thames Embankment.

CHOICE FOR UNITED STATES SENATOR

Statement No. 1 Man Says Party Principles Are Fairy Tales.

PORTLAND, Feb. 28.—To the Editor:—The election of Statement No. 1 candidate to the Legislature is the only means whereby the voters of Oregon can be assured of their choice for United States Senator.

What made Statement No. 1 so successful? Were the people dissatisfied? Let me see. For more than 30 years the history of the Pacific Northwest has been one of intrigue concerning patronage and benefits to special interests; but the darkest and most sinister of all its pages relate to the selection of our United States Senators. Any person with some knowledge of the inner mechanism of a Senate session, if he be a patriotic citizen, cannot but hold his fingers to his nostrils as he recalls the metaphors of the Senate and the halls of the Capitol were crowded with lobbyists for special interests with pap-seekers and hangers all looking for special benefits. But overshadowing all, has been the main and most unscrupulous threads of intrigue and corruption which darkened the whole fabric of state legislation in the strenuous struggle of factions and interests for control of United States Senatorships.

Party principles and interests were practically ignored, and the weaving of the

web showed pseudo-Democrats joining hands with alleged Republicans, and vice-versa, for the supremacy. The needs of the plain people of Oregon were neglected. True patriotism hung its head. In the same convention many will recall that struggle for control of the Multnomah County convention which culminated in a good, old-fashioned ground scramble on the floor of the convention hall, in which Charles H. Carey, of the Mitchell wing, endeavored—not metaphorically but literally—to oust Hon. Joseph Simon from the chair. It was a spectacle which, "while it made the unwholesome laugh, could not but make the judicious grieve."

Bitter feud still exists. Party principles? Bah! They are regarded simply in the light of fairy tales fit for children and the unphilosophical. And are these our patriots? Well and truly has The Oregonian exclaimed in despair: "A plague of both your houses!" And mark, so more than 50 per cent of the voters of the state it made not a particle of difference as to which faction won out. But it makes a difference now to our decent citizenship in the light of direct primary laws as to whether political bandits shall continue to monopolize the stage to the exclusion of

owned by our National Government. During over 30 years our railroads, through Congress, have absorbed immense tracts of our land. Harriman's Southern Pacific now claims absolutely hundreds of thousands of acres of the choicest land, which it refuses to sell, although in the original grant by Congress it was to be sold to actual settlers at \$2.50 per acre. And now, for the first time in 30 years, some activity is shown at Washington, D. C. to give relief. Much more can be said even to satisfy. Meanwhile the "Innominat, the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution and the Loyal Legion are giving prizes for essays. But deeds, not words, are sorely needed. The Oregonian has repeatedly asserted that the United States Senate is the very citadel in which the great special and corporate interests are entrenched. Shall we strengthen or weaken it?

The direct primary law has eliminated the vocation of the professional politician. He is not dead, however. He is engaged openly and secretly in a determined attack on Statement No. 1, realizing that it deprives the machine and interests of their most cherished power.

The writer credits George H. Williams, Stephen A. Lowell and The Oregonian with sincerity and purity of conviction, but not with infallibility. Oregon has had practically but one election for Senator under Statement No. 1. Mr. Bourne appealed not to the voters, but directly to the people, for their endorsement. The writer believes the people are satisfied, but not the bosses. The

above gentlemen contend that Statement No. 1 will tend to destroy the Republican party, eliminate party principles and very likely elect a Democratic Senator.

Indeed! The Republican party of Oregon claims a strength of 60,000 to 80,000 Democrats. A strange confession to make when it is asserted that such a majority can be overcome by allowing the voters a voice in the selection of United States Senators, and we are forced to one of two conclusions: Either the principles of the Oregon Republican party have become so shopworn that many of its members now fall to be attracted—or else the working parts which go to make up the party itself are of so disreputable a nature that a radical operation is necessary. Neither the Democratic nor the Republican party has discovered the fountain of perpetual youth. Neither is assured of immortality. To live, they must be true to themselves, and no party should succeed without clear leaders as well as principles.

For this reason, the good citizens and parties of Oregon have for protection Statement No. 1. It is not intended to, nor will it, destroy a true party. It is the very touchstone of party, accurately testing the candidates and principles, and tending to eradicate corrupt factions, rot and branch. A party refusing to cleanse itself from them invites defeat. It purifies. It need not fear.

The writer puts to you, George H. Williams, to you Stephen A. Lowell and to The Oregonian this question, so personally being in any way intended: Suppose that at the hands of the voters, the people, for United States Senator is chosen whom you three believe to be unworthy, and at the

democratic primaries one of unimpeachable attitude and ability is selected, can you tell me how you advise your party, your friends or any citizen to vote in June for the man you deem surest of electing? "Barony" tells me No. 1 warning the party to be true to itself.

For himself the writer declares, that whenever the above condition shall in his opinion exist, although a Republican he will without hesitation vote for the Democratic candidate, and in the event of a tie, he will vote for the man who he believes has the most to offer to the people.

"Uncle Joe's" Psalm of Life.

Chicago Record-Herald.

Tell me not of the new numbers, That we ought to put on steam; Let the flame die down to embers, While we sit around and dream.

Say revision to your sorrow! Let us fritter time away; Acting so that each tomorrow Finds us where we are today.

Talk is cheap and time is fleeting; Let the foolish public rave; It's enough that we keep meeting, And our critics gently behave.

Though our greatest would remind us How to make our lives sublime, Dole's nothin' all the time.

If by chance a foolish heather Should stray from the path of duty, Trust your "Uncle Joe" to smother His ambition mighty quick.