Sunday Oregonian

ESTABLISHED BY HENRY L. PITTOCK.

Published by The Oregonian Publishing Co., 135 Sixth Street, Portland, Oregon.

C. A. MORDEN, Manager. E. B. PIPER, Editor.

The Oregonian is a member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein. All rights of publication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

Subscription Rates—Invariably in Advance.
(By Mail.)

Daily, Sunday included, one year	$8.00
Daily, Sunday included, six months	4.25
Daily, Sunday included, three months	2.25
Daily, Sunday included, one month	.75
Daily, without Sunday, one year	6.00
Daily, without Sunday, six months	3.25
Daily, without Sunday, one month	.60
Weekly, one year	1.00
Sunday, one year	5.00

(By Carrier.)

Daily, Sunday included, one year	9.00
Daily, Sunday included, three months	2.25
Daily, Sunday included, one month	.75
Daily, without Sunday, one year	7.80
Daily, without Sunday, three months	1.95
Daily, without Sunday, one month	.65

How to Remit—Send postoffice money order, express or personal check on your local bank. Stamps, coin or currency are at owner's risk. Give postoffice address in full, including county and state.

Postage Rates—1 to 16 pages, 1 cent; 18 to 22 pages, 2 cents; 24 to 48 pages, 3 cents; 50 to 64 pages, 4 cents; 66 to 80 pages, 5 cents; 82 to 96 pages, 6 cents. Foreign postage double rates.

Eastern Business Office—Verree & Conklin, Brunswick building, New York. Verree & Conklin, Steger building, Chicago; Verree & Conklin, Free Press building, Detroit, Mich. San Francisco representative, R. J. Bidwell.

PREHISTORIC RELICS.

So-called prehistoric relics are not always precisely what they seem, as more than one ethnologist has pointed out, and the scientist needs to be constantly on guard lest he be deceived by casual appearances. The Pacific coast, and particularly Oregon, has long been a fruitful field for discovery of Indian artifacts. The mounds in Washington and Linn counties, the gravelly banks of Sauvies island in the Columbia, which must have been a place of importance in ancient Indian history, and the interesting carvings on the rocks of Patton's valley and elsewhere are examples of prehistoric archives that do not always lend themselves readily to interpretation. For it is a fact, as students of those matters have shown, that a tray filled with European arrowheads cannot be distinguished by the most expert from a trayful picked up in America. Yet there is in that very fact the material for a philosophy. The rudimentary necessities of prehistoric men were nearly the same in every instance; materials were apt to be much the same; "the flints of our own ancestors," as Dr. A. B. Tylor says, resemble the obsidian of the Aztecs, not because Aztecs were like Britons, but because the fracture of flint is like that of obsidian." Resemblance may be the result of accident, rather than of design.

The lower valleys of the Columbia and the Willamette are exceedingly rich in specimens of Indian workmanship because it was in these valleys that the tribes assembled to lay in supplies of food. Rock hammers and adzes are found in abundance because an important Indian industry was canoe-making. We are apt to confound these products with the so-called "age of stone," which was in reality an age of wood, but undoubtedly they are far more modern than that. There are pestles and mortars among the uncovered relics of the Columbia river tribes, but none on Puget sound, because, it is suspected, there were on the sound no acorns to be ground into meal, and the aborigines of this coast, unlike the tribesmen on the opposite shore of the continent, did not develop the art of agriculture. Certain tools of stone, probably employed in dressing hides, are found principally east of the Cascade range, from which we are able to frame certain tentative deductions as to the habits and customs of primitive men, though these are only fragmentary. The paths of ethnological research cross and recross constantly. It is part of the romance of research that it is a continual challenge to the imagination.

What a tale might be woven, for example, around the unearthing, from beneath an eon-old covering, of a walrus tusk implement in Malheur county, as was done once on a time! With no geological warrant for belief that sea mammals disported themselves on these plains, we are led to surmise that there were globe-trotters in that ancient day. It is not possible to construct the tale of their wanderings, though occasionally the fragments dovetail together like a child's puzzle to make a more or less perfect whole. There are in the storerooms of the Oregon Historical society certain stone weights, with carefully contrived handles, evidently the work of Indians, the larger specimens of which might well have served as anchors for canoes. These, too, resemble with peculiar precision certain similar devices of unknown utility found by early voyagers in the islands of the south Pacific. There is also a marked resemblance between these stones and those used in the Scotch game called "curling," which has the unique distinction of being the only ancient game about which there is no ambiguity as to its origin. Yet doubts are set at rest only to be disturbed again. Other weights, of bronze, unearthed by a Chinese antiquarian may have furnished the pattern to our own Indians, and if they did they revive once more the old belief that it was the Chinese who were the real discoverers of the new world.

Variety of form may be due partly to nature and partly to accident and necessity. The workman's desire to produce a certain kind of implement probably has been modified in every period by the materials he had to work with. "All sorts of materials lie at the hand of the savage mechanic," Dr. Tylor suggests, "none of them being just what he wants." He selects the best. Perhaps the truth about the shape that they finally assumed is that the savage "found it so, and let it so remain." It takes imagination of a sort that is too rare among scientists to refrain from embellishing isolated and unrelated discoveries. They continually seek symbolism where there is probability that it never was intended. The attempt to create an esoteric philosophy out of that which may have been only a barbaric attempt at ornamentation has driven more than one ethnologist on the rocks. The singular fact of the similarity of knowledge throughout the world may, or may not, be proof of a common origin. Culture varies, but if any art or custom be chosen at random, it is likely that substantially the same art or custom will be found thousands of miles away, with nothing to connect them in the intervening areas. The fact lends zest to relic-hunting, but it is unsafe to generalize without vastly more data than are now in the possession of the museums. Broken bones in a prehistoric graveyard are suggestive of ancient cannibalism, but are no more conclusive proof of it than the circumstance that cliff writings are usually found on a southern exposure is evidence of a common form of worship. We have our choice of guesses, no more than that. Between the notion that every unearthed implement has a ceremonial significance, and the theory that simple-minded savages were principally concerned with fashioning utensils to make living easier, the argument of utility is likely to prevail.

Ancient relics derive interest from universal desires of men to study the steps by which the early races rose or fell. There is monotony in recent discoveries that goes far to explain why the aborigines of this region made no headway against the fates that were arrayed against them. Total lack of inventive genius covering a period not measureable in terms of years tells a story that squares with the facts of biology and of human history.

THE LURE OF DISCOVERY.

Stefansson, admitting that Peary discovered the North Pole and asserting that explorers are too busy to overlap one another, discloses nevertheless the magnitude of the task remaining before the Arctic regions, of which the pole constitutes but an insignificant part, shall be put on the map of the world.

A million square miles—land, not water—is a conservative estimate of the area still to be brought within our knowledge, with the added possibility that much of it may be definitely valuable for food production to give a fillip to discovery. Formerly it was the spices of India that stimulated the search for new trade routes; then it was the quest for gold; and the hunt for furs, which could be exchanged for the products of the orient, was the first motive of the voyagers who came to the northwest coast.

The settlement which followed was an after-consequence, which suggests the possibility that even Crockerland may yet invite a race of sturdy pioneers who find the older countries too crowded for them. The type of men who fought Indians is not likely to be deterred by mere cold.

ARE THE PEOPLE UNGRATEFUL?

Defeat of a president for re-election or of his party for continuance in power always leads sundry persons to bewail the ingratitude of the people, to dwell particularly on the abuse to which a president is subject. Such philosophy is repeated with the result of the election as the text, and with the slanders to which George Washington was subject and the assassination of Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley as examples.

Such reflections are founded on false premises. A man who aspires to the presidency knowingly invites the praise or censure of each individual in the nation. He does so in the hope that the praise will far overbalance the censure. He also knows that it takes all kinds of people to make a nation, as it does to make the world, and that the kinds range all the way from the most just, appreciative and tolerant to the most unjust, censorious, intolerant, base and depraved. He knows that for the time the latter classes will make the most noise and command the most attention, but he also knows that the opinions of the former classes will live and form the judgment of posterity.

He can have read our history to little purpose if he does not know that final judgment on a president is not passed during his administration, or during his lifetime; it is passed only after the passions have cooled, after the final consequences of his acts and policies have become apparent and when time places them in true perspective. He will think not of the scurrilities heaped upon Washington while he lived but of the reverence in which he is held by after-generations in all lands. With hope of even approaching like fame, he will not be perturbed by the muckrakers, but will look for the approval of the clean-minded, the high-minded, the honest, sound, clear thinkers, the men of vigorous, straight action.

The majority, though disapproving of a president's acts, does not necessarily question the integrity of his motives. The trite saying that republics are ungrateful has won vogue because often the ungrateful acts and words of a few were taken to be those of the whole nation.

BREEDING-PLACES OF WAR.

If Italy and Jugo-Slavia have actually, as reported, settled the Fiume dispute by recognizing the independence of Fiume, the terms are a victory for D'Annunzio and his band of mutinous Italian soldiers and sailors, who have defied the three chief allies, to say nothing of President Wilson. Seeing no hope of outside aid, being too weak for another war and having small prospect of success if it should fight, Jugo-Slavia appears to have accepted the best that it could get. This is much more than it was given by the secret treaty of 1915, for it now secures all of Dalmatia except Zara.

This is the latest of a series of cases in which decisions of the peace conference have been set at naught or in which decision has been taken out of the allies' hands. A mutinous Polish army has seized Vilna from Lithuania after the peace conference had awarded it to the latter country. The Klagenfurt district no sooner voted for union with Austria than the Jugo-Slav forces occupied it. The Germans of Danzig are in a fair way to impose a constitution which would in effect deprive Poland of its treaty rights in that port. Though the Turkish treaty declares Armenia independent, the Turkish nationalists and Russian bolshevists are meeting over its dead body. France is withdrawing from Cilicia and leaving the Armenians of that province to the mercy of the fanatics who long to exterminate them.

The plebiscites required by the Versailles treaty have in several instances reduced the fine theory of self-determination to a mockery. That in south Schleswig gave Germany the profit from having Germanized the territory during the half century since it was stolen from Denmark. The vote in East Prussia sanctifies the results of a century and a half of oppressive Germanizing, and was taken while all able-bodied Poles were absent, defending their country. Upper Silesia has been in a state of inter-racial civil war, which has caused postponement of the vote and which the allied army of occupation has been unable to suppress, and the Germans evidently will resist the decision if it should go against them. The allies have used no military force to execute the treaty except where their own national interests were at stake.

When Mr. Harding takes office, it will be incumbent on him and the senate to decide what settlement of all these quarrels shall be made in the interest of the United States. Seeds of future wars are being sown in all the localities named, and American interest requires that they shall never yield a crop.

SAVING TIME.

Justification for stunt flying, such as cost the lives of many aviators, is found in the announcement by air mail service officials that the performances of Omer Locklear are soon to be duplicated as a routine feature of commercial aviation.

Locklear finally lost his life, as sooner or later all do who persist in making daring experiments, but he showed how transfer from one plane to another could be made, and with safety devices that he would have scorned it is now said that the feat will be shorn of all danger. The proposal that express planes flying over cities shall be met by smaller planes which will receive the local mails, and also replenish the fuel supplies of the larger flyers, indicates the lengths to which Americans will go to save a little time.

It brings perceptibly nearer the non-stop flight from coast to coast, which is one of the few unaccomplished feats left for aviators to perform.

WHERE DISCORD IS UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

There is now a state in Europe where music is by fundamental law made a religious and social institution; where art is likewise given first place in instruction in the compulsory school system and whose constitution was written by a poet. There each citizen must be enrolled in what is called a corporation but which is as much a fraternal order based on vocation as it is a political body. There he who is in minor difficulties, civil or criminal, goes not before a matter of fact justice of the peace but to the court of the good men. There fundamental law is interpreted by the court of reasons, not by a court of technicalities, and the highest legislative body is euphoniously known as the council of the best. Whether this poetic jewel which has been left upon the sands of time by the receding tide of war shall survive, we do not know. But it invites, while it lasts, the consideration of all lovers of the good and the true and the beautiful.

Of course Gabriele d'Annunzio wrote the constitution of Fiume, otherwise called the Italian Regency of Quarnero. It is a mixture of the practical with flowery sentiment. One who prefers the literary to the matter of fact, will, if he knows what is in store, hasten through the customary bill of rights with its guarantees of equality, free speech, universal suffrage, and the like, to find that among the fundamental principles of this government of the people is the declaration that "Three religious beliefs are exalted above all others:

"Life is beautiful and worthy to be lived earnestly and magnificently by the man re-created by liberty;

"The re-created man is he who every day discovers some virtue for his own needs, and who every day has a new gift to offer to his brothers;

"Labor, even the most humble and the most obscure, if it is well done, tends to beautify and embellish the world."

Naught of music herein as a religious and social institution. But wait. Run through, hastily if you will, the sections providing for such dry-as-dust rights as the initiative, the referendum, the recall, and compensation in office, and you will find in immediate association with these prosy affairs a complete section devoted to music.

"A great race," we are informed therein, "is not only that race which creates its god in its own image, but that race which also knows how to create its own hymn for its own god." Pressing his theme, the poet-statesman puts forth as fundamental law the argument that "if every re-birth of a noble race is a lyric effort, if every unanimous and creative sentiment is a lyric power, if every organization is a lyric organization in the dynamic and impetuous sense of the word, music considered as a ritual language is the exalting motive of any action and of any creation in life." Thus we see what a terrible thing a musicians' strike may become. But let no one infer that the poet-statesman contemplated so sordid an eventuality. It is the importance of music as a national institution that has caused him to put music first in the compulsory school curriculum, and provide for great choral and orchestral groups whose celebrations shall be as free "as the fathers of the church say about the grace of God." So we read:

"As the crowing of the cock invokes daybreak, so does music invoke dawn, excitat aurorum. Meanwhile music finds its movement and its utterance in the instruments of labor, in gain and in play, and in the roaring machinery which also follows as exact a rhythm as does poetry. From its pauses is formed the silence of the tenth corporation."

All, as hereinbefore stated, following and being a part of that portion of the constitution devoted to methods of constitutional revision, the initiative, referendum and recall. But in the pause which follows the poet's tuneful declamation on music we fancy we hear some one inquire what in time is the tenth corporation whose silence is formed by the music's pauses. Frankly we do not know, although it is established and defined in the same constitution.

There are ten corporations or brotherhoods in Fiume, in one of which every citizen must enroll. By the way, persons whose taxes are in arrears and "incorrigible parasites" are denied the rights of citizenship. These fraternal corporations are created on vocational lines—that is, nine of them. Seafaring men are found in one, inland workmen in another, promoters of industry in a third and so on. In addition to making mutual aid a sacred obligation, each corporation has political representation in the council of provisors, the lesser of the two legislative houses, the upper house being called the council of the best. That is to say again, nine of the corporations have political representation. The tenth corporation seems to have no representation except emblematic and in the pauses of music.

"The tenth," we are told, "has neither art, nor number, nor title. Its coming is expected like that of the tenth muse. It is reserved to the mysterious forces of the people in toil and attainment. It is almost a votive figure consecrated to the unknown genius, to the apparition of the new man, to the ideal transfiguration of labor and time, to the complete liberation of the spirit over pain and agony, over blood and sweat. It is represented in the civic sanctuary by a burning torch upon which is inscribed an old Tuscan word of the time of the communes, a remarkable allusion to a spiritualized form of human labor: 'Fatica senza fatica'—Toil without toil."

Only the immortal seven who understand the Einstein theory of relativity are probably in on the meaning of the tenth corporation. But whatever it is we guess it is a good thing.

There is more of poetry in the constitution of Fiume. We should like, for one thing, to tell about the college of Ediles "chosen carefully among men of pure taste, perfect skill and modern education," and more about the court of the good men. But there are studies nearer home that demand attention. There is the appeal for higher rates by the gas corporation, for example.

THEY WANT THEIR SHARE.

The answer to the question, "Why do young men leave the farm?" may not after all be found in the statement that it is because "social life" is so utterly lacking. Growing suspicion that the material rewards of agriculture, by comparison with those in other pursuits, may come nearer to furnishing the real reason. For example, a writer in the Outlook, himself the son of a farmer but now living in town, summarizes the yield of the 160-acre farm on which he was reared, and on which his father and he and his brothers toiled, and discovers that, in a favorable season, they might expect a gross income of about $4000, from which there were to be deducted $2650 in expenses (including labor cost and interest on investment), leaving a profit of $1350 for the work of the whole season. There were years when the profit was greater, but not infrequently "a dry season threatened to take away everything we had."

The matter of compensation, this writer and some others seem to believe, is the real issue. That the social side of farm life will largely regulate itself, if incentives of other sorts are not lacking, is beginning to be suspected by a new school of investigators. "There was," says one of these, "plenty of real sociability on the farm in the pioneer days, when people were without good roads, rural mail delivery, telephones or even easily-accessible school houses." The barn-raising, which developed the sense of co-operation, also fostered the social aspect of rural life. The husking bee was another community institution. The point sought to be made by these students of rural sociology is that in a community of Americans that is relatively prosperous, a way will be found for "sociability" without officious meddling from the outside.

But the towns did not then afford advantages greatly in contrast with those of the farm. There were no electric lights or telephones in the city, either; streets were muddy and unkempt; employment was apt to be uncertain and wages were comparatively low. Farmers were at least as well situated as their city cousins, although then as now the work was back-breaking and its rewards uncertain.

Contentment is a relative term. He was a true epigrammatist who said that the standard of living in America is "more." The basis on which the farm problem will be settled will not be comparison with the hardships of the pioneers in the wilderness, but comparison with the lot of other workers no more necessary to the country's welfare than the farmer is.

ARE HEROES WORTH WORSHIPPING?

Judge Landis is to dignify baseball, and make it honest, if he can, for the handsome sum of $50,000 a year. One's first impression is that it is a great deal of money to pay anyone, even Judge Landis, who deals in large figures, as witness his $29,000,000 fine (never paid) of the Standard Oil company. Besides, it appears that the judge intends to hold on to his present life job, paying $7500 a year. But second thought suggests that if Judge Landis succeeds, it will be money well invested. What the gentlemen running the baseball world are doing is to pay $50,000 a year for a reputation. Being sportsmen, they understand the value of it. So does Judge Landis. That is the reason he asks $50,000 a year.

Sportsmanship comes high, but evidently we must have it. Jack Dempsey (not the one and only Jack) engages to knock the block (borrowed from the sporting department) off the nifty Frenchman, Georges Carpentier, or to have his own block knocked off, and thus lose the world's pugilistic championship, heavyweight. It is not much of a block, and Dempsey could doubtless get along very well without it, except for a provision of nature that everyone must have a block, however superfluous or quadrilateral it may be.

Yet we may err. Somebody with great sagacity is looking after the physical welfare of Mr. Dempsey, and it may be himself. It is stipulated that, win or lose, he is to get $300,000 in that championship fight, and Carpentier is to receive $200,000, whatever happens to him. Quite a businesslike arrangement, we'll tell the world. The fight is for a limited number of rounds, and the prospects are that it will all be over in a few minutes with no great harm done to the beauty or physical contour of either gent. It was different in the old days, before science intervened to spare the features and save the knuckles of the bruiser, and make the profession safe, respectable and profitable.

A long time ago, promoters of fights—they did not then call them boxing contests or pugilistic bouts—hung up a purse, and hard-fisted bruisers smashed away at one another until both were bloody and altogether unlovely, and until one was knocked senseless or threw up the sponge—the elevation of the said sponge being the inelegant token of capitulation. The great Heenan-Sayers fight for the championship of the world was for $1000 a side; but mighty was the glory for the winner. The chief rewards of successful pugilism were then that the champions had the patronage of their social betters. There is a different story today. In the past twenty-five years pugilism has been retrieved from the secret rendezvous, away from the eyes and arms of the law, and placed in the full light of public countenance. Here and there it is under the ban, but, generally speaking, the "boxing contest" is approved, though the championship fight has occasional difficulty in finding a haven. The gate receipts of the Dempsey-Willard fight on July 4, 1919, are said to have been $452,522, and of the Johnson-Jeffries encounter in 1910, $275,755. It pays real money nowadays to be a world champion, or to look and act like a champion.

Babe Ruth, the knock-'em-out home-runner of the Brooklyn baseball team, was purchased from Boston for $100,000, or more; and his salary is probably $15,000 or $20,000 a year. It is said that the peerless batsman got $100,000 for playing in the movies and he received recently considerable pin money for appearing in exhibition games. The president of the United States is paid $75,000 per year, but of course he could not put over a home run on any ball field. Nor would he do well in a twenty-four-foot ring. All the people require in a president is that he have a capacity for political generalship and qualities of intellectual, spiritual and moral leadership, which make him pre-emnient in the world of affairs, in war and in peace, and that he should be willing and capable, besides, to carry the burdens of a whole people, and at times of other peoples. Only that. Nothing more. A congressman is paid $7500 per year, and all but starves to death, owing to the demands on him, unless he has other resources. Yet there are many people anxious to suffer the pains and penalties of service in congress. Could better men be had at better pay? Or are the men we have at $7500 good enough? They may not be good enough, all of them, but we doubt if the personnel of congress would be improved by increasing their compensation. It might be done by lowering it.

Charlie Chaplin might be mentioned in this connection, and Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford and other richly-paid and more or less justly popular motion picture stars. Why do not the magnates of the movie world get together on a grand scheme to hire a Judge Landis of their own as a censor of morals, an arbiter of private conduct, a pacificator and adjuster of domestic difficulties? Possibly Mr. McAdoo, who gave the picture promoters legal advice for a year or two, at $100,000 per annum, would do it for a comparatively modest stipend.

It is easy to say that $300,000 for a fight is too much for Dempsey, or for any other who barely escaped the slacker class in the late war, or $1,000,000 per annum too much for Charlie Chaplin, who cut off his starving wife with a beggarly $200,000, or whatever they get too much for Doug and Mary, who found life too intolerable for endurance until they got rid of their respective spouses and were safe and happy in each other's arms. It is easy to say, but not so easy to regulate, so long as the public continues to pay the price of admission—any price—to see its heroes and heroines. Their day of fame does not last long. Soon there will be others. The fickle public will have forgotten them. Let us be grateful that the fickle public is a fickle public. If it were steadfast, we should have Jack and Charlie and Doug and Mary and Babe on our hands as long as they live.

A QUINQUENNIAL PROTEST.

It was inevitable in the nature of the question at issue that people who regard the decisions of the electors of the hall of fame seriously should be engaged in another controversy over the merits of the electors' most recent conclusions. There are 102 electors, and there were thirty niches waiting to be filled. Two conditions of election, however, were that the successful candidate, if in a preliminary scrutiny by the electors of his division he had been rated as "most justly famous," needed to receive a majority only of all the votes cast by the entire electorate; otherwise a two-thirds vote was required. The result was that although a total of 1853 votes (of a possible 2020) were cast for men who had been placed in nomination, and 474 (of an eligible 1010) for women candidates, only five men and one woman received the requisite majority. Electors neither exercised their full rights of suffrage nor were able to agree in any substantial sense on what constitutes valid claim to fame.

The storm this year breaks over the heads of Samuel Langhorne Clemens and Alice Freeman Palmer. Mark Twain, say the critics, was not the true representative of lofty American literature, and it is objected that Mrs. Palmer, though she did a good deal to raise the plane of education for women, overcame no fundamental obstacles such as, in the judgment of these critics, gave a prior right to such pioneers of feminine advancement as Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone Blackwell, Dorothea Dix, Lucretia Mott and Mrs. Stanton. Each of these names was submitted to the electorate, but none received a majority. In immediate competition with Mrs. Freeman as an educator, the name of Sarah Boardman Judson appeared on the ballot. If the former owes election to her work as an author rather than as a teacher, the rival claims of as formidable a company present themselves. There were, for example, the names of Louisa M. Alcott, Abigail Adams, the Cary sisters, Margaret Fuller, and a number of others; and it probably will only add fuel to the flame to disclose that Miss Alcott in fact received four more votes than the successful candidate, but was not chosen owing to technical complications in the mechanism of choice. Yet much of the acrimony already evident as the result of omissions here would have been forestalled if the electors had done their full duty. The nine vacant places in the women's hall of fame are the true cause of many heartburnings.

The unpostponed triumph of Mark Twain in the first quinquennium of his eligibility constitutes a coincidence of academic and popular opinion such as does not very often attend these hall of fame elections. Twain's own whimsical pretense that he wrote for the "masses," rather than for the cultured, did not disqualify him as an interpreter of American humor in one of America's most solemn periods. Twain's fame would have been secure without the formality of election.

The hall has in the past inclined noticeably toward literary attainment as the measure of celebrity, but if this has been a fault it appears that the effort to correct it may have been responsible for some of the failure to find a full quota in other departments. Prior to this year, thirteen authors had been elected, by comparison with only eleven rulers and statesmen, and this year only one has been added in each classification. Mark Twain is one, and the other is Patrick Henry, whose "Give me liberty or give me death" long ago marked him as a master interpreter of the spirit of a freedom-loving people. But there were others who might have been honored also, William Penn among them, of the elder statesmen, and John Hay of more recent fame. Year by year Samuel Adams creeps up in the balloting, and Grover Cleveland, still the object of some partisan resentment, has at length achieved the distinction of "most justly famous." John Jay, without whose service the administration of Washington might have been a less glorious page in our history, still awaits another turn, though in the distinguished companionship of others who undoubtedly left an impress on our institutions.

In two decades since the hall was established, only two educators (in a nation passionately devoted to education) have been chosen, and only four scientists, though Americans have a wealth of scientific achievement to their credit, and there is not yet a single missionary or explorer deemed worthy of a niche. In the balloting recently concluded, it is not without significance that fewer than half a dozen educators received any consideration, and that only one of these, Francis Wayland, a noteworthy reformer, received as many as thirteen votes. Science still falls of the recognition it deserves. Only thirteen votes for Samuel Pierpont Langley, but for whose pioneer work in aerodynamics there probably would be a different story to tell of the whole science of aviation, are eloquent of the failure of the electors to see his achievements in their true perspective. Precisely the number of votes recorded for Langley was given for the author of "Leaves of Grass," and nine more were cast for Noah Webster, who compiled the dictionary. Yet it is worth something to discover, for the first time, in the list of the successful the names of an engineer and a physician. James Buchanan Eads fairly wins his honors, and Dr. Morton, though his name revives an old controversy, stands as the symbol of the discovery which he was first to exploit publicly. Of inventors, none having been chosen in 1920, the hall still holds only four—Fulton, Whitney, Morse and Howe. Only four jurists have been chosen—Marshall, Kent, Story and Rufus Choate—and this year's ballot does not add to the number. For twenty years Charles Gilbert Stuart has stood alone in the department devoted to music, painting and sculpture, to which the name of Augustus Saint-Gaudens has just been added.

Few will begrudge, we think, the laurel voted to Roger Williams. It is an incidentally interesting fact that no portrait of the great champion of religious liberty has been handed down, and that the popular notion of how he looked is founded solely on the idealistic conception of the artist who in 1872 made the statue of him which now stands in the rotunda of the capitol at Washington.

At the speed attained by the French aviator, De Roumanet, of 192.04 miles an hour, a man might encircle the globe in five days. As an imaginative writer Jules Verne was a piker. He thought he had exceeded human probability when he made Phineas Fogg do it in eighty days.

According to Captain Amundsen, wages of $1500 a month are prohibitive in Arctic exploration. Discovering new continents may have to revert to the old ways, when men explored for the love of the game.

In deciding on Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis for baseball dictator, the magnates may have recalled how he qualified as umpire in connection with Standard Oil.

Although those weather prophets are traditionally set in their opinions, they must admit that the chances for that open winter are rapidly fading away.

Russia isn't the only country where they need vodka as an aid to pronunciation. News comes from Scotland that Auchtermuchty has gone "wet."

To the problem of what shall be done with our ex-presidents is added every four years the question what the defeated candidates shall do with themselves.

It seems that Charley Chaplin, whose wife accuses him of cruelty, is solicitous for his good name chiefly in the professional sense of the term.

After Mr. Harding has made that speech at New Orleans Louisiana will be sorrier than ever that she didn't help to make it unanimous.

New Jersey democrats are more lonesome than those in Oregon. Only one of them was elected to the house of representatives of that state.

The near-Thanksgiving season is a peculiarly appropriate time to give a thought to the starving babies of central Europe.

The Pilgrim memorial half-dollar will be sold for a dollar, and as usual will purchase about a quarter's worth of goods.

Declines in the market for raw sugar will not, of course, interest those who customarily take their sugar cooked.

Of course nobody expected cheaper turkeys this Thanksgiving, but a lot of folks will be disappointed over not getting them.

Still it will take a fertile imagination to construe the ban on home brew as an assault on the sanctity of the home.

The returns from the gridiron now supersede the returns from the polls.

UNSUSTAINED.

He freely gave advice in accents weighty, slow,
No matter what arose the egoist would know,
(Or thought he did) just how to do or act—
Could always tell another what he lacked.

And yet, his life was lived a petty round,
Though ready with advice he ne'er had found
The modus operandi of adapting it—
His inner lamp of application was unlit.

An act (we're told) speaks louder than a word—
If so, ach'evement is the thing that's heard.
And like a message o'er a disconnected phone,
Advice, when unsustained, will carry not alone.

—JANETTE MARTIN.

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE TIMES

Lane County Rancher Floats Lumber for Home Miles on Sea.

When H. P. Larsen, a rancher of Heceta, on the coast in the western end of Lane county, decided to erect a new residence on his place this fall he was in a quandary as to how to transport the lumber from the nearest sawmill to his ranch, the rains having rendered the dirt roads in the mountains in that section of the county impassable for heavy loads.

He finally decided upon a plan whereby he could get his lumber on the ground quite cheaply, although he realized that he ran a good chance of losing all of it. He evolved a scheme of building a raft of the lumber, floating it from Waldport, 25 miles north of the ranch, to a point opposite the place and when the tide was right to loosen the fastenings of the raft and allow the tide to carry the lumber ashore. He engaged two men of Acme with a gasoline launch, they made the trip to Waldport, the raft was built and everything was in readiness for the trip back when a storm came up. The sea did not calm sufficiently to make the return trip for three weeks, but finally better weather came and the raft was set afloat.

The trip was made without incident and when the raft reached the proper point the lumber was loosened and the tide carried every stick of it to shore, landing it high and dry, and Mr. Larsen and his neighbors gathered it up and had it out of the way of the next tide. He is now at work upon his new residence.—Cottage Grove Sentinel.

* * *

On the Hebrides islands are thousands of so-called "black houses," having neither chimney nor window, a single door serving for ingress and egress, to admit light and air and to get rid of smoke.

A peat fire is kept burning day and night and is, in spite of the smoke, the savior of the household. The straw roof does not keep out the rain and almost necessitates "box beds," according to Dr. W. Leslie MacKenzie of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust, who investigated them and who says the "black houses" are the outgrowth of needs closely related to the welfare of the primitive communities in which they are found.

The stones are from the moor; timber is from the sea; lime mortar is expensive; the roof must be moulted every year and there the walls must be low, since gales also are high.

At every point the house is adapted to its fundamental purpose, and while the visitor may dismiss it as unworthy of savages, it turns out to be a product of long labor and sacrifice, a fundamental part of the only system of agriculture formerly found possible in this island of gneiss rock, clay and peat moss. It is a part of the price that a people of immense ability and high character must pay for their civilization.—Detroit News.

* * *

The United States fisheries bureau is going fishing for eels, south of Cape Hatteras, where they are numerously found in autumn. The object in view is to obtain definite information in regard to their spawning grounds.

Eels do not breed in fresh water. All of the myriads of them found in our streams and lakes were originally hatched in the sea. They are by origin marine fishes.

When very young they do not look in the least like the eels with which we are familiar. They are flat and ribbon-like. This is a larval stage of development. When they have assumed adult form they leave the sea and run up into the rivers.

When big enough to breed they go back to the sea, and there the females lay their eggs. Thus the cycle of their lives is accomplished. One understands, then, why there were no eels in Lake Erie until they were planted there. They could not climb over the Niagara cataract.

Baby eels were caught in deep sea dredges many years before they were recognized as eels, their appearance being so different. Even now very little is known about their spawning grounds, and hence the contemplated investigation.

* * *

There was much mystery about a perpetual motion machine, set up as a sign and advertisement over a street in Los Angeles not long ago. It had the form of a huge wheel that revolved slowly all day and all night, being driven by a number of metal balls which ran along spokes from the center to the circumference and back.

Gravity was supposed to furnish the power, and thus the machine could go on forever without depending upon any other source of energy. Unfortunately, however, there came a day when the city's electrical plant was shut down for repairs and the wheel stopped turning.

* * *

Recognition of the serious rise in the cost of jade is shown in the substitutes that are being made for it. The best of these is a composition in which crystal with other minerals is used, and a beautiful material of a clear shade of tions, with pendants in the form of jade ornaments, made of celluloid, colored a deep green.

* * *

You can tell at a glance out of the window any day between now and spring what countryman is going to prosper next year. You will see him riding on top of a load of manure. The other fellow is down in front of the court house trying to save the nation by talking politics.—Boulder (Colo.) Camera.

* * *

The toughest American wood is that of the Osage orange, which is not an orange at all, but belongs to the nettle family. This has been proved by a series of tests made by the United States forest service, but the Indians knew it before the coming of the white man, and it was known to them as the bow tree, because they used it for making their finest bows. Some idea of its strength may be had from a report made not long ago by the forest service, which shows that a block 30 inches long and two inches by two inches in cross-section when bent breaks under a stress of 13,660 pounds, its nearest rival being a variety of the hickory called the monkey-nut. When bent by the impact of a 100-pound hammer, it stands a stress of 15,520 pounds, certain sugar maples and the honey locust being its nearest rivals. Its only rival in hardness is the honey locust.

Voices Three.

By Grace E. Hall.

Three voices speak to happy youth
When still the heart is clean,
With certainty and ring of truth,
Through many a changing scene;
And on the record of the brain
Each leaves impressive tone,
That ever calls—although in vain—
On sunlit paths, or lone.

Faith whispers that this life is good,
And that all men are fair,
That they have done the best they could—
Considering their care;
It says that hearts are strong and kind,
And that in times of stress
A loyalty you'll surely find
To comfort and to bless.

The years, like fingers of the nurse
Who bares the bandaged eyes,
Shall lift the veil with comment terse,
And strip the thin disguise;
Then Hope shall come with pleading face
To ask that Faith remain.
But both shall fail to quite erase
The sting of life's first pain.

For man, no longer an ideal,
Shall shrink through plainer view,
No more endowed with fine appeal
To thrill the young heart through;
And Cynicism then shall paint
Upon the lips of youth
A bitter tracery, though faint,
To mock the lines of truth.

But there's a voice with accents low
That answers all life's jeers,
And on all paths that men must go
It's whisper ever cheers;
It says that hearts beneath the crust
Of coldness, hate and sin
May still respond to Hope and Trust
When human love creeps in.

There is a healing in the sound
That soothes each aching heart,
And he who speeds the word has found
A balm for his own smart;
For though Faith sicken—yea, and die!
And Hope, despairing, flee,
Full may a soul will still its cry
When soothed by Charity.

BRAVE MOTHERS.

(Dedicated to the mothers of Oregon's Soldiers.)

The mothers of men march by today;
They've hung with Old Glory the great highway;
And gay is the way, like a royal track,
They march on bravely, nor ne'er turn back.

All honor to them as they march by,
With no heart-sadness nor tear-dimmed eye,
To be seen by those who, standing, wait
For the mothers to pass in regal state.

No army and navy need lead the way
For these staunch, brave mothers who march today
Over our city and over the world;
None will be found braver
Where our flag is unfurled.

They are the mothers of men who have gone
Into the jaws of death with smile and with song.
Could you trample, brave mothers,
The world's great unrest, and find for all peace,
Sweet peace, the world's greatest guest.

—JUNE McMULLAN ORDWAY.

FROSTED LEAVES.

Too many gaze upon yon mount
Where truth and fancy meet
And fail to note the bubbling fount
A-sparkling at their feet;
It seems the luscious fruit hangs high
Upon the utmost bough,
And far away, the distant sky
Seems lovelier somehow.

I recollect when but a boy
I climbed an apple tree;
The fruit thereon was a decoy
Yet looked the best to me;
While all around upon the grass
The ruddy Pippins lay,
But I let all the prize ones pass
And scaled the tree that day.

When way up in the very top
That looked fine from the ground,
I lost my footing took a flop,
And came down with a bound.
While lying there quite bruised and sore
On the grass beside the fence,
I gazed up at the tree once more
With mind more dazed than dense.

And up among the branches there
Bright red leaves I could see
That swaying in the Autumn air
Appeared to applee be.
And so as on through life we go
It's often proven true
That things assume a different show
When seen from a closer view.

—M. C. ARMSTRONG.

WHERE GOD IS.

The stately fir in forests dim
A hundred feet stretch up to Him

The mountain peak long ages old
Uplifts its head, serene and cold.

The church spire points the upward way,
And leads men onward day by day.

Our hearts seek God in reverent love
And look for Him in Heaven above.

But God is not so far away,
He's close beside us all the way.

I saw Him twice but yesterday.
Once in a little child at play,

Then in a mother's tender face.
For where love is, there God has place.

—EMEROI STACY.

A PROTEST.

"Man is sometimes master of his fate—"
Ah, futile boast is that! In vain
The human puppet gambles for his gain.
He struggles blindly in his love and hate,
To move the universe, and baffle destiny.

How puny is that endless round of strife!
What gains are worthy of such play
Of human souls? For with each waning day,
The tired world slumbers,—and the petty life
Of man is swept away—or saved, at Fate's decree.

—LOIS SMITH.

IN THE OPEN.

Give me to live in the open land,
For there a deeper blue is in the sky,
And sweeter there the winds that wander by
Than townfolk understand.

And sweeter is the merry strain
Of the wilding woodbird in the solitude;