

VISITORS SEEK OUT WHITE HOUSE NOOKS

Open-Door Policy Gains Steadily in Popularity.

LIBERTIES SEEM STRANGE

All Washington, However, Appears to Be Rejuvenated and Sudden Activities Noted.

BY ELIZABETH KING STOKES. (Copyright, 1921, by The Oregonian.) WASHINGTON, D. C., March 12.—(Special).—The president's open door policy at the White House steadily has gained popularity and momentum. All the week diplomats with guests, members of congress, government workers or tourists, immigrants, the army and the navy and the stranger within the gates, unabashed, have flocked to the executive mansion for sight-seeing.

The neighborly spirit of the Harding has permeated the city. Overnight the capital has changed. Life on Pennsylvania avenue is enhanced by the sudden activity of state motoring and new people. For blocks around the White House there is an air of a great deal happening.

A community atmosphere overhangs the place, with a "people's house" in the midst and throngs entering the grounds.

The new liberties seem strange and even yet like trespassing.

Capital Dazed at First.
At first the capital was somewhat dazed by the suddenness of the emergence of the stately building and environs from their cloister-like seclusion.

Now children scamper around in the shadow of the White House pillars, or are held up to peer in the windows.

Friendly dogs no longer steal around on the lawns with their tails around their legs.

No one could have foretold what a difference all this would make in the old city.

"It can't last long," said an old Washingtonian. "There must be restrictions. If not, the White House will become what Mark Twain discovered in the tourist regions of heaven—a monument, with the date and circumstances, and all about the whole business, and travelers would come and gaze at it and climb over it, and scribble their names on it."

Human Touch Established.
Whether the crowd carves initials on the white columns or takes away samples of the upholstery, there, nevertheless, has been established a human touch more cherished by the children than older persons. More interest is shown in the prospect of a brilliant egg-rolling on the White House lawns on Eastern morning than over the reorganization of departments.

This probably will be the greatest egg-rolling Washington ever has seen. I would not be surprised if the president himself, or Mrs. Harding, started it by rolling the first egg, dyed in Harding blue.

The White House is not equipped to handle the visiting crowds. Chairs and bars, which in the old days kept tourists from suddenly appearing at

the president's private breakfast table, have not yet been replaced.

Guards restrain eager visitors with difficulty. They get away from them, revelling in the different rooms, smelling the flowers, fingering old vases, and otherwise applying the sense of touch where sight is not supposed to penetrate. Stray parties have wandered around searching for the White House kitchen and have been persuaded to abandon the very door of the sanctum upon threats of the temper of the cook.

What fascinated the tourist rush all the week was not only the Harding, generous in their appearances and greetings, but the mystery of the Wilsons, the unseen, the unknown. Ghosts of the late occupants continually were searched out and discussed by onlookers as the guides recited.

"This is the blue room, where the president receives callers," said the guide. A tourist whispered, "The one the president and Mrs. Wilson did over?" And this small room on the foyer is a cloakroom. A strange whisper echoed through the crowd. This hall is the one Mr. Wilson used on his way to his room. It saved steps. Inadvertently the eye turned to the velvety carpet for a possible trace of his footsteps.

Crowd Lingering, Fascinated.
"Here in the blue room Eleanor Wilson McAdoo was married," announced the guide. "And the brocade for the chairs was selected by Mrs. Wilson," added one of his charges. "Here, too, were the wedding of Miss Alice Wilson, the president's niece, and Mrs. Cleveland."

"But," whispered a follower, "Alice Roosevelt was married in the large east room; so was Miss Jessie Wilson, and I want to know what has become of the beautiful tapestries that used to hang in the east room," the guide overheard. "They belonged to Mrs. Wilson personally," he answered.

A foreign-speaking man stood still in the middle of the red room, his pass held tightly in his hands. (Passes are readily obtainable from the executive offices.) "I have never seen such a beautiful parlor in my life," he muttered, trying one chair after another, unconscious of the crowd. Firewood was laid ready to touch off. Tall roses, ferns, pussy willows from the White House greenhouse stood in every corner. Outside a shower had brought out in bloom the exuberant magnolia trees. The crowd lingered, fascinated. Spring and new freedom were in the blood.

SPRAY FACTORY EXPANDS

HOOD RIVER PLANT SERVES NORTHWEST ORCHARDS.

Fruit Districts of Four States Supplied With Products From Rapidly-Growing Industry.

HOOD RIVER, Or., March 12.—(Special).—The Hood River Spray company has made a development that not even home folks fully have appreciated. Established in 1915 by J. C. Butcher, primarily for manufacturing materials for the protection of Hood River orchards against disease and insect pests, the plant today is one of the largest of its kind in the northwest, and carloads of products are being shipped weekly to Washington, Idaho and Montana fruit districts and to the Rogue river section of Oregon.

In 1919 the plant was purchased from Mr. Butcher by F. A. Gustad and A. B. Bennett, Portland men. These owners have made a steady gain in their sales. The annual output of the spray plant now is about 3000 barrels of lime-sulphur solution and a similar quantity of miscible

oil. The development in manufacture of the latter spray, now in popular use in the early spring for control of aphids and leaf roller, has been remarkable. In four years' time the sales have jumped from 300 to 3000 barrels a year, while about half of the output of the plant is used in fighting diseases and insects in the Hood River valley.

With the season's run just getting under way, the spray factory is one of the busiest places in the city. In addition to the lime-sulphur solution and miscible oil the company manufactures Bordeaux paste and other spray materials.

Linn-Club Leader Chosen.
ALBANY, Or., March 12.—(Special).—Fred M. Williamson of Corvallis, a recent graduate from the Oregon Agricultural college, has been chosen boys' and girls' club leader of Linn county, and will begin his duties on March 15. Linn county has had an

agricultural agent for some time, but has never had a special leader in boys' and girls' club work. Since the Linn county farm bureau membership was augmented to large figures in a recent campaign it was decided to secure a club leader to supplement the work of the county agent.

Berry Growers Will Confer.

WOODLAND, Wash., March 12.—(Special).—Berry growers of Cowlitz county will meet at Kelso next Tuesday at the county agent's office to consider berry problems. The meeting will last all day. J. L. Stahl of the Western Washington experimental station will take up the individual problems of berry growers of the county.

County Officials Win Case.

WOODLAND, Wash., March 12.—(Special).—Judge Simpson, in Clarke county superior court, sustained a

demurrer favoring the defendants in the case of B. Dufur against R. Davis, Cowlitz county auditor, and other county officials. The court ruled that the county commissioners of Cowlitz county have authority to issue emergency warrants in excess of the 80 per cent limitation and that the warrants were valid. The plaintiff had endeavored to prevent the payment of county warrants amounting to \$14,000.

Veatch's Spur Mill Sold.

COTTAGE GROVE, Or., March 12.—(Special).—The former Miller Bros. mill, half a mile west of Veatch's spur, was sold Monday by Joslyn & Griswold to N. M. Oberling and O. Ramsey of Cherry Grove, who will operate it in cutting the timber on the Robert Anlauf place. Joslyn & Griswold will continue to operate their Comstock mill.

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See Kazan beat the mountain lion that slew his wolf-mate.
See Kazan fight a man-beast for a helpless girl.
See Kazan's might strike the brute whose gun had laid him low.



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This picture will be shown for one week only and positively will never again appear in any theater in Portland.

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The Woman in his House



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March—Lorraine.....Louis Canne
Evensong.....E. Martin
Valse brillante—Wild Roses.....M. Johnson
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Tricks of the Trade (an organ novlette) ...
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TODAY at 12:30

Here's a masterpiece, tuned to all women's hearts, enacted by Ramsay Wallace, Thomas Holding, Mildred Harris, Gareth Hughes and the screen's most delightful child actor, Dick Hendricks.

THE WONDER-PLAY OF A LOVE THAT GIRDLES THE EARTH. IT WILL OPEN THE FLOOD GATES OF YOUR TEARS AND DAM THEM UP WITH JOY AND LAUGHTER!

NOTE

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