BRITAIN AND FRANCE ARE DRIFTING APART

Spirit of Revenge Declared Growing in Germany.

NEW WAR CALLED AIM

Various Disagreements Said to Be Evidence That Europe Is in State of Anarchy.

BY ANDRE TARDIEU.

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PARIS, July 30.—(Special Cable.)—At a time when the whole German press is preaching resistance and violence, at a time when there is discussion among the German jingoes of a "fresh and joyous war," England and France, stalwart allies since the world-stirring days of 1914, are drifting far apart.

The two powers are in profound disagreement, for instance, about the very basis of the upper Silesian problem. That explains why the current controversy about details is so uninteresting.

Lloyd George, long before the plebiscite, did not conceal his desire that upper Silesia should remain German. France always frankly opined that the province was overwhelmingly Polish, and therefore should belong to Poland. The plebiscite, like all things human, was susceptible of interpretation in different ways. The plebiscite, however, did not create the conflict; it merely sharpened it. Long and laborious negotiations of recent weeks have not brought a solution nearer.

Anarchy Held Present.

There is no use repeating these things. They have been fully reported in the press. They have got nowhere, but reveal clearly that there is a state of anarchy in Europe, and that is what I desire to discuss.

Make no mistake. All these clashes which the newspapers report (the upper Silesia disagreement, the German disarmament controversy and the reparations sanctions) are simply successive manifestations of the one abiding fact, which constantly grows more apparent, namely, the divergence of the British and French policies.

Over and above all the special and material problems is the one great political and moral problem:

"How long can treaties remain unexecuted and peace still be maintained?"

The spirit of revenge constantly is growing in Germany. The efficiency of the secret military organizations clearly has been demonstrated in Silesia. German industry is the only one in Europe working almost at full capacity. France, still unpaid, begins to wonder whether, besides losing what was her die, she may not soon find herself menaced by the nation just defeated.

I do not wish to exaggerate. If Germany should attack France in Silesia or elsewhere during the next few years she would be crushed in a few weeks. That is not what France fears. Our country, so peace loving, so anxious to avoid further bloodshed after what she suffered during the German aggression so recently, is saddened and embittered at seeing the peace so dearly won jeopardized by the allies themselves. If all saw this clearly the solution would be easy. But apparently nobody wants to face it squarely, and by successive compromises the evil is made worse instead of better.

It little matters whether the Wirth government at Berlin is the accomplice or the dupe of the militarist factions. The fact remains that the whole of the German people, with the exception possibly of the small capitalists, have been poisoned with a fierce jingoism due to the preachings of the German press. The idea that Germany is the least bit bound by her signatures of 1919 and 1921 is gradually disappearing. Force is the ruling sentiment, and just as soon as Germany feels that force is on her side she will repeat 1914.

Sharing of Burden Urged.

The conquering peoples in the recent war, by renouncing territorial acquisitions, harsh terms and war expenditures, flattered themselves they were inaugurating a new era of better feeling and of justice. Germany's attitude today belittles all this.

The allies must share responsibility for the situation. Some, like the United States, have failed to ratify the peace terms. Others, like Great Britain, have constantly sought to revise the articles which they signed and ratified. France, too, instead of standing firmly on the treaties, has been led to accept the improvisations of Lloyd George's fertile imagination. While Germany has sought to dodge the law, the allies themselves have weakened and mutilated the same law, and thus the Germans have found in the differences among the conquerors new encouragement toward a policy of revenge.

Concealment Is Attempted.

Semi-official papers throughout Europe strive to conceal these truths. I desire the Americans to know from personal contact that I am accustomed to tell things as they are. Big controversies are now going on about superficialities, such as whether the supreme council shall meet a week earlier or a week later; whether it shall precede or follow a meeting of experts, and other unimportant points.

What matters it that Europe's real situation is lost from sight; that future peace is made dependent upon force; that the allies have no common policy, and that if Germany thought she could win she would gladly plunge into that "fresh and joyous war," being so freely discussed at the moment.

Victory Held Sabotaged.

In less than two years victory has been sabotaged, and if the same paths be followed it will fall to pieces. Americans and others looking forward to the economic reconstruction of the world must remember that reconstruction requires certain political foundations which do not exist now. And the worst part is that these foundations have been weakened and destroyed not by Germany alone, but by all the allies themselves.

Crook Plans School Union.

PRINEVILLE, Or., July 30.—(Special.)—Much interest is being manifested in petitions circulated throughout Crook county for the consolidation of all the county school districts into one, with five directors at large. The present school boards would be retained to care for the individual school interests and vested with authority to accept or reject teachers selected. It is said the system has been tried out in a number of states. J. E. Meyers, county superintendent, is sponsoring the plan.

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SECRETARY MELLON TAKES NO CHANCES ON FALSE PROPHECY

In One Respect at Least President Harding Picked Winner for Treasury Department Head.

THE OREGONIAN NEWS BUREAU, Washington, D. C., July 30.—There have been a good many cagey men in public life in Washington in the past few years, statesmen who even hesitated to commit themselves on the weather when the sun was broiling the asphalt on Pennsylvania avenue, so that the old story about frying eggs on its surface had more than a grain of truth in it.

But in Andrew W. Mellon, secretary of the treasury under President Harding, the administration has picked a winner on being noncommittal on a point where there is any ground for doubt. Mr. Mellon has a strain of Scot in him, and he is a banker by profession. Probably that's enough to account for his reticence on making positive predictions. Whatever the reason is he is just about as likely to turn into a prophet as President Harding is likely to refuse an opportunity to play golf on a Saturday afternoon when there is no work in sight at the White House.

Mr. Mellon was talking to a gathering in his office about current events. One of the group was curious about the regulation for the issuance of physicians' prescriptions for beer, which the last administration left for the incoming one to issue. The regulations had been drafted and their substance was pretty generally known around Washington.

"Mr. Secretary," inquired the seeker after information, "will the beer regulations be issued in the form they were drafted?"

The secrtary thought. He thought deeply.

"Yes," he said slowly. "Yes; if they're not changed."

* * *

Not long afterwards the same man happened to be talking to Mr. Mellon again. He was interested very much in a revival of business conditions throughout the country, and he talked about the possibility of betterment to the head of the treasury department.

"Don't you think there is hope for better business this fall?" he asked.

"Yes," said the secretary; "there's hope."

* * *

When John Barton Payne was running the shipping board before he walked over the to Eighteenth and F streets to become Mr. Wilson's secretary of the interior, he used to have a great many callers each day, and to make it easier to keep them running out of his office, as well as into it, he always left the door to his private sanctum open, and those who were in turn walked in.

One day came in a young man with a letter of introduction from a law partner of Mr. Payne's. The head of the shipping board received the young man courteously, read the letter, expressed his pleasure and signified that the interview was over. The young man rose, departed and not long after wrote Mr. Payne a letter in which he informed him that he thought he had been discourteously handled. Mr. Paayne was surprised but he concluded the best thing to do was answer this complaint.

He wrote the young man a letter. He told him he couldn't remember any discourtesy but that apparently the young man's trouble was that he didn't know when an interview was over. Mr. Payne went on to explain that if he had been able to dispose of his callers as an English friend of his disposed those who came to see him in business hours, no such complaint could have been made. The Englishman, Sir Isaac Jones, was one-time head of a big shipping concern which did much business in the West Indies.

"Sir Isaac," said Mr. Payne, "had to see a great many people every day. So he kept the table in front of him filled with bananas. When he thought the time to end the interview was over he reached out for one of the bananas.

"'Have a banana,' he would say. 'Good bye.'"

* * *

Senator Ashurst of Arizona was present at a meeting in Washington one purpose of which was to bring about abolishment of capital punishment. The senator listened to the playlet which was the chief means employed to convince the audience of the horrors and evil and injustice of taking a life for a life. When he reached the street a friend who saw him asked him what he thought of this question.

"Well," said the senator, "when I was a young man out home a newspaper offered a prize of $50 for the best essay on capital punishment. I won the prize. This is what I wrote: 'There are not enough men hung.'

"I think," the senator went on, with a smile, "that my opinion is about the same as it was then."

* * *

Robert T. Small, the war correspondent has a wrist watch of which he is very proud, which he carried in France when he was reporting the doings of the British and American armies and of which he tries to take the best of care. The watch got out of order and Mr. Small took it to a jeweler. The jeweler put his eye piece in the proper place, looked over the watch, then looked over Small, who happened at the moment to look like a million smacks. He shook his head dubiously, took the eye piece away, grunted sorrowfully and remarked:

"It's pretty bad. It will take two weeks to fix it and will cost you $7.50."

Small thought two weeks was too long and figured out that $7.50 was a lot of money for a repair job. He left that jeweler and went to another place around the corner.

The repairman screwed in the old eyepiece, looked the watch over then turned a glum countenance upon the customer.

"Ten days and $4.50," he said, like a police court judge passing sentence.

Small didn't have to think as rapidly as he did on the western front to realize that he had apparently saved four days and $3 by walking a block. He decided he might go a little further and do still better. So he passed up the second jeweler and went on to a third. He found him close by.

"One week and $3.50," was the verdict there.

Mr. Small left the watch and a week later strolled in casually and asked for it. The jeweler was apologetic. He made excuses that sounded all right the first time, and Small went away with a promise that he would get the watch four days later. He went back at the end of the four days and still the watch was not ready. He got a bit peeved at this and told the jeweler he would take it anyhow, fixed or not.

"There isn't any use doing that," said the jeweler. "You'll just have to go to somebodyelse and he'll charge you the same and take just as long."

"Well," said Small, "at least I'll get somebody who is honest about it, who'll tell me the truth."

"Net in the jewelery business," said the repair man.

He must have been right, for Small took the watch anyhow and not bothering to go to another shop found the next day when he looked at it that it was running all right again. Apparently there was nothing at all the matter with it.

* * *

There are a good many voters out beyond the old Mississippi who wouldn't believe anything good of Senator Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania if Billy Sunday told them the good things were so. But, for instance, Senator Penrose never plays poker. He says himself he never played but twice in his life. One year at a republican convention the senator got there ahead of time considerably and some of his friends got up a little game to keep things interesting until the proper hour for a nomination arrived. They didn't have enough to make up a real game so after a lot of persuasion the senator was induced to sit in. He explained carefully that he didn't know anything about poker and everybody more or less believed him.

Mr. Penrose sat quiet for a long time. He put in his ante and stayed a few times but didn't figure in a spectacular way at all. Finally a pretty big pot came along and after it had been opened the other players heard Senator Penrose muttering to himself:

"All red, that's a pretty good hand."

The senator shoved in a little raise and some of the rest stayed.

"I don't need any more," said the Pennsylvanian when it came his turn to draw cards.

When it came his time to bet, he pushed in a large stack and everyone faded away. After he raked in the pot he threw his hand face up on the table. There were three hearts and two diamonds in it. After that there wasn't any man in that poker game who would believe Mr. Penrose was not a poker player of long experience.

* * *

"The Man Without a Country" is one of the famous American stories. But there is an opportunity for some enterprising young writer to write another story which would not be so dramatic as Edward Everett Hale's story but which might be most interesting at that. We have now in Washington an embassy without a country which sounds incredible but page 395 of the congressional directory gives a Russian embassy. It is not the embassy of the soviet government but of the old Kerensky government, which came immediately after the Czar. It has continued here ever since it was recognized and still does business with the department of state.

"I'M BROKE," SAYS ACTOR

HITCHCOCK BLAMES "HITCHY KOO" FOR DOWNFALL.

Comedian Tells Bankruptcy Referee Liabilities "Too Numerous to Mention in 2 Hours."

NEW YORK, July 30.—Raymond Hitchcock, the comedian, who recently filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy, gave evidence Friday in support of the claim that he was broke.

He told Referee Townsend that the frolicsome show, "Hitchy Koo," caused his downfall, leaving him only with notes, pawn tickets and scenery. The show bogged down at Philadelphia, he explained, and he had to pawn a watch that "Diamond Jim" Brady had given him in order to buy railroad tickets, for the chorus girls.

The referee, seeking to learn of the comedian's assets, which he listed at $125, asked about his town house, his country place on Long Island and his automobile. Mr. Hitchcock said his wife owned them all. He denied newspaper reports that there had been moonlight bathing parties at his country place, or aesthetic dancing in the pink light of dawn.

The actor declared his liabilities were too numerous to mention within two hours, so the case was adjourned to August 2.

Highway Contract Let.

THE DALLES, Or., July 30.—(Special.)—Contract for the grading and macadamizing of the Wapinitia market road was this morning let to the United Contracting company of Portland, the lowest of five Portland companies submitting bids. The bid was $49,262.12. The market road extends from Wapinitia to The Dalles-California highway near Maupin and opens up an important agricultural field.

Case Settled Out of Court.

Settlement out of court was effected yesterday in the case of Jack Ryan, arrested in Salem on complaint of his roommate, Paul Fulton, Seattle hotel, 88½ North Sixth street, and charged with stealing $100 from Fulton. Ryan explained that he did not intend to steal the money, but merely had it with him. He was released upon payment of $13.50 to the city as expenses incurred by his arrest for railway fare, telegraph and the time of the officers.

Dr. Dedman Returns From Visit.

Dr. H. A. Dedman, former member of the legislature and a prominent physician and surgeon of Canby, Clackamas county, returned Friday after an extended business visit in Kansas City. "I am glad to get back to Oregon, after undergoing a terrible spell of hot weather in the middle west," said Dr. Dedman yesterday. "I cannot see why people want to live in the hot middle west, when they can come to Oregon, where the climate is wonderful all the year around."

Boy Unconscious 16 Days.

A fracture at the base of the skull has caused Earl Robertson, 10 years old, to remain in a semi-conscious condition at Good Samaritan hospital for 16 days. His condition varies from time to time but he lapses into coma after each rally. The injury was caused when Robertson was run down by an automobile and also suffered a broken leg. He is expected to recover, but it will be a long pull, hospital authorities said.

BATHHOUSE RAIDED BY GOTHAM POLICE

Portable Dressing Room Is Declared Improper.

MIRROR HAT IS NOVELTY

Trial of Apartment Renters Big Attraction Despite Heat in New York.

BY JESSIE HENDERSON.

(Copyright, 1921, by The Oregonian.)

NEW YORK, July 30.—(Special.)—Nothing, even the arrival of the mirror hat, can disguise the frightfulness of weather so hot that eggs would not fry on the pavement. They'd shrivel to cinders. The mirror hat, however, is at least distraction. If it doesn't serve to make you forget how hot you feel, it can at least show you how hot you look.

The mirror hat came to light in an open-air restaurant the other night, when the languid breeze had dropped from the temperature of molten lava to that of hot chocolate. With a lazy gesture the woman removed her hat, set it on her knee, and unsnapped a flap which formed part of the starboard decoration. Behold! mirror and powder puff and tiny gold lip stick ready to hand. A fortune awaits the inventor these days, of a hat with a chunk of ice beneath each flap.

Firemen Spray Crowds.

But at any rate the sultry week has helped to make the fireman more popular than ever. No one realizes more clearly the efficacy of water directed against an overheated surface. The shower bath privilege, long enjoyed by the youngsters, has by order of Chief Kenton been extended to grownups. From 9 to 10 each night the grownups may don their bathing suits and step from the red-hot pavement to the cool wetness of the spray. There are 600 sprays now in operation throughout the town and the town, plus Chief Kenton, is clamoring for hundreds more.

An engine house down Greenwich village way has gone even further with anti-heat campaign. Five firemen raised $50 and built a wooden portable swimming tank. There are steps and slides to carry the youngsters, shrieking with glee, into the blessed pool. The rolling of this tank beneath the shower at the corner is the signal for a universal rush of whooping juveniles.

Baker Quits Work.

Zborowski ought to have tried one of the shower baths. Zbrowski is a baker who decided it was far too hot to work. Perhaps it was, but his three children decided it was too hot to starve. When the baker refused to hunt for a job somebody told about his neglected family.

"It may be hot in a bakery, but its hotter in the workshop," said the court, and sent him there. It will be October and chillier when he returns.

Heat waves, however, have little effect on Lady Marjorie Dalrymple. She is here to establish a branch shop for a London concern, and establish she will in spite of boiling thermometers. Lady Marjorie is one of the few titled English women to launch her business career in this country, but she served as nurse during the war, and not 90 in the shade nor even a depressed market can daunt her.

One result of the hottest day was the battle of the pink silk yipple. An alert policeman at Coney observed a motor van into which men and women entered in civilian clothes and from which they emerged in natty bathing togs. Deeply shocked, the patrolman drove the truck to the police station, where it was put under arrest, despite the dramatic appeal of the chauffeur, who modestly pointed out the separate and distinct dressing rooms formed inside the van by two tacks and a curtain.

Bathers Seek Clothes.

Soon there appeared ten wet bathers, demanding in tones of ill-concealed fury where were their clothes and where was their bathhouse. The police gave the bathers permission to dress in the station. And in the women's dressing room they left a bundle of clothing salvaged from the motor truck. The difference between dressing in a police station and in a motor truck seems to be the difference between propriety and disorderly conduct. That's the way the police look at it.

Anon a feminine voice floated through the station inquiring the whereabouts of a certain pink silk yipple. Joan, it appears, had appropriated said yipple, claimed it as her own, and refused to divest herself thereof. Eloise was angry. You can imagine yourself, with yipples of pink silk at the prices of today.

The police ordered his feminine guests back into their motor van, posthaste, with a muttered adjuration about "may the best woman win." It took the persuasions of most of the reserves to get the women into the van, and the pink silk yipple was sadly warped in the process. But how can tempers keep cool when everything else is at frying point."

Rent Cases Up.

There was assuredly nothing cool about the temper of the crowd which jammed a Bronx court room till several people fainted. There were 260 rent cases up for hearing, and every tenant requested a trial by a jury. Such a trial automatically postponed the case till November and gave the tenant time to hunt for another home. The present apartment shortage is hard on the tenant. But at that about all the landlord gets today in New York is a hard look and the chance to pay for repairs and a janitor.

An apartment, moreover, is only a place in which to be robbed. Especially if it is an apartment in the central park section. Fifty robberies in four blocks since January 1 is a gay record. In one case recently the burglars rode up in the elevator, calmly jimmied the apartment door and helped themselves to $3000 worth of jewels.

Woman Routs Robber.

One o'clock in the afternoon is the fashionable hour for being held up in the park, but the two thugs who picked on Miss Marjorie Leroux and her escort reckoned without the young woman's ability to scream, the proximity of a policeman and the staying powers of two other officers who played tag and fired revolvers for five blocks. It was brave of Miss Leroux to scream, even when the bandits threatened her with death if she made an outcry. But who would't yell at having $1500 in diamonds yanked from one's fingers?

4 SAVED FROM DROWNING

2 Women, Girl and Baby Rescued Near New York.

NEW YORK, July 30.—(Special.)—Courage and devotion saved the lives of two women, a little girl and a baby and cost one brave man his life in the waters about New York. Finding the body of another man disclosed his heroic death in saving a woman's life last Sunday.

Mrs. Alfred F. Macoun of Astoria, N. Y., does not know how to swim, but she kept her infant son out of the water and managed to keep herself from sinking in Jamaica bay for several minutes until her husband came to their rescue.

Macoun had taken his wife and the child, 5 months old, in a skiff, intending to fish. A big crab appeared right beside the boat. Mrs. Macoun, startled, snatched the baby up and rolled overboard with him.

Macoun plunged in and reached Mrs. Macoun when strength was nearly gone. He towed her, still holding the baby out of water, until he found footing and waded ashore. None of the three suffered seriously from their experience.

Toledo Getting Right of Way.

TOLEDO, Wash., July 30.—(Special.)—The town council has taken first condemnation steps in the matter of the Pacific highway construction through town against Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Alger for the right of way through their property.

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Swat the Fly

Fly Swatters, three kinds, choice....10¢
Tanglefoot, 3 double sheets....10¢
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$8.00 Rochester Vacation Traveling Bag, genuine cowhide....$5.75

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Ipana Tooth Paste....50¢
(Contains Ipecac and Ziratol.)
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Pepsodent....45¢ Pebeco....36¢
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