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STILL THINKING OF HIS PARTY.

Untaught by the disastrous consequences, both to their party and the world, of their injection of partisan ship into foreign affairs, the democrats now repeat the blunder. The publicity department of the democratic national committee has issued a statement declaring the conference on armaments a failure before it has met. The sincerity of President Harding in calling it is questioned, the call being represented as a reluctant response to public opinion, aroused by Senator Borah's naval disarmament resolution, and the President and Senator Lodge being described as "unsympathetic toward disarmament and world peace."

THE SCHOOL FOR MARRIAGE.

Frequently some one of the multitude of public officials in America, being close to a particular social or economic problem, is driven to the distraction of proposing an outlandish and impossible reform. Such was the plight of Judge Harry Lewis of the Oregon supreme court when he proposed a school for marriage. He gathered into the classroom, the eligibles of the nation would learn. From textbook and experienced instructor, the principles of matrimony would be taught. They would learn to bound the state of wedded bliss, chart the weather in Arcadia. A lovely picture!

WHAT THE OTHER FELLOW WOULD.

Many schemes are proposed by which the government shall force ocean traffic to shipping board vessels, extending from discriminatory railroad rates in favor of goods imported or to be exported on American vessels to the extreme of a monopoly to be organized and backed by the shipping board, which would control the entire transportation by rail and water of certain staple commodities like flour. It also proposes to control the shipping of other nations which are given preference over our ships in carrying goods from their overseas possessions.

BLIND TO ACTUALITIES ABOUT WAR.

Why was the Rev. N. K. Tully "grieved to read that President Harding had declared the possibility of a great armed conflict?" If he denies that possibility, his mind must be impervious to the lessons not merely of all history but of the most tragic event of his own lifetime. The prevention of man to fight, to seek satisfaction in the desires by violence, is plain to all who can see, hear and think. It is as plain as the aggregations of men which we call nations as of individuals. If Mr. Tully's grief is prompted by denial of this fact, then he is a living example of the truth of these words of Mr. Harding in the same speech to which he referred:

approach to limitation of armaments. The other powers to be represented at the conference could not be expected to act in that direction till far removed from that readiness for war unless this country acted with them. The agreements to be made at Washington should clear the way for Britain, France, Italy and Japan to accept the plan of disarmament prepared by the league commission, and that plan may be accepted by the American delegates at Washington or modified to meet their views.

Mr. Harding knows that the American people will condemn a policy of isolation. He was given the right to bring about co-operation with other nations in his own way, freed from the misadventure which Mr. Wilson's partisan obstinacy involved the republic. If the result of the election meant anything, it meant that the people will not tolerate the continuation of the policy of this nation and the interests of the determination of any party to have things done in their way or not at all. It meant just that to the irreconcilables at both extremes of the league dispute.

which we can escape paying the cost of our senseless navigation and seamen's laws. We should have a severe struggle at best to capture our share of the ocean carrying trade. We have suddenly come into possession of a great merchant marine, but that is only one part of the machinery for a successful shipping business. Other maritime nations have been building up the complete machine for centuries. It includes owners and merchants steeped in inherited knowledge of the sea and foreign trade, branches in many distant ports, banks, insurance companies and consuls, all of which work together as one combination to expand the nation's trade and to defend it against competitors.

Now that the peril is past and the world war won for civilization it would appear that, in the penetrating restrictions of freedom, the limitations of the abilities of certain elements which sought to retard and hinder American participation. Such reflection does not draw in its train the thought of regret for the rigorous methods which were used to secure facts once they were disclosed, nor of clemency for those who still are paying the penalties they incurred. Nor does it lessen the distaste of the citizenry for those unbecomingly of war by admitting instead of denying it.

It is entirely unlikely that any nation, however just its cause, will ever enter battle without its camp-follower of malcontented citizens, that multitudes of ignorant clamorers for war in order that they might profit by it. According to that theory Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Attila the Hun, Charlemagne, Mohammed the Great, Napoleon and ex-Kaiser William were tools of the munition manufacturers and were seduced into fighting battles in order to gratify the avarice of some of their subjects. This is to assume that the blacksmiths and other artisans of ancient times, who made swords, battleaxes, shields, bows and arrows and were the munition-makers of their day, had a tremendous pull and that the rest of the people had no appetite for war.

It is disturbing to our general opinion of a united northern front against slavery, in those days that tried the souls of men, to be reminded that many of the copperheads, or democratic newspapers of the metropolis were boldly arrayed against the union cause, employing every device of misstatement and omission to convey the impression that the south was a martyr to principle and that the federal forces were meeting deserved defeat. It was over the copperheads that the copperhead leader, Fernando Wood, then mayor of New York, that the city seceded from the union. Wood in subsequent campaign speeches asserted that the president Lincoln had "driven America to the brink of ruin and that the abolitionists were more concerned in war profits than in human emancipation. As for emancipation, it was declared by Martin Marbi, editor of the New York World, that the "industrial organization, social chaos, negro equality" and other dire calamities.

There was an observer from Mars who has descended for a review of American affairs these signs of dissolution. He is a keen observer and has impressed him with the apparent weakness of the north. He would have departed with the opinion that the federal cause was hopelessly endangered, and, at the same time, he would have predicted a southern success, an armistice would determine that slavery should endure. Yet the truth was that the hissing of the copperheads was not re-echoed in the public mind, but completely rebuffed by the republican victors at the polls and by federal success in the field. The New York Post, in its issue of March 16, 1863, summed up the futurity of the copperheads in these words:

There was no lack of copperheads in America during the world war. They held forth to the disaffected to depart from his instructions in colleges and universities. They were distinct from the pro-German, yet their antipathy to the American cause made them actual allies of the enemy, if not his open sympathizers. The copperheads were the worst part, though there were some whose craft was more insidious. At times doubt assailed us, or the shadow of doubt, as to the "solidarity of America. They did not speak for America, or for any appreciable degree of opinion, and we soon learn, America went ahead with the war, kicking them aside or treading them down, or ignoring them.

When Lee Mea Gin left for China, to spend his declining years, folk should have given the kindly old diplomat some token of farewell. The toll of the tongue, in their warfare, unquestionably was lessened by his pacific efforts during many years.

It is fitting that trees should commemorate along the Oregon Memorial highway, those Oregon boys who followed the colors. Joyce Kilmer, who fell in France, phrased it finely in his poem when he wrote that "only God can make a tree."

How many citizens of American birth could face the federal judge and answer the questions put to applicants for naturalization?

The hermit of Rocky Butte says that he is willing to move, and already has located a wheelbarrow.

The most expensive spectacle offered by fall is the smoke haze over the hills.

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AS PHILOSOPHER SEES WORLD
Kansas Sage Comments on Men,
Fables and Events of Day.

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An unusual thing about the news from Russia is that it is all unfavorable; conditions there are so bad that one is willing to believe that there is an unmistakable fog and fool by speaking well of them.

So much advice is offered as good, which turns out to be bad, that I accept none that the giver has not proved in his own life to be of value. I have not a good advice of example that I respect.

It may be depended on that a great majority of the newspapers will support the dangerous bonus bill, so many reporters have been soldiers. It is frequently necessary, however, for the people to turn down newspaper advice.

I hear of an old fellow who thought his relatives didn't treat him right, and who went abroad and died there. He had a good deal of money and was so mean that he arranged that his heirs in this country didn't hear the good news until he had been buried a month.

On May 1, 1921, in Tokyo, Japan, 80,000 pagans of the Shinto faith, streets to protest against war propaganda. Have we Christians of the United States made an equally forceful demonstration against war propaganda? Have we not, on the contrary, marched and shouted in aid of war propaganda?

Why is the devil so unpopular? He is a subject of the same kind who kills men. It isn't the devil who sends us to hell; he is merely the instrument of a higher power, the devil could not extinguish his terrible fire if he would. The devil should not be blamed that the sheriff who puts men in jail or hangs them.

You have no right to persecute me because I am not religious. I am a Buddhist. A lot is taught as Buddhism that Buddha never taught. What he taught at the beginning of his career. I accept. Of course, as a leader he went rather farther than I can, with my necessary duties as a layman, but Buddha is my prophet. I'm no infidel.

After a policeman captures a bandit, particularly if he shoots one, he should be discharged. The newspaper attention he receives because of the exploit will ruin him for future usefulness as a peace officer. This principle is true of all other affairs; after any man attracts great public applause and attention, thereafter his smart-aleck side becomes so prominent that he is disagreeable.

I personally know hundreds of women I honor more than I honor Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, who is famous for her "Science of Health," and famous as time passes; it is tradition and not fact that makes most great reputations. In 50 years Mrs. Eddy will be as forgotten as the name of another woman I have never liked; in a hundred years Mrs. Eddy may be the prophet of the new religion, the women having come into power, and disposed of the various male saints.

When the English were cooking us to the wench, the prevention of an armistice of England, they talked much about blood being thicker than water. "But they forgot this in making their treaty with Japan. I have always thought of the mountains, the Canadians, the Australians, the New Zealanders and citizens of the South African republic. I shall think more of them in future than I have ever given notice that if England ever engages in a war with the United States to assist its ally, Japan, Canada, Australia, and South Africa will fight with the United States.

The ponderous professors are discussing various plans for rehabilitating the world after the destruction of the war. Their essays are a waste of time and money to your customer, whose man named Ratheneau says more in a few lines than the economist experts have said in volumes. Says Ratheneau: "The nations are to talk of taxes, budgets, imports and exports; the only thing that counts is reform of that people is possible. It is not wise for us to support the Russians in idleness while they settle their problems." They have been loafing and discussing them three or four years and come to no sensible conclusion.

Henry Ford's paper, the Dearborn Independent, lately made a monstrous and sustained attack on the Jews. I witnessed the battle for the quiet advantage of a pamphlet containing the articles. Two things occurred to me in the reading: (1) The cleverness of Mr. Ford's writing man who fired the shots. (2) That if the Jewish rabbi would teach their people fewer dogmas and more politeness, Jews and Gentiles would get along better. The Jews are actually a very wonderful people, admire their intelligent and thrifty, their kindness to each other; their absence from poor houses, brothels and the soup line. The world has never been singular to either Jew or Gentile. It is the lack of manners in Jews that has attracted such marked unfriendliness for them as exists. I know that the better class Jews are polite, but there is about many of the others a certain impudence and lack of manners that their parents have whipped out of them. The particular having failed to do their duty, is attempting it. If ordinary Jews were as particular in practicing the ordinary civilities of life as are in remembering old superstitions of their race, they would be as popular as their many good qualities deserve.

Cement Clings to Iron.
London Echo.
The adhesion of cement to iron that gives strength to reinforced concrete is found by an expert to be unlike the gluing effect of mortar on bricks. The cement does not stick to the iron firmly, if at all, by this adhesion is given by gripping a portion of inclosed iron as the concrete contracts in setting.

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The Listening Post.
By DeWitt Barry.

FOR seven years the Portland Real Estate Loan association has rendered yeoman service to residents of this city who have been in need of ready cash. It is the poor man's bank where he can get a loan on chattel, real estate, or on the securities that a commercial bank will not handle. Business men in general admit that it has relieved a great deal of suffering and want and enabled many deserving people to pull out of tight difficulties.

But the poor man's bank is now closed. They are even selling coats for the bank on notes, offering 8 percent interest. They are confronted by an emergency.

The association is solvent. At the present time it has on loan about \$121,000, of which \$58,000 is paid-in capital and \$63,000 is reserve funds. The undivided profits to September 1 were \$19,500 and the association has a ledger in its possession worth \$69,500, chattel security valued at \$78,700, and salary security covering \$6000. The demands have increased 100 per cent over the year and they have placed \$50,000 more on first-class security within ten days if they could obtain the funds. Loans are made from \$1 to \$300 and at the present time only by appointment.

Portland's Loan association is one of the best model establishments of its kind in the country. Its management places it near the front in efficient management and the results it obtains. Its funds are all engaged and new loans can now be made only as old ones are paid in.

This is likely a fable but it listens like a true story. Miss Nina Imbouse formerly looked want ad over a local court but is now administering gas in a dentist's office among her varied duties. A recent patient did not succumb any too easily but in the course of time slept peacefully while an offending molar was extracted.

"How much?" he asked when he came to. "Three dollars," Nina is reported to have said. "Yes, sir," she explained. "It was a hard job getting the tooth out and required twice the ordinary amount of gas."

"Well, here's the money," was the grinning reply. "But the next time I take gas here I'll look at the meter first."

There used to be some romances connected with Tennessee moonshiners, revenue agents, raids on stills and illegal manufacture of liquor, but your American of today is generally biased where such things are concerned. This week a Sixth-street movie show has been featuring a Tennessee moonshiner on his bill, the mountain man appearing in person, his still exhibited in front of the house.

To judge from comments the Tennesseeans were not so much when it came to craftsmanship. Few of the bystanders thought a great deal of the still. It was generally called a back-slasher, an old model, no self-starting ignition system, generator, or other up-to-date attachments. The 18th amendment is at least breeding a race of experts.

At a public dance one of the most popular men was much sought after, but though all of the girls seemed more than willing to dance with him, he returned again and again to one little fairy. She soon became the target for many venomous remarks which were a matter of little concern to her. One of the moonshiners who came over to her companion and turned to her companion: "Look at Mabul, the lucky little thing, copped that swell bootlegger."

And in a corner of the men's rest room was a heap of empty flasks.

Walter Prichard Eaton goes into ecstasies over Oregon's Bing cherry which is the New York Times, Bing, according to old timers, was a Burbank and a certain gentleman, a great fruit expert who took full advantage of conditions in this state and perfected the cherry that has brought undying fame to his name. Bing, the Chinese horticulturist, completed his experiment by crossing a black republican cherry with a lighter colored one and claimed the virtues of both in his perfected fruit.

A recent issue of a cafeteria house number, with the following "tip to countermen": "What pleases a customer and is a good trade building trick is always to give a clean cup to your customer when he comes for the second cup of coffee."

Which causes Citizen to remark, "Why not apply the same rule to the first cup?"

The Proof.
By Grace E. Hall.

I've walked you in fancy, dear, Upon the sunlit hills, And known unspoken depths of cheer, And nature's voices were a song Hand clasped in hand, we've tarried long.

When all the world was gay, And nature's voices were a song That charmed the hours away. And I have asked my bounding heart If love perchance had come, If nature's songs were but a part Of all that love had done; And then in fancy, still with you, I paced a valley grim, Where phantom figures wandered through The shadows deep and dim.

And oh, I knelt beside you there In agony settled fear, And sped a sudden frenzied prayer, Born of my anguished fears; And I called for heaven's aid, If it would be as true, When down a pain-wrought path I part, Would be to walk by you— No need to wait for my reply— At last I knew! I knew!

A MOTHER'S PROBLEM.
He cannot be a lumberjack— His daddy works at that— And logging's too dangerous— So he'll be a doctor— He cannot be a president, For you'll agree it's true That presidents are called against a man who's been a fool. In spite of all his cleverness Or any natural bent He should be made a scape-goat Like a U. S. president!

A politician you suggest? Why surely you are daft! No son of mine shall follow That polished trade of graft. And if he followed real estate Or law, 'twould prosper me; My son must be too honest To succeed at those you see. He can't be an inventor, For his father's been a fool. That he'd electrocute himself Or burn his family out!

He cannot be a minister For sadly I suspect Like 'other ministers' he'll live On money and neglect. His wife would look so "lucky" And his children underfed, While you and I supported The movie shows instead. An author's work is popular 'Till he has starved and died. A farmer mortgages his place For a Ford in which to ride.

I'll be obliged if you can give Some good advice to me, When I have grown to manhood's years, What can my baby be? —JULIA REBECCA OSBORN.

"ON WITH THE DANCE."
Where are the dances of long ago? Where are the stately minuet? 'Twas once the rage, each powdered beau And the stately dame trod with sweet Balletts. Alas, 'tis gone, its grandeur slow, Has given place to "Tickle-Toe."

Ye old-time danse our mothers knew, Where is the quaint Virginia Reel? Quadrilles, gavottes, Cotillions, too, Which were the fashion of our youth, Ye dances Ye dances, where do you go, But now we have the "Kangaroo."

The Polka, that was once the rage, 'Twas learned by every dame of fashion And danced upon the public stage, By Paris dancing-masters dashin', 'Tis gone, 'tis gone, but not forgot, Cheer up we have the "Cootie-Trot."

The waltz and schottische of today Are just "A rose by any name." While dancing ten-piece jazz bands And the dances all look just the same, Just shake "A wicked foot" that's new, They abandon the waltz and schottische now.

The dances say of yester-year, Are memories of a by-gone day, On with the dance, "The Camel Walk" Or "Kitchen-Sink," make shoulders "Chicken-Scratch," "Check," "Shim-mie," too— Where is the dance our mothers knew? —W. A. JACKSON.

OMISSION.
If death should gently fold her to his breast, With that soft, child-like smile upon her face, That loath to leave its earthy resting place, Hovers uncertain, round its empty nest; If death, from those still hands, the tools should wreat, That should defend the glory of the mystic edge the best Of her soul's pattern here—their only trace Of heaven wrought from their dull edge the best That love can shape; in daily, patient strife To soothe the blow from poverty's coarse hand, On those she loved—grant, Father, when she stands before that wondrous Word who gives us life, I left not, when I hear his benediction, No word, nor deed of love, for her undone! —MARY A. WOODWARD.

THE OPEN ROAD—1921.
New York Tribune.
Bill, let's take the road together, Let us tramp the open way, We will face the August weather; Leave behind us yesterday With its load of heavy sorrow, We will seek horizons far, Facing toward the morn'row— (Squ-a-ak!) Look out! Here comes a car.

Tramping vagabonds, we two, Leaving all our cares behind, (Hunks are keen and skies are blue—) (Hunks are matter? You guys think?) Skies are blue as we have said, Lightest hearts our only load, As to call for an ahead— "Toot-toot!" Think you own the road?

Winds and clouds will be our mates— (Be-r-r-ha-woosh! Ya gol-darned hick!) We'll laugh at all the fates— Here's another, Jump, Bill! Quick! We'll face the August weather; Cannot make us fret or bother; Open roads are free from gloom— Climb that fence. Here comes another. —A. R. WETTER.