

Sunday Oregonian

ESTABLISHED BY HENRY L. PITCOCK
Published by The Oregonian Pub. Co.,
135 1/2 Street, Portland, Oregon
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Postage Rates—1 to 10 papers, 1 cent; 11 to 25 papers, 2 cents; 26 to 49 papers, 3 cents; 50 to 75 papers, 4 cents; 76 to 99 papers, 5 cents; 100 papers, 6 cents.

Eastern Business Offices—Verona and Conklin, 300 N. 3rd St., Chicago; Verne and Conklin, 231 W. 11th St., Detroit; Verne and Conklin, 1000 Broadway, New York; Conklin and Verne, 1100 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

OREGON HISTORY IN OREGON SCHOOLS.

A sound reason for insisting that Oregon history shall be taught in the grammar schools of the state, and a sufficient justification for the recent announcement by State Superintendent Churchill that "in the eighth-grade examinations beginning with January 1, 1923, pupils must be prepared to answer questions in Oregon history when taking the examinations in United States history," are given by the author of the "Suggestions to Teachers" which constitute an illuminating preface to the outline of the history of Oregon which has just been published for the guidance of teachers of eighth grade. "My town and my state," says this writer, "are the logical avenues of approach to my country. With the idea of home place as a point of departure the study of American history will mean a captivating, dynamic experience to him." This is good pedagogy because it is also common sense and because it utters the most convenient and most efficient of suggestions for humanizing the study of history. None but an uncommonly uninspired teacher could fail to discover in the study of Oregon the materials for awakening interest in a branch of the study which has suffered greatly from want of vision in the past.

"A long time ago somebody did something grand and courageous somewhere else." This, as the writer of the suggestive preface in question sagely points out, is the prevalent idea of the study of history in the schools. The conception of history as a thing that we are making today and that our immediate ancestors—our fathers and grandfathers—were making is in need to be cultivated as a part of the humanizing process without which history must continue to be dull and dry. We can afford to sacrifice our tables of dates and our lists of names for the sake of the kind of history that awakens the imagination and invokes the spirits of living things.

It ought to be known to every Oregonian that the very name of our region is a more recent creation than the Declaration of Independence, that the existence of the Columbia river was unknown when the constitution of the United States was adopted, that the first permanent settlement in all the northwest was made in the territory with the war of 1812 and was more momentous than the issues over which that war was fought, and that discoveries would not have been made and the country would not have been opened for the spirit of "commercialism" which unthinking theorists now profess to deplore and condemn. It will help to stimulate interest in the Monroe doctrine to know that it was inspired by Russian imperialism on the northwest coast, and it will give an impression of the complexity of the forces that make for world progress to learn that the prime stimulus to exploration which resulted in the opening of the country to civilization was the demand for furs for the use of the mandarins of an oriental land.

The Odyssey of adventure by land and by sea in which the history of Oregon is bound up lacks neither the legend nor the dramatic nor the practical adventure which students are too often bidden to seek in the ancient tales of alien lands. Here at home, not 10,000 miles away—within the lifetime of our great-grandfathers, our grandfathers and our fathers, not in remote and murky distances of a time long past—deeds were performed, and an empire contended for, and a new social order developed, in the telling of which the teacher has the advantage of a familiar groundwork and a common understanding.

The story of the acquisition of Oregon, of the motives underlying its settlement and development, and above all the tale and sacrifice out of which the present has been created, is an epic without parallel in the ancient times. Jason in quest of the golden fleece is but the prototype of the mariners who sought the fabled straits of Anian for the promotion of world commerce, and Marco Polo, a counterpart of a score of hardy adventurers who, facing forth into unknown lands toward the setting sun, thrust the frontier, a league at a time, back toward the ocean of the west. The story of Lewis and Clark is a better foundation on which to create a historical perspective than the dusty account of any medieval adventure; the successful conquest of the continent by civilized men and at length developed into an orderly state were not the result of unguided chance. The generation which now enjoys its heritage ought not to be permitted to grow up unaware of the measure of its debt. If a certain humility be thereby instilled, if a sense of gratitude be stimulated, if a spirit of emulation be invoked and a resolution to be worthy of the past be the product of present contemplation, the study of the history of our own state will not be in vain.

Nor need it be forgotten that the events to which allusion is made are so recent that the annals of the state are even now but in the process of being set down. The preface in question properly gives weight to this consideration when it proposes that students shall be enlisted in the task of making local historical surveys and impressed with the importance of conserving the records of pioneer life. The aim should be, as the author suggests, "to impress young people with the richness of their own state in its historical background," and there will be no dissent from the proposition that "earnest, sincere study of the effort, made by the men and women who have undertaken the task of carrying American homes in the Pacific northwest cannot fail to have an ennobling influence on the sons and daughters whose responsibility it is to carry on the story of Oregon."

respect for law and to abate the pressure on our penal and reformatory institutions.

In indicating that its policy will be conservative for standardization of criminal law and practice in the various states the committee has taken on a big job, but it is possible that it may accomplish something even in that direction. If it could make water-shipping out of trials and on curtailment of the right of appeal it will have a programme that ought to accomplish a good deal toward reducing the incidence of crime.

MAPPING THE OCEAN'S FLOOR.

With the possible exception of wireless telegraphy, no device of greater significance to navigation has been perfected since the invention of the compass needle was first noted by Columbus than the new radio sounding device which the navy department announces has proved its efficiency, and the development of which is credited wholly to an American. A survey ship of the navy has just completed an experimental voyage from Newport, R. I., to Gibraltar, in nine days, by which it was determined that the ocean floor for that distance consists of an extensive plateau, bordered by mountains and table lands, some of which rise 4000 feet above the plain. Several deep depressions, none of which are shown on any previous chart, were revealed, and positive depth data were secured in the vicinity of the Azores, where heretofore the deep sea lead had found no bottom. Exploration of all the oceans on the globe, heretofore regarded by oceanographers as too extensive to be accomplished within a period of measurable time, is now made an early probability.

The invention ranks with radiotelegraphy as a means of promoting safety at sea. It operates never, like the former, as simple as the fundamentals of physics and its technique is far less complicated than that of the old-fashioned and cumbersome deep sea lead. It is based on the length of time required by sound to travel to a given point and back again, the return being recorded as an echo. Successful soundings can be taken at intervals of less than one minute in the deepest water.

Charting the ocean bottom along the principal trade routes is expected to furnish an accurate topographical map which can be used to determine a vessel's position in darkness or in fog, leaving the mariner at liberty to rely on the accuracy of dead reckoning, the significance of which all mariners will understand. But the larger meaning of the device to navigators on the Pacific coast, and particularly the northern coast, lies in the promise it holds out that surveys, hitherto neglected, will be perfected in a relatively early time. The fact that the navy survey vessel was able to take more than 900 soundings in the course of a short cruise, is to make an accurate ocean map of an important trade route in about nine days gives mariners of the Pacific the right to expect that the hazards of navigation in these waters will be promptly reduced to their lowest terms.

Wenatchee to Beverly and of 26 miles from Hanford to Kenwick, with the use of 47 miles of the Milwaukee between Beverly and Hanford, would give a north west southward to connect with the Northern Pacific, Milwaukee and Union Pacific. The entire territory traversed would then have four alternative routes east and west and could make water-shipping out of Portland as well as Puget sound. There are north-and-south lines through Washington west of the Cascade mountains and through Spokane far to the east. Central Washington has one and the Wenatchee Southern by connection with the Great Northern line up the Okanogan river would provide it.

BEING A NONOGENARIAN.

The most that can be said concerning the secrets of long life with which those who have attained it ever and anon are wont to edify an anxious world is that they prove nothing whatever that bears in any particular on the point. It is but natural that we should seek information from those who have had experience, but we incline to give too great weight to the opinions of the aged.

A recent discussion of the old New England custom of eating pie for breakfast evoked the reminder, for example, that New Englanders are an exceptionally hardy and long-lived people. The statistics presented on that account in supposition that a double ration of maternal pastry would make us a race of Methuselahs. The fact probably is that if one set out to do so one could hardly expect to live long. Statistics that buttermilk and potatoes go together and longevity go together. Methuselah's notion of the health-giving function of the bacillus Bulgarianus from the circumstance that certain peoples in the Balkan region who make and eat cheese for sour milk, also live long.

The factor of coincidence constantly sets the labor of statisticians at naught. We no sooner write from some nonogenarian the boast that he never smoked tobacco in his life than another comes along who has been a constant user of the weed. Dr. R. N. Foster, who died in Chicago the other day, believed then 90 years old, ten years ago made the only record following which he said any man ought to live to 90 or so. Dr. Foster lived to justify his reputation as a prophet in his own case, but it is worth noting that he and most others live seldom begin taking nicotine until they are well past the allotted span. Dr. Stephen Smith, who missed being a centenarian by only a few months, used to think that the way to live long was to keep as busy as a bee, and that he, a California farmer, the more plaid way—and passes the century mark. These are but examples of contrasting methods of achieving identical results.

The voluminous annals of history have mostly led active lives; otherwise they would not have been historical figures, but any scientific inquiry into causes and effects should ask whether there may not have been an even larger number remarkable for nothing else than nonogenarianism. It is but natural that John Adams, who lived to be nearly 91 and was famous for industry, should find in hard work the recipe for ripe age, but Thomas Parr, who lived to be nearly 150, was a man of whom we have a variety of occupations that quite puzzles one who seeks to discover a system running through it all. John Stark, whose wife would have been a widow if the tide of battle had turned against him, was a general in the Revolutionary war, a statesman, a politician, a lawyer and a farmer. He lived to be 94. General Thomas Sumter, the last surviving general officer of the revolution, fought in many wars and went into politics and finally died almost to the day of his death, 98. Commodore Charles Stewart was 91 when he died. General George S. Greene, born in 1801, was fought through the Civil war, survived Gettysburg and Sherman's march to the sea, and was busy planning the construction of railroads until shortly before his death in 1899.

These men were soldiers, but General Hancock, whose monument is a banner of international law, was a politician in his earlier life when he declared that the superior availability of the Oregon country to the people of the United States had been proved, that events had shown that while the region could hardly be expected to become more than a colony in its relations with Great Britain, it was rapidly developing into a home for people from the United States. The events which culminated in the "fifty-four-forty or fight" campaign slogan of 1845 and in the formal instruction to the president to give notice of the production of the treaty were the product of natural developments which rendered futile the technicalities of international law upon which previous arguments had been founded. Precedents, prior discoveries, pretensions based on our accession to early Spanish rights and controverted on the

ground that Spain had no valid claims to barter away—these and all others were overshadowed by a series of accomplished facts which reduced the issue to the relatively minor question of a parallel of latitude at which the boundary should be fixed.

These facts were the immigrations of the successive years from 1842 to 1845. It is probable that they were motivated by no well-formed nationalistic intention and that most of the pioneers of those years were not individually conscious of a mission to save Oregon to the stars and stripes. His (the pioneer) only wished for what he really needed; health and a sufficient reward for his labor, as the author truthfully notes. Nevertheless, the pioneer was the determining factor, in creating a national interest which had no parallel with the people of Great Britain and which gave an enormous moral advantage to the American claim, and the latter was successfully asserted because of events arising after 1818, and not on the strength of the situation, debatable even now, which had existed prior to that time.

THE PIONEERS 'SAVED OREGON.'

In his study of the forces which combined to decide the title of the Oregon country in favor of the United States, James Christy Bell Jr., author of "Opening a Highway to the Pacific," has done less than the historians of the west to settle the question of territorial sovereignty to be discussed and settled solely upon the basis of facts which occurred prior to 1818. In theory the issues were then drawn and in the history of the territory the boundary was ultimately determined, the principle was only once departed from; yet final adjustment was the result of compromise, in which the moral position of the United States was strengthened by the fact of accomplished settlement, while that of Great Britain was correspondingly weakened by failure of her own subjects to avail themselves of the opportunity equally presented to them for settlement of the northwest coast.

The whole region was in fact regarded as unimportant alike by Americans and British in the years immediately following the negotiation of the treaty of 1818. A brief availed those of 1827, by which it was also agreed that nothing should be construed to impair, or in any manner affect, the claims of either nation. There was then a public demand for the United States that the Oregon country should be "saved," and except for John Jacob Astor and his agents none appeared to give the subject any consideration for a time after the first joint occupancy convention. It was not until a brief war of interest in 1827 was due to the efforts of a few whose motives may have been influenced by self-interest, but this was not the case, and did not measurably influence the result. Erwin's view in this particular period was dictated less by desire to rest British claims on "facts which had occurred prior to 1818" than by the personal ambition of George Canby, who was sent to Astoria, which he regarded as a national blunder and for which he was determined if possible to atone.

Viewed broadly, the probability that the boundary would be fixed on the basis of the status quo ante 1818 will seem to have been exceedingly small when this situation was reached; in contending that the United States offered no quid pro quo for the return of the title to the Great Britain's title to the northwest coast, then claimed by the United States as far north as parallel 51, Canby injected an element of barter into the controversy which virtually constituted the basis of the rest of the legalistic position by which British claims based on events prior to 1818 had previously been sustained.

The issue was more than a diplomatic one, and was decided by circumstances over which the international lawyers had little or no control. No one realized this better than did Albert Gallatin when he declared that the region west of the Rockies was destined to be populated most largely by citizens of the United States, and Secretary Calhoun but voiced an opinion developed by events when he said that "our well-founded claim, based on community of race and sentiment, during the same period by the rapid advance of our population toward the territory." "An immigration estimated at one thousand during the last and fifteen hundred during the next year, will have 'flowed into it.' This was in 1844. Immigration to Oregon had begun in earnest. The importance of this factor had not been recognized in a slightly earlier time by the efforts of British territorial agents to encourage colonization of the Puget Sound country by settlers from the Red river district, and though the attempt failed it was an earnest of the future. The outcome of facts which were not in the power of treaty of joint occupancy was made.

The only gain thus far from the war in the near east seems to be the short name "Iraq" for the schoolboy's old bete noir "Mesopotamia."

The coal fact-finding bill is now a law of the land, but whether it is capable of enforcement in spirit remains for the future to reveal.

As the nights grow longer the cold grows stronger, but there is still a prospect of a good old Indian summer out this way.

In view of the imminence of the "talking movie" it is no wonder that the film groups object to being called "dumb."

When doctors disagree the sick begin sending a spig of imitation health—a clear reversal of the ancient rule.

Europe is constantly furnishing new reasons why people in this country should "see America first,"

The Listening Post.

By DeWitt Barry.

P. TRESCOTT was looked on at one time as a queer sort of a bird. It all came about through his efforts to find in the sturgeon some commercial value. When fishing was first started along the Columbia there were many more fish to be caught than at these days. That the sturgeon was considered a nuisance for they would come in such numbers as to clog the salmon wheels. For that matter the salmon runs in the early days were often as large that the fish wheels had to shut down to get their gear clear of the tons of fish. They were kept on the floor.

Trescott first discovered that sturgeon roe was valuable and later helped materially in developing the market for fresh sturgeon, thus converting a waste into an asset. The roe is in great demand these days for eating, especially caviars. On Bradford's Island, in the long ago, they used to haul the sturgeon out of the wheels, kill them, and then throw the flesh away. They are a sluggish fish, when caught on the hook, and for a while their fight is more a matter of a fight. They are tenacious and will live for 24 hours or more when out of water.

Trescott and the old-timers spent a great deal of time speculating on the ways of different fish and, lacking the facilities to check up on the migratory habits of the fish, could not have those days, they could not find out a great deal. However, one of their puzzles never has been solved satisfactorily to this day.

That is the secret of the great smelt that occur each year in the second half of the month of Columbia. Though these little fish come up stream in solid formation and make the water a mass of silver their young are never seen. How their fry manage to make their way to salt water and why their annual run would decrease when other fish are on the decrease, will likely be a mystery for some time. The explanation has never been put forward that will be fully accepted.

PERFECTITY.

Youth is the end of the quest for some—
For those who are free and fond.
But not for me and my eager feet.
I had to look beyond.

Love is the guardian of all their hopes.
For some, 'tis a fairy's wand
Touching the dross with a Midas hand.
I had to look beyond.

Joy of the earth is the end for some,
For others, 'tis the end of their quest.
A word and a jest and a brimming flask.
I had to look beyond.

Death is the end of all things for some.
A grin by a grass-edged pond,
And a sleep that is free from troubling.
I had to look beyond.

—JOSEPH ANDREW GALAHAD.

CHILDREN ARE INSTINCTIVE ANIMALS.

They revert to type. Among the rights of boyhood are play and the open. They should have access to climb and green fields in which to run.

On a vacant lot close to the center of the city is a feeble, leafless old tree, its bare branches held aloft in pitiful, useless effort to reach the sky. Every afternoon the kids of the neighborhood gather there to climb that tree and play in the lot; that is a mass of tin cans and refuse. Likely they have never known the country but they do feel the urge to play and climb.

In the group will be several little Japs, a young Chinaman or two, always a negro lad and the rest are of Italian, Greek, or Scandinavian extraction with possibly one or two allowing real traces of the United States, Young America in the making.

A scrawny, dirty, bedraggled little white kitten stopped traffic on Union avenue the other afternoon. It followed a couple who were waiting for a street car and when they got aboard it calmly walked right under the front trucks. The motorman saw it, opened five minutes of its hind legs in the dirty street poking the helpless little animal from its dangerous position.

"Mockery." By the unfettered pen of Poinsett, Neralcum Hasings, was written near the sea, presumably at Reedport, where residents have plenty of time to listen to the waves. It is an unusual example of ingenious composition, outlining even some daring veerings into what the poet thinks is a message in "Mockery." The slender searcher for it will doubtless read the poem several times.

MOCKERY.

The sea seems to mock at the earth as
In plunges and strikes, then recedes:
With each breaker, pluck high
All treated with scorn, for toys.
That tells me, as mine, for toys.

Its peace, seems to tell
Of that triumph of old-time
To then dash away on its God-given
And return to me again.

As the breakers, piled full with bubbles
All burst round my feet—
Each one to carve me anew;
I smile with the surf, as I laughingly
I recall all my babies to you.

Being only a scientist and not a social reformer, it is but to be expected that Luther Burbank would deny that he has a comprehensive plan to make over the human race.

The only gain thus far from the war in the near east seems to be the short name "Iraq" for the schoolboy's old bete noir "Mesopotamia."

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When doctors disagree the sick begin sending a spig of imitation health—a clear reversal of the ancient rule.

Europe is constantly furnishing new reasons why people in this country should "see America first,"

And the Woman Paid.

By Grace E. Hall.

If he had read the strong white soil of her,
That like some prisoned dove must beat its wings
Against all worldly bars where doth occur
The tragedy of killing tender things
(Because they will combat the grosser oaks)
From some law, nor ever rest content
He would have pondered long above life's page
And studied to decipher what it meant.

She was not like the rest. Some Had fashioned her, a bit of earthly clay,
Into an alien being, strangely blended,
And given her a dual role to play:
Both saint and sinner truly, too, was she,
A complex creature to herself unknown.
The tiger sprang to life as suddenly
As was the angel in her grievous mood—

O'er someone's error, someone's sin
Thus ever waged a warfare fierce and strong—
And strove, one apart, throughout the years
Beheld the conflict as it moved along.
And marvelled much that o'er each battle she won goal.
The angel smiled and stronger seemed to grow,
For, as she strove, she pondered less on soul
Than those who follow where the God-wise go.

Of coarser clay, he sensed not in advance
His only knew that she was fair
And, as mankind for ages past has done,
He held the bliss possession greedily;
Her spirit met no answering spirit there,
They were as stranger who but sought to see,
The angel sickened sadly in despair,
The tiger broke the bars of his retreat.

The world, unknowing, paused not to inquire,
But wagged its head because it could not
Understand it should,
Then sped her soul past heaven, with the fire.
Of four strange lying words—"She had to look beyond."

SEPTEMBER'S DANSAUTE-THEE.

Come forth, dear love, and share with me
September's hospitality.
For where, o'er rim of the brook,
The dreaming birches lean to look
At their own loveliness—and bode
Of goldenrod and aster spread
Purple and gold for us to tread,
September gives a danstaute-thee,
And greets her guests right royally.

Her robes of sapphire blue and gold,
Blaze sumptuous: a fillet holds
With scarlet leaves, her blowing
Amethyst shadows, amber air,
Mistily veil her beauty rare;
Equisette, languorous, dreaming lies
In the shade of her sweet, drowsy eyes.

The dancers dance in bright red
Of purpling grapes and bitter-sweet,
And their leaves weave gay festoons
Among the greens, like scarlet runners.

The river's silver ripples beat
A rhythmic time, will tinkling feet:
The clouds in their fleecy troops
Wind in
And out, the masses of the dance,
As hued in hand, they all advance,
Then whirl and flie, and chase
—all.

And so, dear love, come share
With me
September's hospitality.
—HENRIETTA JEWETT KEITH.

YOU'D THINK IT WERE JUNE AGAIN.

If all the roses of all time
Were yours, o'er rim of the brook,
The yellow, red and pink ones,
The white, the golden-hued,
And all their winsome witchery,
Were bound with fragrant bands,
And you could pluck them out again
And hold them in your hands,
You'd think it were June again.

If all the songs birds of the world
Were yours, o'er rim of the brook,
The robin, the bluebird,
The linnet, wren and thrush,
And all their gold-tongued singing
Found sleep in your hands,
And you could pluck their flight
Again.

And hear their glad songs roll,
You'd think it were June again.

If all the levers of all years
Returned—a loving host,
The silent, and the singing,
The young, the old, the new,
The fact in this world never
Became a rhapsody,
And you could join the choral throng,
And swell the melody,
You'd think it were June again.
—HOWARD M. CORNING.

THE WILLAMETTE.

SHIMING APART, the golden sand
Slippery shadow snakes of gold
and red,
Tremble, half afraid, and shiver
Down dark reaches of the river's
Russet ribbons, flung by fading trees
Along sweet Autumn's wedding
feast.

Where each bush bends to be the
First who sees
The bride, with love's unfasten-
ing smile.

—MARY ALTHEA WOODWARD.

MR. WINSTON DENIES TAMMANY TIES.

ASHLAND, Ore., Oct. 6.—(To the Editor.) In your recent issue you say the recent statement that I am an ex-Tammany boss is erroneous. The fact is that I have never a member of that organization.

I never contributed so much as one cent to Tammany Hall, have never asked for myself or my friends from Tammany Hall a Tammany hall ticket.

I am not a Tammany boss.

The managers for the election of Marcus M. Marks, a life-long republican, in his campaign for president of the borough of Manhattan, and we elected him.

I was also one of the managers for Oscar Straun, a strong republican, in his campaign for governor of New York state on the bull moose ticket, and we failed to elect him.

I have voted the republican ticket often, but the democratic ticket is my policy to vote for the man rather than for the label pasted upon him.

I have met Walter Pierce but three times and never alone. I have known no favors from him, and have none to ask from him or any one else, except that I ask the good opinion of every one who lives in this beautiful state of Oregon.

—JESSE WINTNER.

Editorial reference was made to this communication yesterday. It was inaccurately quoted.