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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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America asks nothing for herself but what she has a right to ask for humanity itself.
WOODROW WILSON.

Millions for defense, but not a cent for tribute. CHARLES C. PINCKNEY

Sunday is the common people's great liberty day, and they are bound to see to it that work does not come into it.
—H. W. Beecher.

BACK TO THE SENSES

BULLETIN No. 10 of the federal education bureau contains two important papers on secondary education. One is by Dr. Charles William Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard university. The other is by Ernesto Nelson, director of secondary education in Argentina. Those who fancy that the great Argentine republic is backward in educational matters may disabuse their minds by reading Mr. Nelson's paper.

Secondary education includes the studies between the eighth grade and the college. It covers the ground of the high school. Dr. Eliot restates with extraordinary power the case for sense training during these years as well as in the lower and collegiate grades. He reminds us that the "fundamental trades," such as those of the blacksmith, wheelwright, painter and shoemaker, have been "an immensely valuable education for the human race" and "have been the chief means of raising barbarous peoples to approximate civilization." It is true today, he remarks, that the teaching of these trades as handicrafts is "the best mode of developing the powers of a backward people."

Of course they are just as valuable to develop the powers of a backward child, or of any child. Dr. Eliot makes the point that sense training has always been part of the education of the children of the rich and noble. In feudal times the men obtained it by practising war and hunting, the women by the domestic arts. The same thing is true today. Rich young men educate their senses by all sorts of exercise and sport, golf, yachting, polo, big game hunting, and women of the same class enjoy a similar cultural advantage. It is only the children of the poor who must rest satisfied with the hollow and jejune education that comes through text books.

It is painful to read what some persons have to say against sense education, which is the only kind that counts in life. They see no good for mind or body except in the printed page, while, as a matter of fact, nature has formed man through the reactions of his senses upon the world. When his senses become dull his mind perishes. It was by the partial wakening of her senses that Helen Keller was transformed from a mindless lump of flesh to a woman of powerful intelligence. It is because their senses remain in a partial stupor that most human beings are incapable of fine achievement.

Only the hopelessly ignorant stigmatize sense training in the schools as a "fad." They despise it because they know nothing of its inestimable benefits. Dr. Eliot points out that we inherit from antiquity two educational processes. The first is concerned only with books. It cares for language and literature and nothing else. This is education in pure form, empty and meaningless until it has been vivified by the senses. A pedant is a man whose brain has been stuffed with the contents of books and who knows nothing of life.

The second educational process which antiquity gave us is, as Dr. Eliot says, "the study of the fine arts with the many kinds of manual skill that are essential to artistic creation."

He reminds us that "wherever in Europe the cultivation of the fine arts has survived in vigor the varied skill of the artist in music, painting, sculpture and architecture has been a saving element in national education." It has touched only a few persons directly, but indirectly it has touched and vivified the mind of everybody. The French are no doubt the most artistic nation in Europe and we see from their conduct in the war what this sense training has made of them. History will praise them as the most heroic of modern peoples.

"As a rule," laments Dr. Eliot, "the young men admitted to American colleges can neither draw nor sing and they possess no skill of either eye, ear or hand." It is these men with their formalized brains who conduct our politics and decide cases for us in court. Is it any wonder that our political life is empty and that our law has become a hopeless tangle of verbal jugglery? The giant in the ancient tale was revived, no matter how badly wounded he might be, by contact with the earth. The American mind is a giant starved and wasted by bookish substitutes for true mental food. He will recover his strength by drinking vital draughts from the real world through the senses.

One boy of 18 dead and another of the same age seriously injured are the harvest of power vehicle traffic in a street accident Friday. With all laws, with all the officers, with all the caution of careful drivers and with all the safety first agitation, the garnering goes fatally on. The new locomotion has created a new and weighty problem.

BUMPTIOUS MR. HARLEY

IT WOULD be of value to the campaign for a Columbia river naval base if Mr. Harley were less bumptious.

His tactics are not the kind that successful men employ. To openly make war on the two Oregon senators is not the way to get a naval base.

It was absurd for Mr. Harley to come back to Oregon and make speeches in which he declared that Senators Lane and Chamberlain are indifferent to the naval base. Those speeches imply that Mr. Harley possesses all the virtue and all honor, that he is the one man to be trusted in naval base matters and that the two senators are renegades and betrayers of their state. Mr. Harley's course was an insult to both men and it has aroused wide indignation among their friends in Oregon, if not among their friends at Washington.

There is not one reason in the world why Senators Lane and Chamberlain should not favor the naval base. They probably recognize the importance of the project quite as clearly as does Mr. Harley. In their positions as federal senators and the connections those positions bring, they probably know fully as well as Mr. Harley what can be done in securing a base and fully as well how to go about the job. That they have, at least, some knowledge and some judgment in such affairs is proven by the fact that they and not Mr. Harley are chosen representatives of the people at Washington.

Mr. Harley, by his very foolish course, is disorganizing the naval base campaign. If he doesn't change his tactics by playing the gentleman instead of the bully, he may succeed in defeating the plan altogether.

The Columbia river is the natural location for a naval base. There can be no adequate preparedness for the Pacific coast without it. It is the one spot on the coast that has no drawback. The great arguments for it are so weighty that they ought not to be obscured by a petty fight on the Oregon senators, apparently made for political reasons.

We tell the world that we are the rose city. The auto pageant is the means by which we back up our statement. Is your auto to help make the rose parade proof of Portland's resources in flowers?

THE MARSEILLES CANAL

THE new canal connecting Marseilles, France, with Arles, on the Rhone river, is expected to make great changes in the course of European trade. It gives trade bound for London, Paris and the Baltic ports a direct route across France and thus saves the long circuit around Spain by way of the Strait of Gibraltar. Experts predict that from the advantages of the canal Marseilles will have a rapid growth as soon as the war is over and probably rival the great German port of Hamburg.

Work on the canal has been pushed vigorously forward in spite of the war and not long ago it was opened after twelve years of construction at a cost of $20,000,000. This is a small sum compared with the cost of the Panama canal, but the difficulties to overcome were fewer. The only serious obstacle between Marseilles and Arles is the Nerthe range along the coast of the Gulf of Lyons. This has been pierced by a tunnel.

Marseilles lies not far to the eastward of the mouth of the Rhone on the Gulf of Lyons, and it might be supposed that a canal would be superfluous since the river itself is available for navigation.

But the Rhone is a "torrential river." Its course is beset with shifting sands and the channel is constantly changing. The sand trouble has become worse in recent years since the forests have been cut away from the hills bordering the stream. This allows the rains to wash the soil destructively and thus fill up the riverbed with silt from the denuded fields. We have seen phenomena of the same sort in the United States.

The upper stretches of the Rhone are more readily navigated and a great series of canals connects its waters with the interior of France and with the whole of Europe. The new canal at Marseilles is especially important owing to the coming development of northern Africa. This vast region was a continuous garden in Roman times, rich in olive plantations, wine and wheat. Under Arab rule it has become a desert, but France and Italy expect to reclaim it and, no doubt, before a great while it will produce the same abundant crops it did in antiquity. The Marseilles canal provides these products with ready access to Europe and the world.

With a certainty that the number of automobiles will continue multiplying, a time may soon come when it will be deemed advisable to change the arrangement and license the pedestrians.

WOMAN AND DRESS

IF THE National Federation of Women's clubs can succeed in its plan to standardize woman's dress, it will render conspicuous service to America.

A reform of the freakish models and swiftly changing styles would save women from themselves, save many a husband and father from financial embarrassment and add enormously to everybody's self-respect.

American women are now the self-confessed slaves of a few fashion makers. They are under a tyranny which most of them highly resent. They are driven into the wearing of costumes that they cordially dislike and which they often know they cannot afford.

The cost of the dress item in a woman's life is doubled or trebled by the irresistible current of a fashion faddism that is fed and kept in motion by a small group of irresponsible modistes. Hundreds of millions of dollars is absolutely wasted by changes in styles which, by sudden extremes to which they go, make gowns of yesterday obsolete and unusuable tomorrow.

The constantly changing models are responsible for street dresses that not only astonish but excite ridicule. Most of the street wear for women is impractical and lacks durability. In this item alone there is a wastage of millions which goes into the great account of the high cost of living.

The club women are proposing a great and highly desirable reform. May the good Lord prosper them in their plans and purposes.

In a single afternoon edition of Friday's Journal appeared accounts of these tell-tale occurrences: At Battle Creek, Michigan, Louis Werstein shot and killed W. H. Skinner and then killed Mrs. Werstein and himself. At Salem, Oregon, W. L. Patterson shot his wife, his 11-year-old daughter and himself. At Bandon, Susie Netherly, aged 7, was shot and killed by her 11-year-old brother. At Hermiston James Ralph was shot and killed by Joe Roth. A pistol was the weapon in each killing. That is what pistols are made for.

PRODIGAL GIFTS

THE dissolved Standard Oil Company, through one of its subordinate corporations, has just built and launched the largest oil tank steamer in the world. Its capacity is 4,000,000 gallons.

In view of the Standard Oil Company's story that the supply of petroleum is rapidly diminishing and will soon be exhausted, it looks a little queer to see the monopoly building ever larger and larger tank steamers. One would almost infer from their actions that they had still plenty of oil stored up somewhere under ground ready to be brought to light as soon as prices were high enough.

To future observers the most unaccountable fact in American history will be the gifts we have made of our natural resources to big monopolies. Our copper mines have gone to one mammoth corporation. Our coal to one or two others. Our timber to a few other groups. The petroleum deposits to a fourth. And so it has gone through the whole list until the people have nothing left of their original enormous possessions except some of the waterpowers and these are swiftly traveling the broad and ample road that leads to monopoly.

Congress is like the little boy with a solitary penny in his pocket. It burns him until he gets rid of it. If our lawmakers carry out the senate program we shall soon see the last of our incalculably valuable water powers gobbled up by the big trust.

A Journal correspondent gave an interesting item the other day about the timber in Washington county. He said that county was virtually one big forest with only about three per cent of the land in cultivation. The other 97 per cent is timber owned by absentee landlords. It is pertinent to ask if the Almighty created these forests for the benefit of a few inflated holders or for the people?

The monopolists who control our natural resources control our food supply, our transportation, our bank credit and our opportunities to work and live. They hold the power of life and death over millions of men, since the right to work means the right to live and the loss of a job means to many a practical death sentence.

The high cost of living is a great puzzle to many of our academic economists. They look for the secret of it in a thousand different directions. We could give them a helpful suggestion if we were invited to do so. Here it is. The cost of living is high because our big monopolies have the power to make it high and they charge for everything just as much as they believe the consumer can pay. They are willing to leave him enough to keep up his working capacity but nothing more, and quite frequently he does not get even that.

Federal investigators have told us that an ordinary workingman's family can not be suitably supported on less than $800 a year. In the same paragraph they say that more than half the wageerners of the country get less than $700 a year. Those who find their family incomes falling below the actual needs of life may thank for it our blessed monopolies founded on prodigal gifts from the public.

The marvel is that there could be in human form monsters of the type of Waite. Yet we have, in the Ristman-Jennings murderer, a fiend who slew with equal recklessness and for far less hope of pecuniary advantage. And we had in the Hill murderer another last word in the degeneracy of man.

THE YOUNGER POETS

LOUIS UNTERMEYER says in the Evening Post that poetry is the last of the arts to become democratic. Up to the present the poet has been walking among ghosts, repeating echoes, dwelling with the dead past. His thoughts have been fantastic, his feelings unreal. And his form of expression has been as far from genuine humanity as his thoughts.

Poetry has long served as an ornament for magazine pages. It has also been useful as a filler. When a short story or a globe essay did not fill the page quite to the bottom nothing could be more convenient than a stanza or two to occupy the blank. Nobody was expected to read the silly stuff for it contained neither mind nor matter. It was used only for a stopgap and it served its purpose.

The new poetry is not satisfied to be a stopgap filling little vacancies in the pages of elegant monthlies. The modern poet is not an echo. He does not think the traditional thoughts of his caste without regard to the moving world. He has emancipated himself from all that.

His eye, says Mr. Untermeyer, is "fixed on the world he lives in." He is interested in the "fusion of races and ideas, the limitless miracles of science, the grouping and stumbling of democracy." He confronts the issues of war and peace. He has new insight into nature. The humbug of nature's fictitious "beneficience" and "harmony" do not fool him. He knows the old harridan for what she is, a cruel, purposeless, wasteful monster who slays a man for the sake of feeding a reptile without the slightest remorse.

The new poet is charmed with the intelligence that overcomes nature and physical necessity. He understands perfectly well that all the love, harmony, mercy and kindliness there is in the world come not from nature but from man. Therefore he sets himself to exalt man. He sings of life and its glories and to him the most glorious of all things is the common human life which in the past has been dumb. In the new poetry it is finding a voice.

The favorite sons may honk, the "old guard" deliver hoarse commands, the organization chiefs swing right and swing left, but the overshadowing circumstance in the affair is that the Colonel has a solid delegation from Armageddon.

ARMENIAN RELIEF

ONE million two hundred thousand souls in Armenia are in need of the necessities of life. They are the helpless victims of a war in which they had no part. Out of a population of two million at the beginning of the war three-quarters of a million have already perished from wounds and starvation.

Is it any wonder that the Christian world should be shocked at the plight of those who have held to their Christian belief through centuries of Turkish persecution?

Responding to the call for help there has been organized in the United States the American committee of Armenian and Syrian relief.

This committee estimates that the amount of money needed to buy the necessary clothing and supplies is five million dollars. Of this amount only six hundred thousand dollars have been raised thus far. A sub-committee has been appointed in Portland. This subcommittee now appeals to the charitable people of this city for subscriptions, confident that a community that gave forty thousand dollars for relief of the Jewish victims of the war will respond with equal liberality to the cause of the Armenians.

It is a great S. O. S. that sweeps in from across the sea. It is a cry of famine and starvation. There is abundant food and clothing for those in Europe's crimsoned trenches. But the appeal from stricken Armenia and Syria is the mournful cry of the hungry, moans of the desolate, the death throes of starveling children. It is an appeal that must sink deep into the hearts of the prosperous and peace-blest people of America.

NOTHING THE MATTER WITH PORTLAND

[Illustrative of the special opportunities appurtenant unto the automobile, is No. 145 of The Journal's "Nothing the Matter With Portland" articles. A trio of Portland companies are included in the review. They specialize in the finer needs of the automobile that has to be brightened up a bit, and show Portland workers equal to all requirements.]

"YOU may say we are a mighty busy and therefore a happy people," is the way Neil J. McLean (better known as "Mack") put it when The Journal representative called at the Auto Top company's office, 525 Alder, at Sixteenth street.

"We never were busier than now. Our place is crowded to the limit, and we have new and much larger quarters on dit. Our 20 to 25 men do not waste a minute, and those women at the sewing machines keep their nimble fingers flying. Let us walk through the factory, that you may note for yourself the hum and snap you will see on every hand."

There were 10 skilled painters at work on those new auto bodies and tops, and they were transforming used cars into new ones, save the gear and tires. The 10 to 15 wood workers had turned their parts over to the brush men, and when the cars are taken out they are practically as good as when they left the factory. It is only lack of room that debars the number of hands being put to work, and this drawback it is expected, will soon be remedied.

ONLY HIGH CLASS WORK DONE.

"We are turning away work daily," Mr. McLean declared, "but not solely for lack of room. We decline to have anything to do with the 'cheap Johns,' for the reason that 'cheap' jobs mean poor work, and such never shall leave our shop. Our whole system is founded on absolute perfection, and we cannot do the best and do it cheap. We are the highest priced place of this kind in Portland. We make no pretense of cheapness in prices, but positively guarantee that nowhere in the country will our work be excelled. On our floor at this time may be found cars belonging to at least six millionaires or men worth nearly that sum. They were slightly disfigured by the storms of the winter. When these are returned to their owners they will be as handsome and good as the day they left the factory. Such customers do not want 'cheap' work on their automobiles, but the best to be had, and that's what they will get at our shop. I have been in the carriage and automobile building and rebuilding business for 25 years, and if there is anything I detest it is poorly executed work. To help keep up the reputation of the establishment, we have three of the best men we could find, as heads of departments. Charles Jennings has charge of upholstering and top building; John Wogiek is foreman of the woodworking department and Kenneth Lane is the head of the paint shop. This is a trio it would be hard to beat. Our work consists of everything appertaining to auto rebuilding, trimming, decorating and top work. We are now constructing what is known as 'one man tops,' which nearly all factories have adopted. This is a top which one man can handle, and is a great convenience."

AUTOS LIKE HOMES.

The Auto Top company solicits work from owners of high class cars only, and at prices which will permit excellence of work and material. A fine car is being fitted up for Henry Wagner Jr., grandson of the late Henry Weinhard. It will be a "house on wheels," and will carry a party of four on a long pilgrimage through Oregon and adjoining states. It can be "made down" at night like berths in a Pullman, and will have places for refreshments of all kinds. A Hupmobile is being fitted out in pure white for Ray Wilson. The queen of the Rose Festival will occupy this car in the parade. A Mitchell car was being changed into a bedroom, pantry and living room, and the Royce Taxicab company had a machine being made over and trimmed in Spanish leather. A limousine was being upholstered for a wealthy client, and it will come forth arrayed in the finest imaginable garb. An ambulance for the Ambulance Service company will look so pretty when it leaves the shop that one will almost seek to be run over by a street car in order to get a ride in it.

This corporation's business extends to all parts of the state where its reputation is known, and the sales of its auto top dressing from Los Angeles to Salt Lake City.

The Oregon Auto Painting Company

The Oregon Auto Painting company works 10 men in its shops at Fourteenth and Couch streets. It occupies two floors, 50x80 feet, and basement, and, like the Auto Top company, rebuilds cars, makes tops, paints, decorates and repairs. Paul Staiger is president and manager of the company, and E. H. Kuhlman secretary. The company has been in business six years and has met with merited success. It is doing a lucrative business and is giving its customers satisfaction.

The Dubruille Buggy Top Company

Another active concern has been in the business of building auto tops for more than 15 years. The Dubruille company engaged in building buggy tops before the advent of the auto, but along comes the horseless vehicle and displaces not only the buggy but the horse. Few equine propelled carriages are now in existence, so the Dubruille shop went over to the ranks of the auto top builders, and seven men are kept busy in that work. Like others, it entirely rebuilds automobiles, makes new bodies for them, constructs cushions, backs and seat covers. While it has not entirely abandoned buggy and carriage top making, that work is but a fraction of the industry. It is at this time rebuilding two hearses for local undertakers, and a floor covered with autos attests the fact that there is something doing in that shop as well as in others.

The concern is located at Second and Taylor, and T. Torsen is its president and manager.

Letters From the People

For Representative in Congress.

Portland, May 27.—To the Editor of The Journal—I read with much interest in Friday's Journal your editorial entitled "Without a Candidate," and I wish to suggest a candidate of whom I feel the people of Oregon can justly be proud. He is a man who would treat his constituents with honesty.

We should have a man who would pledge himself to safeguard the natural powers and resources, who will encourage their development, and who will look to the interests of corporations and individuals alike. We should get our lands back and into our school funds, so we can reduce our taxation and be able to loan money at 5 per cent to our farmers to further develop the now undeveloped and unproductive millions of acres in our state.

Therefore, in accord with these principles, I would suggest for nomination for congress, the name of our distinguished citizen, ex-Governor Oswald West. SOLA M. POTTER,
Secretary Bureau of Social Equity, Oregon Council of Women Voters.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

By Joseph Rodman Drake

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies.
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave unto his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

JOURNAL JOURNEYS

27—Forest Rules for Safety and Health

NATIONAL FORESTS NO. 4.

Among the bits of friendly information contained in forest service folders is this:

"All national forests are public property, maintained for the benefit of the public. They are open to every kind of use and occupancy which does not reduce their value to the community or conflict with the principle of equal rights to all.

"The primary purpose is to provide a self-renewing timber supply and a regulated stream flow. They support home industries and prevent timber monopoly. They also protect the range against over-grazing, while assuring to local stockmen continued use of the forage crop.

"Camping, hunting, fishing, trapping, prospecting and mining in the forests are free. Only for uses which convey an exclusive benefit to individuals is a charge made, and there are no restrictions whatever upon mineral development other than those imposed by the general mining laws. Timber is sold and grazing permitted on the same terms to all. Do not hesitate to ask the forest ranger for information about any kind of use in which you are interested."

Here are six rules given by the service for observance by campers for the prevention of fires:

"Be sure your match is out. Break it in two before you throw it away.

"Throw pipe ashes and cigar or cigarette stumps in the dust of the road and stamp or pinch out the fire before leaving them. Don't throw them into brush, leaves or needles.

"Build a small camp fire. Build it in the open, not against a tree or log or near brush. Scrape away the trash from all around it.

"Never leave a camp fire, even for a short time, without quenching it with earth and water.

"Never build bonfires in windy weather, or where there is the slightest danger of their escaping from control. Don't make them larger than you need.

"If you find a fire, try to put it out. If you can't, get word of it to the nearest United States forest ranger or state fire warden at once. Keep in touch with the rangers."

These are good things for all who use the forests to remember. Another precaution has to do with public health:

"Each year hunters, campers, tourists and forest rangers contract typhoid fever or enteric disorders from the pollution of streams. Ordinary care will prevent this. The law requires it."

The law requires that all camp debris of organic or insanitary character be disposed of in a way to insure against pollution of streams or lakes.

Remember that others may follow you to the camping place, and its condition when you leave should not be a reflection upon your personal standards.

MESSRS. ERANDEIS AND RUBLEE

From the Christian Science Monitor.

The appointment by the president of Louis Dembitz Brandeis of Massachusetts to be associate justice of the United States supreme court, held up in committee, is still pending. The appointment of George Rublee of New Hampshire to be a member of the federal trade commission was rejected by the senate on Monday of last week. On Wednesday, Senator Henry F. Hollis of New Hampshire, Democrat, moved that the vote by which Mr. Rublee was rejected be reconsidered, and this motion is pending. These appointments are of exceptional importance. We have it on his own authority, over his own signature, that President Wilson did not send to the senate the name of Mr. Brandeis until he had investigated all the charges, direct and implied, made against the gentleman in recent years, and found them to be unwarranted and untrue. We have equally good authority for the statement that the president inquired into the record of Mr. Rublee before appointing him.

It is a serious part of the duty of the United States executive to satisfy himself beyond all reasonable doubt as to the entire fitness of his appointees. The president is but human, his responsibility, however, is so great and his opportunities for carrying on inquiries of this nature so extraordinary, that the character and the qualifications of his appointees can hardly be questioned unless some evidence not available to him has been uncovered between the time of appointment in the proper committee or in the senate itself. The senate has made it a rule, and one seldom put aside, to assume the president's information and judgment on appointments to be correct.

In the case of Mr. Brandeis, nothing that has been offered in the judiciary committee by his opponents can, it seems, be accepted by the impartial observer as affecting in the least his fitness for the supreme bench. Every specific allegation made has been met frankly and fully and completely disproved; every vague allegation, inference and innuendo introduced into the hearing by witnesses principally notable for their head-shaking and for their inability to voice their feelings in admissible testimony, has been shattered. In the last analysis there is nothing left of the opposition to Mr. Brandeis, so far as evidence goes, save an apparently deep-seated prejudice on the one hand and a vague impression on the other. The only thing the former heads of the American Bar association, who have protested against confirmation of the nomination, have to offer is, that they cannot, for some reason which they are either unwilling or unable to explain, reconcile themselves to the appointment. Not one of these distinguished men, we imagine, if presiding as judge, would give the weight of a hair to such a protest if offered as character testimony in a court of justice.

In the Rublee case, there is even less excuse than in the Brandeis matter for the attitude of opposing or hesitating senators. While thousands of people familiar with the career and record of the Boston attorney feel perfectly confident that he would acquit himself creditably on the bench, he never has been tested in the capacity of judge. On the other hand, Mr. Rublee had served satisfactorily for more than a year as federal trade commissioner when the senate, at the behest of Senator Jacob H. Gallinger of New Hampshire, Republican, rejected him. Because of Senator Gallinger's opposition Mr. Rublee's appointment alone, out of five nominated in February, 1915, for places on the commission, was refused confirmation. The senatorial "courtesy" which demands that a president will not make certain appointments without approval of senators, offensive as it long has been to a large and respectable element of the population, regardless of partisan lines, does not go so far as to pretend to dictate appointments where the president and the senator interested in patronage are of different parties. Under the senatorial "courtesy" custom, such as it is, Senator Hollis, Democrat, and not Senator Gallinger, Republican, is the member of the upper house from New Hampshire whom the president is expected to consult and please. Aside from the contention that Mr. Rublee is "personally obnoxious" to him, Senator Gallinger, in the light of recent testimony, has nothing to offer that is deserving of consideration as a reason why George Rublee should not be confirmed. All specific charges in this as in the Brandeis case are, or can be, it appears, proved utterly groundless; all vague and indefinite charges, as in the Brandeis case, are shown to be unworthy of adult attention.

The president, it is gratifying to find, is insistent upon the confirmation of these nominees. He, too, is entitled to courtesy. Moreover he is entitled to confidence. The senate, with a view to preservation of public respect and esteem, should refuse longer in either case to be influenced by persons, groups, combinations or interests, political or commercial, that are made restless by contemplating the probability of the appointment to high places of men who have consistently and for years given their first allegiance to the public.

The Once Over

BY REX LAMPMAN

THIS IS A TRUE STORY—about Abe Cohn—president of the Northern Grain company.

—and no relation to Hy Cohen—market editor of The Journal.

¶And I don't know why some of them leave out the "e."

—unless it's for economy.

¶And another difference between Hy and Abe—

—is that Hy goes out—every summer—to estimate the crop.

—and tells the farmers how much wheat they're going to get.

¶And Abe stays in town.

—and tells them how much they're going to get for it.

¶But anyway—Abe is a grain buyer.

—whose business it is—to make two kopecks grow in each bushel of wheat.

—where only one grew before he bought it.

¶And a long time ago Abe was in partnership—with Gay Lombard—who also pays income taxes.

¶And they ran a store, a bank—a harness shop, a millinery emporium—and other things like those.

—under one roof—at Tekoa—Wash.

¶And near by—in primeval simplicity—dwelt a wise tribe of blanket Indians.

¶And the Indians came to Abe's and Gay's store—bank, etc.

—and brought their allowances—of clothing—moccasins, blankets—and things like those—given them by Uncle Sam.

—and exchanged the same for pretty red calico bridles with bells on—hair oil—and things like those.

—kept in stock by Abe and Gay.

¶And once upon a time—Abe and Gay prepared a big banquet.

—as a testimonial of their affection for—and to cement their friendship with—their noble red customers.

¶And Lo—the poor Indian—came from miles around.

—for the word had gone out—that Abe's and Gay's banquet was to be a skookum potlatch.

¶And when all were seated—at the long tables—Abe arose—and cleared his throat—and pulled down his vest—and made a gesture.

—a sweeping gesture—that took in all those present—and their relatives—even unto the headwaters of the Deschutes—and the last wiggle of the Snake.

¶And he delivered the klosh wawa—or address of welcome.

—in which he expressed surprise—wonder—and gratitude—at the splendid attendance.

—and joy because of the good feeling between Gay and himself—and their distinguished guests.

—just as they do nowadays—up at the Chamber of Commerce.

—when Somebody comes here—from Some Place.

¶And Abe sat down—amid an appreciative silence.

¶And all the Indians puffed the perfectly good rebuilt cigars.

—that Gay had given them.

¶And then Chief Saltese—his celebrated plug hat on an even keel—and his red blanket trailing aft—like a Roman senator's toga—arose.

—and made the response.

¶And in choice Chinook—and a deep voice—he explained that his people were gratified.

—and filled with wonder—at the banquet—which must have cost a heap—

—and how it came to be.

—and why Abe and Gay had thus honored their humble guests.

—and what they could do to repay their hosts.

¶And the interpreter—who was not very handy with English—translated the speech—for Abe and Gay—and—

¶LISTEN—He was also anxious—to get started eating—and this is the way he boiled down the chief's remarks:

¶"He says the Indians wonder what new game their wise white friend are going to spring to get back the price of this big feed."

Settlement Work.

From the floor of Valhalla
Standing slim and shalster,
A teak splinter
Upthrust its gory
Point.
From spinked tapestries
Dangled one
Wavering silken
Raveling.
Fanned by westering zephyrs
The raveling
Unraveled, on and on,
Like a river
Flowing from high mountains
Toward the sea.
It wagered hither
And thither,
It snagged
The Silver
Thou do the great
And lowly
Meet
In attenuated bond
Of fragile sympathy,
As when Freyja
Descends from the Ozarks
To feast awhile
With the sons of Loke.
But hope not,
Patrons wights,
That the westering zephyr
Will not waft away
The raveling
From the silver.

—Translated from hitherto unpublished runes of Leif, the Red Viking, by Brief the Herring.

Stories of Street and Town

Always the Goats.

BILLY MAHONEY and Cliff Harrison, marine reporters, recently met the policeman who so successfully "arrested" them at the newspaper men's dance at Laurelhurst club last winter.

"Here comes our friend," said Cliff.

"Let's give him a cigar," said Billy.

They stopped him. Billy proffered the cigar. The officer secured a strangle hold on the cigar, and then turned his attention toward getting the idea. Billy Mahoney acted as spokesman.

"We've been looking for you for a long time," said he. The officer gazed wonderingly from the cigar to Billy and then to Cliff.

"We want to thank you for pinching us out at Laurelhurst club," went on Billy.

"Me?" said the officer. No light.

"Yes," pursued Billy. "Don't you remember pinching a couple of newspaper men in a frameup out at Laurelhurst club last winter?"

"Me?" came the meek reply again. Still no light.

"Well, maybe it wasn't you. Give me back the cigar," said Billy.

"Oh, yes, I remember." At last the light dawned.

The party broke up and neither Billy nor Cliff could say a word for over a minute.

"We're the goats again, Bill," said Cliff.

"Righto," said Bill.