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GOVERNMENT AS A SHIP OWNER.

Robbed of their own war profits by reason of the enormous war profits of foreign ship-owners, the farmers of Umatilla county have a direct financial interest in the administration's shipping bill. It costs them no more than formerly to get their wheat to tide-water, because rail rates are regulated. It costs many times as much to get their wheat to Liverpool because ship owners have taken advantage of an abnormal situation to exact excessively abnormal profits.

The American merchant marine is of such negligible tonnage as to be practically non-existent. All efforts to build it up have failed—even to the removal of restrictions as to American register. Either government subsidy or government construction and ownership seems now to be the only practical means of restoring our merchant shipping. Business judgment would indicate that it is better for Uncle Sam to build, operate and control a merchant marine than to subsidize private interests to the same end. There was a time when he might better have kept his land grants and built the great transcontinental railroads, although government ownership of railroads has since become almost a financial impossibility. It's far better, we think, that he should build and purchase ocean carriers than to open the pork barrel for postoffice buildings and obscure waterways.

The proposal then to devote the proceeds of the sale of \$50,000,000 Panama canal bonds to the nucleus of a federal merchant marine, and to the creation of a federal shipping board, is therefore worthy of serious consideration on the part of Umatilla county farmers, who have been gouged out of a million dollars or more on their 1915 crop by outrageous ocean freights. This horse is stolen, but they can help lock the stable door against further thefts in future years. They should consider also that a naval auxiliary will be indispensable should ever a time come for the United States to use its warships, and that a naval auxiliary is impossible without a merchant marine at the beck and call of the government. During the Spanish war a lot of old tubs were

bought by the government at ridiculously extravagant prices. One of them which cost nearly \$20,000 was sold for junk after the war for \$2300.

We commend to the thoughtful reader an article by Herbert Quick entitled "Shall We Give up the Ship?" in a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post. The basic idea of the shipping bill he sets forth as follows:

"The administration proposes to supply that half of the navy which consists of ships of the merchant type by building them itself. In view of the fact that these auxiliary vessels are not needed except under conditions of war the administration proposes to have them used in time of peace in the actual carrying of freight and passengers on a commercial basis."

Secretary McAdoo says:

"A merchant marine naval auxiliary is just as essential to the effectiveness of the navy, considered as a complete fighting machine, as the guns upon the decks of our battleships and the seamen upon whose skill and valor the effectiveness of those guns depends."

Fifty millions will not go far in this direction, of course. But with the principle of a federal marine established it may be expected that more funds will be increasingly devoted to its up-building and less to the pork barrel.

In the course of years the merchant fleet of Uncle Sam will have such a tremendous controlling influence upon ocean freights that the high-handed extortion of which the Umatilla county farmer is now the helpless victim can never be repeated.

but performs a Delaarte tumble on his urban-polished back.

"You may have some city breeding," cries the genus, in alarm, "but you're greener than the greenest on a scientific farm!"

"Thus the genus and the species each is king in his own niche, but neither could with comfort take the other fellow's pitch!"

The Saturday Afternoon Club of Weston has received word from the Athena board of school directors that no charge is made for the use of Athena's beautiful high school auditorium in the production of the club play, "The New Minister." Even the fuel and lights and janitor work are donated. Added to the splendid reception which the large Weston company of amateurs were accorded at Athena, and the generous tribute of praise vouchsafed them in the Athena Press, Weston is made to feel that its sister town is both friend and benefactor. In fact, the relations between these two neighboring communities were never more cordial, and we trust they will remain so. Even Boyd and Wood may yet be persuaded to shake hands across the historic hill as yet unstained by the blood they have never shed.

Since Uncle Sam is in a position to make war with words only and words break no bones, he may as well listen to Germany's suggestion to change "illegal" to "without intent" in the apology required for the Lusitania affair. Since Germany is prepared to comply with the substance of his demands and to safeguard in future the lives of his nationals upon the high seas, the form of her compliance is immaterial. Germany's evident desire to avoid a rupture with the United States is quite indicative of her realization that the war has brought her enemies enough, and her "change of heart" should be encouraged that ultimate peace may follow.

CUMMINS OF IOWA?

That Senator Cummins will be the compromise Republican candidate for president is well within the bounds of probability. He is expected the Iowa delegation, has Minnesota practically in his pocket and a good chance to win in Nebraska and the Dakotas.

The Old Guard Republicans want Root, but are standing pat no longer. They recognize the necessity of yielding to the progressive element in the party, to whom Root's corporation record makes no appeal. The Old Guard will accept Cummins if need be—not because they love him more, but because they love Wilson less. They are too desperately anxious to prize the Democrats away from the pie counter to be finicky in their choice of crowbars.

Union of the Republican factions behind a compromise candidate so generally acceptable as Senator Cummins spells danger to President Wilson. He deserves re-election, but in much less degree is his party entitled to further expression of the nation's confidence. Its concern for the leaves and the fishes and its predilection for the pork barrel are too strong for the stomach of the independent voter, in whose hands will rest the balance of power.

A less prudent and more bellicose president than Wilson—such a man as Theodore Roosevelt—would long ere this have plunged the United States into war with Germany over the Lusitania tragedy. As it is, but a single word now stands between Germany and a complete acceptance of our administration's view of international law. Another man would long ago have flexed our troops across the border into Mexico and saddled the United States with a perplexing and expensive load of responsibility. As it is, Carranza bids fair to bring order out of chaos in Mexico, with the accession of no more hatred toward the "gringo" than is natural and inevitable to the Mexican temperament. The administration's banking law is working out admirably, its preparedness program is sound and patriotic. Wilson, we say, deserves to be president another four years.

Nevertheless, should the Republicans unite upon Cummins or some other objectionable candidate, Wilson's defeat is altogether probable. His election was the result of political accident. His retirement, if encompassed, will be due to political design—the scheming of the Old Guard—which knows how and when to eat "humble pie" if such a diet is indicated.

C. P. Strain's training, knowledge and well-known integrity equip him admirably for the Eastern Oregon chair in the public service commission, if so be this post could ever be won by a Democrat.

TWO GREENIES.

This facetious comparison by J. Edward Tuft in Munsy's Magazine is not without its appeal to readers among Weston's rural populace:

"The species of the pavement views the genus from the soil, marching careful on the sidewalk, and perching with the toil. He takes in the borrowed swagger and the ill-affected ease, and observes the pedal action and the fluctuating knees. He beholds the cut-glass stick-pin in the multicolored tie, and notes the trouser-bottoms are aspirating rather high. He observes the rubber collar with its notches and its glare, and anon the terraced fashion of the mother-shingled hair. The sidewalk of the shoulders also meets his critic eye, and a trailing leather shoe-string, as the genus marches by."

"A country swell," he snickers, "and some pumpkins, too, I ween; but a greenhorn in the city—the most verdant kind of green!"

"This species from the pavement seeks for tissue-building toil and for nerve-recuperation with the genus of the soil. He essays to milk a Jersey with his talemum-scented hands, and forgets his city polish—for a Jersey never stands. A dozen squealing porkers make a bid for barley mash, and manured decorum gets another mighty smash. Old Dobbin must be harnessed, and the species, firm but pale, straps the breeching on his bosom and the bit behind his tail. The meadow hay is spoiling, and the species tries to stack,

With Democratic congressmen attacking his preparedness program, Wilson is doubtless glad that he has a Mann behind him among the lower house minority.

The news that Bryan is about to take the stump against Wilson and preparedness brings to mind as never before the admirable utility of a stump-puller.

Senator Stone having said impressively that the trouble with Germany is noisier settlement, we are duly impressed by the senator's tone.

Borah declines to be considered as a presidential candidate, and will continue to diligently hoe his own row with his little Idaho.

Nobody in England loves a Zeppelin, which is the reason why some British sailors allowed one's crew to drown before their eyes.

A San Francisco judge says that the average juror ought to be shot—and sometimes he is, we ween, in dissipated California.

Eggs are dropping in the Portland market, but not so that you could notice it around local hen yards.

"For you a rose in Portland froze," is Rex Lampman's frigid version of the Rose Festival slogan.

If snow banks could issue currency, everyone in Weston would be a millionaire.

One trouble with Congress is that it is neither saying nothing nor saying word.

Friend Seattle is still thirsty like a fish—maybe because of its H. Gill.

LONG HAIR AND LONGEVITY.

A Theory That There May Be Some Relation Between Them.

Did it ever occur to you that there was any relation between a few, bushy head of white hair and the long life of the owner?

I believe that I can claim without fear of successful refutation that a very large majority of men who have passed the age of eighty years have or had a goodly show of hair on the crown or top of their heads. I by no means claim that this is universal, for it is easy to recall men who lived to even greater age than eighty who were quite bald.

Without any attempt at a chronological list, I set down a few names that come to mind as I write: John I. Blair, known at his time as New Jersey's richest man, ninety-four; Daniel Brown, New York capitalist and college founder, ninety-one; Hon. William E. Gladstone, English statesman, eighty-nine; Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, New York, founder of the New York Central railroad, eighty-three; Rev. Edward Beecher (brother of Henry Ward), ninety-two; Hon. Peter Cooper, New York philanthropist, ninety-three.

It would be easy also to name quite a number of men who possessed the heads of hair who reached only middle age, but my purpose is not to be statistical, but rather to possibly start interest in an unusual subject and see what can be deduced therefrom.—Pittsburgh Press.

RIGHT AND LEFT HANDED.

A Series of School Tests and an Ambidextrous Failure.

Ever since it was proved that in all right-handed people the speech center of the brain is on the left side of the brain and that in left-handed people it is on the right side there has existed a suspicion that if a person became ambidextrous, or able to use both hands equally well, the speech center might be doubled, and consequently talking ability might be improved. Very elaborate tests have shattered this hope.

A German specialist obtained the assistance of the school authorities and tried it out on nearly 2,000 school children. After a careful record was taken of each child's hand preference, speech ability and general capability all the children were led to try to use both hands equally well. For many months an effort was made to have all the children become ambidextrous.

At the end of the test all the teachers and other observers agreed that though some of the children had succeeded in becoming ambidextrous, the effort had worried them all and had shown no advantages usually or to speech that in any way recompensed for the trouble taken. Consequently the scientist has decided that nature is doing pretty well with her own system of left side speech and right hand preference.—Saturday Evening Post.

Elephant's Ears.

The African elephant is equipped with enormous ears, while his brother in India has only small ears. Both animals have small, inadequate eyes and are forced to trust to scent rather than vision in the battle of existence. The Indian elephant lives in the jungles, where odors are pungent and easily discernible, but the African elephant is a native of the plains, where the air is dry and hot and barely circulated. The heat dries the moisture out of the tiny hairs in the nostrils which connect with the sensory nerves, and it is only through flapping his enormous ears that he can create the currents of air which enable him to discern any odor at all.

Travelers are prone to ascribe the flapping of an elephant's ears to fury, but this is a mistaken notion.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Gunnery's Patron Saint.

Why was St. Barbara chosen to be the patron saint of all gunners? It is one of those things which are to be known and which one ought to know, but does not. Meanwhile there is the fact that she does intervene for all gunners by land or sea.

In the old French navy the St. Barbe was the gun room, and the name may be found with that meaning attached to it in all dictionaries. Moreover, in France she is the saint not only of gunners, but of all fire brigades. The seapower pomplers hold their holiday on the day of her feast.—Westminster Gazette.

Where He Learned Juggling.

Bankin—Do you know Professor Tom-hump, the great juggler?

Phyle—I should say so. We were raised together.

"How in the world did he ever learn all of those wonderful stunts?"

"He started to earn his living as a photographer, and he learned all of those tricks while trying to amuse the babies whose pictures he took."—Youngtown Telegram.

Financial Stratemus.

"I'm afraid our new treasurer will ruin this concern," remarked the head of the trust.

"What is he doing?"

"Why, he talks of paying our debts instead of refunding them."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Wedding.

"This poor girl was simply sold to a rich husband."

"Oh, you're mistaken. I was there and saw her father give her away."—Baltimore American.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Umatilla County.

In the Matter of the Estate of Lewis McMorris, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed Administrator with Will Annexed of the above entitled estate, in the above entitled court, and has qualified as the law directs. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present same to me at the office of the County Clerk of the above entitled court, in the City of Pendleton, in Umatilla County, Oregon, with proper vouchers, within six months from date hereof.

Dated and first published this 28th day of January, A. D. 1916.

FRANK BAILEY
As Administrator with Will Annexed of the Estate of Lewis McMorris, Deceased.

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