

ALBANY DEMOCRAT

Entered at the postoffice at Albany, Oregon, as second-class matter.

W. L. Jackson and Ralph R. Cronise
Editors and Managers

Daily published every evening except Sunday.
Semi-weekly published Tuesdays and Fridays.

ESTABLISHED 1865

Business Matter
In ordering changes of address, subscribers should always give old as well as new address.

Subscription Rates—Daily
Delivered by carrier Per month 50c; Per year in Advance \$5.00
By Mail, in Linn and Route 4 Benton County, Per year, in Advance . \$4.00
Outside of Linn County and Rt. 4 Benton Co., Per year, in Advance . \$5.00

Member of The Associated Press
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication or not otherwise credited in this of all news dispatches credited to it paper and also the local news published herein. All rights of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

PHONE 96

ALBANY, OREGON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 15

THE BERGER MENACE

The rest of the country has been quite unable to understand how Milwaukee could return a man like Victor Berger to Congress, giving him a majority over an able and patriotic candidate supported by the Republican and Democratic organizations.

Berger himself has said that his triumph "cannot exactly be called a victory of the Socialist party." This statement is supported by the fact that the Socialist party in his district has a membership of only 5,000, whereas he received about 24,000 votes. Where did the other votes come from?

A careful analysis shows that there was even more "fusion" on Berger's side than on Bodenstab's. The latter received the loyal, conservative, sanely-progressive "American vote," regardless of party affiliations. The former had the suffrage of all the disloyal and discontented. Unfortunately, these seem to outnumber the others.

Of course the Socialist vote went solid for Berger. Along with it went the anti-prohibition vote, which is very large in Milwaukee, and the vote of Milwaukee's numerous pro-Germans, who have never forgiven America for the part she played in the war. With these groups were ranged the many who were waiting for a chance to voice their discontent at the cost of living, at various kinds of "industrial wrongs," at profiteering, at the handling of the coal strike, and at repressive measures taken to curb radicalism.

In short the Berger vote was a "protest vote." It represented, roughly, a marshalling of all the discontented and destructive forces against the confident, constructive forces of society.

Viewed in this light, the re-election of Berger, futile though it is in practical results, is not to be lightly disregarded. This combination of destructive forces is evidently stronger in Milwaukee than anywhere else in America. An observer naturally wonders, however, just how strong a "Berger vote" there will be throughout the country next fall.

One thing is sure—it will not be diminished if Congress merely contents itself with rejecting Berger again, and fails to do all in its power toward peaceful reconstruction at home and abroad.

THE CENSUS MAN

The census man is on his rounds. Be nice to him, or her. He is not a book agent nor a lightning rod agent nor a salesman for wildcat mining stock, nor merely an impertinent inquirer into what is none of his business.

Uncle Sam has to know the life-story of each of his nephews and nieces once in ten years. He sends the census man to find out the necessary little details to keep in his confidential records. Every one can help Uncle by not wasting the census man's time.

Insist, first of all, upon seeing his credentials. Nothing is to be gained by entertaining Raffles unawares. Having satisfied yourself quickly but thoroughly that the man at the door is indeed the government emissary, answer his questions quickly and accurately, and the deed is done and over with.

People kick a good deal less about the cost of automobile tires than they do about the cost of shoes. And yet, as everybody knows, tires cost more than shoes.

CORN

Why feed wheat and oats when
CORN IS CHEAPER

Accordingly

Will buy your wheat and oats

M. G. REED

Phone 129-R.
Res. 482-R.

Office over
State Bank Building

MULTNOMAH FALLS

GUY FITCH PHELPS

Dedicated to All College Men of the State

Have you seen me? Have you seen me? You who come and feed and go?
Have you seen my marble palace which I carved me blow on blow?
Have you read what I have written on a parchment white as snow?
It is on these chiselled towers in a golden rigadon,
All the history of the half-gods and of me,
I have kissed it on the silence, I have told it to the moon,
And the rolling river sings it to the sea.
From my piny verge I glimpse you round your kale troughs heaped and high,
Where you blot my fairy circle with your feet;
For you come from social prisons, you are tainted with the sky,
And your garments reek with odors of the street.
You have worshipped in the temples where the Dagon creeds are taught
By the Priests of Mammon organized of old;
And the mildew of the markets lies a canker on your thought
For you sell the dreams and loves of men for gold.
Learn it then, ye stupid gazers, I am of the Undertime,
Ere the Paleozoic ages I was born;
With the blue flame of the planets I have made myself sublime,
I have dressed me in the glory of the morn.
On the fingers of the Furies I have combed my lacy hair,
On the sand and surge of oceans I have whirled;
With a rosary of kisses I have carved my dizzy stair
To the mystery and the wisdom of the world.
When Caradoc giants thundered to awake the sleeping earth
To the revelry of forces and of form,
I was with them in their labors, I was matron of their mirth,
And we shared the cosmic travail when the valleys came to birth,
And we swaddled them a vapor and in storm,
When the gods of fire battled from their flaming mountain thrones,
With the anarchy of Chaos on their breath,
When the laughter of the lightning shook the terror-haunted zones,
And Destruction drove the awful car of Death;
It was I who touched their temples with a cooling finger-tip
Till the boiling lava rage had died away,
And a breath as warm as worship leaped from each burning lip
Rolled across the amorous bosom of the day.
O, I saw the Life Gods dancing through the winding sunbright vales!
And the song they sang together it was sweet;
There were epithets on their foreheads, there was might upon their hands,
And the sandals of creation on their feet.
And they called the living creatures from the earth and from the deep
Where Omniscent pulses quivered in the slime;
And they woke the stegosaurus, from his sullen, sunless sleep,
And they hung their forest mantles on the Neocomian steep,
When Existence kissed the rosy lips of time.
When the dinosaur was mated, and the mammoth cubs were bred,
And the condor's cloudy pinions took the air;
When the Neolithic giant heaped the sedge grass for his bed,
With a million tears of rapture I was there.
O! I know the irised hour when the gleaming grass was made!
When the flowers spread their passion on the sod;
And I touched the brow immortal in Hedike's golden shade,
When the first man took the image of his God.
In my crystal heart I imagined back the woman's wondrous face
E're the fatal fruit had touched her with its stain;
And I kept a rainbow smiling over Able's altar place,
And I washed the dripping, goary hands of Cain.
Ah, the song I sing is written of the history of the past,
Hear it then and understand it ye who can;
It is what was First, and now is, it is what shall be at last,
And it's heavy with the tragedy of man.
Can you hear it? Can you hear it? Ye whose ears are dull and dead,
Do you, know what I am telling all that soul and sense have said
Since the serpent's winding, reeking trail began?
O, I know how many mornings have been gendered in the sky;
I could number all the forests which grew old and had to die;
I could tell you if I dared to, all the must and should and why
Of the ages and the aeons and their plan.
I have kissed the brow of Wisdom, I have washed his Seven Locks
When he brooded where the peaks of Purpose shine;
I was with the Angel Beauty on the Tertiary rocks,
For the secrets of the Builders all are mine.
Do you know that in the midnight there are mystic bugles blown?
When the mists o'er hang the valley and the stars are dim and lone,
Then the spirits of the sages, of the ones who grieved and died,
Of the wood and of the wooer, of the bridegroom and the bride;
Of the loved and of the lover, when the dark is deep and wide,
With their bright brows girt with flowers dance around my opal tide.
Look upon me then and see me, listen till ye hear my voice,
I'm the prophecy of ages which shall make the world rejoice,
For the clouds are all my brothers; I'm the sister of the sea,
I have slept upon the bosom of Eternal Destiny,
And when I shall cease my singing, then the world will cease to be.

EDITORIALS of the PEOPLE

Would Protect Roads

Editor Democrat—
I would like a little space in your valuable paper to express a few thoughts on a subject of vital importance to the tax-payers of Linn county.

As our taxes are mounting higher and higher each year and a large percent of this money so collected go to road building and improvement of our roads, we feel it is our duty to know, if possible, if we are getting value received for our money. As the use of cars is more and more common, each year, it is imperative that we have roads that will maintain the use of cars throughout the winter season, as well as summer. The fact is the people of this community have donated their time and labor with their teams to help improve the roads as well as dragging upon quotas of taxes for the county to spend on the roads. And did it willingly. And in addition to this we are willing and have voted a \$2,000 special road tax in our district to be expended on our roads in the hope that we might have roads that we could travel over in winter with our cars.

But here is the proposition. We are up against—as soon as the winter rains set in and the roads begin to soften up after the summer travel, here comes the man with his two or three ton truck and loads it to the last pound it will pull with wood or apples or whatever he finds to haul, then drives over the roads day after day until the gravel put on the roads is cut clear through and into the soil, until a car can scarcely get over it at all.

Now it seems to me it is time for the County Court to get in a car and take a few observations from the road conditions above referred to, if they haven't already, and then seek the co-operation of every county court in the valley in the passage of a law by the present legislature to restrict the loads of heavy trucks to not exceed 2500 pounds over any road after the fall rains set in. With the exception of a few people along the Pacific highway, we can not have paved roads to travel on and hence the only remedy to protect the winter roads is to restrict the 8,000 to 10,000 pound loads

being pulled over our roads in winter. And in addition to being restricted in the amount of load to be hauled, they should be required to use the two faced, wide tires on rear wheels. This would greatly aid in the preservation of winter roads.

Very respectfully,

E. E. MUNSEY.

Lebanon, Ore., January 11, 1920.

Comment of the State Press

Snappy Cleanings from the Press of the Valley

Loyalty Law Wanted—
We are inclined to wait until the man is raised in his sins before we attempt to reform him. We are also inclined to wait until the seeds of anarchy and sedition have been sown and the jungle developed before we attempt to stamp it out, remarks, the Baker Herald.

At least that has been the happy-go-lucky system America has followed for the past quarter century.

Farmers Are Warned—
The Portland Central Labor Council has its trap all baited for the Oregon farmer, says the Gazette Times. It has called a meeting to be held in Salem this month to form a "political" alliance. Unless the farmer has lost much of his native shrewdness he will see the trap beneath the bait and yet the labor unions pull their own chestnuts out of the fire.

O. A. C. Students Vote—
Ratification without amendments or reservations was the choice of 265 students of the 768 who expressed their choice in the League of Nations referendum yesterday. —Gazette Times

Born Lucky—
Governor Olcott was born lucky; or he carries a rabbit's foot in his pocket. —Statesman.

Good Used Cars

FORD One ton Truck—Excellent shape, just overhauled, repainted. Electric lights, storage battery, a real bargain. Don't fail to see this one. Hurry.

CADILLAC Touring car—A real bargain, new paint, tires almost new, perfect mechanical condition, absolutely guaranteed.

BODGE Touring, new top, good tires, just being overhauled, a bargain for someone.

1917 CHEVROLET Touring—New tires, excellent mechanical condition. Car only run 3500 miles. A real buy. Remember we tell you the truth about our used cars and are very careful to overhaul every one we have. Then we know what we are talking about. Don't forget to see the ones listed now.

Ralston Motor Company

7th & Lyon Sts

Our Sale Continues

There has been a ready response to the announcement of our Clearance Sale of Suits, Coats, and Dresses. We still have a fine assortment of Coats and Dresses which we are selling at a

Great Reduction

You Can't Afford to Miss This Great MONEY SAVING EVENT



SUITS COATS and DRESSES

Every garment in our Store is sacrificed to make room for our coming spring stock.

J. H. Bikman

138 West First St.



SUNBEAM MAZDA LAMPS

SUNS ONLY COMPETITOR

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

Western Electric Farm Light And Power Outfits

OUTFITS INSTALLED AND IN OPERATION. SATISFIED CUSTOMERS—JOHN WINKLEY, W. W. POLAND, O. B. KEEBLER, I. H. COPELAND, JOHN WILLS, J. S. LUCKEY.

WIRING DONE BY LICENSED & BONDED WIREMEN

Phone 20

THE ELECTRIC STORE, INC.
327 West First St., Albany

Just Arrived

The much talked of

New Columbia Grafonola

The Very Latest in Phonograph Creation

Cabinet made along new artistic lines in Walnut or Brown Mahogany. The Tone Amplifier made entirely of Violin Wood, brings out full mellow tones equal to an old violin.

This Beautiful Grafonola must be seen and heard to be appreciated.

We will be pleased to demonstrate its superior qualities to you.

Woodworth Drug Co.
(Phonograph Headquarters)

NONPAREIL Barber Shop

Modern and Efficient

We make a specialty of Students and Children's Work. Expert service for all. Electric Haircutting, Massaging and Shampooing.
OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE BUD STOVER, proprietor