

The Oregonian

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PORTLAND, SATURDAY, NOV. 4, 1916.

WOODROW AND CHARLIE.

The President's coming gave the Democrats their first opportunity of the campaign in this city for many weeks. Trenchards and red fire blazed in Fifth avenue as the hosts of Tammany came to town. Charles Murphy, advanced upon Madison Square Garden, which was besieged by a tremendous crowd before their arrival. Associated Press dispatch, New York, Nov. 2, 1916.

Tammany's hosts welcome Wilson. They are headed by Charles F. Murphy—"Boss" Murphy, the odious whippersnapper who makes politics a business and who represents a political system which President Wilson professes to abhor. Does Woodrow Wilson tell Murphy, as he told the Oregonians, that he didn't want his vote or the votes of men like him? He wouldn't get the O'Leary votes, of course. But he has Murphy's.

We find Murphy treated with a tender and solicitous respect, which began with a political deal between Tammany and the White House over the New York postmaster's job and has extended into a general working arrangement with the O'Learys, including a job for Battery Dan Finn. Murphy heads the list of Tammany braves bound for Shadow Lawn. Murphy leads the Wilson procession up Fifth avenue. He is the one man in the Democratic deck. The New York Post, a high-brow supporter of the President, calls him "Leader" (not "Boss") Murphy.

Murphy has come into his own. All the Democratic papers chortle with glee when he claims New York for Wilson. Tammany is the same old tiger, teeth, claws and all. Woodrow smiles, and Tammany purrs, and everything is lovely, and the goose hangs high.

Woodrow puts Wall Street in the Index Expurgatorius; or that part of Wall Street which is against him. But Murphy? First he scowls, then he endures, then he embraces Murphy.

But where, oh, where, were Diamond Jim Brady, Silver Dollar Sullivan and Battery Dan Finn?

WHY TINKER?

Further explanation of the prohibition amendment to be voted on next Tuesday will not be amiss. The amendment merely and only prohibits importation of intoxicating liquors for "beverage purposes."

The Oregonian is legal authority, that inasmuch as the amendment specifically and only prohibits importations for "beverage purposes," it leaves the way open for importations for therapeutic, medicinal, scientific, sacramental and any other purpose except beverage purposes.

What would be the result of adoption of the amendment? In the absence of legislative enforcement provisions there would be no legal impediment to delivery by an interstate carrier of intoxicating liquors to any person in the quantities now limited by law. If the recipient imported the liquor for beverage purposes, he would have violated the law but there would be no practical way to prove that that was his purpose. And if proved, there is at present no specific penalty prescribed for violation of the law, and none in the amendment.

Adoption of the amendment means that the prohibition issue will again be thrown into the Legislature to occupy its time and distract its attention. Whether there would be any good a law as the existing one after it had been tinkered up to meet the requirements of the new amendment nobody knows. The existing law, if surveys and the word of the prohibitionists themselves may be relied upon, has not been tinkered up to meet the requirements of the new amendment.

LET EUROPE GO TO IT.

President Wilson points to his Tariff Commission as proof that he is preparing the Nation for the trade war which will follow the European war. But his party would benefit him in any serious intention he may have to use the Commission as a means of commercial defense. The small beginnings which he has made in that direction have been denounced by the most influential leaders of his party in Congress—Senator Underwood and Representative Kitchin—and Vice-President Marshall now adds his voice to theirs. He said at Paducah, Ky., on October 13:

We have a Tariff Commission which can and will protect us, but I am not proud of that Tariff Commission. If we truly believe in the brotherhood of man, we should have a blood brother of ours, whether he be Frenchman or Englishman. If we were real Democrats, we would say to the cripples and the orphans of Europe, "If you come to America, we will take care of you. We will give you work, we will give you a home, we will give you a future. We will give you a chance to live like this free world, as the Republicans call it, try these three days in hell."

piration of his term. Mr. Marshall would step into the White House and would carry with him the ideas which he expressed at Paducah. He would urge upon Congress the passage of the tariff bill which he had introduced in conformity with them. "Those ideas are the cardinal doctrine of the Democratic creed, from which the party never wavered until political expediency dictated a pretense of conversion to protection on the eve of an election. It is either awake or wide awake according to its real convictions, especially if Mr. Marshall became its leader."

The only possible assurance of that economic preparedness which is necessary to prosperity in times of peace is to be obtained by the election of Mr. Hughes as President with a Congress controlled by the Republicans, for they believe in the policy of protection, which only some Democrats make a show of believing.

IS IT A GOLD BRICK? Is or is not the Adamson act a gold brick? Let the gentlemen of the brotherhood who are the cardinals of the party fear it may be, consider the dilemma of Grand Chief Engineer Stone, who said in a letter to his organization October 10, 1916:

We are receiving a number of letters requesting definite information regarding the application of the Adamson eight-hour law. We are at a loss to give any definite information on this subject, for we do not know yet just what the law means, and we are waiting for the general chairman with such information as is obtainable in the matter.

"PROVING" A CAMPAIGN LIE.

Some day we may reasonably expect the Portland Journal to reproduce from its own columns in bold and convincing facsimile its famous announcement that the Supreme Court of the state of Washington had gone "wet" by declaring the dry law void. The identical words reprinted from the columns of the Journal are as follows:

"DRY LAW VOID NOT EFFECTIVE BY HIGH COURT OF WASHINGTON. The Supreme Court of the state of Washington last week reached a decision overruling the prohibition law of that state. The Washington Legislature putting state-wide prohibition into effect.—Evening Journal, Dec. 2, 1916."

There you have it; a monstrous, deliberate, inexcusable and palpable newspaper swindle and fraud. Yet it is being quoted in the Oregonian, the Journal's persistent practices for it to declare that the state is now "wet" and the law invalid, to ignore the known and ascertained facts and to prove its allegations by newspaper quotations in other columns.

No less presumptuous and indefensible is the Journal's offensive and cheeky repetition of the exploded falsehood that Mr. Hughes had declared in a public speech at Milwaukee that the whole Democratic legislative accomplishment must be wiped off the books for the good of the country. The only foundation for this declaration is a report of the Milwaukee Herald in a Chicago paper.

To give the color of credibility to the invention, the Journal gives a photographic reproduction of the Chicago newspaper's Milwaukee story—a gross distortion and mutilation of the actual Hughes utterance.

By its pretended acceptance of the Chicago newspaper's account of the Milwaukee affair, the Journal is obliged to discard its own report printed in the Oregonian (September 2, 1916) and containing no reference to the alleged threat by Mr. Hughes. It must ignore every press association's report, every other newspaper account and all the stenographic records.

But these things are easy for such a newspaper.

THE BRAYING OF AN ASS.

Over in Morrow County there is a Democratic newspaper which has never heard of the fifteenth amendment of the United States Constitution. Probably if you would mention "grandfather clause" it would have visions of an old gentleman enumerated with the paws of a wild beast.

From that newspaper, the Heppner Herald, we glean the following illuminating discussion of the negro and mulatto amendment submitted to Oregon voters at this election:

This measure, instigated by the colored people of the state, is intended to give to their efforts without the assistance of but very little of the white population. If passed this would put the work in Oregon on an even political basis with the whites. The idea of allowing this to the voters of Morrow County is a serious one to anyone. We call the attention of the voters of Morrow County to this measure so that they can vote against it in such large numbers as to materially assist the colored people of the state in their efforts to get the measure, that so disgraceful a thing as the negro and mulatto amendment on the Oregon ballot shall never occur again.

This stupendous ignorance is not confined to the Heppner newspaper. The Oregonian has received an earnest request from a subscriber for information as to whether negroes are citizens in Oregon. "Some say they do; others say they do not," writes this inquirer. Now who would have thought it necessary to state that there is and there is not a difference between a citizen because of race or color? Or that mere need be said of this amendment that there is a relic of antebellum days in the Oregon constitution which it is desirable to eliminate because it is a relic of antebellum days.

But the newspaper stands in a light different from that of the ordinary voter. It is supposed to be a mold of public opinion and an accurate exponent of the intelligence of the people. The Heppner has a newspaper which is totally unaware that the boon of freedom and equality grew out of the Civil War, and it is also publishing the threadbare criminal and obvious falsehood that Mr. Hughes advocated repeal of rural credit, Federal reserve and child-labor legislation.

HIGHBROWS.

Offense has been taken by President Hibben, of Princeton, at the use of the term "highbrow," made frequently nowadays and interpreted by him as an expression of scorn of intellectual things. He makes this fierce assault on those who employ the word: "It is generally employed as a weapon of emaciated minds which are content with a range along the level of the trivial and the commonplace." That ought to finish those at whom the good professor aims his shaft. But it is likely to miss a good many who have another concept of the "highbrow" in mind. To most persons it is a pleasurable meant to describe the individual who puts mere books above the humanities; who sets himself in a separate world, as the intellect developed everything and he and his little circle were in possession of most of the supply; and chiefly it applies in this sense to the person whose assumed superiority is not genuine. To borrow words from the English, which the average man means by a "highbrow" is one who puts on intellectual "swank."

The good professor runs in serious danger of classifying himself, without any help from the outside, as a "highbrow." It may be true that there are

persons who are content "dully to range along the dead level of the trivial and the commonplace," but we believe they are not very many. The hidden springs of human ambition are deeper than they seem to the superficial observer. The ready homage that people in all situations pay to the man whose achievements amount to something—when they are made to understand them—is evidence enough that they are either awake or wide awake. But there are so many wisecracks who are not genuinely wise and who solemnly parade their wares before the public, that those who do not possess a nice sense of discrimination sometimes are deceived, and afterward are inclined to be suspicious of all. Unfortunately, we have no law governing the labeling of wisdom.

The use of "highbrow" in its modern sense denotes a "show me" attitude rather than a feeling of contempt for the real thing in attainment. Being called a highbrow is naturally one of the penalties men pay for taking themselves over-seriously. Somehow the judgment of the mass nearly always works around to the right way. Profound knowledge does not make for contempt of one's fellows, and the kind of intellect that holds itself upon a flimsy structure of its own rearing must not complain if occasionally the props are pulled from under it.

THE MAN WITH THE PICK.

Joseph Garrett, a real and pitiful, worries the Democratic spellbinders, worried as much as Mrs. Hanley. They dared not attack Mrs. Hanley, but how they tore into those two pigs which she sold to a Democrat at a price above the current market quotation, using the proceeds to buy a ticket for Portland, where she was to make a political speech. She made one, too, to the great delight of the Democrats. Lucky pigs, to have contributed to so felicitous and useful an enterprise on Mrs. Hanley's part.

Joseph Garrett has spread his name far and throughout Oregon and the Northwest, too. He has a wife and six children, he says, and he works on a railroad as a lowly section hand, and he gets \$2 a day—so he says—or \$3.24 cents per hour, as the record shows. We don't know which is correct. And he works "dam hard."

Joseph Garrett, section hand, is a fearful bugbear to the Democrats and other apologists for the Adamson act. They are afraid of him as they are of him but to deny his existence. So they have to deny him.

But it will not be possible always for President Wilson and all his lackeys following to ignore Joseph Garrett and his 15 1/2 cents per hour and his ten hours or more a day. They have put it over on Joseph once and he will wield his pick and shovel at the same old wage and for the same long and dreary day. Once, but never again; never again.

The neglected 80 per cent of railroad workers are going to have something to say.

PROSPEROUS NOW, BUT LATER—WHAT?

Wool is high, wheat is high, potatoes are high and the produce of the soil is high. He knows that the war has had much to do with high prices, and he knows that the war is the only projective tariff now between him and adversity, persistent and disastrous foreign competition.

The Democratic theory of low prices for the consumer is in radical and permanent opposition to the producer's plea for the highest possible market price. The true interest of the public lies between the extremes.

But the Democratic party is for low prices for all farm products. That is its historic attitude. It has been demonstrated again and again that by its action in placing the following products among others on the free list:

- Bacon
Beans
Butter
Cattle
Corns and cornmeal
Cream
Fats and grease
Flour
Flower and grass
Foods
Fur
Grains
Hams
Lard
Lime
Milk, condensed
Milk, sweetened
Mutton
Pork
Potatoes
Rye and rye flour
Sheep
Tallow
Wool
Wool

Is the resumption of foreign importations after the war in all these products of no concern to the people of Oregon, Washington and Idaho? "He kept us out of war," but what has he done to keep us out of poverty?

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN.

The capacity of Americans for patient study and the mastery of such things will be tested to the utmost in years to come in connection with the movement to promote the study of the Russian language in the United States. Europeans have made the charge that we are a superficial people, that we may not lack a certain brilliancy but we are unwilling to pay the price of substantial intellectual achievement.

It is our patriotic duty to believe they are not the success story of our course as that recently fostered by Mr. Hill for the study of Russian in the University of Washington is problematical. For it does not take a prodigious master of language to grasp the fact that the prospective student has something more than the adventure of a Summer's day ahead of him.

We already have several so-called "translators," and naturally we have been compelled to accept their work at face value, lacking the basic knowledge upon which to criticize. But a Russian critic, who appears to know more of his own language than we do, has recently made a fine and pertinent dictum of the work of Britons and Americans in translating Russian works. He is rendered into English for the Boston Transcript, whose habit it is to range along the level of the trivial and the commonplace, for example, that a recent translation of a work of Chekhov is full of instances in which the mistranslation of a single word has perverted the entire sense of a passage. Thus, he says, "On the other hand, the great dramatist, this translator has made 'ostrov,' an island, while the difficulty of translating certain idioms is such that when Chekhov says—and we have the Boston Transcript's version of the Russian critic's words—"You have been a victim of your environment," he is made to say in the American, "You got out of bed on the wrong side this morning." We wish we had a profound knowledge of Russian ourselves, so that we might follow the subtle idiomatic processes of both languages through which the twist was made, but this is not to be. We must be content with the reflection that it is truer than ever in this study

of all studies that a "little knowledge is a dangerous thing." When we think of the possible consequences of such a blunder on a prospective order for a shipload of Oregon apples or two cargoes of bridge timbers we stand aghast.

It is true that foreigners have a good deal of trouble with our own language and that in our merry way we extract all possible amusement from their misadventures. It is a curious thing that we print specimens of the struggles of others with our idioms in the funny column. But if it is true, as Henri Bergson has said in his "Essay on Laughter," that laughter does in a sense "correct men's manners," then we ourselves are in for a reformation. How Russia will enjoy itself when the first installments of our new efforts begin to arrive on the other side, and how our left ears will tingle—if we happen to realize what it is all about!

We have been a shut-in Nation, so far as non-linguistic accomplishments were concerned. We have made the other fellow learn our language and laughed at him while he was doing it. It looks as if the shoe might be on the other foot for a while.

An expert has figured out why the wheels of a moving vehicle shown on the motion-picture screen sometimes appear to stand still, sometimes to waver between forward and backward and more often to travel backward. The motion picture, as everyone knows, is simply a succession of photographs—taken at the rate of about twenty to the second and each representing an instant of time. The "strobe" of the wheel in the period it takes to make a picture moves to a position almost but not quite where the succeeding spoke stood in picture before. The motion picture, as everyone knows, is simply a succession of photographs—taken at the rate of about twenty to the second and each representing an instant of time. The "strobe" of the wheel in the period it takes to make a picture moves to a position almost but not quite where the succeeding spoke stood in picture before. The motion picture, as everyone knows, is simply a succession of photographs—taken at the rate of about twenty to the second and each representing an instant of time. The "strobe" of the wheel in the period it takes to make a picture moves to a position almost but not quite where the succeeding spoke stood in picture before.

The first voter this year has no idea of Boston what for 24 years ago called "the last Democratic Administration." During the last year of Buchanan's term I got my first lesson in Worcester, Mass. Lake Quinsigamond lies close by the city. The post road did not go up to the middle of the lake on what was called a "floating" bridge. This was replaced with a rock and gravel bridge, which was blasted from the eternal hills that abound there, and it was done by day labor. Because it was a political year the authorities could not get the men for the work for reasons plain to anybody "on" in politics. They paid the men 60 cents a day! Big, strong, able-bodied men, they had to buy were cheap, what there was of them, but 60 cents a day did not go far.

It is within the memory of many men that during the second term of Grover Cleveland they would have been glad to have the money to travel back to the Republic party has done. It is in the histories of the country. I do not tell the first voters how to vote next Tuesday. I ask them to think before they vote.

Farmers and Car Shortage.

There are a great many buyers out contracting grain, potatoes, etc., and usually offer a price on or below present conditions of the market. The price of live stock is also being offered. P. O. B. shipping point, and sign a contract or memorandum to that effect. Some receive a small payment in advance, but do not receive any payment.

(1) How long can the buyer force the producer to hold his product and deliver it? (2) If no payment is made, can the buyer force the seller to deliver after a reasonable delay, say 30 days?

Single Tax Defined.

ALBANY, Or., Nov. 2.—(To the Editor.)—What is single tax, and what is its purpose? —SUBSCRIBER.

Single tax as defined by Henry George contemplates one tax. All public revenue for National, state, county and municipal purposes would be raised by taxing land values irrespective of improvements. Taxes on improvements and personal property, and all forms of direct and indirect taxation, such as tariff duties, interest, profits, etc., would be abolished. The purpose is to take over as taxes that which the user of land must pay to the owner of land either as purchase money or rent; in other words, to make every land user a tenant of the Government.

Interest on Note.

SCOTT'S MILLS, Or., Nov. 2.—(To the Editor.)—(1) A says to B, in the presence of C, "I will give you my note for \$1000 if you will give me your note for \$1000." I don't want any interest, but to make the note legal, put 5 per cent in the note; will knock off the interest when the note is paid. A puts a note in bank for collection. Can bank collect the 5 per cent interest? (2) Is a note legal that bears no interest? —SUBSCRIBER.

THE OREGONIAN'S ADVICE TO VOTERS.

- Single Item Veto—300 Yes; 301 No.
Vote 300 YES.
Ship Tax Exemption—302 Yes; 303 No.
Vote 302 YES.
Negro and Mulatto Suffrage—304 Yes; 305 No.
Vote 304 YES.
Full Rental Value Land Tax (Single Tax)—306 Yes; 307 No.
Vote 307 NO.
Penitentiary Normal School—308 Yes; 309 No.
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Anti-Compulsory Vaccination—310 Yes; 311 No.
Vote 311 NO.
Bill Repealing Sunday-Closing Law—312 Yes; 313 No.
Vote 312 YES.
Permitting Manufacture of Beer—314 Yes; 315 No.
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Prohibition Amendment (Bone Dry)—316 Yes; 317 No.
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Rural Credits Amendment (\$18,000,000 Bonds)—318 Yes; 319 No.
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State-Wide Tax Limitation—320 Yes; 321 No.
Vote 320 YES.

TO THOSE WHO NEVER SUFFERED

First Voters Told of Hardships of Democratic Free Trade. By W. J. CUDDY. Enough attention is not being given the "first voter" this year. Why not start him right? Why not tell the young man about to exercise his right a few things she should know? A young man asked me the other day why the Democratic party was always for free trade. This is what I told him:

The real Democrat is an aristocrat. He believes in but two classes—the rich and the poor. The rich are the men who work for him, serfs in one country, slaves in another, pens elsewhere. He wants no middle class.

The big Democrat is ambitious to be a producer, seller and shipper of raw material. Before the Rebellion it was cotton, with the labor of slaves. His plantations ran into thousands of acres. Now it is corn, wheat, wool, cattle, anything he can ship by carload or railroad, produced by underpaid labor, with immense profits to him.

Each this country open to the sellers of the world he can buy what manufactured goods he needs at lowest prices. These goods are made by cheap labor in other countries.

The big Democrat would live in luxury; his "hands" would simply assist him in his middle class of well-paid workmen; he wants no shops and factories, which would give employment to the sons of his "help" and enable them to rise above the conditions of their parents.

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FUNDAMENTAL LAW MUST STAND

Higher Exemptions of Single Tax Would Be Paid by Consumer. PORTLAND, Nov. 3.—(To the Editor.)—I cannot understand how Mr. U'Ren, the modern Moses, hypnotized the best men in the labor councils with his last single tax measure, so that chalk looks like real flour through the spectacles furnished by U'Ren.

He has always that single tax will abolish land speculation and reduce the price of land. Revenue for public expenses must continue in the same old way, but single tax would call for more tax burdens on the masses.

Why does a landlord buy land now? Why does a merchant rent property? Because the merchant speculates to get back his outlay and a profit. Neither can keep from bankruptcy unless he makes good. Who pays all these items to both? The consumer.

Under single tax the same landlord and merchant will speculate on locations. Who will pay? The consumer. No single tax or any law can modify or repeal fundamental principles. Among these are liberty to select trade markets. No law can dictate where people shall go to trade. If the state owns good locations shall it compete with private owners? Or shall it scale rents and let locations go to the applicant? The latter would cause corruption to disturb our commercial life.

Under single tax large amounts of land could not be bought for more than one's own use, because of the laws of trade. If the state gets them, taxes may go up on the rest and the consumer pays the bill. U'Ren does not promise to reduce taxes nor the high cost of living, but to take the land out of the state and we could not use, so that we may starve on it.

Let us kill this measure five to one and prove that Oregon is safe, sane and bound to protect her good name in no uncertain manner. ROBERT C. WRIGHT.

Family Liquor Imports.

PORTLAND, Nov. 2.—(To the Editor.)—I am over 21 years of age, living with my parents, and I have no other means of support. I am a native-born Oregonian. On these conditions am I entitled to my two quarts of whiskey or 24 quarts of beer every 30 days, as well as either one of my parents? Should I think as I am supporting myself, although living in the same house, I should be entitled to a similar amount? A READER.

The prohibition law states expressly that two members of the same family cannot legally receive more than the two quarts of whiskey or 24 quarts of beer in the allotted period. Courts have not yet interpreted all who may be included in the "family" intended by the law. The Oregonian has confined his investigation to this fact in cases in which husband and wife both send for the limit of liquor, but your case would seem to be included in the prohibition.

Boys, Girls and Grown-ups, Too, Meet These New Characters in the Comic Supplement of The Sunday Oregonian

"Slim Jim" and "Dem Boys" will be introduced to Oregonian readers tomorrow. Turn to the comic section and enjoy their antics. They will be there every week to entertain you. Don't miss their first appearance. And with them you will continue to get the two best comic features existing—"Old Doc Yak" and "Polly and Her Pals."

THESE ALSO IN THE BIG SUNDAY PAPER.

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES—The frontispiece for the Sunday magazine section is a life-size portrait of Charles Evans Hughes, central figure of the strife for a Greater America in the election of November 7. Framed in the National colors, this splendid picture is worthy of preservation.

MEN WHO HAVE LOST THE PRESIDENCY—A tale of the tragedy of defeat, written for the Sunday magazine by John Elfreth Watkins. Good losers and bad ones, leaders who met defeat jauntily or who passed away broken in health and heart. How Henry Clay, often defeated for the Presidency, kept his courage and never lost hope.

FUR FARMS OF ALASKA—Furters in furs are made on the fox farms of Alaska, writes Frank G. Carpenter, traveling correspondent in the Far North. They raise the wonderful silver grays in netted pens, like chickens, and sell the pelts at prices that might well make Midas green with envy. An illustrated Sunday magazine story.

THE SILENT THIRD DEGREE—More subtly torturing than the crude methods of detective fiction is the "silent third degree," that wringing confession from the criminal by merciless mental suggestion. Notable among the cases so treated, says a writer in the Sunday magazine, was that of James B. McNamara, of Los Angeles dynamiting notoriety.

ODD CONTRAST OF FIGHTER AND DANCER—Two Englishmen and how they answered the call of country. There is Vernon Caselle, famous dancer, who literally set his breast against the bayonets and took his chance with the shrapnel and the gas. He may be dead. And there is Freddie Wells, lightweight champion pugilist of the world, who is charged with shirking the trenches to make money in the American ring. He is alive. The Sunday magazine tells about them.

FINDING MODELS FOR FEMINE SINS—It's in America that women most nearly approach the Greek ideal, says Raphael Kirchner, who is typifying the "seven deadly sins" in a series of syndical panels. An interesting article by Barbara Craydon in the Sunday magazine.

THE SCARLET RUNNER—Fourth episode of the immense motoring adventure series, by the Williamsons, in which the Prince is captured. Keep pace with the film dramatization by reading this swift, skillfully told story in the Sunday magazine.

THE TEENIE WENIEES—Grown-ups thought it was a bumble-bee buzzing in the grass, but it was really the little people busy at their sawmill, making timber in preparation for the long, cold winter, foretold by grandpa. You know where to find the Teenie Wenies—turn over.

FIFTY YEARS OF PAPER MAKING—The manufacture of paper is an important and historical Oregon industry. The fifteenth anniversary of the mills at Oregon City is the occasion for an illustrated article.

TRAMPING THROUGH AUTUMN FORESTS—William F. Woodward, prominent Portland business man, with Mrs. Woodward, has just completed a tramping trip in Southern Oregon. He tells the story of their "hike" in an entertaining article, well illustrated.

MORE OLD POEMS—Thousands of readers find great enjoyment in the old-poem page of The Sunday Oregonian. Read more of these favorites, culled from old scrapbooks, tomorrow.

HERBERT KAUFMAN'S PAGE—"A regular fellow" is this noted contributor to the Sunday issue, with an intuitive understanding of the problems that perplex and the issues of success and failure. That's why the thousands read his page, and are helped by it.

THE PORTLAND SCHOOLS—A full page of student gossip and news, edited by class members of the various schools. An entertaining and trustworthy criterion of school progress, appearing every Sunday.

INFORMATION FOR VOTERS—For the information of voters The Oregonian will publish in the Sunday issue a complete sample ballot, together with a list of polling places and other data of election procedure.