Morning Oregonian

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HERE WE GO.

Portland expressed a hearty faith in itself, in Oregon and in the 1925 exposition in the vote registered Saturday. A majority of four to one on a measure submitted to the people is uncommon. Probably in the past the city has indorsed as emphatically some measure on the ballot but only on rare occasions. The ratio was nearly equaled by the vote cast in this county on the soldiers' bonus measure last June, although a smaller percentage of the registered vote was represented on the bonus measure. The state at large on only four occasions has given a four to one or a greater affirmative ratio and only one of those high expressions of approval occurred in the last fifteen years.

While the total vote cast on the measure was just a little under 40 per cent of the registration, it was still not small in comparison with the usual turn-out for a special election. As already indicated, only 35 per cent of the registered vote expressed itself on the bonus measure in the special election last June, although the issue, as the vote indicated, was a popular one with the people. It is, moreover, a peculiar habit of many voters that they will attend the polls to vote for candidates but will not vote on measures of interest and importance.

An example in point was in 1920, the year of a presidential election. The multiple issues of the campaign, national and state, attracted only 68 per cent of the voters to the polls, yet the most popular measure received the affirmative and negative votes of only 52 per cent of the electorate and the least popular only 41 per cent.

It will not be honestly disputed that the vote Saturday represents the sentiment of the entire city. The success of the tax levy was as certain beforehand as a forecast could be. Predictions made as to the ratio of approval to opposition were carried out with surprising exactness. An election whose result is known in advance does not induce as large a vote as one hotly contested, and particularly is this true when weather conditions are unfavorable. They were never worse on an election day in Portland.

The Oregonian looks for almost immediate substantial benefits from the enthusiastic support given the fair by the voters. The great preponderance of faith and approval in this city is an almost certain indication of faith and approval by the people of the state. Despite what a few persist in saying, the folk of one section of the state are not very different from those of another. The same good will toward others, the same pride in achievement, the same aspirations, the same desire for state progress actuate us all. Our only differences are over methods of putting these characteristics in practice. There may be a closer division of opinion over the exposition as a forward step in our progress when the state vote is recorded, but it is reasonable to believe that the opinion of four out of five persons in Portland is pretty well reflected in the minds of those who live elsewhere in the state. It will be believed and the exposition will now be considered a certainty.

The benefits from an exposition are not coincident with the period during which it is held, nor may we look to see preliminary returns confined solely to preparaion for the event. To hold an exposition of the magnitude planned and now approved by one-third of the people, is a courageous undertaking—and courage is contagious. As the soldiers in the trenches best found themselves by contact of shoulder to shoulder, so shall we find ourselves in the knowledge that we are in touch with one another in our confidence in the future. We shall dare to do that which we hesitated to do because we feared that others held not the faith that we hold. Now we know they do. We shall build larger and invest more. We shall advance steadily toward a greater prosperity.

A HERITAGE OF SPORT.

In the popular plot of field and stream the game commission is commonly cast in the role of villain. Wardens are to be tolerated because we couldn't get along without them, but are nevertheless held to be spoilsports and dispensers of abundant gloom. Say what you will, the average citizen with waders on, or buttoned up in hunting khaki, has ever the haunting fear that he may have unwittingly violated some one of the law's many canons. He regards the state game commission and its officers with the same enthusiasm that a misanthropic tomcat has for a Boston terrier.

The fact is that wardens are quite human, with a fondness for briar pipes, tall stories, high-top boots and thick chewing tobacco. Most of them are, oddly enough, in the service for the same reason that we go fishing. And the truth about them and their tasks is that quite inconspicuously they are bending their best efforts to the preservation of sport. That is to say, they find a certain pleasure in repairing the damage wrought by rod and gun—in replenishing our streams and lakes and fields and woods. Were it not for this phase of the warden's work a day would speedily arrive when, from many quests for sport, we should return luckless and discontent. Nature needs sympathetic aid to fill her orders.

An apt illustration of this service to the sportsman is the trout propagation record of the state game commission during the past year. There are so many fishermen in Oregon that statistics, in this instance, should not prove tiresome; and the statistical fact is that the total trout fry planted in 1921 and on hand number 13,671,990 trout. No tiny little fellows such as fall prey to the first predatory fish they meet, to the shambling crawdad, or the flashing kingfishers, but fingerling trout, from four to six inches in length. Of these fry, 7,301,825 were rainbow, 5,094,855 were eastern brook, 849,838 were black-spotted or cutthroat, and 425,473 were steelhead, the latter being released only in the Rogue river.

The eastern brook trout were liberated in the snow waters of the Cascade lakes for the most part, where they will grow as paunchy as aldermen and as pugnacious as marines, though many thousands were used to stock the barren sand lakes that nestle in the dunes of the coast. Brook trout of last season's planting, in similar lakes near Tillamook, had attained a length of nine inches this summer, testifying to the ideal conditions which awaited them in these neglected and beautiful bodies of water. The black-spotted trout and rainbow, natives of the Oregon country, were liberated in such streams as required replenishment. And the stout steelhead, as has been said, went to the Rogue to learn the art of rising to a hackle and the knack of bending a rod double. In a single year the state commission has more than doubled the production of its hatcheries, which means, incidentally, that it has doubled the pleasure of years to come and the possibility for such yarns as anglers are addicted to.

Protection and propagation are twin paladins of sport, and where they are equally administered the sportsman has nothing to fear for the future. Twenty years from now an angler's favorite riffle will be the same alluring place it is today. He will cast with the certainty of a rise, and hook his fish and thrill to see it leap, because the present is looking ahead.

THE FARMERS' INTEREST IN SHIPS.

Chairman Lasker of the shipping board shows by his speech at New York that he has made great progress in learning his job. He realizes that imports are as important as exports to economical operation of ships. Ultra-protectionists are so far from having learned this that their ideal condition seems to be ships going out with full cargoes and returning either in ballast or with commodities which we cannot produce. If they had their way, the American merchant marine would not long survive unless fed with subsidies so heavy as the people would never grant. Great Britain, the greatest shipping nation, owes its pre-eminence largely to balanced cargoes, though inbound tonnage of food and raw materials so far exceeds exports of manufactures that large coal shipments are necessary to fill ships outbound.

There is food for thought by the people of the interior in Mr. Lasker's definition of the relation between interior centers of production and seaports. The people of the middle west who assume that ships concern only the seaboard need to realize that the route by which their products are exported begins only with the railroad and includes the ships by which they are carried oversea to the foreign consumer. Though the bulk of Kansas and Nebraska wheat is consumed in the United States, the price for the whole crop is governed by the price of that part which is exported, and every dollar saved in ocean freight is a dollar more in the farmer's pocket, not only on exports but on domestic sales.

By the same rule the price which a Kansas farmer pays for coffee and sugar is affected by the ocean freight rate, and the rate both on these imports and on wheat exports is higher or lower in the ratio in which the ship is loaded both ways. The man on the prairie and the man on the coast profit alike by having a tariff which equalizes cost of production at home and abroad but still permits the foreigner to compete, for it permits imports which cut down ocean freight, both on what we import and what we export.

The greatest need for permanent maintenance of an American merchant marine is a campaign of education which will teach the people of the interior that they have a direct interest in it as a matter of business, not solely as a matter of sentiment or of defensive policy. Mr. Lasker and his colleagues on the shipping board would do well to make speeches like that in question at Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City or other places where a ship is never seen.

NUTHATCHES IN NOVEMBER.

November's forest is a silent place and golden. Down by the river the cottonwoods are showering the dark, damp earth with treasure, until it is paved as by sunshine. When the mists are heavy over the Columbia and the boughs drip steadily, there is indeed a curious illusion of fair weather and June in the carpet the cottonwoods cast. Both illusion and silence are perfect save for the faint but incessant impact of the dropping leaves and an accompaniment of gossip so light and reedlike that one harkens twice to hear it. The tom-thumbs of the forest are twirling and pranking through the gray branches and the medley of elfin voices is the casual small talk of that gay little bird the nuthatch — gymnast and gypsy.

Of all the feathered folk of the river wood, from swaggering crow to the lesser blue heron and back again, the nuthatch is far and away the most inconspicuous of them all and yet the most ubiquitous. In his jacket of ashen blue, whole flocks of him, he moves through the grieving forest with the inspired agility of some clownish acrobat, yet withal so mildly and self-effacingly that the eye seeks for a moment ere it finds him out. A midget bird in a merry mood, it pleases him to perch head downward on the tree trunk, to twirl pertly about the bough, one instant with his crown saluting heaven, the next with his absurd little tail jauntily affronting the sky. Treemouse, some rural naturalist named him, and a treemouse he is—if a mouse were to sprout feathers and an elfin sense of humor.

People will tell you that the nuthatch is a gymnast perforce and not by way of jest; that his pleasing performance among the cottonwoods has a purpose no less prosaic than bug hunting. They will contend that the bugs are many but small and that tom-thumb has merely adapted himself to the insatiate demands of his private insectarium. This is idle talk, for the hunting of food, as food alone, is a sober business and there is a distinct air of jollity about his researches that gives the lie to the canard. He has solved the secret of contentment—to find joy by the wayside and play in work and work in play. A very proficient philosopher is the pygmy nuthatch.

When the black crow caws men roll their eyes wisely and proclaim him the herald of winter. Doubtless he is, but like many another weather prophet, the forecasts are frequently premature. The idle rogue is well aware of this. Flying south today, in apparent trepidation, he is quite apt to be flying north tomorrow, still insisting that the end of autumn is near at hand. An unreliable bird and a pestiferous, saved by a rude sense of humor from utter gracelessness. It is not so with the nuthatch. One may depend upon him.

Along about this time of year, in the cottonwoods by the river, the treemice are flinging themselves through the bare branches, like so many godless little quakers. You must look twice before you see one and then you are not sure—for he is no longer there. But the talk they are having and the pranks they are playing mean most indisputably that the old year totters. We have the calendar for that, of course, but never was calendar printed that made such pleasant reading. November's forest is a silent place and golden, but not wholly deserted. The nuthatches are there.

HUGHES' DIRECT ACTION.

One name is in the mouths of the people of all nations since November 12—Charles E. Hughes. Before that day he was known to the world at large simply as secretary of state of the United States. He is now known as the man who cut his way straight through the tangle of argument on armament to the point, which was: How much would each nation reduce? He answered on behalf of the United States: "We will reduce so much if you will reduce so much." His idea is that the way to reduce is to reduce, not to talk about it, and that the nation best able to pay for armament should set the pace.

That is the Hughes style of direct action. He followed it in the manner of making his proposals also. The air had been full for months of demands for public sessions of the Washington conference and of plausible reasons why negotiation could not be conducted in that way with the least hope of agreement. Mr. Hughes had his opinion about that, but he did not join in the discussion. The general expectation was that the conference would meet in secret at the start and before considering anything else would decide whether its proceedings should be made public or secret and, if public, in what degree—with the doors wide open or just a bit ajar. Mr. Hughes doubtless knew what the decision would be if reached in that manner, so he took the matter into his own hands and put one over on the apostles of secrecy. At the first session he invited the people in to see and hear. Diplomats of the old guard may have thought this was just to witness a formal ceremony, to hear some pretty but meaningless speeches which would commit nobody to anything, that then the public would be shooed out or that the delegates would retire to a back room, close the doors, set guards at them and begin to dicker in secret. But President Harding had no sooner made his opening speech than Mr. Hughes got down to business. Without consulting the delegates, he laid before them in the hearing of the whole world his staggering proposal to reduce navies and do it now—finish scrapping superfluous ships in three months and build no more for ten years.

The effect was to put objectors among the delegates on the defensive, not only against the American delegates but before the whole world. Millions of overburdened people on every continent saw a prospect of deliverance. The United States, which had most to spend on warships and most to lose by defeat in war, was ready to reduce; why should not their governments? Like Mr. Hughes, the average man is a straight thinker and believes in direct action—not of the I. W. W. kind, but of the American kind. The enemy was beaten; when he lifted his head he was knocked down and dragged off to an island, as was Karl of Hapsburg; then why should the free nations carry so many guns? In substance this is what the average man—millions of him in many lands—said to the delegates at Washington. In a day Mr. Hughes had become far more than the spokesman of the American people; he became the spokesman of all peoples aching to shake off their burdens.

It is interesting to observe the conduct of the delegates from other nations. Mr. Hughes' public announcement was a challenge which they could only answer in public. They were in favor of reducing navies, but in the way to which they were accustomed. That way was to make deals in strict privacy and with due deliberation—an old-world diplomat loves nothing more than deliberation—and they did not know how to adapt themselves to the Hughes style. Mr. Hughes considerately gave them two days to think it over, and during those two days their people thought it over and reached a very prompt conclusion, which was published in newspapers and sent over the cables to Washington. It was expressed in one word: Accept. So they accepted "in spirit and in principle," which phrase left them an opening for dickering, but, as their people know and have approved the Hughes plan, they will not venture to change it much. The speeches in which the foreign delegates replied are an interesting study. They are the language of men called upon suddenly to work in an unfamiliar way.

Mr. Hughes' handling of China's case is no less characteristic of his methods. Other nations have been in the habit of doing things to China without consulting it—taking its territory, making war on Chinese soil to decide which shall have a piece of it, handing over an entire province by treaty against its protest, bullying its government into submission. But Mr. Hughes invited China to the conference on equal terms with the other nations interested in far eastern affairs, to the evident perturbation of Japan. China was to have its say at the same table as other nations. As the United States called the conference, it may have been expected that Mr. Hughes would take the initiative in proposing a policy on which the powers should agree, but as far eastern affairs chiefly concern China, the Chinese delegates were put forward by Mr. Hughes to state in public the principles on which their country's relations with other nations should be based—principles known to be approved by the United States. Then the other nations were called on to state their position, and all accepted the Chinese ten points; they dared not do otherwise. Though these replies to China were made at a private session, they were immediately published and all the powers stand committed before the world.

The Hughes method is to go after what he wants in the most direct way. That flustered the diplomats, with whom he would have to contend under a handicap if he followed their methods. He saw that, in order to accomplish more than a compromise which would mark no real progress either in arms limitation or in a far eastern settlement, he must enlist support of some compelling force. He doubtless knew that the peoples as distinguished from the politicians of other nations wanted just what he, acting for the American people, wants. He therefore forced proceedings into the open. The result is that the contest in the conference, instead of being the United States against the field, is the United States and all the nations against the field, which consists of a group of bewildered diplomats.

By this course Mr. Hughes has also guarded in advance against having his work mangled or undone by the senate. By strictly limiting secrecy, he keeps public opinion informed from the start on what is being done, rallies it to his support and carries it along with him. A public opinion thus informed and drawn into cohesion cannot be turned by a Johnson, a Borah or a Reed. Through Senators Lodge and Underwood, as liaison officers, Mr. Hughes will keep posted on sentiment in the senate and will keep the senate informed on conference doings, but he will mainly rely for ratification of decisions on the public opinion of the American people, which will constantly say to the senate: "Ratify," and that call will be re-echoed from around the world.

Mr. Hughes grasps an idea, puts in practical form and makes it a fact, by sensing what the people want and what they think. By clear thinking and firm, straight action he has done more in nine days to lead us out of the wilderness into which war led us than did all the wise men who mulled over treaties for months at Paris.

The great powers have a sure check on naval expansion by the small powers for the United States. Great Britain and France will hereafter produce almost all the steel in the world and will hold down Germany, the only other important steel producer, to the terms of the treaties which permit only coast defense vessels. An embargo on export of steel would be an effective check till new sources of supply are developed.

Almost three months have passed since congress enacted the law authorizing loan of a billion dollars to farmers, and so far the war finance corporation has made loans of only a little over $30,000,000. Either the corporation is slow to act or the farmers do not need the money.

One gets an idea of limitation in the news that the superdreadnought West Virginia, launched Saturday, will be scrapped under the agreement. She was planned to be almost invulnerable to torpedo and other attack.

Naturally Japan objects to discussion at the Washington conference of such "minor matters" as Shantung, Manchuria and the twenty-one demands. It would be embarrassing, even to the nimble wit of Nippon.

Portland has learned to expect a rainstorm in the third week of November, but this is rather early in the season for a silver thaw, yet it is better now than when the trees are in bud.

It used to be said that bulk shipment of wheat from Portland to go through the tropics was impracticable, but it has become the habit.

Now that we've had book week and children's book week, why not put on a borrowed book week and return them to their owners?

If the wife of the governor of Nebraska continues, she will be able to qualify to write a cookbook for young wives.

American admirers are making Marshal Foch's welcome too strenuous and the warrior is to be allowed more rest.

The first effect of the fair came before the votes were counted—plans for a twelve-story hotel.

In the controversy in the school board something may be released for publication unintentionally.

Madeira will have interest for the American tourist who would see royalty in exile.

Brisk fires in stove and grate will help take some of the "silver" out of the thaw.

A prisoner who breaks jail during this kind of weather is "foolish in the head."

Would not yesterday have been a grand day for a hike by the Mazamas?

The sinner does well to stand in a slippery place. The good man falls.

With apologies to the Grangers. Drop in during June.

Eating turkey may be like biting money.

Yes, Portland wants that fair.

Go 'way, thaw!

EARNINGS OF RAILWAY GROUP

Stock Dividends for 1920 Analyzed in Response to Request.

SISTERS, Or., Nov. 17.—(To the Editor.)—I have read all your editorials regarding the railroad situation and have come to regard The Oregonian as an authority on railroads. Therefore I was somewhat taken aback when I read an editorial statement in a farm paper in whose opinions I had also come to have some confidence. The statement from which I will quote is given a prominent place on the front page of the paper and is printed in large type. It is in part as follows:

The official records show that the roads in this great western group paid in dividends in 1920 on their preferred and common stock an average of nearly 7 per cent, to be exact 6.81 per cent. These dividend payments amounted to the magnificent sum of $144,640,729. The heads of these western railroads may say that, while that is true, only $107,000,000 of the sum paid in dividends was earnings of 1920, but that $30,827,408 was taken from surplus or savings of past years. On the face of the returns, that is true, but when we get behind the juggling bookkeeping we find that it is not true. The official figures show that while $30,827,408 was taken for dividends from the surplus, at the same time and in the same year the same roads, in the aggregate, put back into surplus $99,196,120. In other words in the aggregate their surplus or savings account after payment of nearly 7 per cent in dividends was $62,368,712 better off at the end of 1920 than it was at the beginning of the year.

The editorial from which this quotation is taken was headed in large type: "Western Roads Make Money." Figures are adroitly juggled to indicate heavy losses. Is the above statement a true statement of facts? Are the figures upon which the interstate commerce commission base their decisions juggled? If so, why are the jugglers not brought to book?

By a simple process of arithmetic we can find that if the editorial in question is a true statement of the facts the net earnings of the western group of roads was nearly 13 per cent in 1920. If these roads are earning 12 per cent why do the freight rates stay high? Please publish and answer questions. AN INQUIRER.

Apparently the western group referred to is that established by the interstate commerce commission in advancing rates, which extends from the Mississippi river to the Pacific coast, but does not include the southwest. Reports from all roads in this group are not available, but those of the four great transcontinental roads—Northern Pacific, Great Northern, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific—will serve to test the accuracy of the conclusions drawn in the article quoted. For these four roads the aggregate paid in dividends was $79,253,971, surplus remaining $17,157,657. Against this surplus there was expended in additions and betterments $46,243,442, which was either taken from surplus or borrowed.

During six months of 1920 the roads received a guaranteed income from the government, being paid the amount by which their net operating income fell short of the standard return fixed by the federal control act. For this period the Great Northern reports a deficit on the guaranty, but does not state the amount; the Union Pacific reports a deficit of $4,661,444, the Southern Pacific a deficit of $20,490,427; the Northern Pacific a deficit of $1,238,010. Dividends paid were: Union Pacific 4 per cent on preferred, 10 per cent on common stock; Southern Pacific 6 per cent; Northern Pacific and Great Northern 7 per cent. The roads were enabled to pay these dividends by the government guaranty and by income on investment of surplus from former years and from other property.

The guaranty period expired on September 1, 1920, when trade depression had set in, and since that date earnings have fallen off seriously, having been only 2.6 per cent for the eight months ending August 31, 1921, for all class 1 roads in the United States. They have no guaranty—nothing but instructions from congress to the interstate commission to fix rates which will pay 6 per cent. If its judgment should prove at fault, the railroads fall short. In order to pay the usual dividends this year the roads will have to dip deep into their surplus.

Railroad accounts are kept in a manner directed by the interstate commerce commission and are audited by the commission's accountants. We have no reason to believe that the commission juggles accounts or permits the railroads to juggle them.

NOT EASY TO ENFORCE DRY LAW

Though Imperfectly Executed Prohibition Is a Triumph.

UNIVERSITY PARK, Or., Nov. 18.—(To the Editor.)—What has just been said through correspondence and a well written editorial in The Oregonian appropos of prohibition in its enforcement, prompts to a few words of comment. We are to remember what the law has to meet in being executed. First, the craving appetites of men, which have been fed and increasingly so, as appetite today is not satisfied with its supply yesterday. It is not to be wondered at that appetite has evaded the law. Secondly, a vast amount of money was invested in the business, and capital is reluctant to go out of business. Thirdly, man is proud of what he calls his personal liberty, and easily resents what he deems an assault upon his personal rights. Conscience is elastic enough for drinkers to invoke its aid to cling to their cups. In view of these true considerations who will not be surprised that the law of prohibition has been creditably enforced? To evade the law surely is lawlessness which is the menace today of our institutions and flag.

Things do move. I hurrahed when a boy for Fremont, and when he was defeated for the presidency I cried over the situation of freedom in America, but I had to live only a decade of years to hurrah over the death of slavery itself under our flag. I never expected to witness the triumph of prohibition in our land as I now behold. Yet emancipation has been followed by indignities to the blacks in depriving them of the vote and lynching horrid to contemplate.

What the law is imperfectly put into effect is a bugle call upon all, even those who have loved strong drink and those who sold it is to make money rather than drunkards to put purpose into actuality.

B. J. HOADLEY.

TREES OF THE NORTHWEST.

Oh! forests of the Northwest,
So strong and straight and true,
Give my soul that wondrous strength
That seems to belong to you.

Who sees your splendid symmetry
Oh! cedar, fir and spruce,
Must feel inspired by the beauty
That serves so great a use.

Teach us the secret of your strength,
Your power that fear no storm,
A faith that keeps you always straight,
Superb and true to form.

—ELINORE B. WHITE.

Those Who Come and Go.

Tales of Folks at the Hotels.

Due to the unexpected snow storms that have blockaded the trains eastbound over the North Bank and O.-W. R. & N. roads, many eastern Oregon and Washington business men, ranchers and stock men are wondering how they are going to get back to their respective homes. Snow drifts and slides on the lines running parallel with the Columbia river have tied up transpogtation. Among those at the Imperial who yesterday were worried and anxious to return home was W. T. Matlock of Heppner. "I have two bands of sheep out in the storm and I do not know whether I am going to get back home and take care of them or not. Sheep cannot survive a bad storm like the one that is reported in eastern Oregon unless they have food and shelter from the elements." Mr. Matlock brought his family to Portland for the winter, but will return to eastern Oregon as soon as the weather conditions permit.

"Pat" Mahaffey, banker and stockman of Bend, who used to be in the office of the county clerk under the administration of John B. Coffey, is at the Oregon with Mrs. Mahaffey. Yesterday he attempted to establish telephone communication with Bend to learn the weather conditions, but found that the wires had been broken down by the storm. Mr. and Mrs. Mahaffey drove down from Bend, and they are now perplexed to determine how they are going to be able to drive a machine back to the central Oregon country. Pat and John Cochran met in the Imperial yesterday afternoon and the central Oregon booster was telling about storms that he had been through in Bend. "Why, John, a couple years ago we had a snow storm that filled the streets to armpit depth," he said. "What are you trying to do," inquired Cochran, "encourage settlers to go to your country?"

Frank Davey, whose face is as familiar in Salem as the state capitol is in Portland with Mrs. Davey and they are stopping at the Imperial. Mr. Davey is working for the state insurance commissioner and is here to investigate insurance conditions. He has been a member of the state legislature, and has held many positions with the state government since the days when he was known as the "Sage of Burns" and held the government land office there.

Boosting is the hobby of E. N. Hurd, mayor of Seaside, and this trait of character has been responsible for Seaside being a real live city. Under Mr. Hurd's administration as mayor a sea wall has been built along the beach, cement walks have taken the place of the old board walks and the city has advanced and prospered. Mr. Hurd was a member of the last legislature and is one of the state's foremost workers for improved highways. He is at the Imperial.

"I congratulate myself to be a resident of the Willamette valley, where I do not have to worry greatly about snow storms," said R. H. Wood, hop growar of Dayton. He is in the city and is registered at the Oregon. He boosted the Willamette valley yesterday when he heard the complaints of eastern Oregon men who are snow bound in Portland and unable to reach their homes.

"I've been missing things lately," said Milton E. Taylor of Berkeley, Cal., when he looked out into a downpour of rain from the lobby of the Multnomah hotel. "I came north and missed the California-Stanford football game. Here I expected to go over the Columbia River highway, but no such luck—the storm's too great for a Californian to venture out in."

Dr. and Mrs. E. Nelson Newlin of Astoria drove up to Portland Saturday and registered at the Imperial. Yesterday they were wondering whether they had better leave their automobile here and go back by train, as they were rather skeptical regarding the condition of the Lower Columbia River highway.

Fred B. Rivers, who last year was secretary of the Seattle baseball club under William Klepper, who now is one of the owners of the Portland Beavers, is registered at the Imperial. Mr. Rivers will soon become a citizen of Portland, as it is certain that he is to come here as secretary of the Beavers.

F. R. Beals is mixed up in so many enterprises of benefit to his home city of Tillamook that it is difficult to state just what his business is. His stock took prizes at the recent livestock show, held in Portland. He is a rancher, a banker, a real estate man and a livestock breeder. He is at the Imperial.

C. B. McConnell, one of the leading citizens of central Oregon and a resident of Burns, was at the Imperial yesterday. It was Mr. McConnell who made the surveys of the Silvies River and Silver Creek irrigation projects. He is now engaged in operating the latter project.

Oregon climate boosters took a day off yesterday around the Portland hotels and were busy explaining to easterners and tourists that the storm was just one of Portland's "beautiful" silver thaws, and that if it cleared up and the sun came out it would be a great sight to see.

"I told you so—Oregon's old fight prevented defeat at the hands of Oregon Agricultural college Saturday," declared Lyman Rice, Pendleton banker and University of Oregon graduate, at the Benson yesterday. Rice is a member of the state soldiers' bonus commission and is in Portland to attend a meeting of the organization.

Despite the rain and the storm there was one hapy man at the Multnomah hotel yesterday. That was Dr. Frederick V. Fisher, who has been active in the campaign for the 1925 fair tax. Mr. Fisher came from Idaho to aid the campaign committee in its fight.

Robert S. Eakin, an attorney of La Grande, is at the Imperial. Mr. Eakin is the son of the late Justice Eakin of the state supreme bench, and following his graduation from law school he took up his practice in the city of La Grande.

Sam Motherhead, former receiver of the land office at Burns and prominent democrat of central Oregon, is in Portland. He recently lost his position in the land office when J. J. Donegan was appointed under the Harding administration.

E. B. Hughes of Astoria, county coroner of Clatsop county and a member of the state board of examiners for embalmers, is at the Imperial hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Johnson of Salem are registered at the Imperial. Mr. Johnson is in the furnishing business in the capital city.

Mrs. J. H. Upton of Prineville, wife of Jay Upton, state senator, is registered at the Benson.

E. P. Merrick of Medford was registered at the Imperial yesterday.

George H. Snell and C. L. Ralliff, leading citizens of Walla Walla, Wash., are at the Oregon hotel.

J. R. Wyatt, an attorney of Albany, is at the Oregon.

Burroughs Nature Club.

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Can You Answer These Questions?

1. How long have domesticated fowls been known?

2. How long does a bee live whose sting is gone?

3. A recent newspaper article described apparent accelerated sympathetic movement of gold fishes in a pond near which a band was playing. In the same pond were trout which seemed unresponsive. Should this reaction of the gold fish be attributed to the music or the effect of sound waves?

Answers in tomorrow's nature notes.

* * *

Answers to Previous Questions.

1. How many eggs do sea gulls lay, and do the young take care of themselves?

From two to three eggs is the usual number, but four are sometimes found. The eggs are a greenish, or grayish, or sort of buffy color, spotted with brown or black. The young are fed by parents and stay in the nest at first.

* * *

2. Do male and female fishes have different coats, like birds?

Some species differ, the male having bright colors and more prominent fins. Generally speaking the appearance of the two sexes is similar. At the approach of the breeding season, however, some species of fishes show brighter colors on the male.

* * *

3. How does a spreadhead or copperhead snake look?

We do not know the spreadhead, but fancy either the flatheaded adder, a hognosed snake, may be meant or the "chunkhead" also called copperhead and "rattlesnake pilot," described in yesterday's notes. Copperhead and chunkhead are the same, and are poisonous. The flatheaded adder or puff adder, or common hognosed snake is over a yard long, and may be brown, reddish or yellow, with irregular markings of black or brown on the back, with half-rings of dark on tail. Middle of abdomen yellow or greenish. They vary a good deal in color, some being quite brick-red. Not poisonous.

SCHOOL CONNECTION EMPHASIZED

Director Thinks Too Much Stress Put on Phase of Vice Scandal.

PORTLAND, Nov. 19.—(To the Editor.)—This is not a protest, but an appeal. During the past week public prints in our city and throughout our state have carried headlines reading:

"Vice Scandal Hits Benson Polytechnic."

"The Benson Polytechnic Scandal."

"Alleged Vice Ring at Benson Polytechnic."

"Youths in Benson Polytechnic Scandal Sentenced to Jail."

"Two More Benson Students Are Suspended."

Two youths are under sentence, four, possibly more, are implicated and as many young girls, in a moral lapse which has received just condemnation from all decent-minded people has been judicially treated by an upright judge.

There are 1500 youths attending Benson Polytechnic school. The writer has stood before them in assembly on many occasions. A fine, upstanding student body, the citizens of tomorrow.

Why in a disclosure such as has taken much news space, and properly let us admit, in our papers, should the public, the high schools, the technical school, be always headlined with it? In reason could not the church which these youths attended, granting they did, or the section of the city from which they came, be used as a means of identification and with as much justice.

Recently appeared this headline: "High School Students Read Trashy Magazines." Do the students at high schools read them any more than those at private schools? Or as much as their fathers and mothers?

This filthy publication to which reference has been made is sold openly on street corners, at news-stands by adults, and at last reaches our high schools, no note being taken of the matter apparently until watchful teachers and principals bring the matter to light.

Our public schools are not sacrosanct. The children who attend are a cross section of the nation's citizenship in the making. They should not be played as favorites, but should receive constructive criticism and certainly whole-hearted support. And your paper and other papers throughout our city and land give of this again and again freely and helpfully—witness the page and more you extend each Sunday to the throbbing, helpful activities of the same public schools.

And so these words are not penned in a spirit of recrimination, but merely as a plea that the delinquency of parents should be emphasized rather than the public schools, for superintendent, principal and teacher alike are engaged each day in meeting these very problems, endeavoring to overcome them; problems to which the parent too often gives no thought or heed.

WILLIAM F. WOODWARD.

It seems to The Oregonian that those parents who by precept and example instill high ideals into their children ought to be gratified to learn that teachers and school authorities are alert regarding the morals of those children whose home training is slack. It is a high compliment to the schools that vice and immoral literature are not tolerated, and The Oregonian did, just as Mr. Woodward suggests, emphasize the delinquency of parents which commonly attends the moral defection of children.

The most natural inference from publication of the articles referred to is that children who leave home clean are not to be contaminated by unclean pupils if the school authorities, by rigid supervision and quick action, can prevent it. The result of suppression of public school interest in incidents of the kind would be circulation of rumors and exaggerations, with a resulting breakdown of confidence.

Origin of Manx Cats.

GERVAIS, Or., Nov. 17.—(To the Editor.)—(1) Where did the Manx cat originate? Are there different colors? (2) Are they supposed to be better mousers than other cats? R. C.

(1) The origin of Manx cats is now attributed to the arrival of these cats on the Isle of Man from ships belonging to the Spanish armada that were wrecked there. They were probably brought from Japan or eastern Asia. They are a distinct species with short forelegs and elevated hindquarters, and differ from other cats somewhat in call, ways and character. They vary in color.

(2.) There is no printed authority for the Manx cat's merit as a mouser, but people who have owned them for long periods say they are not good mousers or hunters. In character they are rather similar to a dog, being highly companionable and having some of the qualities of a guardian, but they are not considered hunters in any sense of the word.

More Truth Than Poetry.

By James J. Montague.

"Oxygen men should marry nitrogen women."—Dr. R. Kendrick Smith of Boston.

THE CHEMICAL UNION.

Oh, lovely, nitrogenous lady,
Each oxygen atom in me
With love is aflame, and demands
that you name
The day when our wedding shall be.
Yea! even the tiny electrons
Of which the said atoms are built,
Would droop in despair if a maiden
so fair
Were to prove a perfidious jilt.
So hark to my passionate pleading,
Let our hearts and our souls have
communion—
With never a sigh as the years
hasten by—
In a perfectly chemical union.

I wedded, before I had wisdom,
A maid of the oxygen sort,
Our marital life was a record of strife
Which ended, of course, in a court.
Identical atoms composed us,
Our wants were exactly the same.
It's a fatuous plan for an oxygen
man
To marry a nitrogen dame.
We both wanted fat for our dinner,
Unlike Mr. Spratt and his spouse,
And for seven long years, filled with
curses and tears,
Our rows made a wreck of the
house.

But you're a nitrogenous maiden;
Your atoms are friendly with mine;
For the fat I'll be keen; you'll be
strong for the lean,
And our dinners will all be divine.
We'll dwell in delightful contentment,
According to chemical law,
And our joys will increase in molecular peace,
With never the sign of a flaw.
So prithee, accept my proposal,
Send me word that you'll surely be
mine.
We'll be happy through life as a husband and wife,
For our atoms will get along fine.

* * *

We'd Rather Be Alive.

We learn that a new tenor is eager to take Caruso's place for much less money. To paraphrase the late Charles H. Hoyt, we wouldn't take it for all the money in the world.

* * *

No Lesson.

As far as we are able to observe, an election proves only that somebody has been elected.

* * *

Obliging.

We take it from M. Briand's remarks that France is perfectly willing to disarm if disarming doesn't mean any limitation of her armaments.

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In Other Days.

Twenty-Five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian, November 21, 1896.

The American Legion is the title of an organization which Major Cicero Newell hopes will become widespread in Oregon and throughout the country.

Snow began to fall during the forenoon yesterday and kept it up briskly for several hours, clinging to the frozen ground with never a sign of thaw.

Atlantic Highlands, N. J.—The monitor Terror did today what no other ship in the United States ever did. She fired solid shot at sea from her 10-inch guns in one volley.

The Santiam river was reported to have been higher last week than since the flood of 1891.

Fifty Years Ago.

From The Oregonian, November 21, 1871.

The British government has granted a pension of 500 pounds to the children of Dr. Livingstone, the explorer. Livingstone when last heard from, was slowly making his way towards the coast.

There are 245 school children in Olympia.

J. B. Harker has started up his large flouring mill at Dayton.

Workmen commenced yesterday to drive the piles for the foundations of Halsey's hotel at the corner of F and First streets.

WILSON'S MOST SINGULAR FEAT

Adulation of Tumulty Credits Him With Impossible Deed.

NAMPA, Idaho, Nov. 18.—(To the Editor.)—I have read with much interest the Tumulty series of articles concerning his associations with Mr. Wilson. I noticed in the installment of November 16 in his description of Mr. Wilson's fight to bring to success the enactment of the federal reserve banking law, Mr. Tumulty used this sentence:

"It was obvious to Mr. Wilson from the outset that insurmountable obstacles and difficulties lay in his path, but he brushed them aside as if they were the most inconsequential things."

Now Webster defines "insurmountable" as "not to be sur