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ON GENERAL PRINCIPLES.
The filing of the city's reply brief in the telephone rate case brings a protracted re-hearing to a close. If there is anything more to be done before the public service commission settles down to consideration of the testimony...

It is apparent from a review of the briefs that notwithstanding the great volume of testimony, expert and otherwise, and the learned disquisitions of counsel, scientific re-creation, so far as the public is concerned, as a trifling matter complicated than international disarmament.

The telephone rate which was fixed by the state commission with design to yield the company a better return on its investment is founded on a variety of speculations, assumptions and calculations. The valuation of property is in itself more or less of an arbitrary calculation.

Part of this property and part of employees' time are devoted to long-distance or toll work. The adequacy of toll rates is being in question, the value of property and labor devoted to exchange purposes must needs be segregated, and that, too, can be done only by assumption and calculation.

To determine net returns one of the elements deducted was a percentage for depreciation and that, too, can be done only by assumption and calculation.

The local company pays out of its gross receipts 1 1/2 per cent to the parent company for certain "services," and to determine the actual value of such services for purposes of deduction from gross receipts another complicated calculation, replete with assumptions, was required.

To cap it all, further speculation was required as to what an increased rate would yield.

Out of this series of speculations, calculations and assumptions the commission arrived at what for exchange telephone service is an earnestly devoted itself to the problem is not herein denied, but the law put upon the commission an impossible task when it assumed that a commission with limited limitations could determine a scientific rate for a company which seems to have been organized for the purpose of defeating any such attempt.

But the law is the law and the commission acted. Now the city has St. George against the telephone dragon with a great deal of valor, determination and learning. But the main thing it has presented here to do with the strategy of the commission's speculations, assumptions and calculations. It has indeed endeavored to show that the company is top-heavy with officials, extravagant in its operations, unprogressive in installation of improvements and labor-saving devices, that it is controlled and manipulated by a company with headquarters 3000 miles away. But the finger cannot be put on a single definite element that discloses error in the rate.

A shrewd and possible, and legal, the state commission views of the admissions and showings made, would be justified in throwing overboard most of record and in deciding the case on general principles.

An utility which so scrambles its affairs that it is immune from that positive determination of net profits by a publicly created body, to which other utilities submit themselves, it would seem, is not entitled in justice to apply for relief until it has unscrambled. To unscramble telephone properties would not dispose of all necessity for calculation, but a vast amount of obscurity would be relieved and if it were then found to be deserving of higher rates they would be paid with better grace. The suspicion, whether justified or not, that large profits to the Western Electric company, which exclusively furnishes the local company with its supplies, and undue profits to the American Telephone & Telegraph company, which owns 73.5 per cent of the stock of the local company, as well as the profits of the local company, are assured out of the rates charged subscribers to exchange telephone service, would be definitely allayed.

There are certain general aspects of the case that stand out above all the technicalities and learned disquisitions presented by experts and lawyers. They are that at a time of declining prices telephone rates were increased 50 per cent; that allowance had been made in earlier findings of the commission for advanced costs of labor and materials; that Portland rates are higher than

maker seemed stuck to his last. Mr. Ford's last seems to be mechanics, organization, short cuts which do away with waste. If he sticks to it, he may effect economy, increase production and discover wasted sources of food and comfort which will astonish the world. The kind memory may wipe out the record of his excursion into peace propaganda, politics and race antagonism.

GOLD RESERVE SYSTEM FOR EUROPE.
A cure for the paper money disease from which central Europe is suffering has been proposed by Frank A. Vanderlip, who was the first noted American to study economic conditions of the continent and to tell the American people that their own property depended on finding a remedy. He proposed to establish, probably under charter from the league of nations, an international gold reserve bank with branches in all countries of central Europe on the same general plan as the federal reserve banks of the United States.

According to a Vienna dispatch to the London Times, this bank would contain its capital in gold, chiefly from this country and would issue notes in a fixed ratio to its gold reserve. It would deal only with governments and other banks, its profits would be limited and its shares over the time would be paid to the governments. It would be tax-free and would be guaranteed against legislation interfering with contracts payable in its notes. Its notes would be legal tender in its territory and would be used as a uniform value. They are expected to replace the present depreciated currency in circulation, but how the latter would be redeemed is not stated.

If this plan should be put in operation, it should have great influence in reviving trade with Europe. Federal reserve banks have a great surplus of gold, which could be loaned to the central bank to provide central Europe with sound, stable currency. An American exporter cannot sell goods to be paid for six months hence in depreciated currency, and the foreigner cannot buy much the latter may be worth in dollars; his sale is practically a speculation in foreign exchange. The effect is the same on importers and on European business, whether imported goods are sold in dollars or the dollar would be stable would stop business moving.

THE RESULTS OF THE EXPERIMENTS now being conducted by the battleship Ohio in New York harbor are fraught with possibilities for the safety of commerce such as have attended no development in navigation since the radio was invented. The Ohio moves on no warlike mission as she steams through the tortuous channel from the ocean into the bay. She has been stripped of her guns and her armament is limited to instruments of peace. Through her performances it is that ship will be enabled to find their way in and out of port in the densest fog.

THE PRINCIPLE OF THE NEW DEVICE is simple. The vessel is lighted from the bottom of the channel longitudinally along the course, that vessels ought to follow. From a powerful generator on shore a current is sent through the cable that causes a rumbling sound such as is sometimes heard from telegraph wires in city streets. But since the sound cannot be measured with precision by the human ear, special detectors are employed—an adaptation of the device used during the war for spotting submarines. With one receiver on each side of the vessel's keel, and a pilot is able to keep the vessel on her true course and bring her safe to port.

THE SUCCESS OF THE SUBMARINE cable and the recent high development of the new fog cable suggest uses for the new fog cable almost as extensive as that of the lightning, which in some thirty centuries has hardly kept pace with the progress of invention in other fields. It is proposed, for example, to guard our dangerous headlands and shoals with fog cables as to give every ship approaching them full warning of their proximity. With such a device installed at a few points on the Pacific coast, and with a law requiring every vessel to equip themselves with sound detectors, as they are now compelled in certain instances to carry radio apparatus, wrecks like those which have been so destructive of human life off the coast of California would be a thing of the past. Fog has its terrors for shipmasters elsewhere than at harbor entrances, as tragic events have proved.

HEMISIS IS AFTER WELLS.
H. G. Wells, the priest, prophet and scribe of socialism, collectivism, and the use of all the other abstractions, compounded to make up what he calls "the coming sanity," has aroused a Nemesis—not the furious, scowling Nemesis of mythology, but a good-humored, and a contemporary Nemesis who makes the whole world laugh as he uses Wells for a butt. He playfully tears holes in the solemn pretensions with which Wells has robbed himself and exposes the Wells philosophy as "preposterous fallacy and vasty vulgarities." This is done in letters addressed in friendly familiarity to "My dear Wells," which was justified by former friendship. The Nemesis is Henry Arthur Jones, the English playwright and author. The first of the letters were published in the London Evening Standard and New York Sunday Times. All are now published in book form under the novel title, "My Dear Wells."

WELLS' EARLY IN THE controversy, which began with Jones' dissecting of Wells' "Russia in the Shadows," and continued with similar treatment of Wells' denunciation of a speech on bolshevism by Winston Churchill, Wells lost his temper and began stringing epithets at his antagonist. He said Jones lied and ranted, was an "excited imbecile," an "out-and-out liar," "a damned thing," "a barking cur," "distinguished and middle-headed." Jones collected his letters for publication in book form and sent the preface to Wells in advance. Wells wrote a letter to the publishers which took as a threat of suit for libel, and they deferred publication while Jones considered their request that he assume liability for the result. A suit and carried on a further lively controversy with Wells which put the world reformer in the pillory

of public ridicule and suppressed thought of legal hostilities. In the letter which doubtless prompted Wells to be thus discreet Jones refreshed Wells' memory as to the "vivid terms of personal abuse" the philosopher had used and reminded him that he (Jones) "took it all very good naturedly," "did not retort in kind" or threaten action for libel, but "treasured your epithets as examples of your method in controversy, as a measure of your prowess of argument." He said: "I vainly implored you to substitute reason for abuse. I continued to coax and admonish you, and I patted you on the back whenever you showed some glimmering of insight into the social problems that are perplexing the world."

JONES cannot believe that after Wells' own magnificent performance in vituperation, he intends to sue. Wells might be asked to justify his "vicious personal attack on" Winston Churchill and his "succinctly phrased definition of your eminent statistical Fabian brother (Sidney Webb) as a rotten little insect, egotistical intriguer." Then the tormentor said:

"Think of your pockets, my dear Wells, these stratagems. The last was a trick, and I spent my substance for a few senseless words to make you look as the witness was."

JONES would not make it if challenged to appear before a British or American jury, but to avoid an anti-libel suit he offered Wells his full permission "to stand in any public place and at the top of your lungs, as long as you please" to call him all the names and epithets he liked, "together with any further ultra-mentionable vilifications of me that may serve to relieve your feelings," and he added: "And I solemnly pledge myself not to take the least notice of you."

JONES also offered to withdraw from his book "any passage which in the opinion of some unbiased and qualified judges is clearly beyond the limits of legitimate argument, fair comment or admissible satire."

This offer was not accepted and Jones placed Wells in the literary pillory with the latter's tacit consent. He adopts the attitude of a kind, patient but unrelenting tutor to a muddled schoolboy and turns out the tribute of an enthusiastic admirer that "Wells today is thinking for half Europe."

THE PROPHETIC AND BUREAU OF the half of Europe which is thinking for itself. This moves Jones' friend, Spoforth, to remark: "Now we know why Europe is in such a mess," and that "it doesn't do any good to think for yourself." Jones defines Wells' thinking as "a flaccid compound of vasy vague phrases and enticing catchwords," and he proceeds to prove it by picking to pieces the Wells theories and the inside of Wells' head.

WELLS has long been the vogue and is hailed as a seer by those who do not think for themselves. Jones brings him up short and shows him that a very fallible human being who framed theories without the least regard for facts and who passes them off on the unthinking by dressing them up in high-sounding but unmeaning phrases. Jones will help Europe to think its way back to normalcy.

THE GOVERNOR, who has called the special legislative session, the 1925 fair management which asked that it be convened, and the public need not be thrown into any special fever of excitement over the astounding discovery of a contemporary that the session cannot be held until the vacancy in the senate caused by the death of Mr. Hume is filled by special election. It is no new situation, but the government has continued to function in the same old groove. There is no constitutional provision that requires a legislature may meet ninety duly qualified members shall be eligible to seats, or in their seats; but the constitution explicitly authorizes the governor to call a special session, and it is his duty to do so if he chooses to postpone for the present any plan for an expensive and useless special election to fill a vacancy. He will have acted wisely and within his prerogatives, and there is nothing to be done about it.

THE Sudden death of Mr. Fred S. Stimson will be noted with deep regret throughout the Pacific northwest for his useful activities covered a wide range and he was well known in Washington by a broader circle of pure stock, a farmer, a drayman, a lumberman, a financier, and a leader of affairs in city and state; in Oregon he was president of the Pacific International Livestock exposition in Washington he was a broader of the Oregonian had recent occasion to commend the service of Mr. Stimson in connection with the exposition and the livestock industry, for it disclosed the breadth of his vision and the great scope of his interest. It should be much to him to see his loss will be seriously felt here, as it will be at his home.

SOME people have more to be thankful for after Thanksgiving day than before it, depending somewhat on their over-size capacity for turkey.

THE latest woman to sue for heart balm gives a bill of alleged particulars that is calculated to draw a crowd to the hearing.

BY calling the session for December 19, Governor Olcott plans to take the members out of the Capitol by Christmas.

NEW Orleans has worse than a silver thaw; 15,000 dockmen are on strike, with seventy ships awaiting cargoes.

While the term covers almost everything, there are no bargains offered in "used" turkeys.

Representative Herrick's education is finished. One of his "beauties" is suing for breach of promise.

"Almost any kind of a tax is good if the other fellow has to pay it." Nobody cares now how high the price of turkey may have been.

A month to Christmas! How's the war chest coming on?

Attendance at a friend's funeral is a tribute that all can pay.

Tong wars are about the only sport that has no off season.

Those Who Come and Go.
Tales of Folks at the Hotels.
We will not know the condition of the Columbia river highway in the gorge for some time yet," says Charles Wanser, of the engineering department of the state highway organization. "I was caught in the storm Saturday and could have managed to get through to Portland had it not been for the troubles of others on the road ahead of me. The snow was falling fast and was banking up. A machine would hit a drift and the snow would fly in all directions, for it was very light and soft. There were two trucks in the parade, but with a truck in front progress was so slow that finally the snow became too deep and the machine had to be abandoned. There was a long chain in the crowd and it would be hooked onto a truck or a machine and waiting until it was possible to manage to get the truck or car righted by main force. Suits were equipped cars, however, could not pass and as they waited the result was that everyone was stalled. I never saw snow fall as fast or thick, and every once in a while the snow would stop and there were a few tourist campers in the crowd and they announced that they would pitch their camp and weather the storm, figuring that, as a people, cannot see as do the people of the east, what a strain the world war placed on the country and how even at the present time, the people of the west are taxed. You cannot go out here without being reminded in force of the cost in money and human suffering, and the thousands of people who are old, young and infirm, and who are being reminded in force of the old days, something on a great scale, is being done here to do something immediate, tangible to the common every-day person to settle us down to work, and what more alluring than the opportunity to see the great west, with its enchantingly exhilarating climate, its heavenly scenery, its wide open spaces, its air, its opportunity for work, peace, health and happiness."

For about 90 miles along the Tillamook railroad there are signs telling the distance to Tillamook and telling the traveler to buy camera supplies at Clough's drug store. Before the traveler gets to the beach resorts he knows the name of the beach, even if he has never been there before. C. L. Clough arrived at the Multnomah yesterday from Tillamook, where there have been some heavy rains in the past week, samples of the same storm which have been sweeping the northwest coast. In the day before the railroad was closed to traffic, and the main in Tillamook, for the steamer Sea Elmore would not leave port. Now, with the railroad open again, unless there are slides on the highway and railroad in winter—and these happen.

C. E. Wells, president of the Oregon Local Telephone association, and C. E. Goff, secretary and treasurer, are at the Multnomah, making plans for the yearly convention of the association to be held December 9 and 10 at the Hotel Portland. Some thirty delegates will be in attendance. While Portland was touched with a silver thaw, the section of the country around Hillsboro was affected only by high wind and rain, according to Mr. Wells, and farther down the valley, in Newberg, there was no damage done to the property of the Oregon Local Telephone association was very slight.

"By independence is the only way that automobiles can travel going north and south," says Fletcher of Independence, who, as representative of Polk county, and has been fighting in the legislature and out of it for the highway commission to build the highway south from Independence rather than south from Monmouth. Discussing the special session, Mr. Fletcher says he is not prepared to say at this time what he will do, as he has not had time to consult his constituents, but when he gets to Salem he will fight right out, so there will be no misapprehending his position.

"Millie are all operating and there is apparently no intention of their shutting down during the winter, all of which means that Klamath Falls has a fine prospect of a winter proving," said Charles Stone of Klamath Falls, former member of the state fish and game commission, who registered at the Hotel Portland. "We have had beautiful weather, except for a warm rain, and none of the severe storms which swept the north-west part of the state. We are the first part of the state to get a blizzard, but up to the present time there hasn't been a winter storm," Mr. Stone is an attorney and is also interested in banking, among other activities in Klamath county.

F. H. Burnmaster, a timberman of Nehalem, Ore., is at the Perkins, Durston and company hotel in Hillsboro. He is a new highway builder, and is far advanced in civilization and enlightenment of the people of those hills. He is a member of the league of our deeds we are likely to doubt that the advance is as great as we would like to think it is.

"I have never known a prohibitor first came up in Iowa, about 35 years ago. My father thought it would be a good thing and voted for, as did many of the fathers of the state. However, after seeing how it worked, he did not consider that it would ever be a satisfactory solution of the liquor problem. He then came out in favor of high license, one so high as to do away with all low 'grogeries' and 'dive' saloons, and put on a respectable business basis as possible."

After watching the different phases of the matter for 30 years since then, he is of the opinion that pure liquor should be honestly obtainable, but not in saloons or places where people would congregate to drink, but in a store where a man could buy his goods government tested for purity.

Some of the prohibited and intoxicating liquors are the best of the trip by rail in a circuitous manner, instead of trying to get across central Oregon to Bend.

After a dead market for many months, there is some activity in the wool business. W. C. Donald, buyer for one of the big wool companies, arrived at the Hotel Portland yesterday and is negotiating for the purchase of wool from the Columbia Basin Wool Warehouse company.

John Anderson returned to the Perkins and company hotel in Hillsboro to Reliance to return to work in the logging camp, but the snow was so deep in that part of the Coast range mountains that operations have been suspended.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Anderson have arrived at the Hotel Oregon from Walla Walla, Wash., being among the first to get to Portland from that part of the coast. In the storm struck the section a week ago.

C. P. Bishop, in the clothing business at Salem, is among the arrivals at the Hotel Portland. For many years Mr. Bishop has taken a lively interest in the republican politics of Marion county.

Bert Tongue, district attorney for Washington county, was in Portland yesterday.

R. B. Bartlett, connected with the wool development in Astoria, is among the Multnomah arrivals.

Bert Tongue, district attorney for Washington county, was in Portland yesterday.

All the News of All the World.
The Sunday Oregonian.
Just Five Cents.

More Truth Than Poetry.
By James J. Montague.
YESTERDAY, TODAY AND FOREVER
Where in the foothill and fatuous crowd
That thronged to the Eden Musee,
Where natty-faced figures were thickly endowed with delightful excitement
With multon-chop beard and goatee?
Where were the come-ons who paid their 10 cents,
Who poured through the doorway in packs,
To witness the effigy march of events
Portrayed in emotional wax?
If you happen to go to a movie to night
And will just look about you, you'll find them all, all right.

Where is the morbidly curious mob
To whom Mr. Barnum purveyed?
Whose souls with delightful excitement would throb
At the freaks which the side show displayed?
The freaks of the lady with whiskers would fill
With feelings of soul stirring awe,
Whose hearts with sensations of wonder would thrill
When the two-headed chicken they saw?

If you're wondering still, you will find them today
In all of the show shops that front on Broadway.

Where are the farmers that used to flock out
When the medicine venders extolled
The cures for consumption and who were with deathly thrills
And which they successfully sold,
Who paid out their dollars they got a few for their crops
And ever they fell
To purchase the lotions and cough cures and drops,
That had lately been dipped from the fountain of life?

You think they are still out in Catawamtowog?
But they're not. They're out in New York.
Making It Snappy.
It's about time to start your Christmas shopping—for 1921.
Nor So Bad.
While you're growling about your income tax, remember that there are 3,000,000 poor men and women in this country who would like to be paying one.

Unluckily.
Canada has 500,000 superior buffalo, and unless some way can be found to convert them into whiskey, there is no demand for them on this side of the big water.

In Other Days.
Twenty-Five Years Ago.
From The Oregonian of November 26, 1896.
New York.—Passengers returning from Havana say that another ship on which iron ore exists there and that it looks as though Cuba will be lost to Spain.

No less than five burglaries were reported to the police station in the past 24 hours, to say nothing of the daring holdups of a butcher shop on the east side and another in the northern part of the city.

The Multnomah Amateur Athletic club's vaudeville show last night at the Marquam made a big hit with audience.

One Lawyer Is Censured.
Birmingham Age-Herald.
"The fair defendant has a smart lawyer, but it seems to me he has just been killing time since he produced her in court."

Woman's Dress Criticized.
Exchange.
Marcella—Don't you think my dress is artistic?
Waverly—Especially so in one principle of art.
Marcella—What's that?
Waverly—The elimination of essentials.

Pilgrimage to the Old Oregon

This account of a trip to the famous old sea fighter, lying in Bremerton harbor, is to be found—illustrated in color—on the first page of the automobile section of the Sunday issue. It was written by William T. Perkins and H. W. Lyman, automobile editor of the Oregonian, and is both a tribute to and a description of the ship that made history in the American navy—the ship that citizens of this state believe should spend a splendid old age in Portland harbor. The story should appeal to you—it answers many current questions and it stirs a common sentiment of pride and patriotism.

Big Game Rivalry of East and West—A generation ago the wisecracks rather sorrowfully said that soon there would remain no sport for the hunter in the forests of the western states. A pity it is that those fine old marksman have not lived to witness the practical denial, by abundant four-footed proof, of their pessimistic predictions. The Sunday magazine section, illustrated in colors, there's a story of how the sensible conservation of wild life in the east has made the Rockies, king grizzly and all, look well to their laurels.

"Shower" That Shattered Mermaid Friendship—Here, readers all, is another of those enjoyable yarns of feminine athletics—narrating how Charlotte Benson's wedding indirectly caused a break in the rating of the Women's Swimming association, and the loss of its long-held monopoly in world's records—all because Etheldra Bleibrey had been invited to a pre-nuptial party. Gossip, of course—yet most couldn't settle down, and who gave the whole family the shock of the Sunday issue.

Ex-Soldiers, Oregon Has Your Fortune—This presentation of a much discussed subject, that of land settlement by former servicemen, is given tomorrow by De Witt Hatley in a clear and comprehensive manner. It answers many questions regarding the proposed land settlement in Oregon, and evaluates its probable benefits to the men who followed the flag and to the state itself. Every citizen owes to himself and the commonwealth the duty—and pleasure—of reading it.

In the Case of Bill—Whenever the reader's eye falls upon the "by-line" of Josephine Daskam Bacon there follows the thought that here is a story well worth reading—a delightful yarn, inimitably told. That is why, doubtless, the Sunday editor lost no time at all in purchasing this hitherto unpublished short story, which will appear in the big Sunday issue—the story of a brother who just couldn't settle down, and who gave the whole family the shock of the Sunday issue.