Morning Oregonian

ESTABLISHED BY HENRY L. PITTOCK

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IMPUDENT PROPAGANDA.

The Bulletin of the National Single Tax League advises its devoted readers of complications which have arisen among the followers of the Henry George fallacy in California, describing them as "unpleasant and unfortunate." A body of economic theorists, operating under the romantic and inviting title of the Great Adventure, had as its representative in California a William L. Ross; but a decision was reached to confine the organization's efforts to Oregon, and its representative Ross was transferred from that state to a field where single tax had met repeated defeats.

Following the abandonment of California, a new concern, known as the Committee of the East, sent an agent to that state. This led to a vigorous protest by the surviving California single taxers, who had been persuaded that the Ross activities in Oregon should be supported, and suggested—we quote the Bulletin—"that the money being used to put the measure on the ballot 'would be most welcome in Oregon where the measure is already on the ballot.'"

Now the hired tax evangelist Ross is here and he makes his own report to the Bulletin, saying:

> Great opportunities are here as well as in California, and the sentiment is coming our way. In addition to speaking and other work, we have been getting many single tax letters and articles in the Journal, which has a large circulation that reaches all over the state, and also in other papers. The situation looks good. Mr. Hennes made a remarkably hard fight and deserves all the help we can give. He is glad to have my assistance. I am here as field agent for the Great Adventure, but must raise my own funds which at the present time are low, but I am hopeful that sufficient contributions will be sent so that I can remain till the end of the campaign. I should be very glad to do this, as I feel there is a splendid chance for a big increase in the vote.

If the single tax funds fail, and we are spared the presence of Mr. Ross for the remainder of the campaign, the people of Oregon will survive the shock; but we rather hope that he may remain, that the Portland Journal, while shouting for economy and tax reform, will continue to be receptive to his stuff, and that every opportunity be finally given to show the misguided backers of a fantastic and utopian scheme that their money is wasted. Thousands of dollars have been spent in Oregon for this insane tax—a great part of it from the Joseph Fels fund. They have yielded trouble and worry, great expense to the state, nothing of profit or encouragement to the contributors, nothing but a comfortable living for a lot of paid propagandists.

The Oregon vote against the single tax in 1920 was 37,283 ayes to 147,426 nays. There is no reason to believe, notwithstanding the bumptious assertions of the fellows on the payroll, that the result in 1922 will be different. Any representation otherwise is false and fraudulent, in view of the consistent record of opposition in this state to the single tax idea.

Oregon is patient and long-suffering. It has a half dozen times in the past twenty years permitted a single tax measure to go on the ballot. The taxpayers have paid the bill. Now again they must stand the expense of an utterly useless and senseless poll to show where they stand—printing the title of the measure on the ballot, the full text and arguments in the voters' pamphlet, counting the votes, and making the official returns. Altogether this single tax folly, merely in the form of futile propaganda, has cost the taxpayers of Oregon a great many thousand dollars.

We continue to leave the doors of the initiative open to this sort of impudence and imposition.

A BAD TIME TO TRADE ISLANDS.

Discussion of cession of the British West Indies to the United States has revived in conjunction with that of payment of the British war debt, one suggestion being that we should take the islands in satisfaction. On our side it is said that the islands are uncomfortably near the Panama canal and that complete command of the approaches requires that we control the West Indies, especially Jamaica. That argument does not strike Canada favorably, for the dominion has commercial treaties with the islands and has started steamship lines to them, and the Winnipeg Tribune suggests that our holding the Philippines and Guam is as great a menace to Japan as is British control of the West Indies to the canal.

This moves the Chicago Tribune to observe that there is no reason for our handing over our islands to Japan, as we do not owe Japan anything, and that Australia and New Zealand would not welcome the transfer, as it would bring the Asiatic peril nearer to them. The inference is that this is a bad time for nations to do any trading in islands, for all the nations are very touchy about questions of territory, and a move in any part of the world sends a nervous tremor through all nations.

In all the discussion no attention seems to have been paid to what the people of the British West Indies thing about it. American purchase of Jamaica has been bruited about from time to time, and always the Jamaicans have given it to be plainly understood that they want to remain British. They have been neglected by the mother country until lately, but agitation for a larger measure of home rule and for federation led a British colonial minister to make a tour and raise hopes which stimulate loyalty. Since we do not take people under our flag against their will, except under stress of war, there seems to be nothing for us to do about it.

WHY CHANGE?

Apparently the charter revision commission does not propose that there be a return to party politics in the election of mayor and commissioners of Portland. Yet it proposes that the preferential system, now in use, be abolished and that there be a primary, followed by a final election in the event no candidate receives a majority of the votes in the primary.

Primary elections are now under fire not wholly because of incidents due to their partisan character. They vastly increase the cost to the taxpayer of elections and they make running for office much more expensive. The time required, the annoyances, the costs of two elections deter many good men from offering their services.

The present preferential system requires but one election. It has not resulted in miscarriage of the people's will and, on the whole, the best men on the ballot have been elected. No conspicuous complaints have been uttered against it. Why should it be thrown overboard for a scheme which in its essentials has been tried and has worked badly?

CAN THE FARMER BE PROTECTED?

The Oregonian knows this talk of "protecting" the farmer is all nonsense, and that the so-called "farm bloc" is just a group of senators playing politics, and sometimes it has had the courage to say so mildly when no election was pending. The farmer cannot be protected, because his surplus must be sold abroad and the price of that surplus sets the price of his product in home markets. That is why everything except wool, which the farmer raises, has dropped in price since the emergency tariff gave him "protection," but at the same time curtailed his foreign market. Wool prices, too, will fall just as soon as speculators, gambling on tariff effects on the market, let go their great holdings.—Eugene Guard.

The ideal tariff would afford protection to American industry, including the farmer, and produce revenue for the government's needs, and at the same time permit importation of foreign commodities at prices which equalize and regulate domestic prices, thus maintaining a comfortable balance of trade.

Does the Guard know how to make such a tariff? Does anybody? Does not the Guard know that all political parties are now in practice for protection, and that free trade and tariff for revenue as democratic doctrine are ignored and forgotten? The reason is that wages are so high in America and so low in foreign countries that tariff protection is—must be—a cardinal American policy, unless it be agreed that American wages and European wages should be on approximately the same level. Does the Guard think so?

RETALIATE ON THE PACIFISTS.

Pacifists, who are the little army and navy men of congress, are already preparing to retaliate on General Pershing for his exposure of Representative Anthony's misstatement of the number of army officers who will be retired under the law reducing the total to 12,000. In their mistaken zeal for what they call economy these lovers of peace are as vindictive as the most dyed-in-the-wool militarist, they do not scruple to resort to subterfuge in order to cheat the nation out of some part of its defense and, when any man exposes their tricks, they open a personal campaign of detraction against him. Chairman Madden, of the house committee on appropriations, savagely attacked Admiral Coontz because the latter stood firmly for adequate manpower for the navy as reduced by the Washington treaty, and a secret campaign of innuendo has been conducted against the admiral.

There is but one way to deal with these pacifists; that is by retaliation. Every ex-service man, every member of the national guard and all the relatives and intimates of those who served in the world war know what a terrible price was paid for unpreparedness by the men who fought and those who alternately sweated and froze in hastily built cantonments in this country. Many an ex-soldier mourns a dear comrade who was killed through lack of artillery and aircraft or knows one who lost a limb or whose lungs are permanently weakened by poison gas. Those men were victims of the pacifism which prevented us from preparing for war till war came. Revelations by men who were behind the scenes in the war tell by how narrow a margin the allies escaped utter defeat before the American army and navy tardily came to their aid. All to whom these facts have come home and who have reasoned from them should unite their efforts to drive from congress all pacifists who would leave the nation defenseless or inadequately defended and to send back all members who have voted that, when war comes again, we shall be ready.

If any further argument were needed for relentless exclusion of pacifists from positions of power it is to be found in the hatred for the American uniform that is expressed by those whose aim is revolution and who take advantage of every strike to serve their end. Protests against the presence of military forces at the scene of strikes are inspired by rage at the impotence to which they reduce the reds who throw bombs and urge the sluggers onward. If pacifists were not hopelessly blinded by an illusion, the character of these allies would convince them of their error. There is joy at the unpreparedness of the nation among enemies without, who would plunder it and rob it of independence, and among enemies within, who would destroy it by revolution.

Congress has no time to waste in dallying with bills to deal with strikes, though it shrinks from each of them as from a hot poker. Whether it acts effectively or ineffectively or not at all, it is sure to make enemies and lose votes, but the number of those who will howl is small by comparison with those who will say nothing, but will think, then vote accordingly.

FALSE COLORS.

Not the least interesting of the facts connected with initiation of measures for the November ballot, disclosed by W. Lair Thompson, is that the so-called grange income tax measure is not, so far as the petitioners are concerned, representative of rural sentiment, whatever may be its status as regards authorship.

The initiation of the measure followed the customary course. Petition hawkers sought the populous centers, where names were easy to obtain. Almost wholly the signatures, assuming that they are genuine, are of residents of Portland. It is not a spontaneous offering or demand by the farmers of Oregon, and if the charges filed by Mr. Thompson are proved, the petitions are spotted with the names of minors, aliens and nonexistent persons.

The grange sponsors for the measure are without doubt not guilty of intentional fraud, if fraud there has been, but even so the employment of irresponsible petition hawkers is something that can and should be avoided by self-respecting citizens. That plan of initiating measures in Oregon has been productive of countless forgeries and frauds. Moreover a measure in which there is so little interest that it does not gather to itself a body of sincere and voluntary workers does not deserve a place on the ballot.

STILL STRAYING FROM THE POINT.

In his plea for the ship subsidy bill promoted by the shipping board Commissioner Chamberlain follows the lead of his colleagues on the board by taking the question now before the American people to be whether we shall have a merchant marine and whether the people will approve a subsidy system in order to establish and maintain it. He takes for granted that the shipping board's bill embodies the only possible subsidy scheme and that all who oppose it are under a "secret and insidious foreign influence," namely that of Great Britain, that seeks to defeat our efforts to have an American merchant marine.

The American people earnestly desire to establish their own merchant marine and the vast majority of them believe that government aid is necessary. The Oregonian is of that opinion. We approve generally of the form of subsidy proposed by the board, but we oppose the plan of administration of the subsidy provided by the bill. We also oppose several other features, such as the proposal to permit railroads to own or control shipping lines, the granting of government sanction to exclusive contracts for interchange of traffic between particular railroads and particular shipping lines. We yield nothing to the board in zeal for an American merchant marine or in support of the general policy of subsidy; we simply disagree as to the best means to attain those ends.

The two vices of the board's plan for administration of the subsidy are arbitrary power and secrecy. A large proportion of the grievous errors of the present board and of former boards has arisen from these evil practices, yet the board asks authority of congress to persist in them and its members denounce as under insidious foreign influence any person who dares to criticise it. Since Portland has suffered through the board's habit of secrecy and arbitrary exercise of power, The Oregonian is in a position to write understandingly of the subject. We maintain that the only conditions under which the American people will tolerate ship subsidies are publicity for the action of the board, strict limitation of its authority, strict accountability for its acts that they may closely conform to the law, square, open dealing with ship owners and ports, and equal opportunity for all who comply with the conditions to share the benefits of the subsidy. The board's bill in no respect conforms with these conditions. No subsidy bill that does not safeguard the interests of the whole nation in these particulars against the insidious influences, both domestic and foreign, to which the present as well as former boards have often yielded, has any chance of becoming law.

The board has shown special favor to the Pacific Mail and the Pacific Steamship companies, which are closely affiliated with the International Mercantile Marine corporation, which operates six-sevenths of its tonnage under foreign flags, almost all under contract with the British government to employ British managers, to do nothing injurious to British interests and to place its ships at the disposal of the British government for service in a British war. The connection between the I. M. M. and the Pacific Mail and Pacific Steamship companies is traceable through stock holdings, but the former board preferred them to all others as operating agents of its ships on the Pacific ocean, and the present board has continued that preference. When the heavy loss incurred by the board in their operation was compared with the profit earned by the American-owned Columbia Pacific company on the board operations from Portland, Mr. Chamberlain made public figures showing that the latter had made a loss but withheld the corresponding figures for the Pacific Steamship company. The Columbia Pacific, in its own defense, then published the facts as to the profit that it had earned for the board, thus putting Mr. Chamberlain to confusion.

Neither idealism on the part of the United States nor materialism and insidious influence on the part of Great Britain need be called into play as explanations for the decadence of our merchant marine and of the excess of British over American ships that were employed in carrying our commerce in the last century. While Americans have a strong strain of idealism in their attitude on public affairs, they do not carry it into business to the extent of paying higher freight to have their goods carried on an American ship than a British ship would accept, as is shown by Mr. Chamberlain's statement that the greater portion of our cereal cargoes in the last year was carried on foreign ships, though hundreds of American ships lay idle in port.

When the commissioner quotes the many billions of commerce carried on foreign ships in comparison with the few billions carried on American ships during the last century, he seems to imply that some malign influence caused the United States to lose the great freight and insurance money. The explanation has been given by several American writers of unquestioned loyalty. The American merchant marine, composed of wooden ships, was destroyed in the civil war at a juncture when steel ships were coming into use. Britain, which had till then disputed shipbuilding supremacy with the United States, then led in steel production, therefore took the lead in steel shipbuilding. The American steel industry was in its infancy, and the homestead law turned the attention of the people from sea to land—to the settlement and development of the west. Americans permitted other nations to do their carrying by sea because they were busily and more profitably employed by land.

All this is water over the wheel, as is talk about the Anglo-Japanese alliance and the four-power treaty. The China trade bill would defeat British discrimination against American-owned corporations in the orient, but its progress through the senate has been blocked by that most anti-British senator, La Follette. But the present subject of discussion is: How to get a ship subsidy system which will maintain the American merchant marine, and how to enlist the support of the American people in passing it through congress. The shipping board has gone the wrong way about the job. The people will not tolerate a subsidy secretly and arbitrarily administered by a board that has already displayed decided partiality for a few shipping companies in which foreign influence is strong. The board's Americanism as applied to the American merchant marine is too closely restricted to the speeches and writings of its members; that spirit should be more apparent in its actions and policy, especially in the subsidy bill that it fathers.

COMBATING THE UNFORESEEN.

The experiences of the men who were defeated in their efforts to reach the summit of Mount Everest show how nearly impossible it is to provide in advance against the unforeseen in adventures of this kind. Every explorer knows in a general way that no matter what precautions he takes there is going to be something that he did not calculate on. Polar research was almost immeasurably retarded first by one happening and then by another that no reasonable man could have provided against, and the same can still be said as to our adventures in the tropics. Only the other day an expedition returned from the wilds of South America that had been compelled to cut short its visit because of the effects upon the travelers of disease against which the natives of the region seemed to be immune.

The one great difficulty that the Himalayan mountain climbers expected to encounter was rarified air and for this the most elaborate preparations were made. Oxygen apparatus, previously tested with much care, was taken along, but the chief product of this appears to have been a renewed controversy over its utility or futility. "The use of ogygen," says an account, "improved the rate of ascending and even more the rate of the descent, but the after-exhaustion seems to have been greater." Except for a final and necessarily brief dash, it would seem therefore, oxygen will have its definite limitations. This might have been determined beforehand, though it was not, but a matter that we hardly would have expected the travelers to provide against was the effect of the climate of Tibet on the asbestos washers of the oxygen tanks, which were seriously impaired.

Undoubtedly by some future party this will be remedied. Asbestos is not the sole material of which washers can be made. So also a way will be found to meet the condition that the high altitude stimulated the appetite so that the climber could not carry food enough to meet his needs. Acclimated native porters suffered less in this regard. The loss of seven porters by a snowslip belongs in the category of the unforeseen but not necessarily the unexpected. It was likely to have happened on any of a number of mountain expeditions and it still occurs in other regions than Asia.

The Everest expedition was not, however, a total failure. That much stands out. The committee which directed the attempt counts it a distinct advance. The climbers reached 26,800 feet altitude without oxygen, a record in mountain ascent; it reached 27,300 feet with oxygen—another record; the final attempt to scale the summit was defeated by forces of nature that no human agency could have resisted, but it gave some indication of what might have been accomplished with luck.

The two recent expeditions will deserve some of the final victory, whenever that is recorded. It is only by experiencing them one at a time that men can eliminate the immense handicaps of the unforeseen.

The true-born calamity howler can always find something to hang a prophecy on. One of them says that the country is being ruined by golf. A few years ago we were said to be on the downhill road because we didn't take enough exercise. The fact probably is that both are wrong.

Four children are fatherless because a speed maniac violated the law on the highway. It is time to make a beginning toward putting fear of the law into hearts of speeders.

Southern Oregon appeals to the rest of the state to eat her peaches. There is none better and the price is fair.

The latest murderer here can neither read nor write and uses little English. How did he get in?

A bottle only part full in a wreck is evidence. Filled, it is a mere incident.

Last week of vacation to add to the lad's other worries.

The Listening Post.

By DeWitt Harry.

PALMISTS have turned psychologists. Fortune tellers are "teaching" mental control. Necromancy has gone by the board. The big money is in new lines. No longer do the pryers into the unseen loosen up as do the students of the mind. Instead of reading palms or cranial bumps, the mystics go in for analysis of the intellect. Ever on the alert for easy money, the fortune tellers are taking down their signs and schools of psychology are taking their place.

Forbidden by law to prey on the susceptible by means of their predictions, and thus doomed to surreptitious practice of their art, the offspring of the gypsy tribes have forsaken their ancient practices. Withered hags, known for years in the city for their weird, and sometimes uncanny, prophecies, now lecture on mental discipline. They explain the "complexes" and how to overcome them. How to be successful in love, how to attract the opposite sex, how to succeed in business, how to analyze the people you meet in everyday life. Same old stuff.

It must be a terrible power to possess, that of knowing at a glance, just how anyone's mind will function. The graduates of these schools are sure that they can pick the weak spots in their fellow man's mental processes. Their instructors seek to reduce all human actions to stated rules. They know just how any certain class will react to certain emotions. Deep stuff, and successful—as a means of getting the coin.

The crop of instructors is ever on the increase. It's merely a matter of reducing the entire gamut of human actions to machine-like precision. Those who master their courses acquire a power almost too vast to comprehend. Nothing is impossible for them; they can twist your mentality about to suit their purposes.

Of course no one has ever done this to the writer, but the new psychological sharks prove that it is easy, and there are people who believe it. Anyhow, the phrenologists and palmists and fortune tellers of different kinds have forsaken their old-established lines to browse in pastures new and green.

* * *

There's a stellar crap shooter in the negro colony who frequently is reduced to such straits that he has to "hock" his false teeth. The pawnbroker who takes the risk will lend big sums on them, though they are but a nominal security, for the customer never fails to redeem them when his luck changes.

A few weeks ago this sport got into a fine, fast game and got away to a good start. After an unprecedented series of "passes" he had $600 in front of him and "shot it all." He lost, and the next day was bemoaning his loss in the pawnshop, for his teeth were in hock and he wanted to go to a chicken dinner.

"But why didn't you quit when you had the $600?" asked "uncle." "That's more money than you've had at one time for several years."

"Six hundred dollars ain't nothing to me," the gambler explained. "Why, I wants six million."

* * *

One of the tellers in the Canadian Bank of Commerce tells some good ones and while discussing false teeth one of his latest is worth mention. The yarn deals with two old maids, possessing a single pair of false teeth between them, which they took turns wearing on alternate days. One of them had been out the night before it was her chum's turn to wear the teeth. As she shoved the teeth into position the lucky one for the day smacked her lips and exclaimed:

"Macaroons, by gum!"

* * *

Such Ignorance Prevailing.

Please tell me, Mister 'Lectric Man,
What does a dynamo?
And if I plant electric bulbs
Will they take root and grow?

Where does the current run to, please?
Are switches made of hair?
And would it rest me if I sat
In an electric chair?

Suppose a blow-out comes along,
Where would it blow to, pray?
And don't they always have dry cells
Where all the convicts stay?

Why does the wire give you shocks?
Won't it give you other things?
And can you show me in a phone
The place it keeps its rings?

I asked my papa most of these;
He laughed and said you knew,
And that you'd like to hear from me;
That's why I'm asking you.

BILBATES.

* * *

"I read your paragraph wherein was computed a simple problem in geometrical progression on an adding machine. Has your informant no respect for the traditions of learning?

"Two to the tenth power equals 1024, that is an easy number to square and cube. Or, why didn't he get a table of logarithms at the library and look up the log of two, multiply it by 30, and get the number which corresponds with the characteristic? Why in the world did he use an instrument whereon he had 30 chances to make mistakes, whereon 30 separate problems were involved, and whereon he was merely pumping up "canned" mathematics.

Besides, the classic problem is that of shoeing a horse, where the amount involved for the 32 nails is four times that of the clerk who gets his monthly checks. Besides, what about the months with 31 days? And what would the poor cuss do in February? Let us handle problems without adding machines hereafter. What ails the world today is too few men who depend on their own resources, and too many who think by machinery.

* * *

A reporter got the shock of his life a few days ago when, in response to a direct question, a business man said that he had never taken in so much money in any prior season as he had this past summer. But the next sentence the business man uttered changed the whole thing back to the usual pessimistic viewpoint, for he said that he had spent so much more than he made in his mounting operation costs that he really had a deficit to show for his work.

Those Who Come and Go.

Tales of Folks at the Hotels.

Mention of the Mount Hood loop and L. H. Buhl and J. B. Gentry, at the Hotel Oregon, become warm under the collar. On the Cherryville hill Sunday night, while trying to return to Portland, Buhl lost the pan from his car, the pan being literally torn off by some of the old logs on the road. Mr. Gentry sustained a broken axle, which finished a perfect day for him. The A. D. Kern contract for surfacing within the forest reserve is progressing rapidly toward Government Camp, but the Palmer contract from Sandy to Cherryville is going ahead so slowly that traffic will be impossible when the rains set in. Residents at the settlements east of Cherryville are petitioning the highway commission to have the contractors lock a one-way route on the new grade so that machines and teams will be able to get through this winter. The new grade is practically all completed save for one short section where a fill is being made. The loop road is difficult to drive in with the heavy summer traffic because the volcanic ash, which is stirred up by the passing machines, is so light that it floats in the air instead of settling quickly, until driving in the dust is as bad as driving in a fog.

"Things look good for Burns," admitted James J. Donegan, who arrived at the Imperial yesterday. "The government is offering for sale 890,000,000 feet of the finest yellow pine in the world. The government has set a minimum price of $2.75 a thousand on the timber. There are conditions to the sale. The buyer must agree to build a railroad into the tract and erect a sawmill to handle the logs at or near Burns. Offers will be received until February 15. When this timber is sold it will mean much to Burns and Harney county. It will bring in settlers and that is what we want. There isn't any use of having an irrigation project without settlers and the problem of new people for the land must be solved before irrigation projects in our section are started. I was one of the first men in eastern Oregon to advocate a state tax for the 1925 exposition, for I believe that an exposition will bring people to Oregon and without people we are not going to develop very rapidly. The 1905 exposition built up the cities and towns and helped in the country, but I believe that the 1925 fair will bring people on the land."

The Birthday club is the newest organization in Portland and reference is made to it in this column because the idea is too good to be limited to Portlanders, and similar clubs can be formed in any large community. The membership is limited to 300 and the birthday of each member is to be regularly celebrated. No two members can have the same birthday. Since the club was founded there have been three celebrations. Jay Bowerman, former governor; W. J. Furnish, former eastern Oregon banker, and George L. Baker, mayor of Portland, are the first members to be felicitated on getting older. Henry E. McGinn, former circuit judge, who knows the natal day of almost every man, woman and child in Portland, is the master of ceremonies.

W. J. Armitage, accompanied by his son, is at the Hotel Oregon. Mr. Armitage is a druggist at Newport, Or. Among the attractions at Newport are the rock oysters. These are oysters which grow in soft sandstone and are gathered with a hammer. There are only a few places on the Oregon coast where rock oysters are known to exist. How the oysters get into the rock in the first place is always a puzzle to the non-scientist, but there they are, entirely surrounded by rock. The food is very rich, too much so for some people. When W. H. Taft was president and came to Portland he was introduced to an all-Oregon banquet and the Newport rock oysters were served and made a hit with the president.

Richard W. Price, manager of the Multnomah, returned from Rhododendron yesterday and immediately started for Crater lake, over which he has charge. Friday and Saturday Mr. Price was fishing in Salmon river and admits that he never caught the limit of trout with greater ease in his life. With face and arms scratched from brush, his shoulder sore from carrying his loaded basket, and his clothing in tatters, the hotel man wobbled over rocks for 15 miles until he reached his automobile. When he arrived at his summer cabin on Zigzag river, he was so sore and stiff he could not get out of the car unaided. After two days his one craving when he landed home was for huckelberry pie.

Contractors are drifting into town to be present when bids are opened at the state highway commission meeting this morning. Among the contractors at the Perkins are H. R. Newport, who received a contract last month for work on the old Oregon trail; J. G. Shotwell of Hermiston and Albert Anderson, who has had a number of grading and bridge contracts on the Pacific highway. B. O. Stumpe, a bridge contractor of Goble, is also registered at the Perkins.

Accompanied by members of his family, W. B. Barratt of the state highway commission arrived in Portland last night. Mr. Barratt has been looking over roads from Heppner to Condon, to Fossil, to Prineville, Redmond, Bend, Crater lake, the Pacific highway and parts of the Roosevelt highway. Mr. Barratt wanted to inspect the McKenzie pass highway, but this is now closed to travel because of government construction work.

Dr. and Mrs. G. S. Wright of McMinnville arrived at the Hotel Portland yesterday on their way home. The Wrights have been at Belknap Springs rusticating, with about 300 others. Dr. Wright was formerly a member of the state senate.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Healy, who came to the city in a private car with nine others yesterday, are at the Hotel Portland. The visitors are from Cheyenne and are making a tour de luxe of the Pacific coast states.

Rabbi R. H. Silva of Cleveland, O., is registered at the Benson. Rabbi Silva is in Portland in the interest of hydro-electric development in Palestine, and discussed this subject at a luncheon at the Benson yesterady.

Isaac R. Tower, automobile dealer of Marshfield, has left his colleagues of the round table, "Doc," Con and the rest, long enough to come to the Rose City with his wife, and is registered at the Hotel Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Sharrock of Seattle motored to Portland yesterday, reporting the road good. They are at the Hotel Portland and are on their way to the coast for a dip in the sad sea waves.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Carlson of Cosmopolis, Wash., are at the Hotel Oregon. Mr. Carlson is a contractor and was recently awarded a job on the old Oregon trail in eastern Oregon.

Burroughs Nature Club.

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Can You Answer These Questions?

1. Do any birds but vultures eat carrion?

2. Do garden slugs have any natural enemies?

3. How did our garden vegetables get started? Are they just cultivated from wild plants or developed from seed brought here?

Answers in tomorrow's Nature Notes.

* * *

Answers to Previous Questions.

1. When was the bison herd of the Wichita game refuge started?

In 1908. Fifteen buffaloes were sent to Oklahoma from the herd of the New York Zoological park New York city. It has slowly established itself, with a gradual yearly increase.

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2. What is an octupus really?

It is a real marine creature, a cephalopod, or high form of mollusk, same general type as cuttlefishes. Body rounded, no fins, well developed jaws often compared to a parrot's beak, long slender arms furnished with suckers. Lives toward sea bottom, hiding among rocks, and is timid, not intentionally attacking human beings. The variety found about the West Indies and the Mediterranean grows to nine feet and is edible.

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3. Please describe crow's eggs.

Crow's eggs average slightly over one and one-half inches length, one and one-quarter inches diameter. Ground color shades of green, marked commonly with brown or darker olive, but occasionally with purplish. Zoologists note considerable variation in crow's eggs, some specimens being found with no spotting; and again others are white ground with rusty splotches.

LIFE FULL OF VIRTUOUS DEEDS

Charity, Piety, Optimism Walked With Late F. S. Akin Always.

PORTLAND, Aug. 28.—(To the Editor.)—The city of Portland is grieved to learn that Frank S. Akin, pioneer in the Oregon country since 1852, and citizen with open hand to all good work, has left us. He came over from Iowa with an ox team; his mother died en route from the hardships on the way, and his father passed away only a month after arrival in Portland, leaving a large family of children to make their own way. But the blood that was in them told, for they did live, secured an education, found their place in the world and the church; and, when they had gained a competence, spent it and themselves in the charities of Oregon.

Mr. Akin graduated at the old Portland academy, united with the Taylor-street Methodist Episcopal church early in life and held official position in that and Grace church and the Centenary Wilbur church for 60 years. He was one of the founders of the Waverley Baby home and was its secretary all the years from its inception till this year. He was long connected with the United Artisans, acting as promoter and for years past as their auditor.

The outstanding characteristics of Mr. Akin were his optimism. When did anyone ever hear a remark of discouragement from his lips? He had a spontaneous and persistent humor, which made him a cheerful neighbor and companion, whose fine sentiments are remembered and cherished by a multitude of friends. These gifts were marked but were not spectacular. His family and church friends all recall as outstanding his gift in prayer especially in the family circle and his unique gift for asking the blessing at the table.

It was his custom to have his family spend Sunday afternoon and evening together at his home. When the children grew up, the custom still prevailed, and though his wife passed on more than 12 years ago, the habit was not relinquished and every Sunday night the sons and daughters with their children formed anew the family circle, where he was the natural spiritual leader of his household for the genuineness of a real Christian character gave this pre-eminence in the circle that knew him best.

He was known as a man of conviction, who stood firmly but always kindly for the right as he saw it. Those who were associated with him in the church, looked up to him instinctively as a conscientious, self-sacrificing and consistent Christian man. He was never known to deviate from the ideals of the church he loved, and whose standards were his models.

He attained his 80th year on March 15 last. On June 15 he was with the pioneers in the auditorium of Portland and suffered there a slight stroke of paralysis, but soon recovered. Another stroke followed in July, but he rallied from this and with his usual cheerfulness and humor wrote of this as "fooling the doctors again." But last Thursday noon the third stroke left the strong man helpless. He lingered during the days surrounded by his family of children and grandchildren. Mrs. Clarence True Wilson arrived from Washington three hours before the end, thus completing the circle of the home.

At 4 A. M., August 28, he passed to the Christian's reward. He is survived by four children, the eldest, Dr. Otis F. Akin, and Mrs. Mabel Drake of Portland, Mrs. Maude A. Wilson of Washington, D. C., and Russell Akin of this city.

This good man has come to the end of a long life and we suppose no one living or dead could recall an injury from his hand or a slight received or a regret at trusting him; and if every man and woman he has helped, and every little child he has established in a home and every young man whom he has lifted to a Christian ideal for life were to cast a bud upon his grave, he would sleep amid a bower of flowers. A FRIEND.

Improper Use of "Data."

PORTLAND, Aug. 28. — (To the Editor.)—Is it true that so-called "common usage" makes it defendable to use the word "data," plural of datum, in the singular? For example: "This data has been collected by . . . C. A.

The word "data" is never a collective noun, but is the plural of "datum." Its treatment as a singular noun, while not uncommon, is looked upon by authorities as careless and improper usage.

When Century Began.

PORTLAND, Aug. 28.—(To the Editor.)—At the risk of starting an endless discussion, please answer the following question: Did the 20th century begin January 1, 1900, or January 1, 1901? SUBSCRIBER.

The first year of the present era was the year 1, A. D., and the first century comprised the years 1 to 100, A. D., inclusive, the second century beginning on January 1, 101. It follows that the 20th century began on January 1, 1901.

More Truth Than Poetry.

By James J. Montague.

THE NEW JACK TAR.

(Sailors along the New York water front have taken eagerly to soft drinks.)

The anchor's on the bits
The tide is running free,
The wind, in gusty fits,
Is blowing out to sea.
Propitious, friendly stars
Are shining through the dark,
But where are all the tars
To man the gallant bark?

They're munching fudge and drinking pop
And sipping of ice cream,
Though well aware the breeze is fair
And smooth the favoring stream.
With lemonade and ginger ale
They're ruining their lives—
Poor Jack, alas! can never pass
Those ice cream soda dives!

In happy days of yore,
When tars too freely drank,
The captain went ashore
And dragged 'em up the plank.
The grog of some years back
Was potent and intense;
It always left poor Jack
Devoid of will and sense.

But now he takes the modern stuff,
He still can stand and fight,
Or, more discreet, can use his feet
In swift and furtive flight.
So by the slip waits many a ship
Whose crews, like bees in hives,
Take sinful sips of sugary flips
In ice cream soda dives.

* * *

Strange, Isn't It?

No one has any trouble in finding a bootlegger except the dry enforcement officers.

* * *

Always a Hit.

The most popular music this winter will be made by the coal rattling down the chute.

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Forewarned Is Forearmed.

No statesman nowadays will announce where he stands on a public question till he takes a hasty glance at the Literary Digest.

In Other Days.

Fifty Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of August 29, 1872.

Portland, Me.—The Union soldiers of Maine opened their convention at the city hall today.

Geneva.—There is every reason to believe that the arbitrators have settled the principal question of indemnity and fixed approximately the amount of the award for vessels destroyed by the Confederate cruisers.

The white settlers in Wallowa valley, Union county, have been holding a council with the Indians, who insist on the whites leaving the valley.

Dr. Belt, the physician to the penitentiary convicts, will recommend the abolishment of the shackle to a great degree, as he says it is the cause of a great deal of hip disease.

Twenty-five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of August 29, 1897.

Berlin.—The naval maneuvers near Dantzig have revealed the fact that the German naval vessels are total failures as far as quickness and ability to escape torpedo attacks are concerned, according to correspondents of conservative newspapers here, themselves naval men.

Eugene.—The demand for hop pickers is largely in excess of the supply, as growers are all striving to get their product in before the rains.

New York.—A movement is on foot among American musical artists to keep American money out of the hands of visiting and nomadic musical artists and foreign music instructors.

Washington.—The available cash balance of the treasury today was $220,779,003. The gold reserve was $145,356,023.

SANE WORDS ABOUT SPEEDING

Accidents Numerous, Yet Your Motorist Resents Arrest.

Newberg Graphic.

The last issue of the Hillsboro Independent contains accounts of at least seven auto accidents which occurred on the highway near there. Every Portland paper contains numerous accident stories of this nature, and in fact the papers from all over the state are constantly full of them. We are led to ask ourselves where is this thing going to stop? Lawbreaking is becoming so common that the motoring public has almost come to the point where it resents being stopped and reprimanded for speeding or violation of the traffic laws. The case of the accident which resulted in the death of L. M. Parker is only one of many such cases happening with increasing frequency. Was the driver to blame for this accident? We do not know. We did not see the accident. But we have seen time and again cars driven through this city which might have been guilty of manslaughter had some man who was not very spry stepped out into the street at the wrong time.

No motorist has a right to jeopardize the lives of pedestrians by tearing through a city at a speed of 25 or 30 miles an hour, past intersections and through business districts. Yet when some one is run down and killed as a usual thing the public does not want to see the driver convicted of a crime. We realize that there are times when pedestrians are themselves in the wrong and we do not mean to say anything relative to the Parker case. This is purely a general discussion of the subject.

Traffic Officer Patterson stopped a car just outside of Newberg one night last week and the occupants were quite abusive and seemed to think that he had no right to arrest them just because they were speeding, although the driver admitted the charge. We believe that the traffic laws are not any too strict and that when an officer in the line of his duty seeks to enforce them the offenders should accept their fate graciously. Moreover, we believe that good citizens should seek to assist the authorities by obeying the laws themselves and also by helping prosecute those who do not. Just as a matter of self-preservation we should do this, for it may be our turn next to be run down by a speeder or injured in an accident caused by pure recklessness. Where is this thing going to stop? It will not stop until we as citizens of the state stop violating the laws and lend our assistance in making others stop.

Her Mistake.

Edinburgh Scotsman.

"I tell you," went on the elderly woman at the hotel, getting quite huffy, "I won't have this room. I ain't going to pay my money for a place that isn't big enough to swing a cat, and as for sleeping in one of them folding beds, I simply won't do it!"

The boy could stand it no longer. "Get on in, mum," said he, with a weary expression on his face. "This ain't your room; it's the elevator."