

The Forest Grove Express

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THURSDAY, NOV. 2, 1916

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Straw votes on the Sunday-closing law indicates that the people of Oregon are tired of blue laws.

Saturday was Woodrow Wilson day among the democrats of the nation and in Portland there was a big parade, followed by speaking in the Armory.

Ex-Congressman Victor Murdock of Kansas stated in his chautauqua lecture in this city last July, after Teddy deserted the progressives, that he didn't know where to go—he was a man without a party. But he has finally lined up for Woodrow Wilson and his constructive policies.

Judge W. Lair Hill of Berkeley, Calif., former editor of the Portland Oregonian, on a visit to Portland last week, said he had been a life-long republican, but was going to vote for Woodrow Wilson because he "believes the best interests of the country will be served by keeping him in office."

The eight-hour movement may be bad in principle, that Adamson bill may have as many holes as a tennis racket. **BUT IT DID THE BUSINESS.** It was salvation to every farmer who had a pound of stuff to sell and ship, and to every American who has to live by the process of eating.—Portland News.

Having got rid of their saloons, the Express doesn't believe that the voters of Oregon are going to recede a step next Tuesday by voting in the breweries. If you are against booze from A to Z, vote No on ballot number 315 and Yes on ballot number 316. But if you want beer made, sold and drunk in Oregon, vote opposite the above instructions.

In the past champion prize-fighters have sometimes held the championship by refusing to meet new fighters until the latter had licked everybody below the champion. Possibly Congressman Hawley thinks by refusing to debate with his opponent, Mr. Weatherford, he can hold his seat another term. But in this case the voters may take the belt off

him and give it to Mr. Weatherford. The people are in this fight, you know.

Republican spell-binders are telling the farmers and shippers that they will have to pay in increased rates for the eight-hour day given the railroad brotherhoods by the Adamson bill and then they (the spellbinders) turn right around and tell the brotherhood men that the Adamson bill is no good, full of holes and jokers, etc., that they will not get their eight-hour day. Come, boys, decide on your issue and tell it straight. You are making fools of yourselves.

A press dispatch from Minneapolis, Minn., states that 40,000 letters, each containing a dime, sent for a new silk petticoat, have been added to the unclaimed mail of the National Brokerage Exchange in that city. It is estimated that the swindlers received a half million letters and dimes before the postal authorities stopped their graft. Then they faded away in the silent watches of the night. Did you send a dime? The offer was too good to be fulfilled.

Have you looked into the merits of the various candidates for the state legislature from this county? If you have, the Express believes you will vote for Miss Langley and Messrs. Meade and Schulmerich, the democratic candidates. Quite a number of republicans are outspoken in their endorsement of these three candidates, believing they are better qualified than the republican nominees. It's efficiency we should demand of our candidates, not a party label.

In view of the fact that Mark Weatherford, one of the candidates for congress, has come out against the bill providing for the re-opening of the breweries of Oregon and his opponent Mr. Hawley, has taken no stand on the liquor question, it ought not be very hard for our prohibition brethren to decide how to vote. The editor knows a few, however, who are so all-fired "republican" that they will vote for Hawley because



he was nominated by that party. Such voters are not prohibitionists—although they may think they are.

Mark V. Weatherford, democratic and prohibition candidate for congress, has challenged his opponent, Congressman W. C. Hawley, to debates at Ashland, Medford, Grant's Pass, Roseburg, Eugene, Marshfield, Coquille, Albany, Salem and any other places Mr. Hawley might choose. The offer has been declined, one of the reasons for declining being that Mr. Weatherford hoped Mr. Hawley's great prestige would draw big crowds for him to address. The objection is not well taken. If Hawley's record is a good one, he should be pleased to debate with his opponent before a big crowd, the bigger the better. Can it be that Congressman Hawley and his supporters are afflicted with the yellows? What do the voters think of this dodging on the part of their congressman?

The Express of Oct 19th stated that, according to Chief Lennerville of the local fire department, Joe Hurley, president of the Commercial club, had promised to see that the rent for the Star Theater was paid if the department would get the "fire prevention" films and a speaker for this city. Hurley says, in the News-Times of last week, that the statement is a lie. In view of the fact that enough editors are liars, to make the public suspect all editors, the writer suggests that citizens of Forest Grove go to Chief Lennerville and see who is lying in this instance. Long ago the editor of the Express learned that it doesn't pay to publish lies—they are too easily turned against the liar. The Twin evidently hasn't learned this fact.

Verily, the Twins are well named, for one is as like the other as the other is like him. Every time the Express is given any patronage that formerly went to the Twins, one or t'other of them goes whining to the patron, complaining that the owner of the Express is not a taxpayer, is a newcomer, a squatter, etc. Just hold your hosses, Twins; in due time the owner of the Express will be a taxpayer. He has property assessed for 1916 and will pay taxes next year for this year's assessment. Did either of you pay taxes the first year you squatted in Forest Grove? Further, if the Express were favored with a monopoly for two years, as you two were, it's editor wouldn't go whining around like a colicky kid every time his competitor secured a job of printing or an advertisement. Stand up on both hind legs like men, take your medicine and quit whining. The world hates a whiner, especially when he is big enough to earn his own living. Bah! You are a sorry pair of quitters.

Vote as you please next Tuesday, but be careful you don't jump from the skillet into the fire.

Vote for
'Honest Bob'
and
Good Service



ROBERT SERVICE
FOR
COUNTY JUDGE

Paid Advt)

NOW WILL YOU BE GOOD?

In one of his mid-western speeches, Judge Hughes was interrupted by a yokel who wanted to know what he (the Judge) would have done had he been president when the Lusitania was sunk. Very deliberately, the Judge replied:

"I was under the impression that when I said what I would have stated in advance as to what I would do, everyone would know that I stated what in fact I would have done in the described event."

There you have it! This should once and for all squelch those pestiferous democrats and anarchists who claim Judge Hughes would not know how to act if he were in President Wilson's place. The reply he made to this yokel is both masterful and dignified, even if a Philadelphia lawyer would be unable to know what the Judge meant.

QUIETING A RALLYING CRY

Simultaneously with the announcement that Chicago wholesale clothiers would voluntarily shorten the working hours of 20,000 employes, without loss of pay, the big packers of Chicago have granted a wage increase of two and one-half cents per hour to their 60,000 employes throughout the United States.

Thus, as a direct result of the recognition by congress of the eight-hour-day principle, which evidenced the temper of the public toward the shorter working day, \$5,000,000 per year has been added to the working man's pay-

roll. Following the tacit admission of the justice and wisdom of the president's action by the most thoughtful of the railway presidents who are the most interested, and Senator LaFollette's stirring defense of the eight-hour-day law, this move of the bankers of the Hughes campaign must cause the "legislation under duress" rallying cry to fall upon deaf ears.—Portland News.

JOE TO GEORGE

Joe Hurley reminds the writer very much of George Washington (who couldn't lie) because Joe is so unlike Washington.

"I cannot tell a lie," quoth George, (The Daddy of our nation).
"That's where you're lame," said Joe, (The windbag of creation).
"In your day, I hear," said he, "Accomplishments were rare; But for a chap built like me A lie is like a prayer. I lie for sport, for health and gain— For anything you say. It gives me zest to shirk my work, No matter what the pay; I lie by day and snooze by night; And snore with pond'rous might. I lie and loaf while Aaron sweats; (He says it isn't right). But I care nit what Aaron says, (He's my fat-headed poodle). If he gets gay, I'll loudly say: 'Go soak your perspiring noodle.' So George, you see, a man like me Is always up to snuff. You ancient chaps were brave as sin, But sans B. S. and guff. A new machine from Goff I'll buy; To spread it smooth and thin; I'm tired of the sticky stuff Dripping from my chin."

—BY THE SQUATTER.

J. C. APPLGATE

Republican
Nominee for Sheriff.

Ballot No. 70

Law Enforcement
and
ECONOMY

Paid Advert)

J. E. REEVES

Ballot No. 72

For SHERIFF

and

LAW ENFORCEMENT

Paid Advt