

The Oregonian.

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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature 71, minimum temperature 48, precipitation, trace.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Wednesday, fair and warmer; southwest wind.

PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 2.

UNNATURAL DIVERSION OF TRADE.

The Oregonian a few days ago printed an elaborate forecast of the wheat crop of the Pacific Northwest for 1903, and in explaining the figures made the statement that, "owing to an insufficient number of steamers sailing between Portland and the Orient, much more flour will be shipped from Tacoma and Seattle than from Portland."

In view of its repeated declarations that the steamships plying between Puget Sound ports and the Orient are playing a losing game, the forecast of the wheat crop of the Pacific Northwest for 1903, and in explaining the figures made the statement that, "owing to an insufficient number of steamers sailing between Portland and the Orient, much more flour will be shipped from Tacoma and Seattle than from Portland."

The Oregonian prints news as it happens, and presents facts as they are, not as it would at all times like to have them. It is this, perhaps, that has caused it occasionally to allude to the fact that the Puget Sound steamship lines were losing money in the Oriental traffic.

The Northern Pacific liner Victoria, which has just sailed from Tacoma for the Orient, carried less than 2000 tons of cargo and over 1500 tons of it was flour at \$3 per ton. Her inward cargo was about half the size of her outward cargo.

The wheat crop of the Pacific Northwest tributary to Portland this year is only about 10 per cent less than that of last year, while that portion which is naturally tributary to Puget Sound has suffered a loss of 20 to 25 per cent as compared with last year. If there was no unnatural diversion of the trade, Portland should accordingly ship a larger proportion of the crop than she shipped last year.

It is a peculiarity of the British Parliament that a maker of phrases attains an eminence in the minds of fellow-members that is unintelligible to persons of other nationality. The explanation is commonly found in the fact of the usual proceedings being so unutterably dull that the flash of an epigram is a very welcome relief to the weary house.

Some of the last session's successes have been gathered by the industrialists Daily Mail, and the collection contains nothing that will live as long as Sir Boyle Roche's bird, there are some mordant phrases and amusing blunders. Lord Hugh Cecil, son of the late Lord Salisbury, the "master of gibes and flouts and sneers," declared with reason—that "inaptitude clings to the War Office like the paper to its wall."

It is simply shortsighted management on the part of the Portland transportation lines, which sit idly by and watch the steady encroachment of a commercial rival on a field that should be exclusively their own. These are conditions which cannot exist forever. The grist is no longer carried to mill with a stone in one end of the bag to balance the weight; and the round-

about unnatural route for taking heavy products to market is steadily growing in unpopularity.

A NEW MEANING TO RURAL LIFE.

The Grange District Fair, to be held in Multnomah Hall on the 3d of October, promises to be a profitable and enjoyable occasion. The exhibits are a consistent of farm products, poultry, domestic handicraft and school work.

Much has been said in recent years about the exodus from rural to urban communities, and many schemes have been devised for keeping the boys on the farm and making country-bred girls content with the prospect of following in the footsteps of their mothers as farmers' wives. Most of them have been futile, for very apparent reasons.

But, made attractive by the introduction of home comforts into the old farmhouse, by social features that are engaging and education that begins with intelligent instruction in the art of making things grow profitably and is pursued through the ordinary public school course, rural life means a more comfortable, diversified and prosperous equipment for intelligent American citizenship, there is no reason why country life should not become in fact what it is in theory, attractive and satisfying to the young as well as to those who are older.

The Grange has done a great work in rural and educational lines in many rural neighborhoods. Farmers' institutions have in recent years proved valuable auxiliaries in the same lines. The Government has come to the relief of many farming sections with free rural mail delivery and its experiment stations have sent out from time to time valuable instructions upon the various industries that are combined under the general term of diversified farming.

Butte, it must be admitted, has been singularly fortunate in its citizens. Does interest in the greatest mining camp flag for a moment, straightway some son or daughter leads into the limelight of fame and Butte has once more a halo of wonder and admiration. The use of such a place, with its own name, which has advertised the city and state in the touching song, "She's a Beat from Butte, Montana," was inevitable in the East.

Butte is perennial. Its flowers of fame may wither, but never die. It is watered with the blood of its citizens, or will be when Jeffries gets Munroe into a twenty-four-foot ring.

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brilliantly attired the ponderous style of the Commons in his speech before the land bill committee. "Speaking from my knowledge of the country," said he, "and from an intimate acquaintance with the habits of the people, I can state positively, and without fear of contradiction, that in Ireland it is quite a common thing for the father of a family to die."

The present price of silver, 55.91 cents per ounce, is the highest since November, 1901. It means an advance of over 9 cents since the record low price of last January, which was 47.7 cents. For the seven years from 1894 to 1900, inclusive, the average price of silver was 62.5 cents. The range of the yearly average prices for those years was only from 60.2 to 67.4 cents. With the early part of 1901, however, there began a steady fall lasting over two years, which carried the price from about 64 cents down to the low mark of the early part of this year.

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THE FILIPINO PROBLEM.

High Clifford, formerly Governor of North Borneo, contributes to the current number of the North American Review a very able and instructive article on the government of Malayan peoples. Malays have been converted to Hinduism, to Mohammedanism and to Christianity; they have been ruled by Portuguese, by Dutch, by Spaniards and by British, and now Mr. Clifford is an interested observer of our American experiment to induce the Filipinos to accept the citizenship of the United States as their eventual destiny. He is not sanguine of our success, because nobody else, not even the intelligent British, has succeeded. Neither Christianity nor Mohammedanism has had any power materially to alter the Malay. Whether ruled by the Dutch, the Spaniards or the British, the Malays continue to manifest the tendencies of a people essentially unmoral, afflicted with apathetic indolence and puerile inconsistency of purpose.

The Times-Democrat sums up the business of New Orleans for the commercial year ending September 1 as the best the city has known since the Civil War. The Southern city led all American ports in grain exports with shipments of over 32,000,000 bushels, compared with 31,000,000 bushels for New York, which was next in importance. All other lines of business showed a proportionate gain, and the outlook for a continuation of the boom was never brighter. The Louisiana capital is in many respects situated very much similar to Portland. It is the natural outlet for a vast territory drained by the Mississippi River, just as Portland is the natural outlet for the immense basin of the Columbia.

Extraordinary growth of commerce at Galveston, Tex., is reported by the Galveston News, which paper in a special edition presents details. Galveston now holds third place in the rank of exporting points in the United States. The value of exports foreign for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1903, was \$104,121,987; of exports in the coastwise trade, \$34,278,573. Total value of exports from the harbor of Galveston, \$147,190,770, an increase of \$20,348,461 over the next preceding year. It is an astonishing exhibit, showing prodigious increase of the industry of the Southwest. The tonnage of the port for the year, entered and cleared, was 3,094,903 tons. Galveston is the port of an empire. Nor is that port making its progress at the expense of New Orleans; for the port of New Orleans never showed such increase of commerce as during the past year.

Rev. R. H. Kennedy, whom two women of Hillsboro have positively identified as the man who entered their home in that place and robbed them, is not all unhappy. He is cheered in his sad and sorrowful plight by a strong resolution of "heartfelt sympathy and perfect faith in his innocence" borne by the whispering wires all the way from East Portland to his place in the retreat at Forest Grove. Foolish women, to believe the evidence of their senses on a memorable occasion in which their sleeping-room was invaded by a gentleman robber with a flimsy mask and dark, bright eyes! How does this expression of perfect faith in the innocence of the man whom they accused of robbing them, on the other side of the continent, discredit their simple story!

A scandal in which the unwedded mother of an unfortunate babe and the institution known as the Florence Crittenton Refuge Home, of the East Side, are principals, is claiming public attention just now. The charge that an infant born in that institution and kept there for some time, had been underfed and sadly neglected, the matter of bathing is fully refuted by the positive statement of the resident matron that "there was not a death of a baby in charge of the Home for six consecutive years." Of course this infant was fed and bathed! If not, what is the use of a record so ably attested, and why would not some of the babies of many previous years in that institution have died from the tongues of the "unreasonable" do wags!

There were twenty ocean-going vessels in Portland harbor yesterday, and eighteen more were scattered along the river at points below this city. The total net registered tonnage of the fleet of thirty-eight vessels was over 41,000 tons, and the carrying capacity over 75,000 tons. This showing early in September, before the grain fleet has begun to assemble, is a remarkable one, and is evidence that record-breaking bank clearings and the largest wholesale trade on record are not the only branches of our commerce that reflect the remarkable prosperity now at full swing in Portland, Or., and the entire Northwest.

On the Pacific Coast the importance of the oyster fishery is beginning to be understood, and the experiments in propagation are watched with interest. How many people, however, know that in the Chesapeake River alone the oyster industry supports over 230,000 people, and that more than \$2,500,000 is realized yearly from the yield of the famous grounds?

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THE MODERN MAGICIAN.

Baltimore Sun. During a recent voyage of the Lucania, of the Cunard Line, from Liverpool to New York, by means of Marconi's wireless telegraph, passengers all the way across the Atlantic kept in touch with their public obligations, as well as with their private obligations, so that they had the news of the day and were able to receive business messages from either continent. The result of the first voyage of the Lucania, and the Shamrock III, for example, was received at sea from Seaford at 10 P. M. August 22, and of the second race at 11 P. M. August 23, from Cape Breton. On the latter date the Lucania was wholly without the existence of a derelict in latitude 39-50 north, longitude 63-55 west, which she was able to avoid. Such incidents illustrate the marvelous achievements of science in recent years in annihilating space and time by means of electricity. Every year adds to the list of wonders. Invention of practically-useful apparatus follows close upon the heels of discovery in the laboratory, with the result that the world is constantly being enriched with new conveniences which add to the comfort of life.

It seems a long step from the initial experiment—prompted by curiosity—of getting electricity by rubbing a cat's back a piece of sealing wax, or fragment of amber (which is the first investment capitalists make nowadays in plants for the production and utilization of electricity—galvanic batteries for operating telegraph lines and submarine cables, electric motors for driving machinery, power for manufacturing establishments, for refining copper, for plating, for the propulsion of cars, for firing guns and shells, for lighting cities and for sending messages by wire, and for sending messages by radio. Within the memory of persons of middle age the electrical apparatus of the college laboratory consisted of scientific toys, the meaning of which was utterly unknown. But the patient labors of hundreds of obscure investigators gradually accumulated electrical facts from which men of genius deduced general principles and obtained the clew which led to the discovery of every new advance opens the way for a further step—experiment leads to experiment and discovery to discovery. Thus the science of electricity has progressed, turning to good account silent forces of nature which formerly, when accumulated in the thunderbolt, served only to terrify or destroy.

From the economic point of view electricity has been the great factor in recent industrial development and expansion. Without lessening investment in appliances formerly in use it has created a multitude of new and more profitable investments. Water powers hitherto neglected because of their remoteness from cities are now being developed, and discoveries in inventions, transmitted hundreds of miles, the energy thus gained for the traction of street-cars, for the propulsion of machinery and for metallurgical and manufacturing purposes, is virtually inexhaustible. The energy thus gained for the traction of street-cars, for the propulsion of machinery and for metallurgical and manufacturing purposes, is virtually inexhaustible. The energy thus gained for the traction of street-cars, for the propulsion of machinery and for metallurgical and manufacturing purposes, is virtually inexhaustible.

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NOTE AND COMMENT.

Where is Cobb? Dunno, an' don't want to know. In her new play Mrs. Langtry costs aside conventions and clothes. Peary's ship is to be called the Darling, probably on account of the hugging it will get. The man in the street has a hazy idea that there is some fuss in Europe and that the Turks are not quite respectable.

Officer Hammerley. It is said, may be discharged from the police force for failure to adopt the correct military seat in riding the bear. The Turks, says a news item, have concentrated 15,000 men in the Castoria district. So that is where it comes from! The Lipton Company has raised the price of jam in England a penny a jar. The Shamrock, more fittingly than ever, is to be described as a windjammer.

In the patois of the circus, to "red light" a man is to chuck him off the trail between stations. We have suspected Bill Bryan, the Democratic circus clown, of cherishing ambitions in this line. A Chicago team owner was properly beaten for daring to drive some children to see a parade, and the wretch without a union card. It will soon be that none but union teamsters will drive a man to drink.

A novel method of breaking a strike has been successfully tried by Superintendent Pearce of the New Haven, Conn., factory of the Rubber Trust. Twice a day the girls at work are given boxes of candy and dishes of ice cream, and the ranks of the faithful are depleted daily by the desertion of the sweet-toothed strikers. There is no reason why the system should not secure universal adoption. We may expect to see striking longshoremen, dockmen, backs to work, platters of ham and eggs and tankards of beer, while master plumbers tempt their reluctant hands with turtle soup and champagne.

Readers of the Clackamas Chronicle may have noticed the peculiar succession of the editorials for the last few months. It will be remembered that the article on Antislavery in Abyssinia was the first to make a hit, being followed by a timely dissertation on Beautiful Bulgaria. Last week the column editorial on Churches and Creeds attracted a great deal of attention on account of the historical knowledge displayed. Well, the secret is out. Tom Johnson, who used to feed the press, but was fired for taking an impression on a sheet of tin, told John Hayduck that the editor is buying an encyclopaedia by instalments.

MARSHFIELD, Sept. 5.—(To the Editor.)—Please give origin of the word "tenderloin" as applied to certain localities. While it is generally understood, whence the origin?—Lon. The expression is said to have arisen in New York. The police captains of the various precincts regarded the "red light" district as "carrying the best graft," and had a custom of calling it the tenderloin, as it cut up so well. Subsequently the term spread over the country. In the case of all slang expressions it is almost impossible to gather authentic information as to their beginning. Most of the "origins" are invented years after the expressions became general.

PORTLAND, Sept. 8.—(To the Nostalgist.)—I am a young man of good habits, but some days ago I caught a cold, and a friend advised me to take home a flask of whiskey and drink it before going to bed. He suggested other cures as well, but I thought this sounded most sensible. I did this, and forgot the flask on the table, and the girls found it there in the morning. I am not sure they found it, but it was gone, and they have asked me twice if I saw a man under the table, which makes me think they are gussing me. Now, what would you do? Say nothing about it, or come out and tell them about the cold cure?—P. P. You have planted the seeds of suspicion, and the best thing you can do is to say nothing. Excuses will only make matters worse. But anyway, when you seek advice you should be perfectly frank. That cold gag is just a little tole. Your appetite for whiskey has gone into the back fix, and you'll have to get out as best you can.

The Vanity of Night. The night, deemed so demure, is but a shy coquette. With eye and dawn a most unblinking stare. The stars are spangles on her nightingale. The moon upon her cloud of hair a Jewe set.

At the Hairdressers'. Hair in a window set, Like flowers in a garden blowing; Tresses blacker than jet, And tresses like sunset glowing. Hair as the chestnut brown, And hair that is deeply golden; Locks waving rippling down, Where love might be found and unfolded. Sly young love must have hid, Concealed in the lovely tresses, Touched only now by the kid. That daily the window dresses.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHS. Kicker—I understand the fellow Miss Many-beaux married was a dark horse. Dockey—A fellow named Dockey—New York Sun. Blobs—I overheard a dunder shooting at a mouth at you last night. Slobs—Yes, I did know he was loaded.—Philadelphia Record. Helen—George proposed to me last evening. He's my idea of what a hero should be. Nellie—He certainly is courageous.—Boston Transcript. Sinks—Yes, sir, I insist that all water used for drinking should be boiled at least half an hour. Dinks—You are a phony, I presume. Sinks—No, I am a coal dealer.—Chicago News. Her Sympathy—"What's the matter?" she said. "Nothing," replied the departed soul, severely, "except that your dog has bitten me." "Oh!" she exclaimed. "Poor Fido!"—Chicago Evening Post. Chicago Evening Post. "Nothing," replied the departed soul, severely, "except that your dog has bitten me." "Oh!" she exclaimed. "Poor Fido!"—Chicago Evening Post. Chicago Evening Post. "Nothing," replied the departed soul, severely, "except that your dog has bitten me." "Oh!" she exclaimed. "Poor Fido!"—Chicago Evening Post.

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