

The Oregonian

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It would be idle for The Oregonian or anybody else to attempt to predict accurately the ultimate effect of the decision by the Interstate Commerce Commission in the Spokane rate case.

The complexity of the issues involved is illustrated by the length of time which the Interstate Commerce Commission has spent in the Spokane rate case.

But the two alternatives are more than possibilities. One, the water transportation factor, is a certainty that will be realized with the opening of the Panama canal.

As near as can be estimated, Spokane has gained lower rates than those tentatively suggested by the Commission in a former decision.

In the case of speculation that may reasonably arise there seems to stand out clearly only the fact that tempoerarily, at least, the rate will suffer a reduction in revenues through a reduction of rates and that the consumers in some localities have a right to expect a corresponding relief in the cost of living.

There is no denying the fact that the wool business is in a bad way in the West, but the tariff is not the only party responsible for the difficulties.

When a grower goes to one of these sales, having already sent his clip, the chances are that he must sell to get funds to pay his debts and expenses.

It is estimated by the growers that the loss on the Oregon clip for this year will amount to 3 or 4 cents per pound from this source.

that they are well satisfied with conditions. As to the remedy for the evils besetting them, the growers are not by any means agreed.

If the entire Oregon clip could be sent to one central point, the sales desks eliminated, a general sales agent placed in charge and buyers invited to inspect the samples and make their own selections, the combinations of the buyers would be overcome, and the growers would be assured of the market price on any day in the year.

What is needed to secure the best prices for fleeces is an Oregon market, which means more manufacturing plants. We now ship from fifty to eighty pounds of dirt to Boston to market from twenty to fifty pounds of wool, then we buy it back in bulk and pay freight on it again.

Politics brings about strange combinations but none more strange than that of the House of Lords and the referendum. The latter political device is looked upon in portions of the United States as radicalism.

In Oregon sometimes the Legislature passes laws which the people don't like and the referendum was adopted as a means of giving the people an opportunity to repeal them.

In the case of the referendum, the people of the United States are consistent with their history. Even after 50 years of struggle had fixed the principle that the Cabinet must voice the opinion of the majority in the House of Commons, the Lords are essentially maintained.

The one carries out, the other thwarts the popular will. The bulk of the traffic originates in the Buffalo-Pittsburg territory, where the differential between the Missouri River terminals, and it is only in the new rates.

The announcement of the death of Millard O. Lowndale caused a shock of surprise and regret to a large number of his fellow citizens.

Not great men in a political sense, not statesmen of the type who were able to leave great wealth to their posterity, the Lowndales were still prominent and important factors in the growth of this city and state.

commission is adopted, or something very similar, we must require that by law. Each separate offence embodied in the term "good citizenship" their name firmly stands.

The news that there is a big huckleberry crop this year will bring comfort to many a weary soul.

In our opinion the raspberry is but a sorry fruit as it has just flavor enough to spoil it as a carrier of alien delights and not enough to enable it to pose as a luxury on its own account.

The prediction that the postal savings banks would draw much money out of hoarding has been fulfilled.

There is a close resemblance between the procedure of the trusts and the monarchs of the middle ages. The monarchs met and signed treaties parceling out territory among themselves.

There never was a legislative body in the world which would not turn into a Bedlam under a little provocation. The current disorders in the British Parliament are no worse than performances which have been seen in Paris.

The Spokane street dances to celebrate the decision in the city's suit before the Interstate Commerce Commission must have been an agreeable spectacle.

A peculiarity of an unusually hot day is that it is the "hottest ever." This statement is written by the memory of the "olden pioneer," and everyone whose opinion in the matter is consulted.

Another wonder is added to the collection of Western Washington lives an editor of an agricultural publication who is an actual farmer, and with the aid of five sturdy sons cultivates one whole acre.

With temperature near the 100 mark, the wind blowing through the sky and wind ripping things up at Medford, the elements were surely on the rampage.

The four comets romping near the sun can ask each other the usual hot weather question.

Gleanings of the Day

The women have taken up the cudgels for "Pure Food" Wiley against the poison-sellers, and President Taft has begun to hear from them.

The Playgrounds and Recreation Association of America has opened a branch office at 1058 Phelan building, San Francisco, which is ready to furnish speakers to communities desiring to conduct campaigns of education.

An idea of the extent to which the good roads movement has taken hold of every part of the United States may be obtained from a chart just prepared by the Office of Public Roads.

The work of the loan sharks among New York City employes has been under inquiry and it would appear that before they let a man have money they require a mortgage on his life.

A city employe, in negotiating a loan with a loan agent, is generally called upon to sign a number of papers. These include undated notes, indorsed by other employes, two or three blank assignments, forms to be returned to fill in the blank spaces in the assignments, a confession of judgment for the amount of the loan, and sometimes a general power of attorney to sign for and collect all wages.

Parvenu (formerly a butcher)—All my books are bound in calf. Friends—Really? Parvenu—Yes, and every calf killed by my own hand.—London Pall Mall.

Miss Simdlet—Here's an advertisement for a "literary man" who wants board. Does anybody know any literary men who have a person of refinement and culture? Mrs. Simdlet—No; it's to show that he can't pay much.—Pittsfield.

A new edition of "The Life of Pasteur," the celebrated French surgeon who discovered and perfected the treatment for rabies that bears his name, is about to be issued.

Ye Editor Franklin P. Adams, of the Gotham Weekly Gazette (which, for the uninitiated is one of the funny features in the New York Evening Mail), has just sent me a hot date about the publication of his collection of verses in the Fall.

Ultimatum to the Thermometer. O rouse me not from bed upon this gloomy day. "Til you have to the shutter glued an eye And doped it out for Sol or Jupiter It's booked to be 'at home' within the sky."

Advertising Talks

The President of the United States has made it known, in language that cannot be misunderstood, that he is in favor of the printed word that records facts. In other words, he indorses honest advertising.

The current habit of apologizing for Washington's generalship, says General Greene, is to be deplored. The shadowing importance of his political services, and "if he had died before he began to render them, he would have been a great general of all time."

General Greene thinks that Washington was only Fabian where one was Napoleon. He compares Washington with Napoleon, and enumerates the nine military events in Washington's military career: five victories and four defeats.

What is the use of butting one's head against a stone wall? The people want security in the printed word and they propose to have it; they want merchandise that gives them a fair return for their money and they will not buy any other kind.

From The Oregonian, July 26, 1861. The mails in a few days will come in daily from the East. We are told that the stations of the Overland Company are only 15 and 20 miles apart.

Mr. Hugh Gordon—better known in our city as "Hughie, the Gunner," who was wont to officiate as a gunner when a salute was to be fired—died yesterday morning at the "Franklin House" from the effects of an overdose of laudanum, which was taken the night previous.

The first overland mail from the States reached here last evening. It was 17 days and 4 hours coming from St. Joseph to Sacramento. The stage was received with great rejoicings at settled places on the route.

Country Town Sayings by Ed Howe. You have all noticed the difference between the circus bill and the performance. Possibly you have abused the circus man for exaggeration, but the circus men are not much worse than other men in making their bills greater than their performance.

I never knew but one girl who was not good-looking at 17. Some women just naturally know how to use dry goods, and I imagine they don't work any harder than the other men in making their bills greater than their performance.

Brad's Bit o' Verse. My neighbor has that wild desire to make his pile and then retire; he works like "Hec" and he don't have to squeeze every dollar tight, he maddly soils with rant and push to lay aside the world's care; and when he's ruined life and health, he don't have to brag of wealth. But I would rather plug along and do my work and sing my song; I'd rather have more time to play as I go along on my way; I can't agree with my letter friend; I think that work and rest should blend. When'er my neighbor quits the job he'll be a most unhappy slob; he'll tinker round a little while and greet his friends with sickly smiles; he'll hang up at the corner store till he becomes the village bore; his nights will pass in sleepless awe; his days will seem like India. The man who tries to quit the race is very sadly off his base; he gets a grouch that swells his head and fills the family with dread; he slashes around like one forlorn and wishes he had never been born; he gets high notions in his mind that keep divorce mills on the grind. Old Satan gets with fiendish bliss—he's looking for such chaps as this. I want to do some honest work; to live my life and never shrink; I do not want to quit the game; his days will seem like India. Retirement has no charms for me; for loading's not man's destiny.