

The Oregonian

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PORTLAND, TUESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1911.

POINTLESS AMBITION.

When at the end of his first term or his second, Mr. Taft finally retires from the Presidency, he cannot carry with him the remembrance of much faithfulness on the part of some of his fellow Republicans.

Mr. Taft's Administration will go down into history as one of the most singular and perplexing ever seen in this country. He went into office with his party united, enjoying the confidence of the country and pledged to a constructive policy which filled the public with hope.

We are not rash enough to attempt to specify all the causes which have wrought this havoc in the discipline of the Republican party.

From the day he entered the Senate La Follette consistently ignored party loyalty. He denounced the caucus, fomented against Senatorial precedents, carried ill reports about his colleagues.

What has he done with this power? He would have used it to defeat reciprocity if he could, but that was impossible, since the Democrats had their own game to play and the approval of reciprocity was part of it.

Whatever other men may think, Mr. La Follette has shown that he ought to be President of the United States. He can discern in nobody else that supreme fitness for this office which he is compelled to observe in himself.

disloyalty, personal abuse and conviction with the Democrats. This is an interesting condition of affairs, but it does not promise much for the future.

THE PROBLEM OF FISH CONSERVATION.

The slaughter of a multitude of fish in the river at Pullman, Wash., by the escape of ammonia into the water is a conspicuous incident in a process which is going on all the time throughout the country.

It is usual to believe that if sportsmen are prevented from catching more than a moderate number of fish they will take too many, but because we take them in such a way that the eggs cannot be deposited on the breeding grounds.

The growth of the automobile, so to speak, has been phenomenal. Civilization has advanced so rapidly that it is difficult to pronounce the word, a dozen years ago they were a novelty even in third and fourth-rate cities.

THE LATEST MORAL WAVE.

Mayor Rushlight is firmly convinced that the wholesale graft in the Police Department. Police Chairman Coffey is pained at the astounding revelations made through private detectives employed by him to investigate vice conditions.

But how far is this tremendous scare the Mayor and his indefatigable police chairman and his indefatigable chief clerk going to yield actual results? We are already beginning to hear that the plans of the crusaders, having been prematurely exposed, are likely to be defeated.

By the way, what was the occasion for all the hand playing, parading and hip-boasting indulged in by Spokane when the Interstate Commerce Commission decided the Spokane rate case? One would think everybody was satisfied, everybody happy, and that there was nothing more to it.

California has begun well in her present outbreak of bubonic plague in not endeavoring to suppress the facts. By publicity she can secure general co-operation in stamping out the disease.

Dr. Wiley's experts, in settling the rate, what is best for the activity of results if they work on it during a heated term.

contention, but finally framing a code of laws, good on the whole, though marked by a fair share of blemishes made by the crank and theorist.

PERSECUTED MR. WILDE.

The only thing Mr. Wilde need fear in Portland is the law, in case he should be proved guilty. If he should be acquitted, he will be free to return to California in his private car, unmolested.

After having exhausted every means to evade extradition, Mr. Wilde now to California in his private car, unmolested. His plea of persecution and his pretended fear of violence will only aggravate any prejudice which may be entertained against him.

CONCILIATION OF RACES.

A corollary to the peace and arbitration treaties of the movement to break down race prejudice which was launched at the Universal Race Congress in London.

More difficult to deal with are those racial conflicts which are intensified by the East. Such are the conflicts between white and black or white and yellow in America, between Jew and Russian.

If the lawmakers do not obey the law, who will? No doubt Councilman Maguire's lawn needs water sadly. So do others. If he violates the rules to slake the thirst of his grass, he must expect his neighbors to do the same.

John D. Rockefeller plaintively echoes his pastor's opinion that "great wealth takes the joy out of life." Many other millionaires have made the same doleful complaint. Their fate is indeed dismal, but how easy to ameliorate it.

SPokane NOT SATISFIED.

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posited restrictions on the railroads might reach the point where the railroads would prefer to raise the terminal rates and lose traffic that may go by water rather than reduce intermediate rates.

Spokane has been demanding terminal rates for twenty years, and seemingly it will be twenty years more before it learns that water competition is a condition and not a theory.

DESIGNED STARS AND BARS FLAG.

Nicola Marshall Alive to Tell the Story Today, at Louisville, Ky.

Late in the afternoon of a balmy June day in 1861, just a month or so after the first gun was fired over Fort Sumter, thousands of men, women and children thronged the streets of Montgomery, Ala.

The original designs for the flag of the Confederacy and the gray uniform of the South were painted by him in the bay at Agadir, toward the latter part of April or early in May, several weeks after the opening of hostilities.

Country Town Sayings by Ed Howe.

People always feel better in Fall and Winter than in Summer; in the Fall and Winter they can predict big crops next year.

Half a Century Ago.

From The Oregonian, August 1, 1861. The passenger fare by the overland route to the States has been reduced from \$200 to \$155 from Sacramento and \$130 from Placerville.

Brad's Bit o' Verse.

The experts tell us what to eat to make this life a joy complete; the cook books furnish recipes for dishes that are sure to please; the magazines are filled with news of how the proper chef to choose; 'tis printed large in every book just what and when and how to cook. I like to read the holy dose; it fills me full of cheer and hope; it bolsters up my diet thin and makes me think what might have been. My dinner pail is full of dents; what use have I for condiments? I tighten up the belt I wear and feed on gobs of ambient air. My wife can cook to beat the band; as good as any in the land; but when she's going up rapidly, there what then are gifts and skill and power? The thing that gives me inward pain is what these experts don't explain; for what I really want to know, is how and where to get the dough.

Gleanings of the Day.

The richest landbird in Berlin is Kaiser Wilhelm, who owns urban property to the value of nearly \$4,000,000. The sum does not include the value of the mass of buildings composing the royal palace, which alone is calculated to be worth \$10,000,000.

Agadir, the little Moroccan town and roadstead which has been causing a stir in the diplomatic world, once had far more business intercourse with Europe than now.

Father's Hand in the Game.

Answers, London. He came down the garden path, a sad, sorrowful figure. She watched him with a heavy sigh.

ALONE.

Alone, surrounded by people, Alone, amid the city's throng. Alone, with no companion.

THE UNWASHED.

The lawn is all wilted and dry as a bone. And these are the reasons that cause it: The Board in control of the water supply.

Summer.

When the winds blow low from the south, dear heart, And the dew is slow in the trees, When the crickets' soft chirp drones over the field.

Corvallis, Or., July 31, 1911.

Advertising Talks.

By William C. Freeman.

I am indebted to Mr. Foster Gilroy, publicity manager for the Frank A. Munsey Company, for the following ability written analysis of the stock situation:

About two years ago, seats on the New York Stock Exchange were selling at \$95,000. The last sale reported, a few weeks ago, was for \$70,000.

This shrinkage of \$25,000, applied to the entire membership of 1100, represents a loss of \$27,000,000 in what we may term for sake of argument an industry.

All this has happened within a comparatively short space of time, and I doubt if there is another industry in existence that would face a depreciation in its chief asset so complacently and so helplessly as our Wall street friends.

Most business men, brought face to face with a condition of this nature, would not look at great business losses as a calamity. They would do something to stir things up.

There are not a dozen strictly Stock Exchange houses advertising today. Most of them limit their publicity to the small three-times-a-week "card."

Members of stock exchanges everywhere have been rigid followers of custom—have thought it undignified to advertise in a human interest way—have thought that all that was necessary was to "call the public the name and location of a broker."

The time is coming fast, however, when they will realize that to get business they will have to tell the public why John Jones, broker, is a good man to entrust with the purchase of stocks—that his judgment, by reason of long experience in the buying and selling of stocks, entitles him to deal with careful, sane, reputable business men.

Nearly every man believes a history of his life would make a book. When a farmer wants to intimate that the dry weather is becoming a menace, and that it may be necessary for the County Commissioners to vote aid, he says his taxes are dropping off their handles.

When a woman sends an order to her groceryman or butcher, and it does not arrive on time, she always learns by telephoning that it is on the way.

For a boy, the first course at every meal consists in washing his hands. A storekeeper's wife called on him. The man picked up a duster, and began cleaning up a little. "It beats all," he said, "how dust accumulates." "Huh," his wife said, "that's not dust; that's dirt."

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