Morning Oregonian

ESTABLISHED BY HENRY L. PITTOCK.
Published by The Oregonian Publishing Co., 125 Sixth Street, Portland, Oregon.
C. A. MORDEN, Manager. E. B. PIPER, Editor.

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Daily, Sunday included, one year	$8.00
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Daily, Sunday included, one year	$9.00
Daily, Sunday included, three months	2.25
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Postage Rates.—1 to 16 pages, 1 cent; 18 to 32 pages, 2 cents; 34 to 48 pages, 3 cents; 50 to 64 pages, 4 cents; 66 to 80 pages, 5 cents; 82 to 96 pages, 6 cents. Foreign postage, double rates.

Eastern Business Office.—Verree & Conklin, Brunswick building, New York; Verree & Conklin, Steger building, Chicago; Verree & Conklin, Free Press building, Detroit, Mich. San Francisco representative, R. J. Bidwell.

EFFECTS OF THE RATE INCREASE.

At last the American people are to pay for transportation what it costs, and the decision of the interstate commerce commission on the general advance tells how much this cost has risen under war conditions. The commission has yielded to equity by requiring passenger traffic to pay part of the bill, but has been more merciful with it than with freight traffic. No just complaint can be made against the 50 per cent increase in Pullman and observation car rates. The former are often, the latter always luxuries with which those who travel from necessity can dispense and for which those who travel for pleasure or desire extra comfort should pay liberally.

Notwithstanding all the forcible objections which have been made to a horizontal percentage increase in freight rates, the commission has made it. Probably it would justify this decision by the imperative necessity of putting the new rates in effect as early as possible in order to stop loss, which the government bears under its guaranty till September, and by the long and formidable task of adjusting each particular rate to the necessities of the roads and to the conditions to which it must apply. The only way out seems to have been to apply the percentages generally and to leave the roads to make variations demanded by particular localities or industries afterward. That course was followed when a 25 per cent increase was made in June, 1918, and the adjustments are hardly yet completed.

Objections of Pacific coast shippers to the plan of the railroad executives have been met to some extent by dividing the Rocky mountain and Pacific territory from that between the Mississippi river and the mountains and by making the advance for the former 25 per cent as compared with 35 per cent for the latter. This compensates in some measure for the longer hauls to the far west and is justified by the smaller need of additional revenue for the Pacific roads than for those of the middle west. But by advancing rates in the Pacific and southern regions in the same percentage—25 per cent—the commission disturbs the relation between Pacific coast and southern lumber in middle west markets. This is one of the many effects of the general advance which will require special adjustment.

Expectations that revenue of the various roads, or of the roads of several regions, will increase in the percentages fixed are likely not to be realized. By charging an additional 40 per cent as against 25 per cent for the south, the eastern roads are likely to find that southern industry is stimulated at the expense of that of the northeast and that much export and import traffic which now moves through Boston, New York and Philadelphia will be diverted to southern ports. The eastern roads may find, however, that relief from the glut of traffic which has burdened them since the war boom began will facilitate and speed up movement to such a degree that the percentage of operating expenses will be diminished and that they will derive the desired revenue from a reduced volume of traffic. From the same cause the southern roads may so increase their volume of traffic within their capacity that their net income will exceed the 6 per cent at which the commission aims.

On the Pacific coast particularly, and to some extent on other coasts, the railroads may be disappointed of hoped-for results. With ample tonnage available, much traffic may be diverted to the sea. Transcontinental roads may lose lumber to ships which will carry it to New Orleans for transfer to railroads which will distribute it through the middle west, or to north Atlantic ports for carriage inland. These roads would then be obliged to haul cars eastward empty which had brought goods west for export.

In fact, the percentage increase may prove to be only the beginning of a readjustment of rates in detail which shall in the aggregate yield the desired increase of revenue and of a redistribution of traffic between rail and water lines and between different rail lines. Railroads may lose long hauls to water lines, but may profit materially by short hauls of water-borne traffic between coast inland points. Until water freights become stabilized, further adjustments must be made, but we may be sure that transportation is on a permanently higher level of cost.

SIGNS OF PEACE IN MEXICO.

The surrender of Pancho Villa may have been an indication of weakness on the latter's part, though it would seem that the terms said to have been conceded to him are significant of the federal government's equal belief in the insecurity of its own position with a still formidable rebel in the field. There are, however, certain other signs that stability is on the way to returning to the country.

One of these is the release of Pablo Gonzalez, found guilty of inciting to rebellion. Formerly, to obtain possession of the person of an opponent was to guarantee that the aforesaid opponent would promptly face a firing squad. The cases of Gonzalez and Villa differed in the respect that Gonzalez was in custody while Villa was not. The order promulgated by the Obregon government was as follows:

> Since the government considers itself sufficiently strong, being supported by public opinion with regard to the integrity of its proceedings, and does not fear that Gonzalez will continue to be a peril to the stability of its administration, you will therefore set him absolutely at liberty. The nation has already expressed its inexorable determination in this matter.

Amnesties are often dictated by consciousness of strength, though less frequently by desire to employ power humanely than by the motive of impressing the opposing side with the idea that it could be exercised at will. The earliest recorded amnesty made certain important exceptions, by which the principle of vengeance was preserved while the power of pardon was distinctly asserted. This was at Athens, when the thirty tyrants were expressly excepted from the gift. Napoleon excepted Talleyrand from his amnesty of 1815. The general amnesty proclaimed by President Johnson after the civil war is the last noteworthy example and was dictated by higher motives, in all probability, than any other in the world's history. It was not tinctured with necessity for disarming opposition, as was that of Henry VII, who thus brought the rebellious forces into camp. But amnesties are by no means common in Latin countries, and we are warranted in supposing that the pardoning of Gonzalez means that the government believes that he will serve its purpose best as a pitiable figure owing his life to his superiors than as a martyr to a rebel cause.

When Mexican governments begin to grant amnesties, it is a sign that new forces are at work. Obregon and his advisers at least believe that the ground is secure under their feet.

PERFECTED TO THE LAST MILE.

Human achievement is the realization of dreams that have been nurtured by endeavor. All artistic beauty and all utility were so conceived and created. Among lesser attained objectives, though it is of high moment to Oregon, stands the Columbia river highway. The last link in the well-nigh perfect pavement, stretching from Portland to Hood River, has been completed. The project that many declared to be beset with insurmountable obstacles, and which for several years has ranked as one of the wonder roads of the world, is finished to the final spadeful of earth, the last yard of surfacing. It was eight years in the making, but successive centuries will not weary of it, for it penetrates such scenery as compels belief in deity.

High above the present grade of the highway there once perched an old state road that knew the traffic of pioneer days. It linked the mountain-cleft sections of Oregon, and the pony express and the ox-cart were its traffic. No more compelling commentary upon the progress of the state can be found—the ruin of the old dirt wagon trail and the smooth graceful curves of the modern pavement. It was days in the old times. It is hours now. And many men still in the prime of life have withessed the transition.

Tourists come and are captured by the charm, the wild beauty of the Columbia river highway. They will continue to come and its fame will increase, for there is nothing transient about the finished triumph, nor is there anything transient in the character of the scenery which impells their tribute. Pavements there are in plenty, whereupon motors may glide as smoothly as swallows on a breeze, but there is only one pavement that enters the great gorge of the Columbia. Yet the scenic advantages of the famous roadway are only incidental to the practical purpose it serves in the arterial system of Oregon transportation. It endures as an incentive, a pledge, for the construction of real roads, until such time as all counties are neighbors through the facility of travel. It has been said that the progressiveness of a people may be guaged by the condition of their roads. Oregon will continue to meet the test.

NEW YORK'S SUPREMACY IN DANGER.

Alarm is sounded in New York because the commerce of the port has fallen below half of the total for the whole country and because some steamship lines have transferred their business to other ports, also because other ports are equipping themselves for competition with New York. The interview with Collector Newton, a synopsis of which is published in another column, is a summons to the proud Empire City to wake up, lest it lose its its pre-eminence, and to expand its facilities to accommodate half of the nation's commerce nowwithstanding continued growth of that commerce.

His warning is notice that even the greatest port with the best natural location and the best lines of interior communication is not secure against competition and cannot safely permit its facilities to become obsolete and inadequate. But it suggests that a condition is unnatural which sends half the commerce of this great country through one port and leaves all other ports to divide the other half among them. That condition is artificial and has arisen through operation of forces running counter to the natural lines of trade. The great financial interests which built railroads centered in New York and they arranged the routes to lead to that port, while they subordinated other ports. That led the principal steamship lines to make New York their American terminal, and these attracted others. In other days before railroad regulation, rates discriminated in favor of New York, especially as the roads competed most keenly for the largest volume of traffic.

But there is a limit to the volume of commerce that even New York can economically handle. If the harbor improvements that Mr. Newton suggests should be made it would still be necessary to expand railroads and terminals in order to carry the traffic which they would stimulate. The cost of land for this purpose in the vicinity of New York would be far higher than at other ports which are just developing. In a city which centers on an inland these improvements would involve an extensive system of tunnels and bridges, which would also be very costly and which other ports would not need. All this work might impose an intolerable tax on the commerce of the port, a tax which might drive much of it to other ports. It may be that the commerce of New York has grown to the point of saturation. Though there is scope for expansion of harbor facilities, the railroad and terminal improvements may not be economically feasible.

New Yorok may wish to mark its supremacy by handling half of the foreign trade, but the interests of the whole nation should be placed above those of any one port, no matter how big. The freight blockade during the war proved that such unnatural concentration is a positive injury to the nation. It lead to the dispersion of traffic to other ports, and that fact led the administration, congress and ports in general to contemplate further dispersion. Transportation is one of the most complex problems which confront the nation, and there is a growing tendency to seek a solution partly by using to their full capacity all railroads and all ports instead of crowding to their full capacity or beyond it the roads leading to New Yorok and using many others to only half their capacity. The proper distribution of traffic among railroads and ports is intimately connected with the general prosperity of the country. In the long run the output of industry is limited by the carrying capacity of the transportation system and by the volume of traffic which can pass through railroad terminals and ports without delay or undue expense. In order that production may increase, it is necessary that half the foreign trade be no longer done by New York. That city might, doubtless would, retain its leadership, but its pride in bigness must yield in some measure to the general good.

There is a moral for Portland in New York's predicament. This port is the ocean outlet of a territory far exceeding that tributary to New York in area and having as great potential wealth. Its growth as a port has just begun, and it is essential that we plan on a large scale for the future in order that we may not find ourselves cramped, as New York is. We need to construct all harbor improvements in such manner that they will fit in with future improvements. That requires a general, broad plan of development, to be carried out in units from time to time as the necessities of commerce dictate. It requires the development and full use of railroads and waterways, and above all, railroad terminals with room for expansion as need grows. By keeping before us a vision of the greatest possibilities and by working in harmony with that vision, we can insure that the port's transportation and harbor facilities will grow in pace with its commerce.

BEHIND THE BARS AGAIN.

The Pendleton prisoners are in their cells again. In breaking jail they elected to become outlaws and murderers, and the comparative triviality of their original crimes is overshadowed by blood-guilt in the ruthless killing of Sheriff Taylor. Such was the hazard as they took it. Now that the brief desperate flight is ended, now that bar and bolt enclose them once more, it is but fitting that the state should require of them the proper forfeit and try each and all for the major crime of murder.

It is sentimental silliness to insist that the actual murderer, the half-breed who sped the fatal shots, should suffer alone for the murder of the courageous officer who died in the discharge of his duty. By the act of one, and in the furtherance of a common conspiracy, all are involved. If ever the argument is raised, as it will be, let citizens who think well of their own peace and safety remember that Sheriff Taylor crossed the divide of death because he sought to insure protection, and through the act of a conspirator who followed the course of conspiracy to one of its logical ends.

The patience and self-restraint of Pendleton citizens was sorely tried when possemen returned with their captives. Men do not see the body of a dead friend, slain through treachery, without suffering the most violent impulse toward primitive justice. It is vastly to the credit of Sheriff Taylor's home town, distraught by his death, that law and order prevailed and that an incipient mob was dispersed by the mere suggestion that law and order were the creed of the dead officer, and that his first wish would have been for the routine procedure of justice. Lynchings are with the violent past, or should be, and the course of the courts is fully as efficacious—as the captured outlaws shall learn.

It was "not in the cards" that even the wildest of Oregon country should conceal these men who were unwilling to pay their debts to the social order, and whose choice was freedom at the most dreadful price. The west is no longer the west, in the melodramatic sense, where tough gunmen may slay and flee to safety. Crime doesn't pay in central Oregon any more than it does in central Ohio. Soon or late, and more often the former, criminals discover that the law is inexorable. A long succession of brave, unostentatious officers have brought this to pass. Sheriff Taylor was notable among them.

LOOKING BACKWARD ON VACATION.

May fortune extend some measure of recompense to those who do not dwell, sensibly and occasionally, in the realm of retrospection. They need it. Lacking the liking or the faculty for peering into the past they miss a joy entirely and favorably comparable to prevision of the future. Of what worth, for example, would vacation be if those who had tested its adventures and its restful episodes, who had rifled it of tan and tang, were promptly to forget the keen enjoyment of its epic hours? Certainly its physical gifts would still remain in possession, but the returned vacationist who rested content with these would be, indeed, a brother to the ox. By some kindly dispensation of providence, however, the memory of vacation days is insured to the most prosaic—as though the fortnight's chat with nature had wakened the child poet that sleeps in all of us.

Looking backward on vacation, as one turns on a hilltop to cast a glance at the green valley of leisure through which he traveled aforetime, is both inevitable and excellent. The pilgrim sees the days arrayed in incident and allure, even as he spent them. Far-away streams slash through cool canyons in a hurry of foam and bright water. Camp fires kindle in cool dusks, wherein the trees are garbed with mysterious shadow and the silence rings with music that is not heard, but sensed. As plainly, if a pool so lovely ever can be plain, as when the idler cast his flies to the dripping verge of the rock the mental eye beholds again an eddy where the trout were leaping—that time the mountain shone with a great joss of gold in the dawn.

While there is no vestige of regret in these fanciful returns, nor would one alter them were the power his, there is a game one plays with recollection while the spell of vacation lingers. It is the game of the other trail, the left upper fork of the wilderness river, the lake beyond the ridge, the trip that never was taken, the bait that never was tried—a most delightful variant of the otherwise rueful pastime of might-have-been. Vacationists are committed to these reflections by no particular fiat of dissatisfaction with their comportment while free and foot-loose, but by the unanalyzed and entirely natural impulse to complete their outing, in fancy's fields, if not elsewhere. So it is that they invent errors in the original itinerary and achieve for themselves a few more hours of heart's-desire, busied at correcting the course.

Now it is the fact that all who return from freedom, where they wore old clothes with more real gratification than ever they dressed in new, have attained the guerdon of vacation if they feel a vibrant elixer flowing smoothly through their veins and lending to their respective coats of tan that tint referred to by admiring friends as "a wonderful color," and if their hearts are filled with appreciation, if not understanding, of the pages of that infinite book lately opened to them. They have amassed such treasure of memory as may not be spent in a day, but will remain long as an open chest to be pilfered at will.

Like Fiddler Jones, of whom Edgar Lee Masters spun a verse, they will contemplate their expended vacation with a great deal of pleasure, and "not a single regret." Of course, the fiddler referred to his discarded mortality, but the blithe satisfaction of his recollections is entirely applicable to holiday reminiscence. Regret is something that delves deep, as a worm at the heart of a plum, and that eats and eats and will not be glutted. Have you any such thought of the days that are done, splendidly spent in vacation? If you have, forget it! For the chances are that, according to the law of limitations, the best of good times was enjoyed by all—as we used to say in the country press when we wrote of the church sociable.

For the returned vacationist has met and held speech with the bold explorer who took the other trail, has talked with the artful angler who fished the upper left fork, has swapped experiences with that hardy wight who penetrated to the lake beyond the ridge, and has possessed himself vicariously of their combined experiences. He finds that they too returned unsatisfied, and that they packed the duffle and took the road to home with the conviction that still other trails and other forks and other lakes and ridges cried out for inspection and offered richer reward than had been found. Insatiable, intriguing, altogether lovely, the spirit of vacation had whispered to them as it had to him. Yet if they have a genuine grievance, an honest cause for complaint, it simmers down to the self-born charge that the supply of bacon was inadequate to cope with the mighty demands of appetite, or that someone forgot to include spoons.

Yet this we do know, and no amount of specious argument is going to remove the definite conviction—that hard by Mt. St. Helens, where the cold, swift rivers are tinted with glacial silt, the ash of craters that coughed their last ever so many ages ago, there is a riff and an eddy. We dwell particularly upon that eddy, a whorl that no canoe ever braved, for it is the residential sector of a Dolly Varden trout not less—not an ounce—than ten pounds in weight and almost as old as the mountain. He would not rise to the spinner, neither would he mumble the lure of the patient bait fisherman, and flies were nothing at all in his serene and patriarchial career. But if—

She came toward you with glad eyes and outstretched hands, whispering of places near the skyline, and for a time she led you farther away from the old ways, from your own self, than ever you dreamed of. Be assured she kept her promises, this spirit of vacation, and if your eyes are wistful at the parting so are hers.

The twenty-first annual convention of the Gideons conveys a suggestion as to the power of an idea patiently persisted in. Modern Gideons, as most traveling men and some others know, have as their mission the placing of a Bible in every hotel room in the United States. A few Bibles are sold, but at a price that leaves no margin of profit. The work depends on private benefactions for its support and it seems, sometimes, as if hotels were being built must faster than they can be supplied with copies of the good book. The Gideons, despite their more than two decades of endeavor, are still a million and a half Bibles short of their goal.

New York has bought two and a half grains of radium for $225,000, for "purposes of social utility." There's nothing like having plenty of radium around when there are social affairs coming off.

To put it in a brief way, Engineer Connolly's advice to the driver means the locomotive is bigger than the auto and goes faster and the driver must be wary. He is right.

By returning to the land of their forefathers, the Hawaiian-born Japanese bid fair to settle a possible international issue in a highly satisfactory manner.

In avoiding an automobile a woman was killed by a streetcar Saturday and that on a crossing. The "Safety First" sign may as well be turned to the wall.

One of the issues in the senatorial campaign of the Hon. Frank Myers might be why government has not even filled the place to which he was forced to vacate.

It is like old times to read of a sheepherder being shot and his band driven over a precipice. Parts of the west are still wild.

More than a hundred are seriously ill from eating ice cream at a church festival in Illinois. Moral: Wait for the oyster.

With that Seattle boy to pull power from the air and Ponzi to finance the scheme, the world would be theirs.

The fellow masquerading in Paris as Prince Joachim, the suicide son of the ex-kaiser, had not a high ambition.

Albany may not have grown in the decade, but her bank deposits doubled, and that is something.

Other word than Hart's is needed to convince that a member of a posse aided the outlaws.

The acceptance speech of Cox need not be long. "Here's lookin' at you!" is enough.

Having consulted his wife, Mayer Baker again will run. That settles it.

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE TIMES

Ben Franklin Recalled as Forerunner of Pussyfoot Johnson.

Benjamin Franklin was the first "pussyfoot" to be exported from America to England, observes the Manchester Guardian. As a young man he lived for some time in London and worked as a compositor in a printing office in Little Wild street. There he set himself to prove to his fellow-pressmen that an allowance of five pints of strong porter a day was not at all necessary to support health and strength. Franklin himself drank water only (the other compositors nicknamed him "the American Aquatic"), and yet demonstrated that he was able to carry far heavier forms and galleys of type than the beer-drinkers.

To the cry that porter was necessary as foodstuff, Franklin replied that the bodilly strength furnished by the beer could only be in proportion to the solid part of the barley dissolved in the water of which the beer was composed; that there was a larger portion of flour in a penny loaf and that, consequently, if he ate this loaf and drank a pint of water he would derive more strength from it than from a pint of beer.

Franklin's breakfast, taken at his work, was "a good basin of warm gruel in which was a small slice of butter, with toasted bread and nutmeg." He managed to persuade some of his fellow-workmen to abandon a breakfast of cheese and beer in favor of the gruel of "the American Aquatic"—a conversion probably accomplished more by admiration for Franklin's natural physical strength than by any serious regard for his decidedly novel principles.

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When the elder Hill was at the heyday of his power in American railroading, the representative of one of his great locomotive works called at his office to get an order for some big locomotives for the Great Northern, according to a writer in System, the magazine of business.

Hill described the kind of locomotives he wanted and the representative named his price.

"Is that the very best you can do on price?" inquired the magnate.

"If I went a dollar lower the company would turn down the order," was the salesman's retort.

But Hill was not satisfied. "It's too high a price for that engine," he insisted.

"I know that with your facilities you could build a locomotive to sell for less than that."

"If there's a chance of cutting down our production costs," answered the locomotive man, "I'm for it and so is the company."

"What are you paying for such and such a rivet?" Hill suddenly shot at him, naming a part that goes into all locomotives.

The easterner was not caught unprepared. "Four cents," he came back, quick as a flash.

"If you are paying four cents," said Hill calmly, "you are paying too much. I can buy that rivet for two cents and a half."

And when the easterner got back home he found that Hill was right to the fraction of the cent.

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A toothbrush made of a stingaree's gills and a powder puff of stone—toilet articles used by Pimugna Indians on Santa Catalina island generations before white men introduced the standard drug store articles there—have just been unearthed by Ralph Glidden in his research work on the island for the Heye Foundation of the American Indian, records the Los Angeles Times. Both relics of aboriginal vanity were found among other household treasures in chieftains' graves.

The toothbrush resembles the modern article of commerce very much in size, shape and color, though the bristles are only the gill fibers attached to the jawbone of a stingaree.

The powder puff, on the contrary, would seem a trifle rough to a modern flapper. It looks like the present bit of down but feels more like a lump of lead. It was used to crush the ochre with which the Indians beautified themselves in the absence of talc and rouge.

That the Indians of the Channel islands paid careful attention to their teeth is proved by the evidence of their skulls, which Mr. Glidden has found in large quantities. Among hundreds of skulls unearthed in the past three weeks practically all had the teeth intact. The few exceptions were evidently the remains of squaws who lived to be more than 100 years old. Mr. Glidden states that he has never found a decayed tooth in a Channel island Indian's head.

* * *

From Egypt, by way of the European press, comes news of the ending of a remarkable court case at Cairo. It originated in a vendetta, not between families but between two whole villages, Hamidat and Ashraf, near Kaneh, Upper Egypt, northeast of the ruins of Thebes.

One hundred and fifty years ago a dog from the village of Hamidat bit an Ashraf man, who died. A quarrel followed between his relatives and the owner of the Hamidat dog, which developed till all the inhabitants of Ashraf considered that all persons of Hamidat blood were guilty of the death. The hatred of one village for the other became hereditary and assassination was common between them whenever the conditions of the country favored disorder.

Last spring Ashraf attacked Hamidat in force. A score of Hamidatians were killed, 120 houses were burned and all movables such as cattle and harvests were carried off.

Hamidat remembered the dog and bit back, killing 16 of the assailants.

These slayers have just been tried, 71 accused being brought into court and one lawyer assigned to every five persons by the defense. Twenty-one received sentence of 10 years' penal servitude.

It is noteworthy that the vendetta did not include women, who, during the 150 yeras, had indulged only in verbal warfare.

* * *

A member of the National Medical association tells the following story at the expense of a physician:

"Are you sure," an anxious patient once asked, "are you sure that I shall recover? I have heard the doctors have sometimes given wrong diagnoses and treated a patient for pneumonia who afterward died of typhoid fever."

"You have been woefully misinformed," replied the physician indignantly. "If I treat a man for penumonia, he dies of pneumonia."—Detroit Free Press.

Those Who Come and Go.

Early in the week Miss Olive M. Jones and Miss Sara W. Rhodes of New York made preparations to leave San Francisco, planning to arrive at Portland Friday night. They were at the Oakland pier on time for the train and armed with tickets, but no sleeper reservations. There were none to be had. The engine pulled in and the crowds surged on board. The two women decided they would take a chance and sit up all night in the day coach. Apparently a few hundred others reached the same conclusion, for when that train departed, Miss Jones, Miss Rhodes and 52 other people were still standing on the platform wondering how they could sandwich themselves on board. They didn't catch another train until the next day so heavy is the tourist travel.

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Once every year J. C. Lowe comes down from Ugasik, Alaska, and the Bristol bay country and pays a visit to Portland, bringing with him a large shipment of valuable furs for a local store. He has just arrived with a $25,000 lot, and is making the Sewmill headquarters. Mr. Lowe has been handling furs in Alaska the past 11 years and is thrilling folks around the hotel lobby with his stories of traveling with dog-teams when the temperature was 50 degrees below zero and when there was no water to drink except melted snow.

Operations in the Texas oil fields have settled down to a more conservative basis, notwithstanding the fact that a great deal of development is constantly under way and that the world is calling for more of the products of the wells than is forthcoming, according to A. L. Darrow of Fort Worth, who spent yesterday in Portland en route to Vancouver, B. C., on a business trip. Formerly engaged in banking at Sacramento and San Francisco, he has been for several years actively identified with the oil industry of the Burkurnett and Ranger fields in Texas with headquarters at Fort Worth.

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"First it was Faith, now it's Hope, and about the middle of the week I'll be disappointed if Charity doesn't drop in on us," muttered Clerk J. A. Hermann at the Portland yesterday as he roomed Miss Hazel Hope of Des Moines. She is here with Clara L. Krull, passing a few days in town. The middle of last week, Mr. Hermann checked out B. A. Faith, who also hailed from Des Moines, and with the next development he has come to the conclusion that the three links of friendship have apparently chosen that city for their home.

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A party of motorists just arrived at the Perkins yesterday was not difficult to distinguish, for it included one of the tallest men who have tickled cobwebs and electric light fixtures around the establishment in a long time. H. W. Lange, Lawrence Lange and Frank Fox motored from Spokane and it is one of the Mr. Langes who is around the seven-foot level. The group had a hot trip, but found roads fairly good all of the way. They are headed south.

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First-hand information on the northwest to be stowed for future use is being secured by C. C. Colpitts of Boston, who is putting one of his own company's tours and paid a visit to the Benson yesterday. The professional traveler is with the Colpitts-Beekman company, which with other similar concerns, he says, is doing an enormous summer business this season. He is with Mrs. Colpitts taking a small party over the country. They left late in the day for Yellowstone park.

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S. W. Tinker, who is interested in the lumber industry in Lane county, is at the Portland with his daughter, Miss Martha W. Tinker of Eugene. They are accompanied by a cousin, Miss Smith of Saginaw, Mich. Miss Tinker is active in musical circles in her home town and was for a while accompanist for the orchestra at the university.

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Here's a tip on how to get a free auto ride in Bend. Walk into J. B. Miner's office and tell him you'd like to look at some ranch land and he'll bundle you into his jitney and show you everything from homesteads inhabited by jack-rabbits to future apartment house sites. Mr. Miner was at the Imperial yesterday.

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Ground has been cleared for the proposed and much talked of new hotel to be erected in Lewiston, but none of the actual construction work on it has begun, according to Arnold B. Henzell, who is registered at the Benson. Mr. Henzell, who was yesterday joined by his wife, is with the Idaho Trust company.

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W. S. Murdock is fond of bossies—not bosses. He travels with a folding typewriter and a whole stack of report blanks and when in the state of Washington generally calls on every cow in the country and interviews it. He is with the extension department of the state college at Pullman and was registered yesterday at the Imperial.

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Miss Helen M. Manny, who was at the Seward yesterday, hails from Bend, where she has an enthusiastic following among the younger set. The reason is simple. She has taught in the Bend high school several years and the students know she is pretty likely to be one of their teachers at some time or other.

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T. T. Bennett is with Coos county from start to finish. He started there because his father used to be a banker down there and T. T. was born and raised in that section of the state. He is an attorney in Marshfield and stayed at the Imperial while in the city on business.

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"People in the United States are going dance mad. I don't like it," declared W. W. Kenny, who has just departed from the Multnomah. Mr. Kenny is a merchant from Colombo, Ceylon, although he is