

Morning Oregonian

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OUR TELEPHONE RATES. The telephone rate inquiry is making the average reader into a difficult maze.

That there is still a widespread lack of understanding of public regulation of utilities is attested by a statement that came from an up-state county the other day complaining of the inadequacy of taxes levied against public service corporations.

The Seattle Times is talking plainly to the people of that city about "our squandered millions." The public investment in two public utility lighting plants is being reviewed in a rather glowing way.

An eight-cent street railway fare is being advertised as a step toward better public service. The fare is being increased from five cents to eight cents.

RE TOWNS AND SHE TOWNS. One of the analysts of the last election said that the "he" towns and "she" towns are not so different as they seem.

THE WAY CLEAR FOR WATERPOWER. At last the way is open for development of waterpower on navigable streams and in public lands.

by the great surplus gold reserve held by the federal reserve banks and by the low interest rates. Power companies will now be able to raise capital on terms that will be practicable at the rates which the states will permit.

The complete system of public regulation by either state or federal authority, assuring fair rates and equal, good service to consumers and the protection of the public against excessive prices, has been given promise that power development will be carried on by private enterprise rather than under public control.

NO JOKE. The Seattle Times is talking plainly to the people of that city about "our squandered millions." The public investment in two public utility lighting plants is being reviewed in a rather glowing way.

RATE DECISION MUST BE OBEYED. By issuing a mandatory order to the railroads to establish the differential rates which have been proposed by the Washington state highway patrol suggests a slogan for motorists.

When we read that Henry Ford thinks of buying a railroad we think that there is one high authority at least who doesn't believe the jitney news which would put the steam cars out of business.

These dispatches about the great famine in Soviet Russia should be taken with due caution. We'll say a wager that neither Lenin nor Trotsky has missed a meal yet.

There's an understudy presiding in the municipal court and offenders better would beware. An under study strives to emulate and out exceed.

A New York publisher who has cut his prices 50 per cent says the trade has been making 300 per cent profit. The purchasers thought so, too.

The young Cudahys set example to first families in going out together the other day. An explosion assailed.

Buyers from the north of us, from the east and from the south, all welcome to the best we have.

The Chicago exhibition has everything but good weather. Portland, 1925, will have everything.

Mr. Cobley lacked the stone hatched, and the part of cave man to perfection.

Portland temperatures: Maximum 51, minimum 56 deg. Tell the world!

Crime and casualty run riot in hot weather, no place excepted.

assuming that they will automatically flow to it without effort on its part. For the fact that powerful interests are arrayed against the port any reason for supine acquiescence in loss of those rights.

Worry. He was a lecturer on optimism, whose oft repeated admonition to the public was "Don't worry." He held, and happily enough, that we should not borrow a spoon to sup with grief, and that the world is always alright. Yet the other day, leaving their wives, children and old world by his own choice, why is it that the physician cannot heal himself?

The Carpentier-Dempsey affair having been a boxing exhibition and his wife, who has been exhibited without violating the law that said they could not cross state lines. This does not increase one's respect for the law.

The amount of propaganda that the average citizen is subjected to every day is increasing.

Farmers, and farmers only, are to be sought for membership in the non-partisan league of Oregon. Many a poor lawyer is a good farmer in politics. Once the Grange did not want lawyers, but they got in.

Here is an educator complaining that college graduates are ignorant of history. If we were willing to believe all the pessimists, including Edison, the schools might as well shut up shop.

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Lloyd George is said to be contemplating an early visit to the United States. Well, that will give Portland a good chance to speak to him about the fair.

It must be disheartening to those moralists who have been so busy fixing the blame for the crime wave that there isn't any crime wave after all.

Speaking of King George's slap at Northcliffe, it's interesting to know there is one long left in the world—his son, Prince Edward, who is in the court room to the judge's bench and presumes to reverse the decision.

Mr. Howat, who is president of a labor union, has advised labor not to produce too much. Yet nobody ever makes anything by lying down on the job.

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The Listening Post. Stages in Reincarnation. OLD-TIMERS have many recollections of stage coaches but few of them thought they would ever see their second appearance on earth.

Portland has several stage depots, and one company operating here under the name of the Portland Stage Line has 30 buses on regular schedule. Their manager had some interesting data of their activities.

One good reason for believing that the Czechoslovakian people are going to make a success of self-government is the emphasis already being placed by their government on the public importance of private enterprise.

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Those Who Come and Go.

Tales of Folk at the Hotels. "Wrote a letter to a Broadway friend that when I get back there I'll have to get a blanket roll and sleep out in the open."

Flaunting his noted red necktie, H. B. Van Duser, president of the Chamber of Commerce, has been fishing in the Trask, and—this is no fish yarn—caught enough trout to supply the need for Lake Lydia for being an enthusiastic angler.

Radium, uranium and platinum have been found in southern Oregon by Dr. W. H. Robinson and C. H. Johnson, who returned to Portland yesterday. They have been seeking platinum deposits for a score of years.

On the southeast side there is a section of the city called Waverly, likely so named after one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, for nearby are Woodstock and Richmond.

A Portland girl who abhors open-air camping trips and hikes, but who "just loves to dance," took a pedagogue with her the other night and found that the pedagogue is miles in her hot, steps and waltzes.

From Chetco river comes C. M. Benham to the Hotel Oregon. Benham, who has been a few miles north of the California line, and on the banks of the stream is the settlement of Hiram, in Oregon.

"Found it cold at Newport, so I'm on my way back to the coast," says Thomas Polley, manager of the power company at Bend, which town at present is many degrees hotter than Bend.

H. F. Dickle, manager of the Utah Power & Light company of Salt Lake City, is, with his family, en route for the coast for the winter.

Having scaled Mount Hood and looking like a piece of raw beef, Lyman Rice, banker of Pendleton and member of the state bonus commission, is registered at the hotel.

Rev. Alfred Bates of Salem, who has been attending the Epworth League institute at Jefferson, Or., is in the city and preached at Selma Methodist church on Monday.

"A tire blew out, a broken spring and an ulcerated tooth—yes, I had a good vacation trip," reports Thomas Ferguson, at the Hotel Portland.

"There was nothing exciting and everything was lovely. Went crabbing at the Nehalem jetty. Caught no crabs. Went clamming. Caught no clams."

"Mill is closed but I expect to open it shortly," said Jack Magliady, saw-mill man of Row River, at the Impetrium Hotel.

He is reported by the Northern Pacific, with headquarters at St. Paul, was a Portland visitor yesterday, and spent some time with the city company here. Routine business only, it was said, claimed his attention.

Mr. Cox and Mr. Harding. Mr. Cox and Mr. Harding. Mr. Cox and Mr. Harding.

More Truth Than Poetry.

By James J. Montague. THERE'S ALWAYS A REASON. I do not spend what others earn on meaningless displays. Extravagance means no damn. I heard my cash away. By smoking fifty-cent cigars. I do not use expensive cars. Nor even own a filver.

I seldom see a Broadway show—The prices are too steep: The moving pictures may be low. But they are also cheap. With any form of bootleg booze. I do not nimb my senses. That's why I read it. The soda man dispenses.

It's a Tough Life. Guides have no cinch. Those who don't get shot are hailed to court as co-respondents.

Natural Enough. Having at last visited Ireland, Mr. de Valera has decided that he doesn't want to be president of it.

Exceptions. Apparently nothing was straight in that post-season series but the base lines.

Burroughs Nature Club. Copyright, Houghton-Mifflin Co.

Can You Answer These Questions? 1. What color is the phoebe polecat? 2. What color is the blue jay's throat? 3. How long will a plant live? 4. Answer in tomorrow's nature notes.

Answers to Previous Questions. 1. What will cure mosquito bites? Different skins are helped by different remedies. Touching the bitten spot lightly with moist toilet soap often soothes. Various washes are comforting. Epsom salt, lime, camphor and water, but disagreeable in odor. Iodin is used, naphthalene moth balls, salicylic acid, etc., but improves circulation and spreads the poison over more space.

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BIGGER SHARE IS DUE FARMER.

Producer Entitled to More Money and More Convictions. PORTLAND, Aug. 1.—(To the Editor.)—Having circulated among the farmers near the city to a considerable extent for the last year or so I have been greatly impressed with the state of discontent and dissatisfaction that one finds among these people. I am not referring to the radicals, agitators or trouble-makers who are merely the froth and foam, but to the solid, staid and well-to-do farmers who are the main body of the taxpayers of our country.

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I seldom see a Broadway show—The prices are too steep: The moving pictures may be low. But they are also cheap. With any form of bootleg booze. I do not nimb my senses. That's why I read it. The soda man dispenses.

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