

# J. L. STOCKTON

THE OLD WHITE CORNER



GREAT  
CELAN UP  
OF

## Summer Goods

Prices that force purchasers to buy. In every department of our store we are offering price concessions that will surprise the eager bargain seeker.

Summer Wash Goods Greatly Reduced

### ESPEE

(Continued From Page 1.)

Willamette river points and San Francisco and bay points. The attorneys for the Harriman road today express the opinion that the case will be successful for the railroad and predict that the supreme court of the United States will knock out the Hepburn act as unconstitutional.

The suit, which is an equity suit, was filed yesterday afternoon and alleges that all the laws under which the interstate commerce commission operates are unconstitutional because they confer on the interstate commerce commission legislative, judicial and executive authority. This, says the complaint, is in violation of section one of article one of the constitution which provides that "all legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in the congress of the United States," and section one of article 3 providing that "all judicial powers shall be vested in one supreme court and such inferior courts as congress shall from time to time establish."

The complaint goes into the history of the case from the beginning. The rate of \$3.40 a ton to apply to the transportation of rough green timber and lath from points on the east bank of the Willamette river and points on the west bank of the Willamette south of Corvallis to San Francisco and bay points and the rate of \$2.65 a ton from points on the east bank of the Willamette to bay points are both declared too low by the railroad in its complaint.

The complaint explains that railroad once established a rate of \$3.10 on these commodities from these points to California in order to foster the lumber business in the north, and that 250 sawmills sprung up as the result of the low rate. Now that the business has been established, says the complaint, the road is on the field to make money.

The complaint asks that the court make the junction permanent, and

### Whenever

an eye finds relief in a shaded or clouded glass something is wrong with that eye.

IT NEEDS ATTENTION

If it were not so the light would not irritate.

SEEK ADVICE

The kind we can give you—the kind that can only be given after a thorough and intelligent examination at

**Barr's Jewelry Store**  
State and Liberty Streets.

suggests that if shippers in the lower Willamette do not like the railroad rate they can resort to water transportation.

Judge Morrow issued an order directing the interstate commerce commission to appear before him Aug. 5 to show cause why the restraining order should not be granted.

#### Mad Dog or Mad Man.

The other day I went exploring in the outskirts of East New York. Threading my way along the child-littered sidewalk my eye caught the always interesting antics of a small pup—perhaps three or four months old—frisking among the youngsters. On a sudden a faint-hearted child the puppy had approached drew back and set up a cry. Abashed by his unexpected and unusual reception the wagging tail was drawn against his legs as the pup sidled against another kiddy looking no doubt for fuller understanding. But the fright of the faint-hearted child was contagious—the alarm spread instantaneously, and at once there was a shrieking and scrambling of terrified youngsters. Down the street came a horrified mother to raise the cry of "mad dog," and in less time than it takes you to read this that erstwhile playful pup was tearing down the street, in flight, chased by men and boys hurling stones and clubs past at its poor wondering little head. The pup I rescued trembling like a leaf and scared nearly into a fit—but the men and boys were appeased only after long and patient argument.

This was an actual experience and is by no means an unusual illustration of what constantly happens. It's the way that 75 per cent of the mad-dog-scares start. Scarcely a day passes without some newspaper account of a "mad dog" that has been chased to its death. Most of the mad dogs are merely thirsty or have been chased until they are crazed with fright and exhaustion. We need a little common sense in these approaching dog days, and we need—perhaps more—a little kindly thought. If the hot days are trying to we humans who can make known our wants and assuage our thirst when we will, what must they be to a dumb beast—the horses that toil all day in the blazing sun—the dogs that go unwatered for the most part? Have mercy. Exert your influence to secure drinking troughs for horses and basins for dogs in your city.

At the same time, the dog—when he is mad—is a dreadful scourge. He is the most common distributor of hydrophobia, and hydrophobia is the most horrible disease in the long list of diseases to which the flesh is heir. That is why the cry of "mad dog" is such a terror-breeder and why there should be every precaution for the prevention of dogs going mad, and intelligent action in case of attack.—From Caspar Whitney's "View-Point," in The Outing Magazine for July.

The following Portland women were hurt when a bus dropped off a 20-foot embankment at Carson, Washington: Mrs. W. F. Slaughter, Holt Slaughter, Mrs. Della Groves, Amanda Doty and Ruth Potter.

Explanation has been demanded of Heney by a San Francisco newspaper for what he received \$20,000 from the Spring Valley Water company.

#### Engineers' Estimates and Actual Costs.

There is a general popular opinion that the actual cost of any construction undertaken by a municipality will invariably exceed the engineer's estimates, 25 to 50 per cent being considered by many a conservative allowance for such excess. In the report of the city engineer of New York (whose real title is "Chief Engineer of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment") for the years 1906 and 1907 is presented a table showing the estimated and actual costs of all sewers, grading and paving done in the various boroughs during the six previous years. This shows that during this period sewer construction in Manhattan was estimated to cost \$887,340.06 and actually cost \$1,107,423.11, an excess of 26.2 per cent. The grading cost, \$716,440.11 which was 11.5 per cent less than the estimate. The excess in the cost of sewers and grading shown by these figures would seem to justify the opinion above referred to. But the other four boroughs show an entirely different state of affairs. In Brooklyn the sewers cost \$3,030,543.22, which was 5.2 per cent less than the estimates. The grading cost \$1,368,221.30, which was 3.1 per cent less than the estimate. The paving cost \$1,820,596.29, which was 13.1 per cent less than the estimate. In the Bronx sewers cost \$1,773,768.27, which was 0.2 per cent less than the estimate, and the paving cost \$1,680,473.36, which was 17.6 per cent less than the estimate. In Queens sewers cost \$174,938.70, which was 4 per cent more than the estimate, grading cost \$484,204.13, which was 9.9 per cent less than the estimate. In Richmond sewers cost \$74,853.81, which was 2.8 per cent less than the estimate, and paving cost \$126,573.93, which was 14.9 per cent less than the estimate.—Municipal Journal and Engineer.

#### Hunting for Work.

"One Sunday night I told a hundred men that the reason they had no work was, that they were loafers and didn't want work," says Alexander Irvine in the August McClure's in writing of Bunk-houses and Bunk-house men. "This was in accordance with my theory—the prevailing theory—that poverty is the child of sin, that lack of work is the fruit of shiftlessness. I offered to change clothes with any man in the house and to go out in the world and show him how to get a job. The challenge was accepted instantly—by an Irishman.

"From the 'want' columns of the morning papers we selected a few bits of labor bait. We ran them down, failed to find anything, and turned to the shops and factories on the West Side. The answers were monotonous. 'Full up,' they said. In one place, I remember, I said, 'For God's sake.' The superintendent laughed and waved us away.

"The harrudest work, for sure, is no worruk at all at all!" said my companion by way of sympathy.

Becoming desperate by mid-afternoon, Mr. Irvine went to a drug clerk and got five cents' worth of axalic acid on a credit.

"Oxalic acid eats away rust. If I had five cents' worth I could make a dollar an hour—I know I could," he said.

"After he had succeeded in making enough money by cleaning signs to meet their temporary needs. Mr. Irvine asked his companion what he thought of the scheme.

"Well, it takes to do that trick what most of us hev'n't got: ut takes brains, sor—ut takes brains!" "Why don't you have brains, then?"

"He looked dumbly at me, and hung his head.

"I dunno—I dunno," he muttered."

#### A Lofty African Mountain.

The most wonderful vision that meets the eye on the journey along the west African coast is Mount Cameroon. Reclus has called the mountain one of the most imposing summits of the earth. It is not as high as Kilimanjaro or Kenia, but it is the loftiest mountain on the west coast and it has the advantage of all great mountains that stand on the edge of the sea. Its western base is washed by the Atlantic and the characteristic aspect of all climates, to the snows of the Arctic, are plainly revealed on the slope of the tremendous monument which from base to summit is fully in view from the setamer deck.

An important question relating to the mountain has just been settled. Every one knew that it was once an active volcano and that it reached its prodigious stature through the piling up of lava and volcanic debris; but the general opinion of geologists has been that its fires centuries ago were extinct and that there is no evidence that for many generations it has shown even the embers of life

or any of the final evidences of expiring vulcanism. In other words, the testimony of the natives that their fathers told them 40 or 50 years ago that they had seen the mountain smoking has been entirely discredited.

But last year the German government sent the distinguished geographer, Dr. Hassert, to make a scientific study of the great mountain, and in the report he has just published he substantiates the statements of the natives. He has found that the waning volcanic state known as solfatario is still in evidence. The volcano may be nearing its last gasp, but there is yet a bit of life in it.

A little northeast of Falko, the highest peak, he found a crater from which he saw ascending a slender column of gases so discolored by mixture with solid matter as to be visible. On another day, in the same place, he found an oppressive smell of sulphur, and is confident that he would have seen steam if the air temperature had not been so high. In this neighborhood and also in the Likombe area he found great outpourings of volcanic ash and lava, which he says were undoubtedly brought to the surface not over 50 to 100 years ago. His evidence confirms the reports handed down by the black inhabitants, that at a comparatively recent period Mount Cameroon was still an active volcano.—New York Sun.

#### Dynamite in the Making.

So thoroughly deceptive is dynamite in the making that you are apt to be disappointed on viewing the surface of things. You could more readily fancy thunderbolts leaping and crashing from tender blue skies than that the most fearful forces in creation are hidden under such a peaceful exterior. Nitro-glycerin, a cupful of which would distribute you over square miles of landscape, is diligently mixing around you in hundreds and thousands of gallons. It is making itself in big iron retorts cascading down leaden gutters, and merrily tumbling in minute Nigaras into immense vats, where the deliquescent yellow peril pursues its journey powerward. Out of one receptacle it fares furiously through special lead coils, driven only by cooling blasts of air, and is drawn off like draught and piped on to the next perfecting stage. Gaze with the nitro-glycerin expert into one of those big cauldrons. The interior is brilliantly illuminated by electricity, the only illuminating agency permitted in or about the danger houses.

At the bottom is a molten sullen fluid. Glancing cautiously at the thermometer, the guide tells you that the writhen mass is nitro-glycerin. It is being fused with nitric and sulphuric acids, and you are casually informed, as the expert sends a cooling stream through the pipes, that it is very necessary to keep the temperature below 80 degrees. Once above the 80-degree dead-line, so to say, the treacherous liquid might instantly voice itself in such deafening explosion as those in close proximity may never hear but once. Let the composition be quiescent for but a few seconds, and its stillness suddenly becomes that of death, in consequence of which extreme vigilance is practiced in keeping it constantly agitated, as well as properly temperatured.

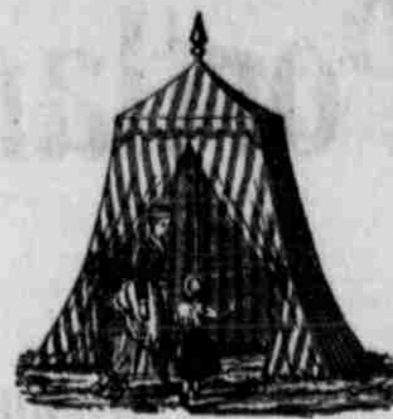
Around you are other houses, at uniform distances apart, and connected by a series of narrow-gauge tracks, wherein workmen are rail-roading nitro-glycerin from here and pulp cotton from there, to be compounded into dynamite and blasting gelatin. Greatest care is taken in rolling the product from house to house. As soon as a loaded cart is ready to pass out of the nitro-glycerin house, for instance, a semaphore signals from an adjoining station, to which the consignment is carefully hurried. Around you are long storehouses packed with pulp in tons of innocent whiteness. Presently this pulp will assume a tan color under the nitrating process, and then, suddenly becoming carbonite, red cross, hercules Judson and Giant powder, forcite or what you order, it develops the quasi-virtue of dynamite—dynamite or blasting gelatin, in which more natural forces are condensed to the cubic inch than exist anywhere else in creation. Death, curbed and sleeping encircles you in gallons and in tons. Annihilation threatens at every turn, in the form of potential pulverizing forces. But the man and the mercury are there also, alert, responsive, reliable.—William Griffith in Leslie's Weekly.

Misses Hattie and Flossie Day have returned home after visiting friends in Portland the last two weeks.

Look out, boys. Use your bump of caution when swimming. Some one drowned every day.

## SPENCER HARDWARE CO.

### SUMMER COMFORTS



Tents for lawn and camping with ropes and tighteners, poles, tins and flies can be furnished if desired. Prices \$5.50 up.

Gasoline and Oil Stoves—1, 2 and 3 burner. No dust no smoke, no ashes. Priced from \$2.00 up. Ovens for above \$1.50.

Gas Toasters—20 and 25 cents. One and 2 hole broilers for gas stoves.

J. W. Picks' Shavers, Measures, Etc. Cherry Pitters, 50c, 75c and \$1.00. A large stock of enameled ware, priced very low while they last.



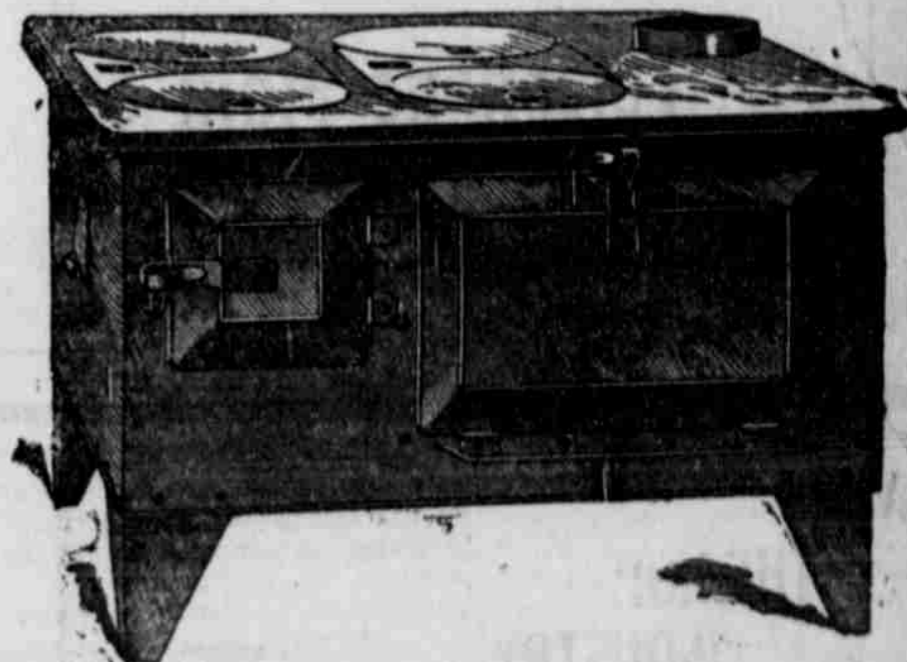
9-in. pie pan, 10c; 17-quart dish pan, 40c; 2-quart pudding pan, 10c; No. 28 washpan 15c, Etc., Etc., Etc.

### ICE CREAM FREEZERS

White Mountain, Lightning and Polar and Starr. Ice Cream can be made in 5 minutes.

Price 1 quart .....80c  
Price 2 quart .....\$1.25

### CAMP STOVES



Made of heavy steel, castiron top and lids. Firebox and oven protected with asbestos millboard. Legs are bolted, but can be taken off for shipment. We have all-steel camps stoves in 1, 2 and 4-hole. Price \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00, Etc.

## SPENCER HARDWARE CO.



### Spray, Windmill Power and Hand Pumps

For all kinds of work. Spray, garden, lawn and suction hose.

The best and the cheapest. Fairbanks engines and lawn sprinklers, metal and wood tanks.

Get some of our Graphalastic Paint for old or new tin roofs. Guaranteed for six years.

## Chase & Skaife

198 State Street



### THE HOTEL LENOX

Portland's new and most modern furnished hotel, Third and Main streets, fronting on the beautiful City Plaza and adjacent to business center. Free bus to and from trains. Up-to-date grill. Excellent cuisine. Telephone in every room. Private baths.

European Plan, \$1 to \$2.50 Per Day. American Plan, \$2.50 to \$4 Per Day. O. H. SPENCER, Manager