

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

Published every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning at The Journal Building, Fifth and Yamhill streets, Portland, Oregon.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND

A FUNNY LITTLE SPASM.

IN THE COURSE of a rambling and circuitous editorial the esteemed Oregonian demonstrates to the public satisfaction that if the business districts of the city continue to grow they must inevitably invade the residence districts; that they have done so at other times in our municipal history and they will continue to do so in the future, provided, of course, that the city's growth is not arrested, in which contingency a rigid adherence to the general principles is not urged.

All of these views, which are as much a matter of course as two and two are four, are advanced with owl-like solemnity and an air of original discovery which must be exceedingly fascinating to those who delight to feel the thrill of having flights into the vaultless blue of stoutest intellectual effort.

So, while admitting that there has been growth in Portland in the past, that there is likely to be even more growth in the future through which other residence districts are to be invaded by business, nevertheless and notwithstanding we see nothing in that fact to interfere with any reasonable advantage being taken of the local option law, and would suggest to the Oregonian, who unwittingly contributed so much to carrying that law, not to go too far out of its road to borrow trouble or it may founder too perceptibly in a slough of verbiage and be mired.

PARKER'S LATEST OPPONENT.

THE NEW YORK SUN proclaims that it will support Roosevelt for the presidency, but urges him, in consideration thereof, to keep some well balanced advisers at his elbow so that he will not plunge the country into ruin.

The Sun is a queer bird in the journalistic banyard. In many respects it is edited with vigor and brilliancy and very fairly upholds, in its aggressive and literary aspects, the traditions of the Charles A. Dana regime. Many of the features which then made it famous it still retains. It may still boast of the same crisp style, the same vigorous, aggressive and court of last resort tone, the same manners that superficially marked its earlier and more potent history. But it is not what it was, however far it may have fallen short of the ideal under the Dana management and however much its policy may then have been marred by the vindictiveness which so often marked and marred it.

the commission which settled it. No other paper in the country has made such brutal and malignant attacks upon the president and none has done so much to demonstrate to the country those arbitrary features of his character, a realization of which has given pause to so many thoughtful people.

The Sun will be worth reading during the campaign, for it always is to those who delight in the picturesque and whose ears are tickled by vigorous and high pitched English, but its real influence in the campaign will amount to little except possibly in the direction of creating new friends for the Democratic nominee for president.

JUDGE PARKER'S SPEECH.

JUDGE PARKER'S speech of acceptance does not, of course, suit the Republican organs. They were fully prepared to find fault with it. Their criticizing and condemnatory editorials were probably written before they read the speech. Yet the truth is that it is a good speech. Judge Parker is not a great or radical reformer, and does not pretend to be. He is not a man of the Bryan type at all, and does not profess to be.

On the Philippine question Judge Parker takes exactly the right position. We must give those people self-government or acknowledge that all our political professions for the past 128 years have been a fraud, a delusion and a lie. And the declaration of our intention in this respect cannot be made any too soon. It is never too early to declare the right, true thing.

Judge Parker reiterates his declaration as to the established fact of the gold standard, because he desires his position to be thoroughly known and understood. He is not in favor of war, but rather of peace. He does not believe in the doctrine of unlawful and destructive force, whether used in the form of dynamite by strikers, or by a military oligarchy in deporting citizens not convicted of any crime, and in no case legally subject to such punishment.

THE COST OF THE WAR.

A DISPATCH from Tokio places the cost of the present war at one hundred million dollars, 70 per cent of which is apportioned to Japan. Just how the figures have been reached and just how Japan's proportion of the total is so great is not stated, though undoubtedly Japan has been put to extraordinary expense to meet the difficulties and cost of maintaining its extraordinary campaign.

ONE WAY TO STOP A DOG FIGHT.

From the Utica Observer. "I saw an ugly dog fight stopped in a very handy manner the other day," says an agent whose business takes him to almost every section of the city.

WOOL-SAND WELL USED.

Wool men who often complain about the low price of Oregon wool, might be interested in knowing that about 30 tons of sand, washed out of wool used by the Pendleton Woolen mills, is now being dumped into the river bed at the Lee street bridge, says the East Oregonian.

Small Change

Warm in Indianapolis—Ft-rb-nks not at home.

But Colonel Butcher will vote for Parker, all the same.

Perhaps Kuropatkin had rather been a bishop than a general.

Dollar wheat in Chicago. How would you like to be a farmer?

But Davis would have run earlier if he had been given a chance.

St. Louis is not to blame for the weather—only for its hoodlums.

Could anybody write a poem about the ferriid patriotism of Fairbanks?

We rather like that Judge Parker; he didn't even pretend to be surprised.

Some people come up every day from the coast for a little vacation and rest.

Have you noticed how tame the birds are? And have you thought that it is nice to have them so?

A hundred years from now men will know better than to strike—or to let their employes strike—we hope.

Well, Japan is getting rid of some of its surplus map population, all right. But what are the Japs going to do?

We don't believe we can keep away from the country much longer—Minneapolis Tribune. Might come to Portland.

Moro Observer: The beef trust will know the public is good for an extra milking incident to the strike. The consumer pays the freight.

Atlanta Journal: Rejected girls may not be popular in summer time, but nobody can deny they are handy things to have around in winter.

Albany Democrat: The Christian Science editor of the Salem Journal says a kiss is a harmless thing. That just depends upon whether it is your own wife or some one else's.

Chicago Record-Herald: Rudyard Kipling has written a poem the meaning of which has to be explained in footnotes. There can be no doubt after this that Rudyard is a real poet.

Shouldn't Marion county have both presidency of the senate and speakership of the house? Surely Marion county, after giving Hermann such a majority, deserves these plums.

Chicago Record-Herald: One of the Russian generals boasts that he surprised the Japs by retreating when they didn't expect him to. It must be truly gratifying to some of the Russians to be able to show the world what wonderful strategists they are.

The best thing Missouri can do to help the fair is to go Republican. Chicago Journal. The best thing Missouri can do is to elect Folk and send its boodling Democratic and Republican politicians to the penitentiary. That would be the name of the game, by returning profits from the fair.

PRESS AGENT'S COLLAPSE.

From the Chicago Journal. "Mlle. D. is one of the most extraordinary artists the world has ever produced," said the manager of a big show to the agent who had such duty it was to "work the press."

"Now," he went on, "I want you to 'boom' her in an effective way."

"Very well," returned the press-agent. "When she has shown her extraordinary 'Well, she has no diamonds to be stolen."

"That doesn't signify. Diamonds are played out."

"But it knocks out elaborate descriptions of the way her gems are guarded."

"Of course."

"Then she does not come of an aristocratic family—that would be humiliating to the name of the show."

"That has become an old notion, too."

"And she was not rescued from the slums by some one who was captivated by her voice?"

The press agent began to look a little troubled.

"She has no wealthy patron who has watched her from childhood and dejected her expenses of her musical education from humanitarian motives in order that the great public mind might not be deprived of the joy of her magnificent voice."

"She did not show her indomitable will by getting a musical education under the most adverse conditions, and none of her relatives starved themselves or in other ways showed extraordinary self-sacrifice in order to furnish the necessary money."

The press agent breathed heavily.

"None of the great masters of Europe considered her as their pupil, and she took her as his personal pupil and refused to accept any compensation other than the satisfaction of giving her to the world."

"She has endured no hardships; she won't demand eight rooms at every hotel and insist that they shall all be furnished to her, and she never refused to sing because some one in the audience sneezed at a critical moment; she gets no fabulous salary; she isn't supporting a wife and four children on a thread of education; four sisters starved."

"Enough! Enough!" cried the press agent.

"I told you she was unusual," said the manager.

"Unusual!" wailed the other. "She's impossible in the 'blooming business!'"

"And last," said the manager, "she did not move an entire audience to tears the first time she sang."

The press agent collapsed.

San Jones.

From the York Times. San Jones still meanders over the country receiving \$100 a night. His alleged lecture consists of a lot of cheap bar-room jokes, strung on a thread of blasphemy and vulgarity. His filthy batteries are leveled at the clergy and at Christian women. Anybody who tries to be good or do good becomes the target for his billingsgate while the worst element escapes unscathed.

San Jones ought to be quarantined by public sentiment and compelled to stay securely in his shell.

Warning for Philadelphia.

From the Boston Transcript. It's rather disturbing news from Pennsylvania that a woman who snored in church and who brought suit because the ushers who ejected her has lost her case. The judge even lectured her for want of reverence and condemned her to pay costs. No doubt many a man reading of this case and fearing for himself a similar mishap will stay away from church next Sunday.



Oregon Sidelights

Pratum seems to have subsided.

A Stayton man has made a rowboat. Peaches are the next thing to put up.

Nice weather for picnics, if you have time.

Much haled hay is shipped from Central point.

Maggie Bellinger of Medford is engaged.

Fellows are fishing over on the Siletz reservation.

LaFayette firemen are building themselves a hall.

The hop yield in southern Oregon will be greater than ever.

Wild blackberries sell for 40 cents a gallon in Yamhill county.

Bluestem wheat turns out better than other kinds in Umatilla county.

A camp meeting has been held lately at Gladstings, Marion county.

Part of the wheat crop of an Athena farmer yielded 60 bushels an acre.

The Florence West wants wood on subscription. Might take veal and vegetables, too.

Malheur people will irrigate, whether the government helps them or not. Such people as they are cannot be kept down.

A Downs Station, Marion county, young woman spells her front name Bryde. We would humbly suggest an improvement—Bryde.

By a fall from the loft of his barn last week, John Fitzgerald of Coos river had his skull fractured and his right shoulder broken.

Needy correspondence of the Aurora Borealis: You're not the only tin can in the valley, Wolfer Prairie, 'cause you rattle lots.

Miss George Hartless returned Wednesday from a visit with relatives at Philmath—Corvallis Times. But we hope she is not heartless.

Wolfer Prairie correspondence of the Aurora Borealis: Phillip Miller was working for Frank Weeks of Gribble Prairie one day last week. (Wonder if it hurt him.)

J. W. Booth recently drilled a well on his farm west of Wasco and at 18 feet struck artesian water, the well producing a steady stream one-half inch in diameter.

Malheur Gazette: A young man said to us the other day that he did not know which to take, "a wife or 100 acres of land." We would advise him to file a homestead on both.

Grants Pass Journal: A. J. Spaulding finished his final cleanup on the old Hurd place last week and returned to Tacoma, his home. The cleanup is reported at about \$14,000, although no exact figures are obtainable.

Corvallis Times: Orders for phones are pouring in so rapidly on the independent telephone system that the original supply of wall and desk phones is already exhausted, and Thursday an additional invoice of 50 wall phones was ordered by telephone.

Siletz correspondence of the Toledo Reporter: John Williams is now engaging his hop pickers for Independence, Oregon. John wants 100 pickers. He has had no consideration for the Indians at the hop fields for the past five years, and is well known and liked by hop men and pickers.

The Sheridan correspondent of the McMinnville Reporter writes: "Miss Lena Brynnjoff resumed the duties of deputy postmistress Monday morning, August 1." Couldn't Lena, holding this position, somehow use a pull with the government to change her last name little?

Malheur Gazette: A young man said to us the other day that he did not know which to take, "a wife or 100 acres of land." We would advise him to file a homestead on both.

While working in a hay field in the Bonanza, Klamath county, neighborhood, Dan Pearce climbed to the top of the derrick pole to loosen the pins, and the structure, being very poorly arranged, fell with him, one pole striking him on the back of the head, the other pole crushing his shoulder, collar bone and lungs, and his recovery is doubtful.

Society item in Klamath Falls Express: Because William Grimmett failed to keep his agreement to depart from Klamath Falls and stay away forever and ever, he was furnished with a room in the city's calaboso Monday and will be given an allowance of \$1 a day and board for the next 30 days. Mrs. Grimmett left for another state one day last week by request, and has promised to forget that Klamath Falls is on this map.

Burns Times-Herald: Along with other counties of the state Harney will have one of the largest grain yields in her history. It will be even better than in many portions of the state where frost has nattered and injured what was very promising crops. The season has been very peculiar for this section, but has been a benefit for growing crops. People who have been making a study of farming are learning by experience, and are now under the impression with climate conditions that in future there will be no such thing as failure of crops.

MUOV REPORTED OF THEM.

From the Grants Pass Journal. There have been larger gatherings to Oregon than the first convention of the Oregon Development league, but there will probably never be one of more importance and interest for the state industries. The 300 delegates represented all sections and all lines of industry. All were enthusiastic over the work in hand, even when in its incipient stage, and all were ready to act in harmony.

The keynote of the meeting was, as expressed in the speech of Chairman Calk, "Publicity for Oregon and its resources." Men of good calibre have been selected for officers of the organization and associated with a view to avoiding any display of sectionalism. We shall expect to hear much from them.

STRAIGHT TALK.

From the Tillamook Headlight. The Headlight is accused of making a persistent and determined stand against gambling. Well, what if we have, and we readily plead guilty to the charge. Hasn't the Headlight always advocated and worked for that which was for the best interests of Tillamook county and the people residing here? So effective is its work along these lines that if county and city officials permit gambling to run, the voters, to show their disgust at the demoralizing practice, will vote to put the saloons out of business.

August 11.—After a violent wind from the northwest, attended by rain, we sailed along the right of the island. At nearly five miles we halted on the south side for the purpose of examining a spot where one of the great chiefs of the Mahas (Omahas), named Blackbird, who died about four years ago of small-pox, was buried. A hill of yellow sandstone rises from the river in bluffs of various heights, till it ends in a knoll about 300 feet above the water; on the top of this a mound, of 12 feet in diameter at the base and 8 feet high, is raised above the body of the deceased king; a pole of about 8 feet high is fixed in the center, on which we placed a white flag, bordered with red, white and blue. Blackbird seems to have been a person of great consideration, for ever since

his death he has been supplied with provisions from time to time by the superstitious regard of the Mahas. We ascended to the river and passed a small creek on the south, called by the Mahas Wauandipetche (Great Spirit is bad). Near this creek and the adjoining hills the Mahas had a village, and lost 400 of their nation by Blackbird. The meridian altitude made a latitude 43 degrees 1 minute, 3 5-10 seconds north. We camped at 17 miles distance, on the north side, in a bend of the river. During our day's cruise it has been crooked; we observed a number of places in it where the old channel is filled up, or gradually becoming covered with willow and cottonwood. Great numbers of horrens are observed today and mosquitoes annoy us very much.

JUDGE PARKER AS VESTRYMAN

Enopus Special in New York World. Sunday is Judge Parker's day of rest, and so far as he can without discourtesy he discourages political visitors. His favorite occupation on Sundays is the affairs of the Church of the Holy Cross, of which his son-in-law, the Rev. Dr. Charles Mercer Hall, is pastor.

inspects everything. He talks over the music with the organist, tells the soloists how much everybody enjoyed the singing, and takes a paternal interest in the Sunday school. Indeed, the Judge knows much more of the church affairs than he does in the presidential campaign. It is his way of taking a genuine interest in local matters that makes him so popular at home.

After breakfast today Judge Parker was in his laudon from Rosemount to Kingston point and by trolley to the rectory, next door to the church, where his son-in-law lives. Four generations of Parkers were there—Mrs. Harriet Parker, the Judge's mother; the Judge, and his wife, and her sister, his daughter and son-in-law, and Parker Hall, the grandson.

When on his horseback rides he talks with the farmers, they know that he knows what he is talking about. For years he has taken many agricultural papers and reported on the merits and demerits of the theories on his farm. His neighborhood is a great fruit and berry country, also sweet corn. The Judge thinks that his theories and experiments have done much to benefit the door neighborhood, and the farmers appreciate it.

The Parker pew is not prominent, being in the entrance door of the church. There the family sat, the Judge at the head of the pew, and listened to a gospel sermon. Dr. Hall is a clear, simple preacher—not an orator, but a working man, who speaks of the things of the heart and the upbuilding of his church. The church choir and singing are excellent.

The children love him, too. The first committee to call on him after his nomination were the children of the neighborhood, who on the occasion of his nomination for the presidency of the United States, July 9, 1904.

The church was originally a mission. It is located next to the West Shore railroad yards and is surrounded by factories and lumber and coal yards. There are three buildings on the church property, the church proper, a well-built brick structure, with stained glass windows, a heavily beamed and well proportioned ceiling, a large chancel, altar, choir, center and benches, and a parish-house. The latter is a theatre, ballroom, a clubhouse and gymnasium combined. There is a stage with flies and several sets of scenery, where amateur actors are given. Clearing away the seats turns the room into a capacious ballroom with an excellent dancing floor. There are dressing-rooms, supper-rooms, a smoking-room and all the conveniences of a social club except a bar.

Although the Judge lives at Rosemount, he votes from the rectory of his son-in-law's church. He has been doing this for many years, and himself a closely as possible with the parish. The feeling of the parish for him was shown by the presentation of a silver loving-cup inscribed: "Alton Brooks Parker, on the occasion of his nomination for the presidency of the United States, July 9, 1904."

The letter of presentation said: "The Pearl-street neighbors of Kingston ask Judge Parker to accept this loving-cup as a token of their esteem for him as a man, a citizen and a friend."

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