

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND

PUBLIC SCHOOLS NOT YET READY.

THE SECOND WEEK of the public school term opened with 700 pupils still waiting for accommodations. It is promised that in another week all the schools will be ready for occupancy...

In certain ways there has been entirely too little public attention paid to the schools. They are, after all, the very backbone of all our institutions. From them emerge the masses of our children. They should represent everything for which American education stands...

FARMERS ON A TRIP.

TRAVELING toward St. Louis, and bound for a visit to the fair and other eastern cities and localities, where some of them were born and raised, are a number of Whitman county farmers, wheat raisers...

WENT TO PORTLAND.

From the Sherman County Observer. There are four things that the inland Empire needs very much: (1) The state portage railway; (2) the general introduction of irrigation; (3) help, co-operation and friendly feeling of the people of Portland...

trip if they chose. There are a good many of them in Umatilla, Union, Morrow, Gilliam, Sherman and Wasco counties. It would have been a fine advertisement for that region if a big train-load, or two or three train-loads, of them could have gotten together and gone to St. Louis and toured the east, with their occupation and residence biased forth all along their route.

WHY DOES HE STAND PAT?

TIME was when Theodore Roosevelt was in sympathy with tariff reform. But lately he stands as pat as the firmest stand-patter of them all. Why this sudden change? It is difficult to believe that President Roosevelt really believes that a system that robs the many for the benefit of the few is a good thing for the people at large...

WILL STAY AT THEIR POSTS.

DISPATCH states that in view of the exceedingly bitter hostility between the forces assailing and those defending Port Arthur, and the disposition on both sides to show no quarter, and of the probability that if the Japs capture the city there would be a general massacre—which, however, we do not believe—300 women nurses in that beleaguered city were advised to leave it and seek a place of safety.

The man knows little of woman who has not studied her under extremely trying circumstances. Then she is a very different creature from the woman he ordinarily meets, and whose delusive surface only he sees, under ordinary circumstances. Scott understood this when he wrote the familiar lines:

CANAL AND PORTAGE ROAD.

LIGHT breaks on the Cello canal right-of-way. The case between the state and the O. R. & N. company has been sensibly compromised, on terms satisfactory to both. For a fair consideration, agreed to be paid, the company will not oppose the canal. Only one other private owner besides I. H. Taffe is to be settled with, and it is hoped terms can be made with him. The Taffe case will soon be ready to go to the supreme court, which it may be expected will not delay very long in rendering a decision.

QUEEN BECKON.

From the New York World. If Mr. Roosevelt were not muzzled for the remainder of the campaign, we should ask him to explain and defend these three items of the budget for the year ending June 30, 1904, as compared with the same items for 1894-95, the year before the Spanish war:

Small Change

Doubtful—New York, at least. Good time now to work making good roads.

Dowie is chief apostle, also the other eleven. Maybe Fairbanks will bring rain—or a frost.

St. Louis is pulling up fast now. Good for her. The campaign he doesn't thrive as formerly.

Now let Salem keep reasonably quiet until the legislative meets. If Taggart can carry Indiana, he can hold his job for next time.

The Japs will never get the Lena now. And Lena will nevermore trouble the Japs.

If you have taken the wise precaution to lay in a stock of May wheat, you are all right. The Japanese are no reformers; they are trying to make Port Arthur a wide open town.

Portland should be strongly represented at that irrigation convention at Ontario this week. Oregon not being accustomed to such a long period without rain took to the bad practice of smoking.

Perhaps it will be a consolation to think that there will not be so much timber and wood to burn next year. At last the Democrats in New York appear to be fairly harmonious, but Tommy Watson will get some votes there.

In southern California the mercury has been up to 113 degrees in the shade lately, and the people longed for Fairbanks.

Fortunately there were no war correspondents at San Francisco, and so news of the Lena incident was promptly obtained. If there is any western Oregon town that hasn't yet spoken up for the proposed new army post, it should do so at once.

Some imaginative paragrapher has discovered that the Prohibition ticket, Swallow and Carroll, is suggestive of wine and song.

An exchange suggests that Root's convention speech and Roosevelt's letter of acceptance should be read together. Surely not the same day.

What fine bouquets the trust organ does toss to Chairman Baker every little while. Quite a campaign fund must have come to Oregon, after all.

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A New York alleged expert says it costs only \$33 a year for a woman to dress properly. Like most experts he evidently speaks without any personal experience in paying women's dressing bills.

F. Augustus Heinze will be the next senator from Montana. At least it is reported that he has said that he will spend a million dollars to be elected, and that "if he buy the seat—unless Clark spends more to keep him out.

MARY JANE MUST DIE.

Sentence of Death Passed Upon Judge Parker's Frisky Lamb. Esopus Correspondence New York Sun. Along the paths of Rosemount the hydrangeas' great heads are drooping. The crimson salveas burn to death with grief. The heart of the big beech is cracking. Down in the creek bottom the weeping willows work overtime. Squirrels that will quarrel all summer are silent. The woodpecker has gone into his hole and barred the door. The way chinkers make in the crevices of the stone fences. Only the most dismal of crickets and the saddest of catbirds dare to make a noise. The blackbird is envied his plumage. Ever there comes a whiff of chill as if wafted by the wings of Aesop.

THE CYNIC'S DICTIONARY

(By Ambrose Bierce.) MORANATIC, adj. Pertaining to a kind of marriage between a man of exalted rank and a woman of low degree by which the wife gets nothing but a husband, and not much of a husband. From Morgan (J. P.), a king of finance, by a transaction with whom nobody got anything at all. MORMONG, n. A follower of Joseph Smith, who received from an angel a revelation inscribed on brass plates and afterward revised and enlarged by his successor in the prophethood. While still an infidel, the people the Mormons were bitterly persecuted, their homes burned and themselves driven into the desert, where they prospered, practiced polygamy and themselves took a hand in the game of persecution.

THINGS OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

She Appears to Be So in London. (By Henri Paris De La.) "St. B. Marriott-Watson knows the American woman of London's fashionable society, the man of wealth and letters said. "She does not bother with love. He knows this and cries out. It's his trade as an English novelist."

"She is lucky not to bother with love," I replied. "No, for she gives the idea of love," he said. "This is the effect of her exterior form, of her grace and amiability. They suggest to a simple-minded man a disastrous association of ideas. He thinks that she is sentimental and is lost."

"And she cares?" I asked. "Oh, he assumes tragic airs," he replied. "He takes to drink or trade in philippic or an adventure. He goes into the papers. These things are annoying."

"So far the tariff law has kept the frost off the middle west corn belt. The Japs will never get the Lena now. And Lena will nevermore trouble the Japs."

If you have taken the wise precaution to lay in a stock of May wheat, you are all right. The Japanese are no reformers; they are trying to make Port Arthur a wide open town.

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F. Augustus Heinze will be the next senator from Montana. At least it is reported that he has said that he will spend a million dollars to be elected, and that "if he buy the seat—unless Clark spends more to keep him out.

Oregon Sidelights

Everything, but I shall not say that it is nothing. It is the silvery foam on the crest of the human ocean. It is brilliant and light. I am sure that Mr. Marriott-Watson's predictions of evil about it are false because it is American.

The American Woman. By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory. Mr. Henry Brereton Marriott-Watson, referred to in some of the public prints as "the distinguished English novelist and essayist," has been making some fresh distinction for himself lately by pitching into our American woman.

In the current number of the well known English magazine, these things are said of our American woman: "The American woman has aimed the first great blow at the reign of love. So far as the eyes of man can carry, no American civilization, by the overthrow of love and its potency, will have inaugurated a new era, fraught with portentous issues. We are, it would appear, the threshold of a new era, in which love is to be abolished, or rather to be taded into a sentiment so thin as to be hardly recognizable."

All of which, it may be said on the spot, is pure nonsense. The American woman permits herself to be the author of many more such pronouncements as the above here will have become distinguished not only as a novelist and essayist, but as the world's champion "womanizer."

"The American woman! What right has the gentleman to contract the womanhood of a continent into that narrow term and then brand it as a loveless, cynical thing?"

There are some fifteen or sixteen millions of her, Mr. Marriott-Watson, and you can't dispose of so tremendous a proportion in the easy, flippancy way you propose.

There is no woman in America just as there are in England, France, Germany and every other country—who are fitly described in Mr. Marriott-Watson's caustic words, but to the rank and file of the women of this country these words have no application whatever.

Of course, a man of genius—and such a man Mr. Marriott-Watson is said to be—can go to work and imagine "any old thing," but the fancy about it is not very complicated. But Mr. Marriott-Watson's manner of writing about her is not good. He is not indulgent and mocking, he is not exquisite without snobbery. He writes much better about other things which are not so worthy of his attention as that. He is a moralist too grave.

"His worst error is to try to be a spiritual guide to the American woman (that London knave), the man of wealth and letters said. "She does not bother with love. He knows this and cries out. It's his trade as an English novelist."

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A LITTLE CHILD'S VOICE

(By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory.) "Papa! papa! papa!" rang out clear as a bell—a little silver bell, made to be sweet rather than powerful in its tone. "Papa! papa! papa!"—and the little silver bell of a voice made the music that for the moment caused every eye in the great newspaper office to forget all about his work.

The electric fans were humming, the type-writing machines were clicking away like mad, the cries of "Boy," "Copy," were making the place a veritable pandemonium; but through it all there floated the music, the peace, the joy of that little one's voice.

Her "papa" worked in the office. She had come to pay him a short visit, and was waiting for the place to be ready. She was calling for him—"Papa! Papa! Papa!"

The men in the office were busy with larger and important matters. A great war was on in the far east, and they were waiting for the news on that. A great presidential canvass was close at hand, and they were interested in that. Beef strikes and railroad strikes, big fires and monstrous murders, the markets in

Wall street and the revolutionists in South America, all had to be looked into and reported to a waiting public.

It was a busy, bustling, a wild, mad, furious place—that great newspaper office; but in a flash that little silvery voice had captured every one's attention.

Nothing else was worth thinking of—wars and rumors of wars, the prospects of presidential candidates, the rise or fall of prices in Wall street or of government bonds in Bond Street—trivial matters compared with the simple goodness and unspoiled joy that rang out in that little one's voice.

It was the best "story" of the day, and if it could be printed as it was, it felt all the world would be better for it.

"Thank God," said every one in the office, "thank God for the little children!"

And, well, too, that was some of gratitude; for what would this old world be with its wars and rivalries, with its labors and worries, if it were not for the eternal good cheer that comes to us from the little one whom God has decreed shall be always with us?

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"They say the Mormons are here. They say that Joseph Smith did not receive from the hands of an angel the written revelation of the Holy Scriptures. They say the 'Mormon' is Brigham Young, Prophet and Legislator. MORNING, n. The end of night and dawn of dejection. The morning was discovered by a Chaldean astronomer, who, finding his observation of the stars unaccountably interrupted, diligently sought the cause and found it. After several centuries of dispute, morning was generally accepted by the scientific as a reasonable cause of

Not His Fault. From the Chicago Tribune. Colonel Watterston regrettably notes an "unusual lack of activity" in political matters this year. "If isn't the colonel's fault. He has done his best to rouse this stupor of a country by a rather unusual use of the pen that confront it, be said."

Take a Vandeville. From the Philadelphia Ledger. The army maneuvers on the Bull Run battle-ground are useful, no doubt; but when we read that the doctors and nurses "small army" are being bound to think of a vandeville entertainment.

From the Chicago Record-Herald. "You don't seem to be much discouraged, Mr. Binks, because it is a girl."

"No, I'm mighty glad of it. My wife had been in a bad way for some time, but she's all right now. I call him Kenneth Clarence Earl de Lancy."

From the Tillsam County Headlight. The editor on going to his sanctum on Monday found several bottles on the sidewalk outside the Headlight office, evidently placed there by a "soak" and a poor mental and physical victim of the saloons. For the bottles were empty and the editor had caught up a morning wet out of them. Evidently the local option measure is not appreciated by the poor specimens of humanity who imbibe from morning until night, and eventually become drunks, making their homes in the saloons instead of with their parents, wives or families. Such must be the objects of pity who have strewn cards and beer bottles outside the Headlight office of late, with a "Bull Run" inscription. Poor fellows, for they are objects of pity.

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