

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...

WANT 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, the Willamette valley and southern Oregon...

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...

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...

QUEEN BROOMER.

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...

SOUTHERN ORCHARD TRUST.

I. W. Mitchell in Medford, Ill. When I was down in the Willamette valley, a few weeks ago, I was surprised at not finding more and better fruit. While traveling on the trains I heard several farmers make inquiries for the "wonderful" fruit orchards of Oregon. This was in the Willamette valley. I told them if they would travel through Rogue river valley in the day time they would see orchards that would make hot rocks of their eyes...

OUT AT PINK.

From the Chicago News. "Bine-meeting you," he said. "I am sorry that I have a wife." "So am I," rejoined the beautiful girl. "Are you really?" he asked eagerly. "Yes," she answered. "I am really and truly sorry—for your wife."

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.

An Illinois girl who is studying music has set an example worthy of imitation by thousands; she has taken her piano out into the woods to practice. In the press reports of Uncle Joe Cannon's speech, it is said that he "spoke of the tariff also." But what he said about the abominable thing is not stated.

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 will 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 have quarreled 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.

"Mary Jane must die." Folk speak of her with hushed voices. She does not know of her doom. Why should she? Has she not served faithfully, if not well? All the glad summer she has been the life of Rosemount, the bells of the lawn, the cheerful servant of the great. The statesman have come to ask questions and seeing her, Colonel Cottonwood has said she can have grown soft of heart at the sight of her ways and graces. To wavering mugs she has shown the way to the shrine of Democracy. So long as she and the constitution lasted, Congress was a confounding an' din of the place. Now the constitution must take up the task alone and stagger along bearing its burden unaided.

Do not say of her, when she is gone, that she fell victim to the ingratitude of a heartless master. She would not have it thus. Let her be remembered, rather, as one who gave up her identity as a lamb for the sake of a national campaign, became an outcast from the fold and for this perished.

When the first frost comes to glid the Judge's pumpkins and flavor the late grapes, to the shambles with Mary Jane. The rest of the sheep will not have her around them in their houses and she can not live in the orchard all winter. Hence the sentence of death. Judge Parker imposed it with deep regret after a jury of farmhands had found Mary Jane guilty of being in the way, conversing with the sheep, and of being in the form of a suggestion that she be sold into slavery, but that might not insure a comfortable future for her, and the grief of parting would be almost as great as the sorrow of her death.

If, in the end, the butcher does not cut Mary Jane down, a question will arise which should cause a flurry at the Hoffman House. Considering all the circumstances, ought Judge Parker to eat Mary Jane?

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.

THINGS OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

She Appears to Be So in London. (By Henri Pans Du Bois.)

"B. 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 oratory. He goes into the papers. These things are annoying."

"She is a charming and vain monster, do you think?" I asked. "This is what the progress of manners makes of her," he replied. "Nothing makes of the old humanity, you know. The primitive virtues are dead, the ancient morality has vanished. She disdains love as a superannuated grace, not complex, extremely simple."

"But nature—" I began. "Exact love," he continued. "Yes, nature seems to have no other object than to throw things into one another's way. The American woman is the Marriott-Watson knows isn't in nature. It is true that she is not in nature. To be in nature she would have to stay, as her ancestors stayed, in the land where she was born, to be educated by the things around her, and the ambience of air. She goes abroad and an American man no longer describes her. She discolors him. She is disconcerting William Dean Howells in London right fully."

"If I were a musician I might write a tone poem in clear notes to imitate her pretty babble," he said to a friend. "But to describe, to explain with words, with the ordinary terms of language, the conspicuous, brilliant, American woman that London knows, what means have I, I pray you?"

Woman's charming frivolity was always a great subject of terror to philosophers. The American woman in London is 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 knows," the man of wealth said. "She has definite guides. They spell Italy for her. They spell for her even the subterranean church of Assisi and the tomb of Galla Placidia at Ravenna, places where a saintly and devout horror reigns. She is not a woman who uses stratagem against them. When in front of the dome of one of the adulatory cities of Tuscany or of Umbria, an Italian in rage comes to her, terrible in his softness, and says to her with an intense and personal appeal, 'Signora, I am a guide, she replies, 'So am I.' Ulysses, in his travels, never imagined artifice so ingenious. The Italian sees in her a rival and goes away with a look of defeat."

"The great newspaper office to be a spiritual guide to her is much worse. How can he turn around baskets of orchids? He does not know, he cannot know the fashionable woman who, in the confusion and din of the place, she is 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 of 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

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!"

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Wall street and the revolutionists in London, 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 silver 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?

THE CYNIC'S DICTIONARY

(By Ambrose Bierce.)

MORGANATIC, 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.

MORMON, 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 prophet assassinated, their homes burned and themselves driven into the desert, where they prospered, practiced polygamy and themselves took a hand in the game of persecution.

"They say the Mormons are liars. 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 a Prophet and Legislator."

MORNING, n. The end of night and dawn of day. 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

the interruption and a constantly recurrent natural phenomenon.

MORROW, n. The day of good deeds and a reformed life. The beginning of happiness. (See tomorrow—when you get to it.)

MOSAIC, n. A kind of inland weed. From Moses, who when little was in a basket among the bulrushes.

MOSQUITO, n. The spore of insanity, as distinguished from conscience, the bellows of the same disease. Indigenous to New Jersey, where the marshes in which they multiply are known as meadows and the mosquitoes themselves are affirmed by the natives to be larks.

"I am the master of all things!" Man cried.

"Then, pray, what am I?" the Kookaburra replied.

MOTION, n. A property, condition or state of matter. The existence and possibility of motion is denied by many philosophers, who point out that they cannot move where it is and cannot move where it is not. Others, with Galileo, say: "And yet it moves." It is not the province of the lexicographer to decide.

"How charming is divine Philosophy!"—Milton.

MOTIVE, n. A mental wolf in moral wool.

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

"Yes, I'm mighty glad of it. My wife had been in luck it was a boy, but I call him Kenneth Clarence Earl de Lancy."

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 delivered himself of the following doubtful pronouncement: "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, in the throes of a new era, which 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 "woman breaker."

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 proposition in the easy, flippancy way you propose.

There is a 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 the women of America is not so easily to be dismissed as a "man's fancy." The reality is simply this: The rank and file of our American wives, mothers and daughters are thoroughly womanly, intelligent, it is true, and wide awake to all that is going on in the world around them, and yet beautifully alive to the sentiments and emotions of the heart.

Nowhere on earth are there finer, truer homes, or more of them, than in the United States of America. The women here are nobler or more devoted wives and sweethearts, purer, sterner womanly affections, more tender, and at the same time enduring, domestic relations, than are to be found in any other land over which "Old Glory" waves.

In America, it is too true, we have here and there, in what is called "society," little bunches of women who are partially American, to very little. Without brains and without character, mere human butterflies, they are fit for nothing but to officiate at pink teas and monkey dinners.

But who has the right to take one of these silly, simpering, brainless, heartless creatures and call her "The American Woman?"

It were a monstrous libel on our American womanhood, a womanhood whose history is as tender as any that the sun shines on in its course—a womanhood that is both intelligent and affectionate, that has both the brain that thinks and the heart that loves.

Mr. Henry Brereton Marriott-Watson should get acquainted with our American women before he writes another article for The Nineteenth Century.

More Observer.

"Some beef cattle of Crook, Lake and Wheeler counties is tainted with the blood of Creel Coon and other good men murdered and many hundreds of innocent sheep maliciously slaughtered."

A Rock Creek, Gilliam county man picked two bushels and a peck of soft shelled almonds from a four-year-old tree grown in his orchard, and says he will have from three to five thousand bushels of fruit this season.

Springwater news in Oregon City Courier: Huckleberries plentiful in the foothills. Mr. Vetolet was stung on the tongue by a bee, causing pain and inconvenience. (Moral: Keep your tongue in the proper place). A coon devoured Ruby Newberry's guinea near New City. Critcher is building a potato cellar.

The editor of the Post Journal had his fill of peaches this week. First, he says, Kump Berry brought in a box of fine big juicy fellows of his own raising, then Frank Knox brought a box of bigger ones from his orchard, and then Mrs. R. A. Gilliam sent them both with two mammoth peaches raised on the Gilliam place from a peach seed.

Preparations are being made to handle several million eggs at the hatchery on South Fork river this season. There is usually a large number of chick-nooks on the South fork at present—more in fact than have been seen there for years—and they are expected to move up to the racks when the first rains appear.

Trying to save the expense of a couple of hop pipes, resulted in the loss of a hop drier and about \$2,900 worth of hops at Whitson early Saturday morning. The house was furnished with new pipe all but two joints, and the drier men thought they should be replaced, but the owner said they were good enough.

Never before in the history of Silverton has there been such manifestations of prosperity in the way of building and improving homes and business houses as has been experienced during the past year. Over a hundred new homes have been erected, and as many more have been painted or otherwise repaired.

A new style of arrow point has been dug out of an old Indian grave up in Umatilla county. It is said to be the only one of its kind known to collectors in the northwest and is unique and beautiful. It consists of two arrow points in one, a sharp point having been formed on both ends of a piece of jet black flint about three inches long and an inch wide. Two pairs of barbs are made on each side in the middle of the double point, and it is perfect and symmetrical.

A PARTNER'S VIEW.

Reading, Pa. Dispatch in New York

Rev. George W. Brownback, pastor of the Pilgrim Congregational church, who advertised for a wife, received 3,000 applicants for his hand, and then married an attractive Paterson, N. J., girl, re-named her, and she has a large number of divorces granted in this country and then spoke on "The Model Husband." His text was Colossians III, 19, "Husbands, love your wives and be just against them." He said, in part:

"The model husband is one who thinks more of his wife than he does of himself or any one in the world."

"The successful business man keeps close watch on contracts, so that they are fulfilled. Husbands, how long is it since you have looked at your marriage contract?"

"Many a man, without appreciation of the beautiful life he has taken unto himself, becomes careless and negligent. A model husband is a man of good memory. He remembers the introduction that set his heart fluttering. He remembers the walk together before marriage. Therefore, he does not get half a square ahead and then bawl out: 'Susan Jane, for heaven's sake, why don't you hurry up?'"

"My model husband doesn't wait until his wife has to go down. A single rose, therefore, he does not get half a dozen more than a dozen wreaths on the casket lid."

"When you go home put your arms around your wife and tell her how sweet and beautiful she is. It may be stretching the truth, but God will forgive you and your wife will be happy."

"Remember how blind you were to her faults before marriage. If you have discovered them since, keep your eyes tightly closed."

"A model husband always remembers he is the husband of one wife. When you think less of your wife and more of another the breakers of hell are before you."

THE BOTTLES WERE SET.

From the Tillamook 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 could get 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 "Bottle" written on them. Poor fellows, for they are objects of pity.