

The Oregonian.

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and unappreciated. Science does not create energy, it merely applies it, and in so doing turns waste to use.

The noise of a great city is but the expression of energy going riotously to waste. The ideal machine is noiseless.

Standing incredulous in the presence of things new, we may properly reflect that in this age nothing should be surprising, since very few things are.

CONANT PISO IN DISFAVOR.

The Conant peso offered so promising a settlement of the vexed question of Philippine coinage that reports of disaffection towards it in the archipelago have seemed rather mystifying.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER.

Maximum temperature, 74; minimum temperature, 58; precipitation, .01.

TODAY'S WEATHER.

Partly cloudy and occasionally threatening; westerly winds.

WHERE TRAINING IS MOST NEEDED.

We have no complaint to make against Mr. Pulitzer's endorsement of a college of journalism. All that such ventures get from the newspaper profession generally is the merry laugh, which is, on the whole, unjustifiable.

PORTLAND, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22.

THE MORNINGS.

It is not plain to see what remedy, if any at all, can be devised for the future. The moral is plain: legislation cannot react with any degree of effectiveness.

A SARTORIAL INQUIRY.

The proposal of the union tailors at Chicago to enforce discriminating charges against fat men, in proportion to the cloth consumed by their garments, can only be looked upon with misgiving and aversion.

out advertisements, but relying on her own energy and on the fruitfulness of the great Valley of the Columbia and the smaller but not less fruitful valleys of Western Oregon, keeps constantly to the fore.

Referring to the rather gaudy assertions of certain newspapers that Mr. Rockefeller is engaged in operations similar to those employed thirty years ago by Gould and Flak, for the purpose of bringing about a panic and forcing President Roosevelt to recommend a repeal of the anti-trust legislation.

At the traditional close of its approaching session, as would insure a general support for any new steps which President Roosevelt might propose in furtherance of his "step-by-step" policy of bringing all corporations and combines under National control.

STRENUOUS JOURNALISM IN ALASKA.

Juneau, Alaska, Dispatch, FRIDAY. Mrs. Williams, a woman of the underworld, died last night from the results of a violent assault.

ABLE TRIBUTE TO A FAMILIAR TYPE.

Seaside Sentinel. The people coming here represent to a large extent the best of science and culture and the best families of the country.

THE KEYBOARD.

William Watson. Fire and thirty black slaves. Half a hundred white. All their hands busy to sing.

KICKING IN THE ORIENT.

Shanghai Times. It will please the rapidly increasing number of the Times' readers this morning to learn that the relations between Turkey and Bulgaria are causing a certain amount of anxiety.

PURSUED BY FAME.

Walla Walla Argus. It is reported that Miss Chapman, of Dixie, who created such a sensation last year by her protracted trance, now has appendicitis.

SPRIT OF THE NORTHWEST PRESS.

A Legacy of Trouble.

Astoria Astorian. President Roosevelt is now getting even with his former Secretary, Cortelyou.

Lord High Everything Else.

Marshall Mail. Mayor Norton looked out of yesterday and was helping put a plank in the Fourth-street bridge.

"Comparatively" Rough Is Good.

Newberg Graphic. After giving the machines a two weeks' trial, Dr. Littlefield and Larkin sent their automobiles back to Portland on Tuesday.

President and Systematic Effort.

Spokane Chronicle. The way to gain real results from agitation for National irrigation is not to have a few spasmodic meetings in five years and then forget about it.

Want Recognition.

Portland News. The discussion of the right of citizenship of a colored representative from this county for a place on the next National Legislative ticket is assuming definite form.

Cloud With Silver Lining.

Prineville Journal. Portland capitalists want their dollars for investment or, at least, like little Bo-Peep's sheep, must return wagging their tails behind them.

Strenuous Journalism in Alaska.

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SOME FACTS ABOUT THE POPES.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Pipe up, Boreas. "Birds in their little nests agree"—even Eagles.

Hughes, the Port of Portland's storied petrel. About the only thing that passed up the Astoria regatta was the tide.

When an incendiary sets a house ablaze he may be described as fireproof.

Tacoma has the Sellwood street-car robber, which indicates that she sleeps with one eye open.

Japanese war stories have ceased to interest the public. Even Corbett does something besides talk.

So the county prisoners like work. They should be turned loose in the hope that their disease is catching.

The battleship Missouri has been launched. Here's hoping she won't suffer as much damage as the state from "driftwood."

A Seattle bank clerk has been arrested for holding up a lodging-house. The bank president, however, does not indorse this check on crime.

Mr. Bonney, of Colton, eats ten eggs a day. Several companies playing one-night stands are about to present him with a testimonial.

Strange that the crew of a revenue cutter at the yacht races should notice such a little thing as a heavy gun taking charge on the lower deck.

St. Louis policemen are now looking for a Deputy Constable that "is known to have a criminal record." Excellent man to select for the job he held.

Quay says he is of the opinion that Pennsylvania will support Roosevelt. It's just Quay's regard for the state's feelings that leads him to put it that way.

Turkey has yielded. The trouble with Turkey is that she is as yielding as a sponge-squeezed dry of revolution one day, she has sucked it all up again the next.

Emperor William is to design a flag for the peace congress. An appropriate symbol for the new world is being sought in place for the sole of its foot, except a gun or a bayonet.

A Nebraska has married his stepmother. Answers to the following question will be published in this column: If the couple has a child, what relation will it be to its mother's first husband?

When the Multnomah carnival begins it is up to the police to leave the crooks undisturbed, so that the country papers may be able to say that there are two carnivals going on in Portland.

A prisoner in Chicago, arrested for disorderly conduct, prayed volubly in court. Pined 45, he attributed the lightness of his penalty to his prayer. If he had only taken to praying earlier in the game, he might have escaped being disorderly.

Rev. Charles E. Sheldon, examiner in humorous Journalism for the Pulitzer College of Journalism, was opening the nine-hundred-and-sixty-seventh set of answers to the problem, "Write a humorous paragraph of topical interest."

He glanced at the last example. "Every one the sun," he said. "Full marks for each pupil."

And the paragraph? Of course, it was: "There's many a slip between the cup and the Lip-ton."

The Lost Nellie May. (A true incident of the Pacific.) From the port on Puget Sea, The bark Nellie May sailed away. 'Twas December of the year, And the winds were wild and drear, And the waves were dark and cold.

Oh, the captain and the crew That danger on the vessel's pathway lay, But the orders were to sail, And no pleadings could avail, So the bark Nellie May sailed away.

Many a sister, wife or mother Of some husband, son or brother, For safety of her loved one did pray; And the harbor bell was tolling, When the bark Nellie May sailed away.

Oh, she never more returned, And her fate is yet unknown, Though many a weary year has passed away, None may solve the mystery, Who has seen the bark Nellie May, And the lost, tempest-tossed Nellie May.

But in the wild December, On that day they still remember, The dwellers by that sea-port often say, That a ship in phantom form Was last seen on the Puget Bay, And is known as the lost Nellie May. C. E. EDDY.

PLEASANTIES OF PARAGRAPHS.

Stella—But aren't you afraid of going out beyond your depth? Bella—Oh, no; all the men around here think I'm an heiress.—Puck.

Orestes—Faw, why is it they put most gas meters in the kitchen? Faw—Because my wife has a few gas meters on the level.—Philadelphia Record.

"Dinner's ready, Elias." "I'll wait till that summer boarder gets through eating," is what I'll say to the cook. "You do me justice, I love you too much to have your precious health risked by my cooking. Wait until you can afford to keep servants.—New Yorker.

"Fardon me," said the first stranger, "but why don't you take that?" "Certainly," replied stranger No. 2. "Well, what is it?" "I've just asked the party of the first class if they don't know," was the answer.—Chicago News.

Mr. Goodman—One question, before I give you this money: Do you drink beer? Mumps Mullins—Do I drink it? Why, why, you certainly don't! "I quit it into the sea and a fringe? Don't no order way to drink it."—Kansas City Journal.

"This," said the young benefactor, who was just retiring that he had caught a Tartar. "What is it?" "The married life," she said. "You're satisfied with something," she sniggered. "Oh! I'm not. I merely mean to inform you that I'm not."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Yes, you're a veteran of the Rebellions," said the young man, admiringly. "The war doctors were thick about you when you were a youth, weren't they?" "Yes," replied the veteran as he looked at a scar on the forehead of the young man. "But they all had their silver lining."—Philadelphia Press.

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